

THE QUIVER:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.

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THE LIVER

CLUBS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

BY LORD BRABAZON, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN PLAYGROUNDS ASSOCIATION.



THE announcement which lately appeared in an evening journal "that an attempt is about to be made, under good auspices, to form a company for the establishment of residential clubs for young men," is satisfactory, inasmuch as it shows that some practical outcome is likely to result from the attention of the public having been drawn by that journal to the existence of this

social need. The suggestion, though on the whole most favourably received, as shown by the tenour of the correspondence on the subject which has appeared in the press, has not escaped criticism.

It has been said that club life is calculated to encourage luxury and selfishness, and to indispose young men from entering into the married state. We have been warned that the fast element in such a club would get the upper hand of the steady-going, and that in a short time the institution would degenerate into a gambling hell, unless supervision and restrictions were imposed, which would be resented by the young men. I am not aware that the young men who fill our West-end clubs, or the working lads who frequent our numerous working men's clubs, are less moral, less self-restrained, more addicted to drinking or gambling, or more averse to marriage, than were their ancestors at a similar period of life; nor do I see any reason to believe that the class for whose comfort it is proposed that these residential clubs shall be established is less capable of self-restraint and of self-government than the classes which have already tried the experiment, and found it succeed. To say that club life discourages marriage is only to say that the selfish man,

if he belongs to a club, finds it suits his purpose better to remain unmarried than to make a drudge and a slave of some poor woman whom he has solemnly promised to love, comfort, and honour. The man who is worthy of marriage will not be induced to forego linking his lot for better or for worse with the woman of his choice, because he may have to renounce some small measure of material comfort. Better that a woman should remain unmarried than that she should be linked for life to a worshipper of self; better for the State and for society that the curse of selfishness should not, perchance, be transmitted to another generation.

My present object, however, is not so much to combat the arguments of those who prophesy failure in any attempt to establish residential clubs for young men in offices and warehouses, as to plead for the formation of similar establishments for the use of the weaker sex employed in similar lines of life. I would wish to point out that the arguments which are brought against the establishment of clubs for young men do not apply to the formation of similar institutions for young women, whilst the need of residential clubs is much greater in the case of the women than in that of the men.

No one surely will assert that the young woman, who has had the advantage of living in one of these clubs, and who has consequently learnt to appreciate a standard of domestic comfort and cookery above that which is known to her less favoured sister living in lodgings, will be likely to make a worse wife, or to make her home less happy, nor will it surely be said that she will be less likely to marry; for where is the woman, whatever her position, who does not look forward to marriage as the coping stone of the edifice of life? It cannot be asserted that the refinements of a home-like life, or the companionship of respectable members of her own sex, will make a young woman less moral, or less self-restrained, or will lead to gambling, or to any other reprehensible Bohemian courses. Quite the contrary. It must be acknowledged that in the case of women,

at all events, the civilising influences of a home-like life are distinctly in favour of the moralities and of religion. But see how adverse to such good results are the present conditions under which many young women employed in our post-offices, in our warehouses, in our refreshment-rooms, are at present living. What can be more demoralising than for a girl of tender years to be suddenly thrown on the streets of London without experience, without a guide, without a home, without a friend? And yet this is literally the case with thousands brought up in honest country homes, who, by the pressure of competition, are forced to seek their own living far from home and friends, alone in London, or some other of our large towns.

Let it not be thought that these young women are of one class only. They are of all classes—from the daughter of the clergyman, of the officer, or of the professional man, who has just obtained a situation in the superior departments of the Post Office, down the several social grades till we come to the bar attendant or the factory girl. All these, should they have the misfortune to possess no friends in London, labour under the same sad necessity of having to seek a solitary lodging in some cheap quarter of the town. If there are restaurants, musical entertainments, and the like for the young man, what places of refreshment and of amusement are open to the young woman who entertains a proper sense of the respect due to herself and to her sex? None—not one. Concerts and other high-class entertainments are too expensive to be often attended; the public galleries and museums are closed in the evening; the cheaper places of amusement are impossible to her; public libraries there are none, or as good as none, as far as she is concerned; a piano she cannot afford; flowers, which might remind her of her early life, of her parents, and of her country home, are not easily obtainable; add to this the depressing effect of long hours of labour, of scanty food (for what but tea can be obtained at a lodging?); of dismal and monotonous surroundings, of a proverbially heavy atmosphere, and is it matter for astonishment, if, with lowered physical strength and a weakened will, virtue should occasionally be found unable to cope with vice, and the first step be taken in the downward path of ruin and disgrace?

Recognising that comfortable lodgings, cheerful society, and innocent recreation would prove a valuable protection to young women against the dangers of the city, philanthropic and religious organisations have established here and there in London, as well as in our large provincial cities, comfortable homes, where young women can find board, lodging, and good food; but most, if not all, of these institutions are supported by the contributions of the wealthy and of the philanthropic,

and as a consequence can never supply the needs of the large class of girls who, being in the receipt of good salaries, and holding responsible positions, very properly decline to be recipients of charity.

There is no reason why residential clubs, or even social clubs which are not residential, fitted up so as to suit the requirements of the better-paid young women of our offices and business houses, as well as of our art, literary, and medical female students, should not prove as remunerative speculations as such establishments will assuredly become when managed by a well-directed company or by an enterprising and judicious capitalist in the interest of young men. Such a company or proprietor should be careful to provide for the needs of the different classes of young women engaged in business or in professional work by providing separate houses, and a graduated scale of accommodation and of price, so as to enable each young woman to choose her house and her companions.

It might be possible for such a company to solve the difficult problem of how to provide decent accommodation for the lowest class of female workers without the intervention of charity. In such a large concern as we are contemplating it might be quite practicable to make the better class of house pay such a profit as would cover a possible loss on the lowest, and yet return a dividend high enough to satisfy shareholders who would probably have been moved to invest their money in the business as much from motives of philanthropy as of gain. It is well known that at present it is impossible to provide these poorer female workers with decent accommodation, except through the aid of charity. Until, therefore, it has been found possible to solve this difficulty, the public should support with their best energies the philanthropic societies—such as the Girls' Friendly Society and the Young Women's Christian Association—which are nobly carrying on a good and useful work in providing these Homes for the working girls of London and the provinces.

There is, however, room for all. Charitably conducted homes would not suffer from the competition of commercially conducted ones, inasmuch as they would cater for the accommodation of different classes of workers.

A house conducted on commercial principles has lately been opened for the accommodation of young women at 8, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road, London. It contains, besides bedrooms, a dining-room and a club-room provided with a pianoforte, books, magazines, and newspapers. Far from finding that prices calculated on a higher scale than those usually charged by the charitable and philanthropic homes deter girls from entering this house, experience shows that the inmates gladly pay a higher price for the

privilege of feeling that they do not owe the comforts they enjoy to the charity of the public, and that they secure the society of young women of a high social standing.

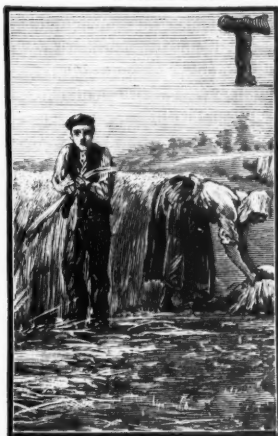
Inasmuch as there is room for many another effort in the same direction, and as the need of such commercially conducted houses for young

women is great, I trust that some of the practical public support which has been accorded to the suggestion I lately made in an evening paper with regard to the establishment of residential clubs for young men, may be widened, so as to include within its operations a similar scheme for the benefit of their hardworked and sorely tried sisters.

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I. JEALOUSLY GUARDED.



THE fields were white with the harvest; a wet cold summer had given place to a glorious autumn, and to those southern counties where the corn ripens early, came the reapers, eager to begin their labours.

Some arrived in gangs, others with no companion save a little lad, who would make himself useful in binding the wheat into sheaves as it fell before the reaping-

hook or sickle; but occasionally whole families would be seen accompanying the reapers to share their toils and bear with them the heat of the day.

One of these families numbered seven in all, and carried with them their household belongings, packed on a hand-barrow that was guarded by a sharp little mongrel. Their home was in London—one room in a close court, where light and air were at a premium—and the annual migration to the woods and fields was always looked upon as a delicious holiday. They would have to brave exposure to the weather, and would return more ragged than they went, but with a healthy brown replacing the sickly pallor of the children's faces, and a bit or two of gold, earned by honest labour, carefully stored away for plenshing the barrow with fruit or vegetables, to be hawked in the winter along the streets of the metropolis.

Joe Reynolds, with the help of his wife and his two elder sons, had made quick work of a ten-acre field of corn at a small farm, and was now on his way to a homestead where the reaping would be succeeded by some hop-picking, which meant the employment of the whole family for three weeks, or even longer. But the day had been tropical in its

warmth, the distance was considerable, and towards evening the tired, dusty group came to a halt for the night.

A narrow, shady lane tempted them by its silence and seclusion, and in a very short space of time they had settled themselves on a patch of greensward near the gate of a plantation, from which wood could be drawn for their fire.

This was soon blazing merrily, and when a few sticks were set up, and the piece of canvas thrown over them, called by courtesy the tent, the elder boys withdrew to a distance to gamble with a few halfpence of which they had become possessed, and Joe Reynolds sat down to watch the fire and count the few shillings remaining to him after laying in provisions at the grocery in the last village they had passed through.

Now, too, his wife was free to take the ailing, fretting baby from the arms of the small slip of a girl who had been dragging it about the day long with no one to relieve her; for mother could ply the "rip-hook" almost as well as father, and ever since sunrise had worked by his side bravely.

There was no one to relieve the little girl—for this reason: the boy next to her in age was an afflicted one—deaf and dumb, as well as crippled through a fall in his infancy.

"A sore trial to her was Lukie," Mrs. Reynolds was wont to say, but in what manner she might have found it difficult to explain, seeing that, beyond giving them their share of the family meals, she did little or nothing for either of her children after they had learnt the use of their limbs, and could frolic with the rest of the urchins that swarmed the court.

She was affectionate to her babies, although her tenderness rarely went the length of keeping them clean; and now she crooned to her infant, and called it by the endearing names that mothers employ, while waiting for the boiling of the water in the pot slung over the crackling sticks.

"I'm parched for a drop o' tea!" she murmured. "What a day it have been! Them ladies that sat under a white umberella taking our pictures looked cool and comfortable enough; but I han't seen nothing else that wasn't as scorched up as I be. They was nighly taken with our Lukie. Come to

think of it, where is Lukie? What a boy he is to get wandering off nobody knows where!"

This was quite true; in spite of his lameness, Luke Reynolds was very active, and would limp away to explore the course of a brook, or to gather ferns and wild flowers; or he brought back in the grip of a stern gamekeeper, who had found him examining the eggs in a partridge's nest, and could not be induced to believe that the boy had no intention of stealing them.

His last adventure of this kind having cost his parents no little trouble, Mrs. Reynolds looked around her anxiously as she continued her inquiries.

"Hain't you seen nothing of him, Joe? Polly says he went through yon gate. He'll have them meddling keepers after him again; and we shall be warned away, an' me that tired my legs are fit to fall off. Go after him, Joe, do'ee now."

"It shall be with a rope's-end," responded the man, rising reluctantly. "Why can't he stop here, as the others do?"

The speaker shambled towards the gate, grumbling as he went, but his wife was not alarmed at his threats. Never yet had he laid a finger on Luke, though the others frequently received their lessons in obedience with the accompaniment of a stout switch.

But the deaf and dumb boy made his appearance before the search for him could be commenced. His eyes were sparkling with surprise and delight; he was uttering the odd inarticulate sounds with which he expressed pleasure, and as soon as he caught sight of his father he began retreating towards the trees, and making signs to him to follow.

"He's found something," said Mrs. Reynolds, joining her husband at the gate; "but don't you go to see what it is. Last time it was a big black toad, and he put it down in baby's lap, and cried when I got Matthie to take and kill it."

"I'm not a goin'; he mustn't be encouraged in such silly ways," said Mr. Joseph Reynolds gruffly; and by all the expressive gestures in his power he made known to the boy that supper was nearly ready, and his share would be nil if he did not come for it immediately.

But still Lukie beckoned and pointed to the object that interested him. Close to where he stood there grew one of those graceful firs, or pines, of which the long lower branches sweep the ground, and it was by something beneath these branches that his attention seemed to be engrossed.

Joe Reynolds, with a threat and an angry expletive, lounged back to the fire. "Let him alone; he'd come when he was hungry;" and Mrs. Reynolds might have acted on the advice if Joe Reynolds junior, having lost all his pence, had not sauntered up to look over the gate too.

"Lukie's got a find!" he exclaimed. "Maybe it's a snake or a hadder!"

"And me standing here, and my poor helpless child in danger of being stung to death!" gasped the mother.

The baby was tossed into the lap of Polly, and Mrs. Reynolds ran towards her boy, followed by the elder lad, half frightened, half curious.

Putting his finger on his lip, Luke seized his mother's hand, dragged her to the tree, and, cautiously parting the branches, displayed to her the sight that had chained him there.

On a heap of moss, and covered with an old scarlet shawl, lay two children sleeping too soundly to be roused by the approach of these intruders.

They were twin girls, five or six years of age, and in the rosy faces pressed closely together the resemblance was very striking; but here it ceased; the limbs of one were cast in a stronger mould than those of the other; her hair was black, while her sister's was of a ruddy brown; and had they been awake it would have been seen that the eyes of one were darkest hazel, of the other a bluish grey.

In the restlessness of slumber one of the children had tossed her arm over the old shawl, and on this plump, shapely limb the gaze of Mrs. Reynolds was riveted. The hand and wrist were browned by exposure to the sun, almost as deeply as those of her own children, but then they were delicately clean, and the sleeve of the child's under-garment was as white as careful washing could make it.

These were no roughly reared, half-starved outcasts. At a glance it could be seen that they had been carefully, if not delicately, nurtured, and Mrs. Reynolds—though in suppressed tones—began to express her astonishment.

"Why, now, how came these pooty little creturs here? and all alone, too, bless their hearts!"

Her son suggested that they belonged to some one living near, but this idea was scouted as absurd.

"People that have got a roof over their heads don't put their young children to bed under a tree," she argued. "Who can have brought them here, and then gone away and left the little dears? I wish they'd wake and tell us."

"I'll soon rouse 'em up for you," cried Joe junior, and he filipped a stone at the uncovered arm with so true an aim that the little sleeper winced, and moaned, and murmured plaintively the name of "Manon!"

Before the boy could throw again, or Mrs. Reynolds interfere to prevent it, he was seized from behind, shaken violently, and flung to the ground.

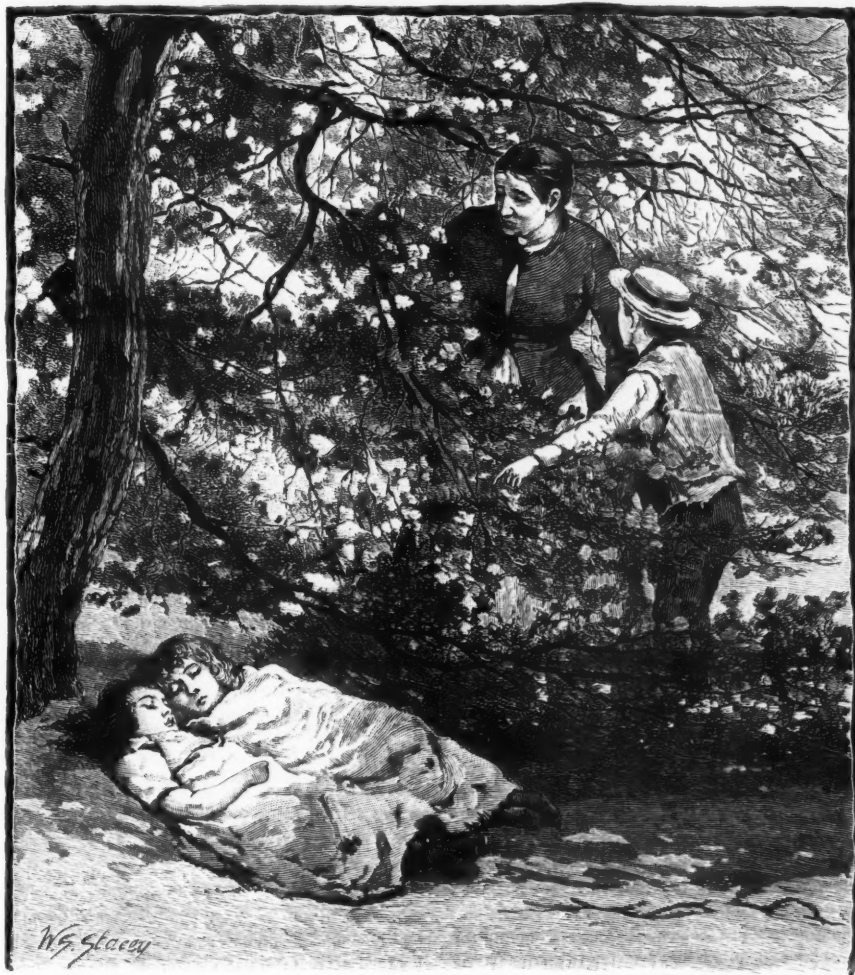
It must have been the sudden nature of the attack that caused him to be so easily overthrown, for he was a big, strong lad, while his assailant was but a small, slight woman.

Foreign of aspect, brown, wrinkled, and old, was this guardian of the sleeping children, in her still bright black eyes retaining the only trace of the prettiness of her youth. Yet she formed a pleasant contrast to the more comely Englishwoman, for her garments, though equally threadbare, were neatly mended, and as far as possible all traces of travel had been removed from them.

"She's a gipsy," muttered Mrs. Reynolds, led to that conclusion by the gay-coloured handkerchief bound round the old woman's scanty grey locks; "a gipsy, and she's stolen those children. Fetch your

he could not comprehend, and menacing him with her skinny hands.

But ere Joe the elder could be roused from a nap into which he had fallen, Mrs. Reynolds' attention



"Cautiously parting the branches, displayed to her the sight that had chained him there."—p. 4.

father, Lukie. I'm no better than other people, but I'll never stand by and let a mother be robbed of her little ones."

In obedience to her signs, the deaf and dumb boy went in search of his father. Joe the younger was still lying where he had been thrown, afraid to stir while the strange-looking old woman stood over him, hissing between her teeth reproaches in a language

was distracted from the strangers to her own affairs. Polly, pale with terror, came hurrying towards the group in the copse to ask what made the baby she was carrying look so strange. The poor little creature had been seized with convulsions, and as the mother snatched it to her bosom, her piteous looks appealed to her fellow-woman for sympathy and aid.

Both were given freely. Joe's offence was forgotten, and though not a word of English could *la mère* Manon speak, she could and did give the suffering infant the benefit of her experience. In her distant home in Alsace she had won much renown as a doctress, and in a very short space of time her patient lay on her knees conscious, and free from pain.

Manon's skill gave her immense influence over the awkward, ignorant Englishwoman, who trembled and sobbed whenever there was any reason to fear a return of the attack. This fear led her to attach herself to Manon for the night. When the latter stretched herself at the feet of the slumbering children, Mrs. Reynolds, after a short conference with her spouse, crept under the branches too; baby, wrapped in an old cloak, lying between her and the foreigner, whom she no longer suspected of evil.

But her suspicions revived in the morning.

It was impossible to regard Manon as a heartless child-stealer when the little girls started from their mossy bed to frolic around her, cover her wrinkled cheeks with their kisses, and laughingly struggle to be the first to obtain her answering caresses. There was an almost maternal tenderness in her manner as she laved their faces and hands in the water she had fetched from a wayside spring, or combed out their glossy hair and tied over it the quilted hoods of crimson that put to shame the battered straw hat of Polly Reynolds.

Polly's mother gaped and wondered, and mentally asked what was the use of taking so much trouble when everybody knew children would rather be dirty than clean; but the circumstance that perplexed her and filled her with distrust of Manon was this—

As soon as dark-eyed Claire and brown-haired Lucie were dressed, they knelt down, and with their hands folded on the knee of the old woman, slowly and reverently repeated the Lord's prayer in excellent English, and at the close sang in their sweet childish voices a couple of verses of a simple morning hymn.

Mrs. Reynolds retired to her tent much disgusted.

"You'd never think a woman who is so kind and clever could be a cheat! I was right, after all; those children are no more foreigners than we are, and I should very much like to know how she came by 'em."

Manon must have been quite unconscious of the doubts she had inspired, for when the Reynolds family were getting ready to continue their journey, she came towards them to obtain information respecting her own route.

Accustomed to communicate by signs with deaf and dumb Lukie, and propitiated by the poor boy's evident delight in the society of Claire and Lucie, both husband and wife lent a willing ear to Manon's endeavours to make them understand her requirements.

She had crossed from France with her young charges, landing at Newhaven a few days ago; thus far they comprehended her; but the why or wherefore remained inexplicable.

Neither was it easy to discover in what way she claimed connection with the little girls. That she was fondly attached to them was as evident as that her affection was reciprocated. Not even to see the treasures of curious pebbles and forsaken nests Lukie had accumulated could they be induced to quit the side of *la mère* Manon.

Since landing in England, she had travelled with them on foot, a little pantomime with a purse containing but a few shillings denoting that her resources were nearly exhausted.

But she was drawing near her destination; at least, she hoped and believed so, and she appealed to the Reynolds to confirm that hope.

From a small wallet she wore at her side under her shawl, she produced what appeared to be a paper of instructions, and held this up before the eyes of Joe Reynolds, pointing to certain words, to which she drew his attention.

But he referred her to his wife, with the remark that he had never learned to read writing. Unfortunately too, Mrs. Reynolds' education was defective; though if it were not, she asked, how could she be expected to understand a Frenchwoman's gibberish?

With the aid, however, of one of the lads, who when at home was wont to go to school by fits and starts, one of the words to which Manon pointed was deciphered, and she nodded, and gesticulated, and chatted volubly in her delight at hearing it repeated by one and another.

"It's somewhere near Horsham she wants to go," said Joe Reynolds—"Laytall, or some such name as that, she calls the place; but I never heard of it, and I've known that neighbourhood, man and boy, ever since I was old enough to bind sheaves for my grandfather. She must keep along with us till we can meet with somebody who knows where 'tis."

When the arrangement was propounded to Manon, she fell into it readily. She was only too thankful for companionship on this her tedious journey. The children were too young to travel far in the course of a day; and plodding so slowly along the lanes of a pastoral country was weary work, especially to a stranger in the land.

Nor had she found the people very friendly. If she ventured to pause at a cottage to beg a cup of milk for the little ones, she had such trouble in making herself understood, that either she was laughed at, or the door was rudely shut against her.

Moreover, she had been sadly frightened, the only time she ventured to seek a night's lodging at a lonely inn. Two rough fellows, compatriots of her own, were there—men dressed as sailors, who had a bear with them, and took a malicious pleasure in startling the timid Lucie by making the animal growl at her.

This was enough to make Manon dislike them, but it was not all. She had occasion to produce her wallet, and had seen the eyes of the most villainous-looking of the men rest upon it with such a sinister expression, that she had been afraid to lie

down and sleep after discovering that her door had no proper fastening, and the bear-leaders occupied the adjoining room.

Twice during the hours of darkness some one came to the door, but retreated with a muttered oath on finding her on the alert. Who could it be but the man who, misled by her care of her wallet, had fancied it worth stealing?

So great was the aversion with which this fellow inspired her, that she roused the children and quitted the house as soon as it was daylight; and since then she had avoided all places where there was a chance of encountering such wayfarers; making her bed beside a hay-stack, or in the bracken beneath the hedges, and rejoicing in the spell of warm dry weather that rendered this possible.

So *la mère* Manon willingly trudged along the highway with her new friends, taking her turn at carrying baby, in consideration of occasional lifts on the hand-barrow to Lucie, whose little feet were beginning to be blistered.

She was disappointed on finding that Joe Reynolds would go no farther after reaching the outbuildings of the farmer who had agreed to employ him; and she looked graver still when she contrived to learn that fifteen long miles still lay betwixt her and the town for which she was bound.

Had she been alone, how easily she would have compassed the journey; but with the children showing signs of extreme fatigue, how was it to be accomplished?

She could not afford to hire a vehicle, even had she known how to set about it, for those hungry little mouths must be fed, though she herself should fast.

Joe Reynolds and his family took up their quarters in one of the long, low sheds, with a chimney at each end, known to those acquainted with the districts in which hops are grown as the hoppers' barracks. Here they would have free quarters as long as the work lasted; and while Mrs. Reynolds cooked supper, her spouse sauntered into the village close by to look for old cronies and discuss the state of the crops.

Manon sat beneath a clump of trees near the well from which the hop-pickers drew their supply, watching the little girls contentedly munch their supper of dry bread, or laugh with Lukie at the comical figure Lucie presented with her feet bound up in cool green leaves. For to-night the old woman decided that she would ask leave to remain here; for to-morrow—ah! what would that morrow bring forth?

A hasty footstep came towards her. It was Joe Reynolds returning from the village, his stolid face lit up into something like animation.

"Where's the old Frenchwoman?" he demanded. "Oh, here you are. I've got news for you—good news!" and he shouted the words in her ear as if by so doing he should make her understand them. "I've found some of your own people, and they'll be able to talk to you and take you where you want to go. Here they are!"

Manon followed the direction of his finger, and

there, bowing and grinning in mockery of her un concealed alarm, she saw the owners of the dancing bear.

CHAPTER II.

OTHER TRAVELLERS.

"How slowly the man dr ves!" exclaimed a weary voice. "Is there no hurrying him?"

An intelligent-looking lad of fourteen, who sat opposite the speaker, leaned out of the carriage window to shout to the driver, but drew in his head without doing so.

"We are climbing a hill, mamma—such a long steep one that I think I had better get out and walk."

"No, Lancie, pray don't do that! my dress suffers by the mud you bring back. I hope it will not rain again to-morrow."

To this somewhat irrelevant remark neither of the lady's companions making any reply, she touched the knee of the gentleman beside her, and leaned lightly against his shoulder. They were husband and wife, and in spite of, or perhaps as the result of, very opposite characters, retained after many years of matrimony an extremely warm affection for each other.

"Dear Allan, do shut up that book and bestow a little of your attention on me!"

"Papa would rather read than talk, always; and so would I," interposed a little girl who occupied the fourth seat in the vehicle. She too was bending over a large volume, with her charming features pursed up in unconscious imitation of her studious father's.

"Prig, prig, prig!" muttered her brother, with a jerk of her book that shut it up suddenly.

"I'd rather be a prig than a dunce," retorted the aggrieved damsel; "but not being a boy—an awkward, stupid boy—I can't be either."

"Hush, children! are you quarrelling?" Mrs. Balfour demanded. "Why do you vex me so often by disagreeing?"

"Lancelot is so rude!" said the little girl, bent only on justifying herself, as she frowned at the offender, who exclaimed—

"Oh, mamma, it was nothing! It made me laugh when Elfa likened herself to papa. He was studying"—and the boy's glance at his father was one of recognition of his abilities—"while she was amusing herself with a rubbishy fairy story."

"I am not reading fairy tales," he was sharply told; "they are myths. If you were a better scholar——"

But now were heard the tones of authority Mr. Balfour could so well employ—was he not the head master of a collegiate school?—"Peace! I will not have your mother annoyed with such silly wrangling."

He turned to his wife with one of the rare smiles that made his rugged features almost handsome, and slipped into his pocket the miniature edition of Plato he had been studying.

"There, Mary; there goes your rival. Now I am at your service; but I fancied you were too busy with your own thoughts to care to be disturbed."

"I cannot enjoy anything alone," she responded. "Haven't you known me long enough to know that? And although it is very silly of me, I want some one to listen while I wonder what sort of a place Glenwood is, and whether we shall be able to make it look home-like before my sister arrives."

"Do you think she will care how her new home looks, knowing that her husband will have it in his power to alter, or even rebuild, should he think proper?"

"Perhaps not; but Milly is very sensitive, and after all she has undergone, I can fancy so great, so unexpected a change of circumstances being almost oppressive—especially if"—and Mrs. Balfour's tones sank into a mournful whisper—"if it has come too late."

"Don't play the Cassandra, my dear! However much your brother-in-law's health may have suffered from being pent up in a smoky city, and other trials, he is comparatively young, and the removal to purer air and all the comforts of a good country house may work wonders."

"I will try to hope so, for the sake of Milly and her children."

"And while you try to be hopeful, do you intend to meet her with this doleful face?"

"No, indeed!" And Mrs. Balfour gave herself a little shake. "Or if I shed a few tears it will be for sheer joy. How delightful to be the first to welcome her to Glenwood Lodge! I should like to light bonfires on every hill for miles round, illuminate every window with coloured lamps, erect triumphal-arches at the gates, and bring all the neighbours together to give the new-comers a right merry greeting."

"Instead of which, like the prudent woman you are at heart, you will content yourself with having fires lit in the rooms and beds aired, not forgetting one for me. I shall deserve that much at your busy hands for permitting myself to be dragged here to add to the confusion of this 'coming home.'"

The jesting tone of her husband's reply jarred on Mrs. Balfour, and she sat silent for so many minutes that he grew tired of watching the rain that blurred the landscape, and began to finger the book he had put aside at her entreaty. She was a very impetuous woman, as well as an affectionate one, and it was with an almost passionate love that she regarded her only sister, Mildred.

It had been the sole trouble of her very happy marriage—that Mildred's had not been equally prosperous. While she dwelt in one of the fairest of homes, under the shadow of a cathedral, liked for her own sake, courted for her husband's, proud of his abilities, of her lovely little daughter and well-grown son, Mrs. Glenwood's married life had been one continuous struggle.

The failure of the bank in which he was junior

partner obliged John Glenwood to accept a clerkship in Bradford, and there, with an ever-increasing family, and all attempts at saving prevented by lengthy doctors' bills, he had resided ever since.

Twice or thrice Mrs. Balfour had journeyed into the north to visit her sister, but always to come home depressed by the sight of her poverty, and filled with regrets that she could render her so little assistance. Her last visit had been made only a few weeks ago, when one of the most promising of the little Glenwoods was carried off by diphtheria, and she had returned so worn with nursing and grieving that Mr. Balfour had considered himself justified in saying that she should not go to Bradford again.

She had fretted in secret over the mandate, little dreaming how soon she should see her sister, and under what pleasant auspices.

It happened in this wise: a relation of Mr. Glenwood, so distant that he only knew him by name, and so eccentric in his habits and movements that he had few acquaintances and fewer friends, died rather suddenly in Paris.

In his last moments he sent for his kinsman, but while Mr. Glenwood was debating how to raise funds for such a journey a telegram brought the news of the sick man's death.

Amongst his papers a will was found, dated ten years back, bequeathing his property to his cousin John, and as this property included a pretty little estate on the borders of Sussex, the grateful legatee was now on his way from the north to take possession of it.

"We've reached the top of the hill, mamma!" exclaimed Lance Balfour. "Do look out; the view is lovely! And that white house in the valley, close to a piece of water—can that be Glenwood Lodge?"

The driver was appealed to. Yes, it was the Lodge, and Mrs. Balfour, after gazing at it long and delightedly, exclaimed with a sob in her throat—

"It is charming! It will be like a palace to my poor Milly. After being shut up for years in a narrow little house in a dull back street, to find herself mistress of spacious rooms, gardens, orchards, ponies for the children, a carriage, and every luxury for her ailing husband, will be happiness unspeakable!"

"Mamma could not be more pleased if this had happened to her," observed Elfreda, as she took her mother's place at the window. "If it were my place I should want to know whether there are plenty of books and pictures."

"Because you are selfish, and think only of the things that *you* wish to have," her brother retorted. "It is to be hoped you will grow up more like mamma."

A slighting remark that failed to annoy the young lady, for the reason that she had overheard the servants say Miss Elfreda gave promise to be a much handsomer woman than Mrs. Balfour had ever been.

And now there was a swift descent, and a couple of white gates were thrown open to admit the

carriage to a broad gravel walk, grass-grown for want of use. A few more minutes and the old couple who for many years had acted as caretakers, were unclosing doors and shutters, and following Mrs. Balfour as she ran from room to room uttering comments and exclamations to her husband, who was seldom within hearing.

"What a dark dining-room! Is it only because those trees have been allowed to overgrow the windows? This drawing-room is more cheerful; and this long gallery will be capital for the little ones when wet weather confines them to the house. Really, the place is in much more habitable condition than I expected to find it."

"Our orders has always been to have everything ready for master whenever he chose to come," the old woman interposed.

"And was that often?"

"Not once in five or six years, ma'am. It was thought that he was on his way here when he was took ill and died; but he was a gentleman that never told his mind to nobody."

"He did one good deed in leaving his money to Milly's husband," said Mrs. Balfour to herself. "I'll run up-stairs and inspect the bed-rooms, and fix upon the most comfortable for the invalid. It shall be made thoroughly cosy before he gets here to-morrow. How glad I am Allan was persuaded to bring me soon enough to arrange for the poor fellow's reception! Milly shall have nothing to do but gaze at her new possessions."

It was only consideration for Mr. Balfour that induced his wife to delay operations till some dinner had been set before him and the hungry children, whose interest in this fortunate and unknown aunt was not strong enough to rob them of their appetites.

Mrs. Balfour did the honours of the meal with her customary grace, but she counted the minutes till her husband rose, saying that as the rain had ceased he and Lencie would explore the grounds, and take Elfa with them.

It was now he made the one observation that cast a shadow on her felicity.

"I don't admire the position of this house, Mary. The builder might have chosen a healthier site. It is very snugly sheltered from the north-east winds, but in rainy weather, when that pool at the foot of the lawn overflows its banks, I am afraid the damp must rise, and fogs be more prevalent than they ought to be."

"You only fancy this, Allan?"

"No, my dear, and possibly I am mistaken; but I'll talk it over with Glenwood, and he will refer it to some one more experienced than I am."

It was only a fancy, after all, and Mrs. Balfour almost forgot it as she plunged into her preparations.

And how much a pair of willing hands, guided by a loving heart, can effect! Before the hour at which the Glenwoods were expected to arrive, the dull, prim dwelling had been pleasantly transformed.

The windows were thrown wide, and gay with

plants; fires blazed in every grate to dispel the odour of mouldiness; flowers were in every vase that could be found in the china-closet; the dearth of blossoms in the uncared-for garden being atoned for by the huge bunches of blue corn-flowers, scarlet poppies, and meadow grasses, with which Lencie supplied his mother. It was no longer the deserted abode of a solitary man, but bright and smiling, and fit to be the home of merry children and their thankful parents.

Lencie and Elleda danced and clapped their hands in sympathy with their mother's excitement, when a large wagonette was discerned winding down the hill.

Mrs. Glenwood had prudently insisted on spending a night in London, urging it not for the sake of the children, but to avoid seeing her husband enter upon his inheritance querulous with the fatigue of a long journey.

It was therefore at an early hour on the calm autumn afternoon, that she stood up in the vehicle to get her first glimpse of the white house in the pretty valley, and wave responses to the animated greetings of Mrs. Balfour.

Elleda was disappointed in her cousins; they were sickly, stunted children, with the exception of Percival, a fine manly lad, whom Lance appropriated, carrying him off to see the stables and pigeon-house. The only satisfaction the young lady found in the arrival of her relatives was from seeing how Mrs. Glenwood's eyes followed her wherever she went, and this vanished when she learned that it was because of her fancied resemblance to the little daughters so lately lost.

This was the only allusion Mildred Glenwood made to past trials. She was a still, silent woman; indeed, she was wont to say that she had always had too much to do and think of, to have time for talking, and yet her fair face was seldom without a smile at once cheerful and sympathetic. Even on this occasion, when a little self-indulgence might have been forgiven her, she was content with bestowing on her sister one loving hug, and then merged herself in her husband and children.

It was not till the latter had been comfortably established in the nursery, under the eye of the homely Yorkshire lass who had served Mrs. Glenwood too faithfully to be parted with now, and Mr. Glenwood had gone with his brother-in-law and Elleda to inspect the few books in the study, that the sisters sat down, hand clasped in hand, to rejoice together.

Any person not acquainted with the facts of the case would have imagined that it was Mrs. Balfour who had suddenly been raised to prosperity, for it was she who exulted loudly in the event; while Mrs. Glenwood's thankfulness was too deeply seated for many words. Yet the few she did speak betrayed how heavily her anxieties had been pressing upon her when thus opportunely relieved.

Mrs. Balfour began to lay plans for her sister to

carry out. She was to take her proper place in society at once; to enjoy life, "and," was fondly added, "to let the world see what a charming little woman has been hidden in the brick-and-mortar of Bradford."

"It would be very nice for you to have a lady-help, Milly, some sensible, well-educated woman, who could assist in the housekeeping, and relieve you of the charge of the younger children. What do you think of the idea?"

"I have no doubt that it is a good one, as your ideas generally are, dear Mary, but I must take time for considering it. At present I have no room in my mind for aught but how to make this change minister to my husband's health. He has been very weak and low ever since we lost our little one."

"And you? did you not feel the loss as keenly as he did?" queried Mrs. Balfour, who was inclined to think James Glenwood "gave way."

"I have been greatly helped," her sister responded, in the low tones of deep feeling. "When I look back and recall the many times that my needs were supplied just as I was ready to despair, I cannot but ask what have I done to deserve such mercies?"

And then she began to tell of various little acts of kindness received from neighbours as poor as, or even poorer than themselves, and did not discover that Mrs. Balfour was too much engaged in calculating the cost of a new conservatory to be lending much attention to her grateful reminiscences.

The library was too poorly filled to deserve more than a cursory inspection, and its new owner soon quitted it for a terraced walk on to which opened the south windows of the house.

There, with Mr. Balfour, he sauntered to and fro, arranging for a careful survey of the estate on the morrow.

"How sweet this air is! I shall soon get well and strong here," he was saying, when the two cousins, Lance and Percival, came rushing across the lawn and up the steps, their boyish faces pale with horror.

"Papa!" gasped Lance, catching at his father's sleeve with shaking hands, "we have seen something dreadful! Oh, come and tell us what is to be done. Not you, uncle; you are ill, and could not bear it. Oh, come, papa, come!"

And so impressed was Mr. Balfour with the agony of terror his son's looks and actions conveyed, that he suffered himself to be hurried away before he could learn whither he was about to be led.

CHAPTER III.

MOLLIE'S ERRAND.

MANON shrank from her compatriots with a repugnance that astonished Joe Reynolds and his wife, who could not imagine any cause for it; nor would the few words of English she had learned while associating with them enable her to explain how much reason she had for avoiding these very unpleasant looking fellows.

So she did the only thing in her power—led the children away, and kept out of sight till the men had gone back to the village, never, she hoped, to cross her path again.

The succeeding morning was rainy, but she had no excuse for remaining on the premises of the farmer, who had already regarded distrustfully the oddly dressed old woman. Neither would it be advisable, for her small stock of money had nearly melted away.

She therefore braved the weather, and departed, ridding herself with difficulty of the deaf-and-dumb boy, who would fain have accompanied his pretty playmates.

It would have been a very miserable journey, if a wagoner who overtook them plodding through the mud had not taken pity on the children, and contrived to find room at the back of his wagon to shelter them and Manon also.

Here then they sat hour after hour till the man, reaching a by-lane leading to his master's barns, signified to them that they must alight. By this time, however, the clouds had dispersed, and the little ones, inspirited by the long rest, ran on gaily, seeking the few blackberries that had ripened in sunny nooks.

But when Manon discovered from a milestone by the roadside that seven long miles still lay between her and Horsham, she stopped to consider what was to be done.

The distance was too great for the tiny feet of her charges to cover ere night; neither did she care to let them be seen by the English friends and relatives, whom she pictured as eager to embrace them, while their shoes and clothes were soiled with the mud of the morning.

"Assuredly the *petites* must rest while I make their garments respectable," she told herself; and looked about for a convenient place in which to spend the night.

Not far off she could see the roofs and chimneys of a village, but she shook her head as she told over the few coins in her wallet. One of the more primitive shelters to which she had so frequently resorted must content them once more.

After a little search she caught sight of a building similar to the hoppers' barracks at which she had left Joe Reynolds and his family. It lay about half-way between the milestone and the village, and somewhat timidly, for she dreaded a repulse, she led the children there.

It was empty and open. The hop-grower's men had been employed, during the rain that stopped outdoor work, in clearing the year's accumulation of rubbish, and fixing the hurdles which were to form the divisions betwixt the straw beds and woollen rugs provided for the pickers.

Manon had purchased, at a little general shop they passed in the course of the morning, sufficient food to satisfy the hunger of the children, and having ascertained that the barracks was so far removed from any house that her presence was not likely to be

discovered, she availed herself of some of the straw on which to pillow the little heads now drooping with weariness.

They had said their prayers at her knee—those English prayers she never suffered them to omit, though she could not understand their actual meaning; and after a romp, which she submitted to with unusual indulgence, were lying side by side beneath Manon's old shawl, in the profound repose which the rudeness of their surroundings never hindered.

As soon as their eyes closed, it was the custom of the active old woman to carry any articles of their apparel that were travel-stained to the nearest stream, and there cleanse them, but this evening she lingered to look down on the sleepers lovingly, stroke back their glossy hair, and murmur a prayer for their future in the homely *patois* of her native province.

"Manon, thou art foolish this night!" she ejaculated presently. "Will not *le bon Dieu* care for the little ones more wisely than thou hast ever done?"

Stepping out briskly, she carried the bundle to where the waters of a spring had been gathered into a kind of basin, always running over, so plentiful was the supply. It was so near the gate of the hop-grounds that, as it rippled over the stones, it could be heard from the lane on the other side of the hedge, and thirsty men often turned in to drink of it, or children to play with the cool, clear stream.

Lucie and Claire slept till the morrow's sun shone in upon them. They were neither surprised nor alarmed at finding themselves alone. Though well cared for, they had never been petted, and Manon's absence was not unusual.

Taught, young though they were, to pay her implicit obedience, they helped each other to put on the few simply made clothes they wore, and espying the bread she had saved for their breakfast, they carried it to the open door, and sat down there contentedly to munch it.

In the contrary direction to the spring there was a well-used path through the hop-gardens. It led from the village to that high road from which Manon had diverged to obtain a night's shelter, and was also a short cut to the only farmhouse at which the skimmed milk was sold to the cottagers instead of being poured into the pig-trough.

Along this path came many of the cottagers' children that morning, but not one of them diverged from it or approached the clump of fir-trees that hid from it the hoppers' barracks, except Miss Eldridge's little serving-maid, Mollie.

Miss Eldridge had never been married; she was the last surviving member of a large family, whose wasteful habits consumed their patrimony, till she was left with little beside a roomy, old-fashioned house, standing in the midst of a garden, so rich in productive fruit-trees that, had she not been too proud to sell their produce, it would have formed in good seasons a considerable addition to her means.

To eke these out she practised all kinds of small

economies; shut up the rooms it would have been derogatory to her dignity to let, and kept no servant but a girl from the union, whom she had for a nominal wage because no one else would hire the round-eyed, awkward Mollie, whose intellects were so sadly deficient that teaching her the simplest tasks was a trial of patience.

She could, however, whiten the steps and rub the brass knocker, those tokens of gentility on which Miss Eldridge prided herself; and she could generally be trusted to fetch the halfpenny-worth of skim milk which was one of her mistress's economies. But lest this one should be remarked upon by those censorious persons who sneered at Miss Eldridge's pride, Molly was made to creep through a gap in the garden hedge, and from thence cross the now leafy aisles of the hop gardens.

Her course led her so near the secluded building that she beheld the little maidens sitting on the doorstep, and Mollie's mouth began to gape and her round eyes to enlarge to their fullest extent.

With cautious steps she drew nearer the objects of her admiration. Who had she ever seen in the union school or amongst the rough village children by whom she was jeered at and called mad Mollikins and silly Mollie, that were half as pretty and dainty as Lucie and Claire?

They saw the can she carried, and held out their hands beseechingly, at the same time uttering entreaties in so strange a jargon that Mollie would have been frightened away if her delight in their prettiness had not been stronger than her terror.

It was not till the thirsty children had swallowed the contents of the jug, thanking her by patting her broad, ugly, freckled face and kissing it, that Mollie remembered she would have to account for it; and stumbling to her feet—she had been squatting on the earth to bring herself to a level with the children—she ran back to Miss Eldridge's. As nothing could be extorted from her but howls, and sniffs, and a piteous assertion that she could not help it, her mistress concluded that Mollie had spilt her milk, and after calling her clumsy and useless, ceased to question her about it.

By-and-bye the farmer's man came to finish his work at the barracks, and then went back to his master half-inclined to laugh in the midst of his perplexity.

There were a couple of children hanging about the barracks, and he could not get rid of them. When he drove them away they only went a few steps and there sat down, and they were "such pretty, innocent-lookin' little creturs" that though he kept threatening them with the stick, he couldn't bring himself to use it.

"Whose children are they?" was the very natural inquiry.

"That's the trouble of it, sur; I can't understand what they say, and I can't make 'em take in the meaning of what I say. They keep telling me something about a man. 'Man on' is all I can make out."

"The man they are with has been taken on for an odd job somewhere here, I suppose," the hop-grower concluded, "and they are left to look after themselves the while. Let them be; they can't do much

share with them the hard dumpling that was to have formed her dinner.

Once, seized suddenly with dismay at Manon's long absence, and perhaps feeling anew the pangs of



"Come and tell us what is to be done."—p. 10.

harm; and with such a heavy crop, we shall want all the hands we can get, little and big."

So Claire and Lucie played about their resting place the livelong day, no one else coming to interfere with them. They would have cried with hunger as the hours waned, if Mollie's admiration of their childish beauty had not brought her there again while her mistress enjoyed her afternoon nap, to

hunger, Lucie began to run about crying loudly for her, but the only persons within hearing were a couple of lads, hot and panting with the fun of scrambling through hedges and over gates, and leaping every ditch that came in their way.

"I thought it was young birds, but it's a child squalling!" exclaimed Lance Balfour in disgust, "Come along!"

But Percival Glenwood, accustomed to soothe the woes of a flock of baby brothers, was more compassionate. He stopped to kneel on one knee beside the weeper, and try to draw her to him. Unused, however, to caresses—for Manon's affection seldom displayed itself in kisses or loving embraces—she struggled out of his hold, to shelter behind her sister, who now came running up.

Seeing her in tears and endeavouring to escape from a couple of strange boys, the braver Claire instantly constituted herself Lucie's defender. Her lovely dark eyes dilating, the soft bloom on her cheek deepening into crimson, she doubled a baby fist, and with it rained a shower of blows on the hand Lance had laid on the shoulder of his still kneeling cousin.

But her courage was put to the test when the amused Percy sprang to his feet, and she was the first to fly, calling on Lucie to follow.

Lucie began to run too, but either she now recognised that no harm was intended her, or her pity was stronger than her fears, for she came back to stroke the hand her sister had hurt, saying softly, "*Pauvre garçon!*" and looking up at Lance with such winning, coaxing smiles, that he, who professed to despise girls, was prompted to stoop and kiss her rosy mouth.

Thus began the first chapter of a chequered life-story, though the principal characters were all unconscious of it, in the happy *abandon* of childhood.

It was not to the hoppers' barracks that Lance

and Percival hurried Mr. Balfour. The former felt too much ashamed of the impulse to which he had yielded to speak of the children encountered there, and his cousin had attached so little importance to the incident as to have forgotten it.

After leaving the little ones, they had, with boyish impetuosity, scampered on till the murmur of falling waters led them to the spring beside the lane; to the spot where Manon, true to the custom of her native village, had carried the children's clothes to be washed and whitened by the running stream.

It was to the spring they now returned.

"Look, papa, look!" exclaimed Lance in a terrified whisper; and Mr. Balfour saw that beside the basin that received the waters there lay an aged woman.

She was not dead, for she moaned when he stooped over her and touched her hand; but she had either fallen and hurt herself badly, or received a blow from some cruel wretch who had stolen upon her unawares.

A labourer passing down the lane was sent to the farm-house for assistance, and Manon was carried to the nearest outhouse on a hastily improvised litter.

She seemed to recover consciousness when they raised her, for she put her hand to her side and felt for her wallet. Alas! it was gone, and with it the treasured papers, never needed so much as now that her life was rapidly fleeting, and the little ones would be left in this strange and—to her—terrible place alone.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERIES OF REVELATION AND OF NATURE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. HENRY COTTERILL, D.D., BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.

"He made darkness His secret place."—PSALM XVIII. 11.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



THE truth which is expressed in this and other passages of the Old Testament,* which represent the abode of God as darkness, seems at first sight a strange contradiction to the language of the Apostle John, when he teaches that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." The language is, I need hardly say, symbolical, both in the one case and in the other, and we must understand it not of physical light and darkness, but of intellectual or spiritual; light being the revelation of truth to the reason or spirit of man. But what must we consider to be the meaning of the inspired volume, when it speaks of God as being, in one sense, altogether light, and yet, in another, as hidden in thick darkness? St. John

expounds his own words by teaching us that God is *love*, and that this moral and spiritual Being of God is manifested and fully revealed to man in His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, Whose Gospel is the outcome and exponent of Divine love. This revelation, being infinite in extent, is in that sense unsearchable; yet so far as our mind can extend, it is to be known spiritually, and is in itself nothing else but light. Yet at the same time it is equally certain that this light of God's moral and spiritual Being, which is our life, has, so to speak, its habitation in that which, to the intellect of man, is *thick darkness*, absolutely impenetrable; or—to use the language of modern philosophy—"unthinkable." The Christian doctrines of three Persons in one God-head, of the Incarnation of the eternal Son of God, of the Atonement, of the fellowship of man with God's Spirit—while they are the fundamental truths on which all our religious knowledge is

* *E.g.*, 1 Kings viii. 12; 2 Chron. vi. 1; Ps. xcvi. 2; Isa. xlv. 15.

based, yet are in themselves incomprehensible by the finite mind. In fact, we may say with justice, that the glorious light of God, which is the spiritual and moral life of man, coming forth from that which to man's understanding is utter darkness, is the true and complete description of that revelation which is made to us in Holy Scriptures. In the words of our text, "He made darkness His secret place."

And this element of mystery in Christian theology is not only no hindrance to its moral and spiritual power—that is, to those principles and affections which constitute the highest Christian character, being developed from truths the foundation of which is incomprehensible—but, on the contrary, it is to some extent essential to this power. It has been said with much truth by an eloquent French writer, that "the power of theology lies in its being the parent soil of faith and love. And mankind only loves what it takes on trust, not what it can easily compass; the not understanding a thing is the condition of loving it; and whatever is capable of mathematical demonstration gives little or no warmth to the heart. Who ever has been in love with an axiom, with a truth that leaves no need of further search? The unknown is the most powerful constituent of love, for nothing fascinates the human mind like mystery; and, on the contrary, we soon weary of what we comprehend. Mystery is the secret of love, and in love there is faith."*

On this argument, however, true as it is with some qualifications, I do not now insist. My purpose on the present occasion† is to give your thoughts a somewhat different direction. Coleridge has remarked in his "Aids to Reflection"—a book to which I owed much during my student life at Cambridge, as well as afterwards—that "in his intercourse with men of various ranks and ages, he had found the far larger number of serious and inquiring persons little, if at all, disquieted by doubts respecting Articles of Faith that are simply above their comprehension; and that it is only when the belief required jars with their moral feelings "that they stumble, and are offended, and are perhaps alienated from Christian doctrine." I do not question the truth of this as regards the inquirers of whom Coleridge speaks. Yet it is also certain that, in the present day, there are many opponents of Christianity who, being neither serious nor sincere, endeavour to make capital for the cause of infidelity out of the fact that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity are incomprehensible. One of the evil effects of that smattering of scientific knowledge which is nowadays so easily obtained second-hand from popular treatises or

lectures, without any real scientific education—an effect which, perhaps more than anything else in the present day, indisposes, and we may say morally disqualifies, the mind for the reception of Christian truth—is the notion that, as science explains many things in nature that formerly seemed mysterious, if only it should progress as modern discoveries may lead us to expect, it will before long solve all mysteries, and make all things intelligible to the understanding of advanced and enlightened humanity. And how then, it is argued, is it possible that Christianity, which is founded on doctrines incomprehensible by the human intellect, should be anything else than the production of an unenlightened age, a phantom which, with other such superstitions, must disappear as the light of increasing knowledge is turned upon it?

Some such arguments as these, we know, serve infidel propagandists well enough, in order to win applause from ignorant hearers for their sophistical arguments against Christianity; and it is well for others, if not for ourselves, that we should be "ready always to give to every man that asketh us a reason concerning the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear." But is it not also possible that at the bottom of the heart even of some among ourselves, though we may be sincere, and to some extent in earnest, there may be lurking a suspicion that there is at all events some amount of truth in this description? The discoveries that science has made, of late years especially, have been sometimes so startling, so unexpected, so utterly beyond the wildest dreams of man's imagination in ancient times, that to many it seems impossible to place any limit whatever to the revelations that science may hereafter make of what have in past ages been regarded as the mysteries of Nature.

And, no doubt, some so-called philosophers in modern times have encouraged such notions. But we shall find that all profound thinkers in every age have formed totally different expectations as to the progress of human knowledge. It is well known, indeed, that the real father of modern science, Sir Isaac Newton, whose philosophical mind grasped, even then, those fundamental principles which have led to the most remarkable conclusions of our own time, and whose discoveries in the System of the Universe were made by the aid of a scientific method of his own from which all our modern methods have been derived, used to speak of himself as but a child finding a few pebbles thrown up on the shore of an unfathomable and illimitable ocean, of which he could only know what those pebbles taught him. Well, has that ocean been since his days either fathomed or measured? On the contrary, a well-known man of science of our own time, Professor Jevons, who was only lost to us two years ago, and who, in his work on the "Principles of Science," has discussed

* Ozanam's "History of Civilization in the Fifth Century." Translated by A. C. Glyn. London, 1868. Vol. I., p. 263.

† This sermon was addressed to an Association of medical students of the University of Edinburgh.

both the methods and the principles of science perhaps more completely, and certainly more logically, than any one in modern times, fully confirms, and even more than confirms, the feeling that Newton expressed. I mean that he teaches us that the utmost successes that our scientific researches can ever expect to accomplish can never enable us to comprehend more than an infinitesimal fraction of what there is to be known in the Universe of God. For instead of the discoveries of science enabling us to make any gradual progress towards complete knowledge, the fact is that the more science discovers, the more it always finds that there is to be explained. In whatever direction we extend our investigations, and explain a few facts, the result always is to raise up a host of problems that are yet to be solved. Indeed, it is quite forgotten by those who talk so glibly of science explaining those things in nature which used to be considered mysteries, what is the meaning of this. It is only that science teaches us that the causes of those phenomena, which used to appear so unintelligible, are the same as those of phenomena around us with which we are familiar every day of our lives. But this, instead of making those questions which are beyond our comprehension fewer than they were, multiplies them infinitely. For we find now that we cannot understand the cause of that with which we are familiar unless we can understand the existence of the same cause throughout the whole visible universe. When the cause of an apple falling to the ground (to assume by way of illustration the popular fallacy as to that which suggested to Newton the existence of gravitation) is proved by science to be also the cause of the moon and the planets moving in their orbits, and of the movements of heavenly bodies at distances from us which even the imagination of man cannot conceive—if the latter cause is beyond the comprehension of man, so also is the cause of the fall of an apple. If the one is a mystery, so is the other. In fact, physical science here is in a dilemma. Either it must suppose that every particle of

matter, here and throughout the universe, is endued by the Creator with the power of attracting every other, however distant and however unconnected with each other the two particles may be—which is simply to acknowledge that it is a mystery and cannot be explained—or it must suppose that some physical cause will account for it. But at present the only theory proposed as any explanation of the cause of gravitation that science can at all allow to be possible—the action of an infinite number of extramundane atoms, rushing with mere than planetary velocity in all directions in every part of the universe—would certainly involve a hundredfold more mysteries than those which it would explain.

It seems, then, that as yet, all that science can say is that our knowledge of the visible universe—extensive as it seems, and is, in comparison with that which former ages possessed—is wholly derived from an assumption of a law in Nature which is itself incomprehensible. Out of impenetrable darkness cometh light. God, though Himself light, as He shows Himself in the reason of man, yet in Nature, no less than in Revelation, “maketh darkness His secret place.”

But we may proceed much further than this in proof of the fact that not only all the knowledge that science has attained in the present day, but all that it ever can attain, however widely science may be extended, so as to light up the whole of Nature with knowledge—clear, exact, and most beneficial both to the body and to the mind of man—yet must have its foundation in truths which are quite as incomprehensible by the intellect as any of those from which the light of Christianity proceeds. For it cannot be disputed that the most simple physical ideas necessary to all scientific knowledge, respecting which we speak and reason as if we understood all about them—for, indeed, our intellectual life, so far as it relates to the present material universe, depends on our assumption of these truths—are nevertheless, quite as certainly as the dogmas of Christianity, impenetrable mysteries.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN AMERICA.



“ONE good street-preacher is worth ten policemen,” said the burgo-master of the Hague, when, about eighteen years ago, there was a revival of open-air preaching in his country. In the hope of promoting this most necessary and useful form of Gospel ministry in America, and also with a view to make acquaintance with the religious institutions of that country, Mr. Gavin Kirkham, secretary of the Open-Air Mission, lately paid a visit

of three months to Canada and the United States. In the Dominion he spent some time at Montreal and at Toronto. Here, as at almost all his halting places, he was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained by the Young Men's Christian Association, and had the opportunity of speaking in their meeting-rooms on the subject of open-air preaching. He found that this work was not considered desirable in some Canadian cities, on account of the large proportion of Roman Catholics in the population: however, in Montreal,

where 150,000 of these reside, Mr. Kirkham preached in an open square on "The Prodigal Son," and the meeting passed without any disturbance. On several such occasions he very successfully used a roll of texts and hymns on paper of various colours, illustrating different religious truths; and he mentions it as an instance of the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere that one moonlight night in Toronto, when an electric shop-light on which he was depending for the illumination of his "coloured teacher," was turned out, the people around him were able to sing the hymns and repeat the texts as heartily as before. The Toronto Exhibition was held during Mr. Kirkham's visit to that province, and earnest work was carried on by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association in a Gospel tent in the Exhibition grounds.

In the town of Hamilton encouraging meetings were held in the market-place during Mr. Kirkham's two-days' visit: and here, as elsewhere, he took part in a conference of Christian workers, convened to discuss the subject of open-air preaching; and he left Canada with the hope that henceforward this agency would occupy a more prominent place in her Christian labours. He mentions, among other excellencies which struck him in the Dominion, the perfect orderliness of her city streets on Sunday, owing to the general closing of public-houses, which begins at seven o'clock on Saturday evenings, and lasts throughout Sunday.

The traveller's first stopping point in the States was Chicago, and here he found open-air preaching zealously carried on, especially by the "Yoke-fellows," a band of Christian workers from among the ranks of the Young Men's Christian Association, who every evening preach the Gospel from the steps of the Court-house, and then go forth by two and two into every part of Chicago to invite the people to Gospel halls.

When he reached Le Mars, on September 30, though the summer season of open-air preaching was over, it was felt that on that day, the anniversary of Whitefield's death, an exception must be made, and a crowd was soon gathered around the steps of a bank, from which some effective Gospel addresses were given. A further journey of 700 miles brought Mr. Kirkham to Denver, which city, though only twenty-five years old, has a population of 80,000. It is a great centre of mining interests, and the train on its arrival was boarded by mining agents distributing papers, and offering their services; very zealous are also the efforts made by God's servants to make known there the true riches. But little prominence had been given to open-air preaching before Mr. Kirkham's visit; though this mining district, with its ungodly crowds of money-seekers, seems to offer a peculiarly suitable field for such

ministry; and his suggestions concerning it, at a meeting of workers at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, were received with cordial interest.

One of our traveller's best opportunities in his own special department was during an unintended stay at Kansas, where, arriving late by reason of a fog, he missed his next train, and had to wait twelve hours. Grieved by the revelry going on quite early in the day in numerous beer-saloons, he took his stand, with his "coloured teacher," in a crowded market-place, and preached the Gospel to a considerable and very attentive gathering, both of white and black hearers. In this city he had an opportunity of learning something about the railway mission, a marked feature in the work of the American Young Men's Christian Association. The railway companies contribute largely to the expenses of this mission in Kansas, where a complete set of rooms at the central station is set apart for its use.

At St. Louis Mr. Kirkham met with the one Bible-carriage at work in the States: here also he saw a Chinese Sunday-school, and learned that out of 125 Chinese in the city fifty-six were under Christian instruction. Very startling it was to him to see the people of St. Louis crowding into the theatres that Sunday evening, and to find that Sunday is the special day for the introduction of new plays.

An interesting incident at Cincinnati was the outdoor temperance preaching of Mason Long, once a gambler and saloon-keeper in Indiana, who was led during the "Murphy movement" to become a total abstainer, and who now travels the country as a preacher, with a quartette of singers, in a wagon which contains a harmonium. Crowds gather round to hear his plain and faithful words.

The Young Men's Christian Association has its most costly and beautiful buildings in Philadelphia. It was in this city, the second in the States, that Mr. Kirkham gave his first address to a crowd of coloured people. Soon afterwards he was in New York, and preached with two others from the band-stand in the park. It was very touching, he says, to see the number of immigrants from all lands who gathered round them, many listening with tearful eyes to the old story of a Saviour's grace.

More strongly than ever we realised, as we read Mr. Kirkham's pamphlet, that it is by open-air preaching, above every other ministry, that all sorts and conditions of men can be reached with the message of salvation. We earnestly hope that his visit to America will result in increase of zeal among her Christian workers in this matter, which seems all-essential to the fulfilling of the words of the Lord Jesus, when He said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

A. J. E.

FOUND AGAIN.

A STORY OF PATIENT WAITING.



WHAT is it, child? What is the matter?"

Kitty Rayne started up at the sound of the kind, concerned voice. She had been leaning against a haystack, and crying bitterly.

"Aunt has been telling me," she began, trying hard to check her sobs. "Oh! Cousin John!"

"Kitty," he replied, "there are worse troubles in the world than the loss of money. Come, come! I thought you would have borne it better than this."

"As if it were the money! No; I know I am weak and cowardly, but I cannot bear the thought of going away, and aunt says I must. She is angry with me because——"

"It is not because she is angry with you. We must all go. You have managed to misunderstand the mother, somehow."

"No, no! you don't understand. Aunt says that now you have lost so much money, she cannot afford my allowance any longer, and that I must go away and earn it as a governess. I told her I did not want any money, and even if I did I could earn it without going away, but she would not hear of it; she is angry because—— Miss Johnson has been worrying and scolding me too, till I could not bear it any longer, and I came out here; it's all about the same thing."

"Miss Johnson! What business has she to scold you? My mother has a kind of right, as I suppose you will admit, Kitty, although you are no longer a child!"

"I think you would say that no one has any right to be angry with me in this case," replied Kitty, with a blush, "and really I can understand Miss Johnson's vexation best. She is so devoted to her brother——"

"Surely you do not mean—that Johnson—that you have refused him?" said her companion, with some agitation. "My mother suspected, but she seemed pleased, and seemed to think you would do so."

"Oh! Cousin John, don't you turn against me too," cried the girl, her eyes filling again. "I am sorry, but I could not help it. Would it be right," she continued, in a low, hurried voice, "to marry some one you did not care for better than all the world beside, just for the sake of a home?"

"No, a thousand times no!" said her companion hastily.

"Well, that is what they want me to do, and Miss Johnson scolded me so that I am afraid I was rude to her—I am so vexed with myself—she goaded me into saying something I never meant to have said. I hope she will not repeat it; but she is such a gossip. She is with aunt now, lamenting what she calls my obstinate folly."

"It is not folly, it is the truest sense," he replied hotly. "You must not think of leaving us; we cannot spare you. But are you sure about Johnson? He is a good fellow—you spoke hastily, perhaps."

"Cousin John," replied the girl, in a hurt tone, "I am *not* a child; I do know my own mind. I can go away if you want to be rid of me. I never thought you would."

"Kitty, you are unjust—cruel," he interrupted, speaking with restrained vehemence. "Can't you guess? Don't you know that if it had not been for Johnson, I should have asked you to be my wife? But now you have refused him. I did think at one time that you cared for me a little; but I am a poor man now, no longer young, with my way yet to make."

"And do you think that makes any difference?" cried Kitty tremulously. "Cousin John, if you ever thought that I cared, think now that I care a thousand times more."

"Kitty, do you mean that you will, that you really do care for me enough to share my struggles?"

"If you think I can help you (I want to), I should be so proud and glad."

"You can help me, Kitty—you have done so already," he replied gratefully, and as he looked down upon the earnest, glowing face, a face beautiful more with the beauty of expression than of feature, John Robertson welcomed the trouble that had taught him with how true an affection he was regarded by the bright, enthusiastic girl, whose presence had daily become more and more necessary to his happiness.

Five years ago, his mother had offered the orphan daughter of her half sister the shelter of her home; partly out of kindness, and partly because it suited her convenience to do so. The death of her husband

had left Mrs. Robertson in failing health. She had given her only daughter to a husband whose home was abroad; she was lonely. Kitty was naturally a bright, companionable child, of thirteen, but unhappy in the home of a step-father, who only tolerated her presence. Mrs. Robertson had asked her to come and live with her, and Kitty had gratefully accepted the offer. Since then Aleck, the eldest son, had died, and John had succeeded to the property. This consisted of three farms, and the Home Farm. When John took possession, he found that, owing to successive bad seasons, the property was not paying, and that it would be necessary to sell the Home Farm. He then decided that they must all go to London, where he meant to practise the profession for which he had qualified a year before his brother's death.

Mrs. Robertson had protested strongly against this determination, for here in her native place she was known and respected, and in London, as she very well knew, she would be only one of the crowd.

Another source of vexation to her was, the attachment which she had long feared was growing between Kitty and John; not that she disliked the girl, but she considered that John could not afford to marry, unless indeed he married a wife with money. So she had openly encouraged Mr. Johnson's attentions, and had tried to persuade both herself and her son that Kitty took pleasure in them. But the event of the morning had scattered her hope, and undeceived John. Mrs. Robertson, who had felt that the girl's "folly" had upset an arrangement which would have settled everything comfortably, was, as Kitty had said, very angry. Knowing the frame of mind in which she had left her, she dreaded the moment when her engagement should be announced, and willingly lingered outside, talking happily and hopefully to John of the future which lay before them.

When they did go in, and John said, in his simple, straightforward way, "We shall not have to spare Kitty, mother, for she has promised to be my wife," Mrs. Robertson replied graciously enough—

"Well, if you are bent on marrying at all, I know no one I could welcome so gladly," and embraced her affectionately. Kitty could not help wondering at this alteration in her sentiments, and a little uncomfortable suspicion entered her mind. Had Miss Johnson told her news? But no, it could not be, for would not her aunt have spoken to her of it at once if she had known it? "At any rate, she will tell me if she knew it, when I tell her," she thought; so with a few words of preparation she handed her the letter which announced that a distant relative had left her a thousand pounds.

"Why, it will be quite a little fortune, Kitty. When did the letter arrive?" she asked.

"This morning," returned Kitty.

"And you never told me! I suppose you felt aggrieved because, out of pity for poor Mr. Johnson, and anxiety for your future welfare, I scolded you for your cruelty to him!"

"No, it was not that; and indeed I have never

been cruel to him," said Kitty, blushing and stammering; "but I felt so sorry, I forgot all about it at the time."

"What a child you are, Kitty!" said Mrs. Robertson, laughing.

"The first thing to do will be to have this money settled upon you," said John, gravely.

"Just as you like," returned Kitty happily; "it will make no difference in the end, I suppose."

"What is the meaning of this, mother?" asked John Robertson, entering the drawing-room, with a white, stern face, about a week before the day fixed for his wedding.

"The meaning of what, John?" replied his mother, languidly. "I hope, after what has already happened, you are not bringing me another unpleasant surprise!"

"Kitty has gone!"

"Nonsense!" replied his mother sharply, but she changed colour, and looked very frightened. "She has gone somewhere for the day, perhaps. She might have had the civility to——"

"She has left this letter," said John, "and it—it seems to me that some one has driven her to this. God forgive you, mother, if you were that person! Listen!" and he read in a hard, even voice—"It has all been a dreadful mistake. Everything is changed. I will not be a burden to you." Here he stopped, he could not read the rest, even to his mother. "Oh! Cousin John," she wrote, "how could you think I would let you sacrifice yourself by marrying me from pity? Except in this, you have always been my truest, kindest friend, and I shall always be grateful to you. I am going to a safe and comfortable home. Some day—but not yet—we shall meet again, I hope.—Always your affectionate cousin."

"Where can she have gone?" asked Mrs. Robertson helplessly.

"When did you see her last?" asked John.

"She brought my breakfast to me a little after nine."

"And no one has seen her since—I have questioned the servants."

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"London!" he replied shortly, turning as he reached the door. "I will telegraph what success."

"Absurd!" began his mother, who had recovered a little from her surprise. "She has no friends in London. She must have gone into some family as governess, and will be back in a week or two. She will soon see the difference."

But John was already on his way. Mrs. Robertson spent a miserable evening alone, the prelude to many still more miserable ones, for John remained in town a week. He had traced her to London, but there the clue was lost. Then he wrote to say that he had taken a house, and was coming to fetch his mother. He came back an altered man. His mother had feared that he would be very angry with her, for

she felt guiltily conscious that she had said many galling things to the high-spirited girl. Poor Kitty's thousand pounds had been proved, by the existence of a later will, to belong to some one else, and Mrs. Robertson's disappointment had led her to say more than she meant.

When he came back, unsuccessful, he charged his mother, angrily, with having driven Kitty away, by telling her that he was only marrying her from pity; but this Mrs. Robertson strenuously denied, and called Kitty ungrateful, proud, and passionate, for having taken such a revenge upon her, for a few irritable remarks which had been wrung from her by natural disappointment.

"Mother!" said John sternly, "if we are to live under one roof, never let me hear you speak so again;" and she was forced to be silent.

But she felt herself greatly injured, the more so as she felt that there was a difference in John's feelings towards her.

It was nothing that she could very well complain of; he was, as he had always been, kind and considerate, but he no longer confided to her his hopes and plans. He gave her very little of his society, and pleaded work when she complained. Mrs. Robertson really loved her son, although her affection was exacting.

She could gratify any fancy that came into her head as far as their means would allow, and his devotion to his professional duties had not been without result; but when his mother begged him to take a little rest and recreation, he refused. He worked for work's sake, harder than he would have done if gain had been his only object. At first Mrs. Robertson had tried to draw him into more sociable habits by asking people to the house, but he had always excused himself from the duty of helping her to entertain them, on the plea of professional engagements. Gradually, Mrs. Robertson gave the matter up, and sank into a weak and depressed state, which at last attracted her son's attention.

Once aroused, he set himself earnestly to find out the cause of her serious indisposition, and blamed himself bitterly for his neglect. He found that his mother had been fretting over his estrangement from her, and regretting every day the conduct which she feared had been the indirect cause of Kitty's flight.

When she confessed this, and owned how greatly she missed her young companion, all reserve between mother and son melted away. More than ever before, he now devoted himself to her; but she did not long enjoy her restoration to her old place in his affection; an attack of bronchitis left her so prostrate that, in spite of every effort, she never recovered.

John felt his mother's death bitterly, and looked upon it as a punishment for the unforgiving feelings he had long nourished against her. But he thought rebelliously that the punishment was out of all proportion to the offence. He had never been an undutiful son to her, and he had repented even of feelings which he had never intended to betray.

Why was he so cruelly visited? Every day he came in contact with men whose sins against God and man were flagrant, and yet "they came in no misfortune like other folk." God's hand was heavy upon him, and all was dark. He lost his faith in God's love and goodness, and his sorrow was borne sternly and defiantly.

Once again his work absorbed him, or he meant it to do so, but there were times when heart and courage failed, and his loneliness was very hard to bear. His only interest seemed to be in alleviating the miseries of the poor; but it was done coldly, and in a defiant spirit, as if combatting to the best of his ability the decrees of a powerful enemy. Such a spirit prevented him from getting any consolation out of his work. He grew restless and disheartened, and finally ill, and was obliged to leave town and take a rest. But he returned to his duties not much improved in health. A restless idea seized him that he should like to go abroad, where perhaps he might come upon some clue to Kitty's whereabouts. A friend to whom he mentioned his desire to travel, one day brought him the welcome news that an appointment abroad would soon become vacant by resignation.

"You know, Robertson, you need not decide at once. It will not be known for another month," he said.

John thanked him, and said that he had already decided to take it if the authorities would accept him.

He immediately began to put all his affairs in order, and got quite interested over the purchase of his outfit, for his friend assured him that he would certainly obtain the appointment as soon as he tried for it.

In the midst of his preparations came a letter from his sister in India, asking him to take charge of his little niece and god-daughter, who was coming home on account of her health. His sister had been so sure that her request would be granted that at the time he received the letter the child had already started on her voyage. At first the new, the altered man said to himself, "Why should I alter all my plans for the sake of a child? I have always considered others too much. Let her come; I can leave her with trustworthy people who will understand how to make her happy much better than I can." Then kinder feelings would conquer, to be in their turn mastered by selfish ones.

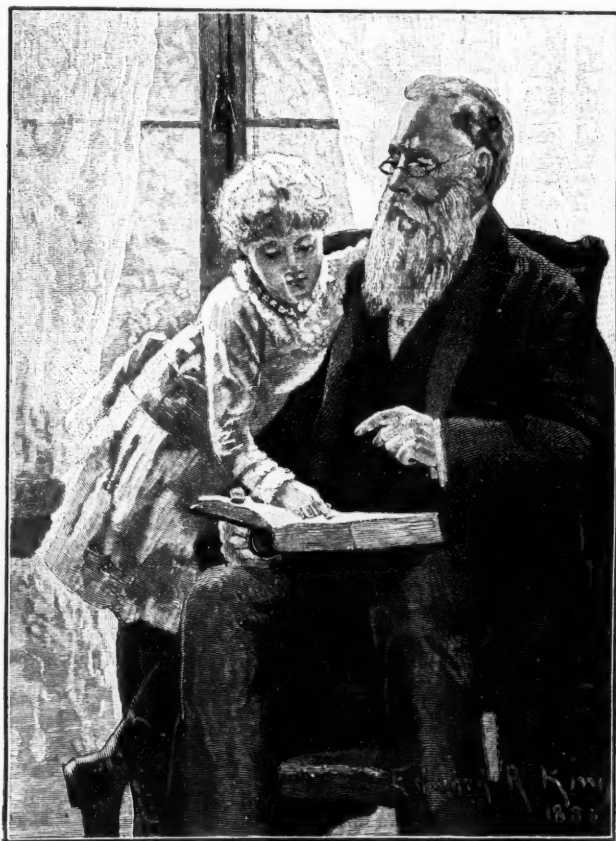
Before the date of her arrival it would be necessary to decide one way or the other. After a long and severe struggle, kindness won the day, and the decisive letter was despatched.

Then the middle-aged bachelor fell into a state of sore perplexity. What was he to do with the child? He consulted patients who had children of their own, but who only succeeded in confusing him with a mass of contradictory advice.

At last the important day dawned, and her uncle had only decided upon one thing concerning her—that she should be with him, and that neither gover-

ness nor school should come between them. Already the sacrifice he had made for the child had endeared her to him, and it was with quite a pleasant glow of satisfaction that he went off to the docks to meet her. That meeting was an epoch in his existence. When the little arms clung round his neck, the fair, soft young cheek was laid caressingly against his own, a

out her books by his desire, and read to him every evening. But their lessons were often interrupted, and this desultory teaching was not sufficient, so the Doctor at last made an arrangement that his little Lucy should go for a certain time every day to receive instruction with the children of a patient, who spoke very highly of her governess.



"Lucy brought home a book which Miss Rayne had lent her."

rush of joy and thankfulness swept away all remains of the old bitterness. He felt that once more he had some one belonging to him who would love him, and whom he could love.

In a week's time they were quite comfortably settled, and it seemed only natural, when he came home tired from his work, to be welcomed by the glad, bright childish face. At first all went smoothly enough, but after a time the sense of his responsibilities began to weigh on the doctor's mind. The child must have some instruction. So she brought

In spite of the care and responsibility which he had felt so much tempted to shirk, every one said the Doctor looked ten years younger, and he certainly felt it.

He took the greatest interest in her studies, and offered always, when possible, to help her prepare them. About a week after they had begun, Lucy brought home a book which Miss Rayne had lent her, she said, till she could get one of her own.

"Miss Rayne?" echoed her uncle. "Is Miss Rayne your governess?"

"Yes, uncle," said Lucy; "why, isn't she good? I like her."

But her uncle had turned back to the title-page of the book, fearing that the wild idea which had struck him might not prove true. It was her handwriting and her name. Without a word, and much to Lucy's astonishment, he took his hat and went out. Mrs. Smith, his patient, was at home, and though evidently greatly surprised at his request that he might see Miss Rayne alone, took him herself to the schoolroom.

Tea was just over. As they entered, some one who was just rising from her seat at the head of the table met the Doctor's eager gaze, while a flood of colour rushed over cheek and brow, then receded, leaving her white and trembling. With an effort at self-control, she extended her hand, exclaiming faintly—

"Cousin John!" But the surprise was too much for her; she faltered and would have fallen, but he had caught her in his arms, and was murmuring, "My Kitty, my wife! I have found you at last."

"Then it was not from pity that you would have married me?" said Kitty, raising to him an April face of tears and smiles.

"Who told you that falsehood?" cried the Doctor

sternly. "Not my mother. Oh! Kitty, she has gone; deal gently with her memory," he continued, in agitated tones.

"John, I can forgive her; it was for your sake. She was ambitious for you. She thought what she said was true. It was Miss Johnson told me; and what is more, she said that you and aunt had heard from her about my fortune before I told you, or she would have set her face against it from the first."

"At least you might have trusted me, Kitty," said the Doctor reproachfully.

"John, forgive me; I was wrong; and yet I did trust you so far—I never thought the money had made any difference to you. But when I looked back, I remembered that it was my trouble about leaving you that led you to speak. Aunt complained to Miss Johnson that you could not afford to marry a wife without any money. And if the fortune had still been mine, I should not have cared so much, perhaps. I hoped to win in time all I wanted."

"It was always yours, and all these years have been wasted!"

"Do not say that," she replied earnestly; "from all you tell me they have held their lessons for you. I know they have for me, and all the pain is past."

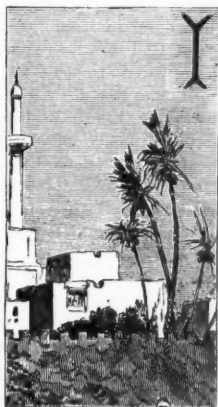
R. M.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

BY THE REV. J. WYCLIFFE GEDGE, M.A., DIOCESAN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS FOR WINCHESTER.

LESSONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS. No. 1. INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

[TO THE TEACHER. It is proposed to give a course of lessons on the Ten Commandments. Each Commandment will be illustrated by one or more Scripture stories. This first lesson is meant to show how all the Commandments are to be explained.]



INTRODUCTION. Imagine a country without laws—all people doing exactly as please—no order, no government, no punishment. Would soon be dreadful confusion—strongest would force weak to submit—would be constant violence and oppression. So all nations make laws, and punish those who break them. Man as soon as created received laws from God. Remind how even in Paradise God taught duty of

work—rest on Sabbath—self-restraint (one tree not to be eaten). Afterwards gave laws about murder, (Gen. ix. 5, 6.) At last, time came for His people to receive full system of laws. Shall read of these to-day.

I. THE GIVING OF THE COMMANDMENTS. (Read

Exod. xix. 16—25.) To whom were they given? Israelites had left Egypt fifty days before—were encamped at Mount Sinai, same place where God spake to Moses out of the burning bush. Spoken in very solemn way by God's own voice—afterwards written on two tables of stone "with the finger of God." Copies of these tables always kept in the ark in the "Holy of Holies." There they remained till Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, destroyed the Temple many hundred years afterwards.

II. THE NATURE OF THE COMMANDMENTS. God afterwards gave great many other laws about other subjects, such as the Tabernacle, the priests, sacrifices, etc. Those laws had to do with the ceremonies of the Jews' worship—called therefore the *Ceremonial Laws*. These not binding upon us, because customs of religious worship differ in each country and each Church. Also gave laws about these and other matters relating to the Jews as citizens. These called *Civil Laws*, also not binding on us.

Ten Commandments binding on all people, everywhere, because plainly set forth duties and rules of conduct which all are bound to observe. Hence

called *Moral Laws*, because all *morally* bound to keep them.

III. THE KEEPING OF THE COMMANDMENTS. (Read Matt. v. 17—22.) Christ shows that all must keep God's laws. He explains several of them to show what is included in keeping them. We may learn four things:—(1) *They forbid sin*. Neglect of God, His word, His day; disobedience to parents, covetousness, etc., are sins as much as theft, murder, etc. (2) *They include sins of same kind but less degree*. Not merely the direct sin, but indirect sins; e.g., discontent is to break the tenth Commandment—to copy another child's lesson is to break eighth, and so on. (3) *They include the thought*. See how Christ shows this in the case of murder. So with all the Commandments. Thoughts lead to acts. (4) *They require the opposite*. Each commandment forbids some sin and enjoins some duty. Thus not to steal teaches honesty, and so with them all.

LESSON. *Fear God and keep His Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.*

NO. 2. THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Before attend to any laws must believe that person who gives them has authority to do so. Suppose some one suddenly came and ordered school to be closed, what should we say? This what Pharaoh said when ordered to let Israelites go—"I know not the Lord." (Ex. v. 2.) Therefore God begins His laws by telling who He is and what He has done. *Who is He?* The Lord—living, eternal, unchangeable, (Ps. xc. 1.) *What has He done?* Set Israelites free from being in bondage—delivered them from hard masters—made them not His slaves but His people free to serve Him. So has redeemed us—from whose slavery? From the misery and bondage of sin. Therefore we will serve Him.

I. THE SIN FORBIDDEN. (Read 1 Kings xvi. 30—33.) Have an instance here of a king forsaking God. Whom did Ahab worship? Gods of other nations. So broke Commandment by worshipping *false gods*. Read of Israelites worshipping sun, moon, and stars. (Acts vii. 42.) Athens in St. Paul's time full of temples to strange gods—read of such still in India and other countries.

Others, called atheists, worship *no god* at all. Do not believe there is a God. See what St. Paul says about them. (Rom. i. 20.) They are without excuse—because God is known by His works.

Are we tempted to break this Commandment? Certainly, in both these ways. What do we care about most? Some care most for bodily comforts—eating and drinking. St. Paul says their god is their belly." (Phil. iii. 10.) Others, like Demas, forsake God for this world. (2 Tim. iv. 13.) Or we are tempted to live without God—to neglect prayer and worship—to love others more than God—above all to love *self* best. All this is to have another god.

II. THE DUTY COMMANDED. (Read Gen. xxii. 1—9.) May sum up our duty in two words, *Faith* and *Love*. Abraham an example of both. What did he hear? Believed in God's presence—God's call, and at once obeyed. So he who comes to God "must believe that He is." (Heb. xi. 6.) This faith will make us trust Him for all events of life, feeling sure that all He orders must be right.

The other duty is *Love*. Remind how Christ summed up the teaching of this Commandment. (Matt. xxii. 37.) Must love God with whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, *i.e.*, with all powers. How was Abraham required to show his love? Could any sacrifice be greater? Told to kill his only dearly loved son. But loved God best, so at once obeyed.

We sometimes called upon to give up our best—perhaps health, money, plans, friends, etc. Can we do it willingly, cheerfully? Thus shall show our love.

LESSON. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.*

NO. 3. THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Let the children repeat the Commandment carefully. Teacher should then explain the meaning of the difficult words:—(a) *Graven*, *i.e.*, carved out of wood or stone, from old word "to grave" (hence "engrave"), as distinct from "molten," or cast in a mould, as was the golden calf. (b) *Likeness* in picture or image of sun and stars in heaven, animals in earth, fishes in sea. None of these to be made *for purposes of worship*. Does not forbid paintings and sculpture for ornament. Remind of graven oxen supporting the laver in the Tabernacle, and similar carvings expressly commanded by God. (c) *Jealous*, *i.e.*, full of zeal for His own glory—not willing to be deprived of honour due to Himself.

I. SIN FORBIDDEN. Summed up in word *Idolatry*—worshipping any image of God or worshipping God under any outward form. Perhaps ask "why not?" Because God is a Spirit—not like any created thing—cannot know what God is like. Besides, worshipping God under form of image often led to worshipping images themselves. (Read Exod. xxxii. 1—8.) Show carefully difference between this and first Commandment. That forbade worship of other gods—this forbids worshipping God under outward forms. This the sin of Jeroboam in making golden calves. Perhaps think no temptation to us to this sin—how can we break this Commandment? Yet often do so. What is the sin? Putting outward things in place of God. Do so when trust to "saying our prayers" instead of really praying—or to mere attendance at worship instead of real worship—drawing nigh to God with lips instead of heart. Both forms of this sin equally displeasing to God. Punished Israelites by slaying 3,000. (Ex. xxxii. 28.) Refuses to hear prayers merely uttered with lips. (Isa. i. 14, 15.)

II. DUTY COMMANDED. (Read Dan. vi. 16—26.)

Worship. Question on the well-known story. Daniel the King's prime minister—praying three times a day—threatened with the lions—continuing to pray with windows open, so that all might see—trusting to God to deliver him, and therefore not afraid. Teaches how to draw near to God in *worship* and *prayer*. Must worship God in right way, as He has appointed. Gave Israelites Tabernacle with solemn services, sacrifices, yearly festivals, etc. Christ set example of keeping these. Went to Passover feast always during His three years' ministry—went to service at Tabernacle every Sabbath. But has warned us to worship in Spirit, and truth. (John iv. 24.) St. Paul tells us to "pray with the understanding." Therefore must take care *whom* we worship—*how* we worship—*why* we worship. Then may expect God's blessing. He will show mercy to thousands (of generations) of those who love Him and worship Him aright.

LESSON. *God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.*

NO. 4. THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Children to repeat Commandment carefully. Teacher explain "taking in vain" as using God's Name lightly, irreverently, without thought. Those who do so will be counted as guilty. Should not allow a parent's or friend's name to be held in dishonour before us—still less the holy Name of God.

I. SIN FORBIDDEN. (a) *Perjury*, or false swearing. (See Lev. xix. 12.) As an example of such, remind of Jezebel's false witnesses against Naboth (1 Kings xxi. 13), or of the Jews against Christ (Matt. xxvi. 60). Great deal such heard even in English law-courts. Such form of lying especially bad—calling God to witness to what is false. Remind how Ananias and his wife were punished with death (Acts v. 9); (b) *Blasphemy*, or using God's Name lightly or with contempt. (Read Lev. xxiv. 10—16.) How severely this sin was punished among the Jews—how little it is thought of among Christians. Nothing commoner than to hear God's Name lightly used both in blessing and cursing; (c) *Irreverence*. (Read 2 Sam. vi. 3—7.) What was the Ark? Outward sign or symbol of God's presence. Who had charge of it? Levites specially appointed. Now being taken in solemn manner from Philistines. What did Uzzah do? Forgot how holy it was, and treated it in common manner. How his death would warn Israelites against irreverence.

See how this comes home to us. Forbids all use of God's Name, except in proper way and at proper times—irreverent manner of reading Bible—jesting about holy things—irreverence in worship—idle words and thoughts, etc.

II. DUTY ENJOINED. *Reverence*. (Read Matt. xxi. 12, 13.) An account here of one of our Saviour's last visits to the Temple. Why did He go there? But what was going on there? Buying and selling

oxen, sheep, doves for sacrifices—exchanging foreign money for Jewish—the noise and hubbub of a market. What did He do? What did He say? God's House for prayer, not for merchandise. Teaches us to reverence, or honour, or hallow *God's House*. Must not take thought of business there—must reverence God's sanctuary. So, too, with *God's Name*. Must speak it carefully. (Jews always used to pause before saying it.) And also must honour *God's Word*. He speaks to us in the Bible—makes known His will—must treat it as message from Him. Next Commandment will teach us to honour also *God's day*.

This reverence must be shown in outward act. Remind how Moses at the bush was bidden to take off his shoes because God was there. (Exod. iii. 5.) So in our manner, mode of speech, etc., can show reverence. But, above all, must have feeling in heart—fear of God—love to God—honour of all that is holy. This will fit heart for enjoying God's presence hereafter.

LESSON. *The Name of the Lord is holy.*

NO. 5. THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT. PART I.

INTRODUCTION. This Commandment contains two separate parts, viz., observance of the Sabbath and observance of the other days. Rest on the Sabbath, labour on six days. Will take the first to-day.

I. SIN FORBIDDEN. *Work on Sabbath*. (Read Exod. xx. 7—11.) Command very distinct—Jews were to do no work, *i.e.*, no work of earning living, getting daily bread. Remind how were taught this when manna was given. (Exod. xvi. 27—30.) None fell on Sabbath, but twice as much given the day before. Not allowed to light a fire. See Num. xv. 32—36 for punishment of man who gathered sticks.

What is first word of this Commandment? Reminds of first appointment of Sabbath. When was that? (Read Gen. ii. 2, 3.) Six separate acts of creation—then rest. Correspond to our days. Tells the reason why this day observed. God hallowed it, *i.e.*, set it apart from other days; sanctified it, or made it a holy day.

II. DUTY ENJOINED. *Rest and worship*. Why rest? Because rest from work necessary, or man would soon die. Because, also, would become too much taken up with things of this life, and would soon forget God. Therefore not to be spent in idleness. Is to be holy rest-day for special worship. Jews had "holy convocation" or meeting for worship (Lev. xxiii. 3), a double sacrifice was appointed. Afterwards, the "Law and the Prophets"—*i.e.*, Chapters from the Bible—were read and explained in the Synagogue. (Acts. xiii. 27.)

But we are Christians. Is this binding upon us? We keep the first day, not the seventh—why do we? Remind how Christ rose from the dead on the first day (Matt. xxviii. 1), how the Holy Ghost came on the first day. So in the Acts find that Apostles kept both days (see Acts xiii. 14; xx. 7); but gradually

keeping of seventh day dropped, and first day remained—called the Lord's Day (Rev. i, 10), has always been kept since. But how is it to be kept? As Jews kept Sabbath to remind how were set free from being slaves in Egypt, so we keep Sunday to teach how all set free by Christ from sin and Satan. Is to be day of holy rest. (a) *Lay aside usual work*, with its cares, bustle, anxieties. Still may do works of necessity, and works of mercy—helping the sick,

cheering the sad, teaching the ignorant. But above all, is to be day for (b) *Worship*. This always been so with Jews and Christians. Day for prayer, praise, reading God's Word, preparing for heaven. For this have example of Christ Himself. "A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content." Best preparation possible for heaven.

LESSON. *There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*

BY GAZA TO HEBRON.

BY LADY SOPHIA PALMER, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST CATARACT," ETC.



GAZA.

SUCH a lovely summer morning! "The flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." We rode through flowers over high prairie land, with low chalk downs at intervals; and the crested larks sang deliciously all day long. Gerar must have been somewhere in our journeyings the last three days, through the South Country. It was strange to know that all this borderland had been crossed and recrossed by the patriarchs, and that the main features of the daily life were the same then as now—the preciousness of water, the wandering from place to place with flocks and herds, and the great solitudes.

Through more and more cultivated lands we passed; there were camels ploughing, droves of horses and camels, goats and sheep, with their attendant herdsmen and maidens, and a farmer or two riding with stirrups like shovels. Two Bedaween encampments, the tents of black goats-hair, reminded us that we were still on the borderland. The next object of interest was a procession of pelicans stalking the barley fields; very tame and trustful, until one of our party, barbarian that he was, shot at but missed one of them, whereat they all rose, and wheeling round and round with a noble sweep, flew away.

It was sunset as we rode up Samson's hill, with its cactus hedges; and the city before us buried in olive groves, with stretches of green corn between it and the sea, was a sight for sore eyes. My camel-lad had never been so far before, and was astonished at everything on our way—birds, the long stretches of corn, flowers—and from morning to night was continually exclaiming—"Beautiful! beautiful! lady, see—how beautiful!" We camped outside Gaza, which is a straggling white village, with the usual Eastern dirtiness and dustiness within, though from without it makes a fair show, with its fine position, white walls, and cupolas, and many trees.

The next day we left Gaza, the olive groves, and Mediterranean breezes, and set out for Hebron.

The ground to our right and our left from morning to night was the scene of battle-fields and stirring deeds, for we rode as it were through the Books of Joshua and Judges. At midday we stood at Lakis (Lachish), from which Hezekiah and the men of Judah sallied forth on that awful morning when they found the enemy dead on the plain ahead. Further on we drank from Samson's fountain, which tradition says bubbles up perpetually from where the ass's jawbone had been!

On and on we went through rich cornfields such as Samson burnt with his foxes, and many a heifer at work reminded us of his proverb—"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer ye had not stolen my secret." The fertility and great capabilities of the district account for the tenacity with which the Philistines clung to it—green corn was in every available space, now wide, now narrow, as the hills would have it, only broken into by grey limestone rocks where each valley begins and ends; and flowers everywhere, in wonderful, luxuriant beauty, particularly in a pass very like the Pass of Glencoe, only the heather and fern of Scotland were represented in this Eastern pass by cyclamen, scarlet, yellow, and blue anemones; white and purple gum-cistus; iris, purple, yellow, and blue; gorgeous crowfoot on a hothouse scale; golden broom, blue lilies, red naphthalia,

purple-black arms—all in masses and tangles, in such an extravagance of blossom, as if Nature were throwing her all at your feet and could not give enough. Think of the grey limestone peeping out as a shadow to the emerald green of the young corn, growing thickly below, then in narrower patches, until high up it was only a touch here and a touch there, and you will understand our delight and exultation in this beautiful pass. On the third day we entered the Valley of Esheol, and the hum of voices from Hebron struck us as strangely, after our month's solitude, as had the silence of the desert when we left Suez. Hebron is one of the few places that can never disappoint—the chief part, crowned by the dazzlingly white Haram (the Great Mosque over the Cave of Machpelah), with its long frontage and stately minarets, is built on the western slope of the valley. Gardens separate the second quarter on the north, and the remainder of the town faces the Haram from the East. Around are vineyards and olive groves—the vineyards fenced and with watch towers—bringing to mind the spoil of the spies, and the parables of Isaiah and of our Lord.

The Mosque was of course the first object of our desires, but we were only allowed to mount the first flight of steps and look through a fissure into darkness, with the belief that somewhere beneath, in the rock-cave of Machpelah, the dust of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, and Leah, and the very body of Jacob, mummied in Egypt, lie within. There seems no doubt that *there* was the cave, and the sympathy of life then and now, again struck us. We seemed to hear the stranger Abraham's appeal, "That I may bury my dead out of my sight," as he stood up before his dead—and then the answer of the landlord, Ephron the Hittite, as characteristic of the East in A.D. 1884 as then—"I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee. . . . And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver." The same day that we visited the Mosque, I bargained in the bazaar for a copper pot, and was answered—"I give it to you," even while the seller took my payment!

It was disappointing to get no nearer into the Haram, but it is jealously guarded; and Christians and Jews alike have to turn away at the entrance: only the Prince of Wales, his sons and two others, have, by the command of the Sultan, been allowed to pass into the Haram—no strangers, not even the Moslems themselves, may go below into the cave-depths where the patriarchs were laid—so great is the awe and mystery which wraps it round. Perhaps some day the barrier will be passed, and these witnesses of the history of thousands of years ago will speak in their silence, as have the



HEBRON.

mummies lately found in Egypt, at Deir el Bahari.

The surroundings of the Mosque are very picturesque: an arched water-tank, old towers, cross vaults, greenery overtopping ledges of stone, and tumbling through a hole in an archway; people and children thronging the narrow streets and gathered in groups on the piazzas, in the corn-market, and up and down the bazaars. All in colours to enchant the eye, in contrast to the odours which disgust the nose.

The stone houses are high, and many are betowered; and with the grand old gateway, in rough, strong masonry, all speak of a royal city. True, the streets are very narrow and dirty, and the gateways low; but the solidity and nobleness cannot fail to impress, and the vaulted roofs, groined ceilings, and thickness of the walls wherever you go, of passage and of room, now used as workshops or short cuts from bazaar to bazaar, have all known better days. With a visit to Abraham's Oak, as a grand old terebinth tree up the valley is called, our sojourn in Hebron ended. Tradition points out this spot as the scene of Abraham's welcome to the angel. Everything in and round Hebron is stamped with the lives of Abraham and David, and as you turn in obedience to your guide to take a last look at El Khalil* your farewell thought is that in this name the ownership is sealed to the friend of God who had once stood on the spot now crowned by the Mosque, entreating for leave for him, Abraham, the stranger and pilgrim, to bury his dead in the Cave of Machpelah.

* Modern name for Hebron—means "The Friend."

THE CEDARS AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "BIBLE TEACHINGS IN NATURE," ETC.

IN THREE PAPERS.—I.

(GENESIS iii. 8; REVELATION i. 12, 13.)



THE Book of Revelation is a mosaic, in which the previous parts of the Bible are brought together and formed into a new picture, illustrative of the fortunes of the Church and the world. By its constant use of the imagery of former books in new combinations, we are impressively taught how the future arises from and is shaped and conditioned by the past. The moulds of older history are used over again for the incidents of the present and the forecasts of the future. As Genesis is the book of beginnings, so Revelation is the book of completions, in which the copestone is placed upon the building which, in the previous Scriptures, has been slowly constructed through the ages, and the capital laid on the pillar of truth whose foundation is seen in Eden, and whose top reaches to heaven.

Between the two revelations of God to man which meet us respectively at the commencement and at the close of the sacred Scriptures, we find the closest connection. He who appeared to our first parents walking among the trees of the garden, appeared in vision to the beloved disciple walking among the seven golden candlesticks in the Isle of Patmos. The two Divine manifestations were essentially the same, although they differed in outward form and circumstances. He who throughout all the realms of nature acts upon the great principle of unity of type with variety of development, modifying by successive steps the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea as it appeared in the lowest and oldest fishes, until at length it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the human form, has acted upon the same principle in the different dispensations of His grace, which were but successive unfoldings, clearer and fuller as time passed on, of the same primitive dispensation. Throughout all God's gracious dealings with man we can trace a wonderful sameness and continuity, akin to that which science reveals to us in the constitution and arrangements of the earth and of the stars; and we are powerfully impressed with the conviction, that amid all the varying dispensations of His providence and grace He is without variable-ness or shadow of turning.

This great truth is emphatically indicated in connection with our subject, in the first instance, by the fact that the experience of the exile on Horeb was repeated in the case of the exile in

Patmos. The same vision of the burning bush which appeared to Moses appeared to John in the vision of the seven golden candlesticks. The Son of Man associated Himself with the one symbol in the same way that He had associated Himself with the other. The occasion in both cases was similar. The Hebrew race and the Divine purpose contained in its history seemed on the eve of extinction under the severe pressure of the bondage in Egypt. The same race was threatened with dispersion over the face of the earth, and its civil and religious polity with destruction by the Roman power. And as the vision of the burning bush assured Moses that no fire of persecution could destroy His people, or prevent His purpose of mercy in their education and discipline from being carried out, so the vision of the golden candlesticks assured John that He Who walked in the midst of them would never suffer the light which they were privileged to hold forth among the nations to be extinguished. The two symbols were witnesses that God's election of His covenant people had not been in vain; that the original charter in virtue of which they were to conquer the earth and bless, alike under the form of Judaism and of Christianity, all the families of the earth, was not abrogated, but was to be fulfilled to the utmost. No one purpose of the Almighty should be disappointed; no method should be abandoned. The burning bush was never to be extinguished, it was to become a candlestick; and the fire of God's dealings with His people for their purification was to become a conspicuous light held aloft to lighten the whole world.

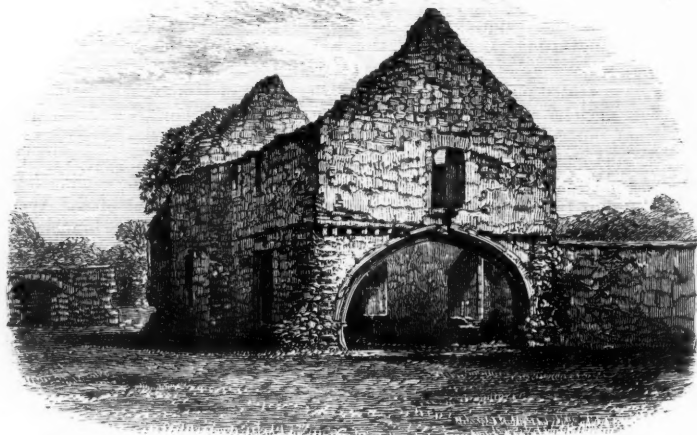
The same truth is still further illustrated by the fact that the vision of John in Patmos was based upon the Jewish Tabernacle and Temple, with their furniture. The candlesticks which the beloved disciple saw were like the one which Moses was commanded to place in the Tabernacle, and the slightly different one which Solomon caused to be wrought when he built an house for the God of Israel. He who was banished from the earthly sanctuary—from the visible symbols—saw, like Moses on the mount, the patterns of those things. He entered within the veil, and in the spirit beheld the realities of which the Temple objects and services were the mere passing shadows and signs. The resemblance was dear to him, and it was doubtless meant to remind the followers of the Lord Jesus of a sacred past with which they were closely connected; that though the former

revelation was to cease, it was to appear in a higher form, which should nevertheless preserve the essential features and elements of what had been familiar to them. Separated outwardly from the solemnities of the ancient worship—from the priesthood, the altars, the sacrifices, the festivals—the Hebrew Christians could still enjoy all that was most precious and enduring in the possessions of their race. In losing the Temple and its services, they lost only the visible symbols of the true atonement for sin and of spiritual access to God; and they found in the Christian Church all, and more than all, that the holiest of their fathers had ever found in the Tabernacle and Temple. The Epistle to the Hebrews abundantly proves that the old and new covenants were not two antagonistic systems placed in sharpest possible contrast and opposition to each other, but essentially the same, dovetailed into each other, every characteristic of the one finding its counterpart, its corresponding reality, in the other. Every name, every feeling, every institution which existed under the old covenant still continues, but invested with a higher meaning and a more spiritual signification.

And the modification in the old form which the Apostle beheld, was itself full of significance. The single candlestick of pure gold, whose light illumined the holy place which was the pattern of the Church upon earth, appeared before John in the darkness and loneliness of his exile, multiplied into seven distinct candlesticks, as if each branch of the prototype had become a separate candlestick; in token that the original Jewish Church, which was one—the Church of a single people—had differentiated into the Christian Church, which while one as to its unity of faith and love, is also many as regards its organisation and individual life, the Church of all nations and peoples, and tribes and tongues. The increase of lights in point of number, indicated the enlargement of the conception of the Church, the removal of the narrow boundaries and restrictions which so long confined God's revelation to one people and one country. And the fact that the seven candlesticks were seen in vision, not in the Holy Place of the Temple where the Jewish candlestick stood, but in the open air, under the broad heavens and surrounded by the wide sea, indicated that they had no more a merely limited Jewish, but a universal human signification. The candlestick was carried in triumph to Rome, when Jerusalem and the Temple were destroyed; and the place of its captivity proved the scene of its freedom and enlargement. The Roman sword had, as it were, severed its seven branches from the main stem, and made of them the seven separate Churches of Asia, from which have come all the Churches of Christendom. He who had kindled the great light in Jerusalem to be a witness of Himself and of His own presence with men, was

henceforth to be known as the Light of the World. And as the vision of Patmos was thus connected with the Tabernacle and Temple, and with the vision of Horeb, so we can trace them all back to the primæval or Adamic revelation, whose symbol was the tree of life in the midst of the garden. The sacred fire that appeared to Moses burnt in a bush of the desert; the candlesticks of the Tabernacle and Temple, and of the Apocalyptic vision, resembled a tree with its branches. And what is a tree? It is in reality a pillar of fire, a burning lamp—an embodiment of the same sunlight that burns in the fire on the hearth, or in the flame of the candlestick. It is the sunlight that enables the tree to build up its cells and fibres from the carbon of the atmosphere; and the burning of wood or coal in the household fire, or the consuming of the wick and the oil in the lamp, is just the liberation of the ancient sunlight that formed the trees and forests of the past. The difference between the living tree and the dead fuel on the hearth or in the lamp, is that the fire in the one, owing to the conserving power of the vital principle, is burning without being consumed; whereas in the other it is burning and consuming—reducing to dust and ashes, because of the absence of this principle.

Like Aaron's rod that budded, the mystical candlestick had buds, blossoms, and fruit. The bowls which contained the oil were shaped like an almond-nut, the knobs looked like the flower-buds, and the carved flowers resembled the fully expanded blossoms of the almond tree. This tree was selected as the pattern of the golden candlestick, and as that which yielded Aaron's miraculous rod, because it is the first to awaken from the sleep of winter, as its Hebrew name signifies. Its early rosy bloom, coming in January before there is any green leaf on herb or tree, and when the ground is naked and desolate, heralds the approach of spring, like the crimson flush on an Alpine peak, that announces the daybreak long before the valleys have emerged out of the shadow of night. I remember being greatly struck with this circumstance among the ruins of the Palaces of the Cæsars at Rome. The rosy clouds of bloom looked surpassingly lovely, clinging to the leafless trees that grew among the grey old ruins, and looking down upon the Arch of Titus, on which, among the spoils of Jerusalem, the golden candlestick is sculptured, still retaining delicately cut in the Pentelic marble the almond ornaments on its shaft and branches. It was a symbol of the life of nature, rising in perpetual youth and beauty out of the decaying ruins of man's works. And so the Hebrew candlestick might be regarded as emblematical of the life of the Church, being the first to awaken out of the wreck of the Fall, exhibiting its beauties of holiness, and fruits of righteousness, while all around the world is wrapt in the sleep of winter, dead in trespasses and sins.



NEW PARABLES FROM NATURE.

BY LADY LAURA E. HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "SEASIDE THOUGHTS," ETC.

HIDDEN.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

WHAT a storm it was! How the wind roared and the rain beat against the ruined walls, loosening the crumbling mortar, and causing many a stone to fall to the ground as it drove in miniature torrents through the cracks and fissures formed by centuries of exposure to the inclemency of the seasons; and, as the storm passed, and the sun burst once more from behind the clouds, a ray of light penetrated a new-made rent over the transept arch.

What memories it awakened in the stone so long hidden away within the wall! Oh, those days of long ago, when it had bathed in the sunshine, with the river foaming and rushing at its feet, whilst the ferns, lichens, and mosses covered its rugged sides, and the water-ousels and wag-tails built their nests about it, and it seemed so impossible that it could ever be severed from life and its surroundings. How well it remembered the time when the form of man was first seen in that peaceful valley, and the stories told by the frightened fish who escaped from the nets cast into the river's still and shady pools. Then, as years rolled on and the community increased, the rocks lying around were hewn asunder, and formed into different shapes, and a stately pile of building slowly rose by the river's brink, and it began to weary of the monotony of its life, and to long also to exchange it for one higher and grander, to become part of the great whole, or to be wrought into carved scroll or image. How it had rejoiced at the stroke of the hammer which had severed it from all it had once held dear, how it had gloried in the work which lay before it as it

was borne onward to its goal. What bitter days of disappointment had followed when it first realised its fate, oppressed, surrounded, built into the centre of the wall, unknown, unnoticed. Was this the end of its high hopes, its soaring ambition? Little by little the lesson of patience had been learnt as the voices of the monks made the abbey's vaulted aisles ring with chanted psalm and hymn, so that even the very stones echoed forth the praises of their Maker; and yet, though it murmured not, the apparent uselessness of its position filled it with unsatisfied longings. Centuries had rolled away, generations come and gone, and now even its surroundings were mouldering in decay; would it not soon be free? and then—

Voices in the grass-grown court below were heard approaching, and a girlish figure was seen flitting amongst the blocks of masonry which lay half-hidden in a tangle of briars, followed more leisurely by an elderly gentleman, whose eye anxiously scanned the ruined walls.

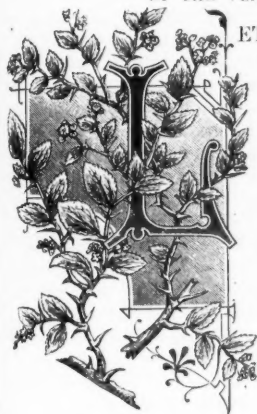
"It is as I feared," he exclaimed; "the storm has indeed done damage. See how the stones have fallen from that arch; the one on which the key-stone rests is all exposed. I must have them replaced at once, for if that were to give way the whole arch would go, and the chief beauty of the abbey would be gone."

"Poor stone!" laughed the girl. "Rather hard on it to have to be hidden away again after all its long years of imprisonment."

But the stone was comforted, for had it not at last solved the enigma of its life?

THE GROWTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*—I.

BY THE VENERABLE ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON OF MACCLESFIELD.



ET us take our stand with the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, the birth-day of the Christian Church. We can do so by the help of the New Testament; only let us remember that the New Testament was not yet written, nor should any portion of it be written for many years to come. These men among whom we place ourselves have committed nothing to paper; but they have

had certain great facts woven into the very fibre of their being. They have known that their Lord—Jesus of Nazareth—was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, that He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil, that He was slain and hanged on a tree, but that God raised Him up the third day, and showed Him openly to themselves. Since then, they had companied with Him, and He had spoken to them the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. And now a great inspiration had come upon them, and they knew that they were sent forth to testify that this Jesus is the Christ, the Saviour of the world, and that He shall come again, being ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead.

They were sent to proclaim the mission, the life, the work of the Christ. The life was not written, nor did there seem to be a likelihood that it ever would be written. They were expecting the speedy return of their Lord; what need to chronicle events so recent, and which should presently have their issue in the restitution of all things? Neither was the pen the instrument of instruction in those days. Sacred books were not wont to be composed. They had their Bible, and they would as little think of adding to it, as we should to ours. The training of the Palestinian Jews was exclusively oral.†

They were unaccustomed to write; indeed, the wonder was that, when the time came, they were able to do so at all. And when they did at length write, they did not know that they were compiling a book—the Book which is now our treasure. The New Testament was in no respect designed by man; it was and is the gift of the Holy Spirit of God.

In view of these facts, it is interesting to recall such expressions as "The Word," or "The Word of God," which occur frequently in the Christian Scriptures:—"The sower soweth the Word," "I have given them Thy Word," "We will give ourselves to the ministry of the Word," "When ye received the Word of the Message, even the Word of God," "Let him that is taught in the Word," "Holding forth the Word of Life," "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you," "Those who labour in the Word," "Receive the engrafted Word," "Desire the sincere milk of the Word." When we read these and similar passages, we think at once of the New Testament, and no doubt we are right so far as we ourselves are concerned. But no suggestion of the kind could have been made originally. If we are to realise what "the Word" signified to the early Christians, we must fall back on what St. Luke wrote to Theophilus—"That thou mightest know the certainty concerning the things (or words) which thou wast taught by word of mouth."* The first believers were taught by word of mouth; they continued, in the Apostles' teaching, their oral teaching. But the oral teaching was, probably from the beginning, very definite; it certainly became so. Thus St. Jude can speak of the Faith as the Body of Christian Truth, once for all committed to the saints. And in the last Epistle which St. Paul wrote (the second to Timothy) he exhorts the younger disciple to "hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me," and to commit "the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." By this time, therefore, there was a very definite code of Christian doctrine, known as the Word, or the Faith, or the Form of Sound Words; but even so late as in the last year of St. Paul's life he relies, for its preservation and propagation, upon well-chosen and well-trained human agents, rather than upon any written record. This is the more remarkable, because his own pen and the pens of other sacred writers, guided by the Holy Ghost, had now given to the Church a great part of the new Scriptures. The truth seems to be that the

* It is not the purpose of the present writer to seek to elucidate his subject by any attempt at original research. He desires simply to draw attention to a matter of real and great interest. His readers, if they will, can readily pursue the study. Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Westcott, Archdeacon Farrar, and others, have made the task a pleasant one. The works of Archdeacon Farrar, in particular, are now, through the enterprise of his publishers, brought within the easy reach of all classes.

† Westcott: "The Bible in the Church," p. 54.

* See Revised Version, marginal reading.

holy men, whom the Spirit of God made His instruments in preparing the permanent deposit of the Faith, remained themselves unconscious that their writings were to take the place of oral instruction, and to become for us the oracles of God.

We can now place before our minds a true picture of the early Christian community. It consisted of teachers and learners. The Apostles gave themselves to the ministry of the Word; the disciples submitted to the teaching of the Apostles. What did they teach? They had already their instructions from their Lord, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." They taught them the life, the words, the works, the sufferings, the death, above all, the resurrection, of Jesus the Christ. The qualification for an apostle was that he should have companied with them all the days that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from the baptism of St. John on to the Ascension. In other words, he must intimately know the life of Christ. The new religion was to rest upon the facts of that life. In this lay a great gain both in point of power and of simplicity.

Facts are more easily related and more easily retained than abstract doctrines. Men who returned to their distant homes, presently after the day of Pentecost, could bear them with them. A little time sufficed to allow the Ethiopian eunuch to understand the story of Jesus from the lips of Philip. St. Paul could in one night convey the Word of the Lord to the Philippian gaoler. Those who were scattered abroad upon the death of Stephen had learned enough to qualify them to go everywhere preaching the Word. The main facts soon became widely known. Much better than a book in the beginning were the living voices speaking everywhere the living and life-giving Word about the God-Man, Who died for our sins and rose again for our justification.

But soon the Book would begin to shape its being into bounds. The wondrous story, often repeated by the Apostles' lips, would assume order and consistency. They would themselves be students as well as teachers. The more important elements would come out into clearer view, and receive larger emphasis in their minds and in their doctrine. We know that what the Evangelists wrote did not by any means record all the things which Jesus did.* They gave us but a selection—perhaps but a small selection—especially chosen, no doubt, for the sake of illustrating or establishing the foundations of the Faith. For example, what importance was attached to the sacrificial death of Christ may be inferred from the large space occupied by the written account of it. In St. Matthew's Gospel

the narrative of the last week occupies more than one-third of the whole. One can understand the same Evangelist soon beginning to reduce to form the great discourses of Christ, such as the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables of the Kingdom. His calling as a publican had required a methodical training, had given him a business habit, and now he had the gift of the Holy Ghost to bring all things to his remembrance, and to guide him into all truth.

Then another aspect of their work would reveal itself with peculiar distinctness to the minds of the Apostles. They would see the advantage—indeed, the necessity—of basing their teaching on the Old Testament. It was their Bible, received most implicitly by them as the Word of God. Jews themselves—and at first teachers of the Jews only, or chiefly—all turned upon their being able to expound the things which were written in the Law of Moses and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning the Christ. Every new reference would be gladly welcomed and carefully treasured and taught.

In these and in many ways the truths taught would little by little be stereotyped (to use a modern phrase) on the minds both of teachers and learners, and little by little notes would be made in written words, and the notes would be thrown into chronological arrangement, in semblance of a history, until at last not a St. Matthew only, nor a St. Mark, but many, would take in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which had been fulfilled among them.*

Thus, probably, the material for the Gospels was forming itself from the beginning, but many years should elapse before the first of them should be given to the world. Neither was our New Testament to be begun by the Evangelists; for its earliest words we must look elsewhere.

From the Apostolic group in Jerusalem our thoughts pass to St. Paul. We have already noted his anxiety concerning the safe keeping and propagation of the Word. We remember how desirous he was that the Word of Christ should dwell in his converts richly, how he bids them hold it forth as a light in a dark world, and asks them to pray that it may have free course and be glorified. Whence did he, for himself, receive that Word?

If we were left to our own guiding, we should probably recall how actively he was engaged as an opponent of St. Stephen, and indeed generally as a persecutor of the Church. We should say to ourselves, at that time the main facts of the case came to his knowledge; and, of course, they remained in his mind after his conversion. Again, if we had only St. Luke's narrative, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, in our

* St. John xxi. 25.

* St. Luke i. 1, Revised Version.

hands, we should see Saul preaching in Damascus immediately after his conversion, and then after many days let down by the wall in a basket, travelling to Jerusalem, and there going in and out among the Apostles. During that period, we should have said, he had abundant opportunity to learn as the other disciples learnt. In all this we should have drawn a wrong conclusion, against which we are happily safeguarded by the Apostle himself. Here is his own account * :—"I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me, is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Then he brings to light a chapter of his history not recorded by St. Luke: "When it pleased God . . . to reveal His Son in me, . . . immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were Apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus."

Only after three years did he visit Jerusalem to see or consult Peter, and then he remained but fifteen days.† Fourteen years passed before his second official visit,‡ on which occasion he went up not merely as an ambassador of the Church at Antioch, but in obedience to a revelation from the Lord. He went up not to learn a Gospel, but to communicate unto the Apostolic Band the Gospel which he had already preached with success among the Gentiles. No doubt the consultation with them was for the confirmation of his own faith; "lest by any means I should be running or had run in vain."

This chapter of autobiography is important for our purpose, showing us, as it does, that St. Paul claimed to have received a distinct and direct revelation of the Gospel from Christ. Not Peter, nor James, nor John was his teacher; but Christ

Himself. We need not assert positively that he learned all the incidents of the human life of Jesus of Nazareth without the intervention of men. Needless miracles are not wrought. Yet it would appear that particulars, and very essential particulars, of that life were communicated to him by revelation. For example, in giving his account of the Lord's Supper,* he states distinctly, "I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread," etc. He uses the same words† concerning Christ's sacrificial death and resurrection: "I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures." Most emphatically he asserts his independence in regard to the admission of the Gentiles,‡ "By revelation He made known unto me the mystery . . . that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs."

We have, then, two distinct sources from which came that general body of truth which afterwards found permanent record in the New Testament. St. Paul was a witness independent of the twelve Apostles; and therefore he confirms their testimony. What he learned by revelation we gather partly from his Epistles, and partly, it may be, from St. Luke's Gospel. St. Luke's account of the Lord's Supper agrees in words with St. Paul rather than with St. Matthew or St. Mark; neither are other traces of the results of the companionship of the beloved physician with the Apostle to the Gentiles difficult to be discovered.

So far we have been dealing with the sowing-time of the Word. Henceforward, we shall endeavour to show how the fruit was brought forth and gathered.

* Gal. i. and ii. See Bishop Lightfoot's Commentary, and Farrar's Life of St. Paul, vol. i. ch. xi.

† Acts ix. 26.

‡ Acts xv. 2; Gal. ii. 1.

* 1 Cor. xi. 23.

† 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.

‡ Eph. iii. 3. Revised Version; and generally through his Epistles.

A GROAT A DAY.

BY ANNE BEALE.



MOST people have heard of Mrs. Hilton's Crèche at Whitechapel, but comparatively few know anything about the one established by Mrs. Crossley in Portland Town, St. John's Wood. This district is almost as poor and crowded as the world-famed East End, though rejoicing in a purer and more bracing atmosphere. The one-room people are as numerous here as there,

and the children crowd the streets or sit on the stone doorsteps as soon as they are disgorged from the great Board school. This solid red-brick structure rises tall and stately within a stone's throw of our modest Crèche—quite looks down upon it, indeed, as it does on most of the neighbouring houses, which happily have not attained the height of more modern dwellings. Economy of space supersedes economy of bodily strength in these days when city land appears priceless; and we pity the tired worker who, after a hard day's

labour, has to mount flight after flight of stairs to reach his or her abode.

But this, our nursery, at 21, Lower William Street, St. John's Wood, is only an old-fashioned three-storey house, low of stature and unpretentious in appearance. The ground floor contains the matron's pretty parlour and the kitchen, the other floors the babies and their two young nurses. At first, when the Crèche was opened, in January, 1882, only one floor was taken and twelve children admitted, all of whom were tended by Mrs. Pope, the truly *motherly* matron. But in this age nothing stands still; we either progress or retrograde rapidly, and assuredly children are not on the decrease. They were soon crowded out on one floor, and the whole house had to be taken. Its juvenile inmates now average thirty per diem, and between four and five thousand occupied their cribs, pens, low forms, and *nurses' knees* last year. The last-named appendages of the human frame must be sadly tired during the twelve hours that constitute the Crèche day; for a baby on each knee is the normal condition of the nurses, for no sooner is one infant asleep in its cot than another cries to occupy the seat of honour which Mrs. Pope's always full lap is.

Not that all our thirty require to be nursed. Those who occupy the first floor can trot about, or play inside the railed pen in the corner, or sit round the mimic table covered with pictures and toys for their delectation, or sleep in their cribs when tired with play. These are the two-year-olds; they are supposed not to be admitted after they have reached the mature age of three; they are then ready for school and the necessary "standards." But here are one or two who have just overleaped the boundary line, but are retained under peculiar circumstances. The mother of one is a poor widow who has lately buried her little boy; the other has lost her mother, and has a father who has been nearly insane, but is, it is hoped, slowly recovering. This is truly a pitiful case. Four children left without natural protectors, and heroically adopted, for the time being, by an aunt. She is a single woman, employed in the city, and but for the Crèche must either have starved with the children, or allowed them to be burnt to death with some old woman or other, paid for taking care of them. Such instances as these are the pleas for Day Nurseries. This good woman slaves at ulster-making, or some such employment, the live-long day, in order to keep her dead sister's children. The two eldest frequent the Board school, and she leaves them their dinner, while she pays fourpence a day each for the younger ones, and knows they will be well taken care of at the Crèche. If this is not heroism, what is?

Again the widows, and the women whose hus-

bands are either out of work or have met with some accident, are especially thankful for this harbour of refuge for their little ones. Here is the child of a poor fellow who fell from a ladder on to the spikes of the railings of the house where he was at work, and was taken to the hospital, where he now is. His wife must be breadwinner meanwhile. Here is one of the family of a widow who told the matron that until the Crèche was opened she knew not what to do with her children while she went for a day's work. If she left them in the care of others, she was pretty sure to find them burnt or maimed on her return. Indeed, most of these now clean, bright, laughing babies have a domestic story to tell, if they could tell it, of poverty, neglect, or sorrow.

The neglect of mothers is really more distressing than the poverty, and frequently crops up beneath the matron's keen eyes. When a child is brought dirty or half-starved, she does not fail to administer the deserved rebuke; still, she takes pity on the unoffending innocent, casts off its rags, washes, clothes, and feeds it. The worst part of her work is when she has to replace the rags at night, and return the child to its unnatural mother. Our attention is particularly attracted by a little girl verging on three, seated within the pen with a doll's head and shoulders on her lap. She was one of the neglected, and brought to the Crèche in a dirty and unhealthy state. She will sit all day long without attempting to rise, if let alone, and is unnaturally quiet, though in nowise an imbecile. She can talk, laugh even, and walk; but gravity and repose seem her natural state. A strange little picture she makes, black-eyed, black-haired, motionless, squat down in the midst of dismembered dolls, soft donkeys, and rabbits, and various ignoble toys. It is with difficulty and many blandishments we induce her to creep round by the railings and approach us. This effort brings tears to the black eyes, and we wonder if the spine can be affected. We are always wondering at the ills of unoffending childhood, and asking if maternal love can really be extinguished by grinding want, drink, or domestic brawls. Certainly the malformation or chronic disease of poor children is too often the result of some such cause.

While we seek to dry the tearful eyes, a brave little maiden clammers over the low railings of her pen. She is as bright and fair as the other is sad and brown, and looks the personification of health and happiness. Yet is she bandy-legged. The curly head, broad shoulders, and sturdy little frame are supported upon knees and legs that bend the wrong way. Is it the mothers' fault or misfortune that so many children are made to stand and walk before they can crawl? This is an independent little urchin, who makes for herself a low seat of a broken toy, close to the matron's side,

and begins to hammer energetically at the wheels of an old wagon, as if about to repair them. We have female doctors; why not carpenters? She was evidently born with a genius for the trade.

"Where is 'Tweetheart'?" asks the matron; and the hammering ceases for a moment, and she looks round with wondering, inquiring eyes.

The matron's are moist, for "Tweetheart" died this very morning, and he was the beauty and darling of the whole staff of employées—hired

was their only child—their darling and the apple of their eye. About a fortnight ago the Crèche was closed for an Easter holiday—if papering, painting, cleaning may be called a holiday—and Harry was carried home in excellent health and spirits. Some days afterwards he was taken ill. That unsearchable malady called "teething," to which rich and poor are alike "heirs," was at the root of his sufferings, and despite the efforts of the doctor and many friends, "the Pet of the Crèche"—the blooming flower—was



IN THE NURSERY.

and honorary. We saw him in his glory at our last visit—a cherub of eighteen months; and now, we hear, he is in heaven.

"I dread to tell Mrs. Crossley; she was so fond of dear little Harry," explains the devoted matron. "Gracie and he were great friends, and she called him her 'Tweetheart.' We try to make no favourites, but it was impossible not to love him best."

Here is an interrupted romance, and we look at Gracie, again hammering at her wagon, and are thankful that at two years old she will soon forget her still more juvenile lover—but this does not render his loss less sad to his parents; for he

cut down "by the Reaper whose name is Death," and transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.

"We took him beef tea and everything we could think of," says the matron, "but all was of no avail. His sufferings were awful, and affected the brain. We none of us know what we are about to-day."

Mysterious sufferings of babyhood! Let us thank God that they cease in the land where our dear Lord shall "wipe all tears from all faces."

We noted above that all the workers here, both "hired and honorary," loved this bonny boy. This means not only the matron and

nurses, but the amiable foundress of the institution, and many young lady volunteers. This is an age of volunteers, and we have in our midst, not only an army of soldiers ready to defend their country from external foes, but a force of voluntary workers, male and female, devoted to its internal weal. From this ever-increasing phalanx a contingent comes to our Nursery, and each week-day sees young ladies spending their mornings amongst the babies, nursing and amusing them. They take turns, of course, so that one or two may be depended upon each day. There could scarcely be a more *feminine* occupation, or one more likely to lead on to other good works; for from the Crèche the road to the children's hospital and sanatorium is easy; and hence it is not far to the Board-school Dinners for starving youngsters, or the Open-air Mission for drooping and pale-faced children, the Ragged and Sunday Schools, the treats, Christmas Trees, and what not? The field is the world, and there is room for all who volunteer.

During the spring-cleaning, already alluded to, not only has the house been freshly papered and whitewashed, but all the toys have undergone all sorts of ablutions and repairs. Mrs. Pope's little daughter has undertaken this holiday work, and we look with admiration on the white fleece of a maimed sheep, black not long since, the washen garments and bound-up limbs of many mutilated dolls, and the scoured appearance of the horses, carts, and wagons. Gracie's wagon is quite white. The young lady who entrusted us with some necklaces made of cotton reels, will rejoice to learn that every reel has been separately scrubbed, and that all are about to be re-strung and adorned with pieces of many-coloured ribbon. These necklaces are much esteemed by the babies, and being strung on twine, cannot be broken.

No sketch is perfect that does not contain some sort of allusion to £ s. d., for how can the world wag without money? "A pin a day is a groat a year," is an old saying, or was, when pins, like everything else, were dearer than they are now; and we remember an old gentleman who never left a pin on the pavement, but picked it up, and inserted it under the flap of a coat pocket. In this house "a groat a day" serves to feed a child. The sum is ample, but there is no superfluity. Thus, the mothers have the satisfaction of paying for the sustentation of their offspring, but neither for their house-room nor attendance. We find that the expenses of food, rent, wages, repairs, etc., etc., cost last year about £244, while the receipts from the parental treasury, in "groats"—alias fourpenny bits—only amounted to £77 0s. 4d. That was certainly "an odd groat," and makes one think of "John o' Groat's house."

As usual, therefore, "contributions will be thankfully received," and "visitors cordially

welcomed." There is little doubt but that, as time rolls on, this Crèche will increase, and need further enlargement, as has been the case with similar Day Nurseries elsewhere; and, to quote from the *Lancet*, "It is only necessary to urge that the support already accorded to these Institutions should be extended, and that they should be placed under careful supervision. This is one of the enterprises in which women may engage, with the confidence that they are doing good service in their own proper sphere." Sometimes the *Lancet* is uncommonly sharp, but in this instance it has enveloped itself in cotton-wool, and probes without hurting. So we may all follow so good an example, and blunt the sharp edge of the lancet called "political economy," when we wish to aid in nursing, feeding, or clothing those lambs whom even the Saviour carries in His arms.

How sweet they look in their cots, these slumbering babies! So clean! so peaceful! Some are rosy as the first blush of morning; others pale as twilight; but all are healthful, because well-cared for. During many hours of the working day they are at ease, and it is no wonder if, when kept at home, they list up inquiries as to their return to "Mother." Most of them call the matron by that dear name, and were they longer with her their affection might be alienated from their natural parent; but at three years old memory is feeble. She says that when she goes to look after them in their dwellings, she often "does not know her own children," they are so transformed by the dingy and dirty nature of their surroundings.

Our meditations are interrupted by an outcry of the children, a pointing of fingers towards the window, and a general scramble over the low forms. A carriage and pair has actually drawn up at the door, and a lady armed with a basket has descended from it and entered. The language of the children is as unintelligible as their delight, but we learn that they know the horses, the coachman, and the carriage so well that when they appear, as they frequently do, there is no restraining them. Dilapidated toys and pictures are forsaken, and the young nurse vainly commands silence. The "geegees—the man with the whip—the wheels" are real and substantial, and eager voices shout at them as if they were able to reply.

We cannot leave them at a happier or more exciting moment, and we hope that many carriages may pull up in that small street, containing friends who will bring tangible proofs of their interest in the welfare of the little ones, and, like the kind lady who has just appeared, help to build up and enlarge a work, the foundations of which have been laid in faith in Him Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.



CHAPTER I.—DAY-DREAMS.

LARGE, pleasant room, with a clear fire blazing on the tiled hearth, and sending warm flashes of colour into the shadowy corners, heavy velvet curtains shut out the November fog and gloom, the rich carpet gave back no echo; on the soft rug a little terrier lay asleep enjoying the warmth; and in a low easy-chair Madeline Boyd sat asleep, or nearly so—certainly dreaming. Glorious were the castles she built, magnificent the visions she saw, and from the midst of a golden dream of ease and comfort she was aroused by a loud rat-tat at the door.

It was only a postman's knock, but Madeline roused herself and rubbed her eyes. The pleasant dining-room, with its warmth and colour, vanished, and in its place was a dreary little parlour, cold, comfortless, and shabby. A tiny fire burned feebly in the grate, and nothing remained of Madge's vision, but poor little Quiz the terrier, asleep on the threadbare rug. It was only three o'clock, but a blinding fog made everything dark in Brook Street.

"Who can the letter be from, I wonder!" she said aloud, as she lit the gas, and in a moment Mattie, a preternaturally sharp maid-of-all-work, entered with a telegram held gingerly between her finger and thumb. "A telegram for Frank! Who can it be from?" Mrs. Boyd cried, regarding the yellow envelope with a sort of fascinated fear. "Can any one have left us a fortune, I wonder? I must see. I'm sure Frank won't mind;" and with trembling fingers she tore the message open. It was brief:—"From Doctor Leyland, Fairbairn Park, Surrey, to Doctor F. Boyd, Brook Street, London. Can you meet me in consultation to-morrow at noon? Mr. Churchill very ill. Please reply."

Madeline read the message over twice, then laid it down with a little gasping sigh. Frank sent for, all the way to Surrey, to meet another doctor in consultation! He was becoming famous at last, then; people were beginning to hear of him outside London, though in the great cruel city no one seemed to want him at all.

Madeline glanced round the room with a little shiver of dismay; never had it seemed so sordid and shabby, so chill and depressing, so different from her dream of a few minutes before.

"If Frank only began to get on a little, how different everything would soon be!" she mused, still holding the welcome telegram in her hand. "I dare say he will get five or perhaps ten pounds for going to Fairbairn Park; perhaps even more, if he does this Mr. Churchill good; and he is certain to, if any one can. Ten pounds! Why, it would make us quite rich

for a long time. We can pay that dreadful taxman, and I may perhaps be able to buy baby a new warm hood. Ah! there she is, the darling!" and with a bright smile and light step Mrs. Boyd ran up-stairs to have a look at Rosie, who was enjoying her afternoon sleep entirely oblivious of blinding fogs, exciting telegrams, and clamorous tax-collectors.

In a few minutes Madeline returned with the baby in her arms, and a new light seemed to have come into the room, beautifying it in spite of faded carpet and scanty curtains, worn-out paint and hideous paper. One only looked at Rosie, with her long, rippling golden hair, and eyes so blue they seemed like a morsel of the sky on a June day, and at Rosie's mother, with her sweet grave face and earnest loving eyes. They sat down and shared the shabby rug with Quiz in perfect amity. Mrs. Boyd made up the fire till it blazed a little, and the child rubbed her chubby hands, and laughed gleefully, and Quiz tapped gently with his tail, in token of approval. Then Mrs. Boyd told them of the wonderful alteration that was going to take place in their circumstances all through that morsel of pink paper on the table.

"Father shall have lots of money, little woman, and buy you everything—new frocks and toys, and dollies, and poor Quiz shall have a new collar and a warm woolly rug to lie on, and then we will have a beautiful new house, with a lovely nursery for Rosie, and a drawing-room with a piano, and mother will sing for her darling, and play, and we will be ever so happy; and father will go to see his patients in a nice cosy carriage, and never be wet, nor tired, nor cold any more."

So Mrs. Boyd ran on gleefully, regarding the message as a sort of Aladdin's lamp, capable of charming away all their troubles and difficulties. And it was time some ray of sunshine found its way into the little household at Brook Street, for things were looking at their gloomiest for Dr. Frank Boyd and his wife. All Madge's glorious day-dreams could not do away with the fact that they were daily getting poorer and shabbier. Often, when the Doctor returned, wet and weary, from his unprofitable rounds, he felt inclined to give the battle up in despair; but for Madge he would have done so, for he made no headway in Brook Street. But she always met him with a loving smile and a cheerful word of encouragement, and before tea was over he agreed with her that there was a fortune to be won, and that when it came they would enjoy it all the more for waiting. "And besides, Frank, while we are together and have Rosie, it does not so much matter. If we were ever so rich we could not love each other any the better; wealth does not constitute happiness!"

"No, but it adds to the agreeableness of life," the Doctor would reply. "Money is a good thing, Madge, but I agree with you that mutual love and trust are better. Indeed, my dear, I think you were born to be a poor man's wife—you have such a happy

on the advice of an old college friend, Bertie West, who insisted that a poor locality was the only place for a man to commence who had nothing to start with but excellent brains and diplomas. In a fashionable locality he would require a fine house



"He turned up the gas and read the telegram."—p. 38.

faculty of seeing only the best side of everything, and such a lively imagination that you conjure up a best where there really is none."

Still the Doctor had serious intentions of giving up his practice in Brook Street, and trying his fortune as an assistant, or as surgeon on board some ship. He had settled in the neighbourhood, acting

and all the external marks and tokens of wealth, if he hoped to get on; but in Brook Street, Bertie declared a fellow might live anyhow and no one be a jot the wiser. He lived there himself, with several of his artist friends, and the Doctor had lodged there as a student, so that the locality was fairly well known to him. But it was contrary to

the advice of his friend that the Doctor married Madeline Hay. "Wait till you make an income of some sort, Frank," the young artist had said earnestly. "Don't marry till you've fairly started, or you will be a poor man all your days." But Frank would not listen to reason; he had waited four years already. Madeline was a governess, and not very happy. They loved each other devotedly, and she was not afraid of sharing the poor time with him—never dreaming how bitterly trying the poor time might be.

Madeline had a small fortune of two hundred pounds, besides fifty she had saved during her four years' teaching, and with it they furnished a small house in the simplest manner, paid a year's rent in advance, put aside a small sum for a rainy day, and began the world full of high hopes and good resolutions. The Doctor was young, strong, energetic, fond of his profession, and clever at it—there was no reason why he should not succeed. He resolved to be very careful and economical, never go in debt, indulge in no luxury or amusement that he could not afford to pay for, and to devote a certain portion of every evening to scientific study.

Just at first Madge looked a little taken aback. She saw so little of Frank that she fancied he ought at least to devote the evenings to her; but after a little while, with the "sweet reasonableness" that was her greatest charm, she confessed that Frank was quite right—time was too valuable to be wasted in mere idle pleasure; and soon she began both to share his studies and assist in his experiments. The Doctor also resolved to save a certain percentage of his income every year, but it never entered into his calculations that he might have no income to save from, and had he not prudently reserved a portion of Madge's fortune it would have gone hard with them the first year.

A cheap neighbourhood has its advantages, doubtless, but for a doctor it has serious drawbacks. None are so exacting of medical attention as the very poor; they have no hesitation in sending for the doctor, and few scruples about not paying him; and in beginning a practice a doctor cannot afford to pick and choose his patients. For nearly four years Dr. Boyd had visited every one that sent for him, and the result was, he was extremely hard-worked, ill-paid, and so popular amongst the poor that they would have no one else. He was forced to the conclusion that unless he made a stand and only attended people whom he might reasonably suppose could and would pay him, he would never get on; he certainly would not have so many visits to pay, and he might be able to devote more time to a book which he had lately commenced, more as an occupation than because he hoped to derive any great benefit from it. The fourth year of his practice was drawing to a close, and he had not received a hundred pounds. The house was becoming dreadfully shabby, and he saw no way of replenishing the worn-out furniture; he was somewhat shabby himself, too, in spite of Madge's

scrupulous care of his clothes, and only for his wife could not look ill-dressed under any circumstances, her old-fashioned gown and bonnet would have added to his troubles. But Madge never complained, not even on baby's account, and she always contrived to make some slight alteration in her dress against his coming home in the evening; a flower, or a bright little bow, or a morsel of dainty lace at her throat and wrists, made her look better dressed in her old worn black silk than many a duchess in diamonds and velvet; and then her loving smile, her cheery greeting, her little catalogue of domestic pleasures and troubles—Rosie's wonderful progress, the supernatural shrewdness of Quiz, who would not allow the baker-boy down the area steps—everything was related so pleasantly that the Doctor forgot his cares, fatigue, disappointments, and only thought it was good to come home, almost good to be poor with such a wife.

But in spite of all the Doctor's bravery, hopefulness, energy, and Madge's unfailing cheerfulness, things were going from bad to worse. Quarter-day was advancing, and for the first time there was absolutely no provision towards meeting it; the winter was unusually severe, coals and gas very dear, butchers' meat almost unapproachable, and look which way he would, the Doctor saw nothing but trouble ahead. As he walked home through the dense fog on that bitterly cold November afternoon, he felt as if things had almost reached a crisis. He had called at a dozen places in the hope of receiving various sums of money due to him, but in every instance without success. Poor as he was, all his patients seemed to be poorer, and he thought sadly of the empty larder and the insolent taxman, of Madeline's shabby gown, and Rosie's chubby little toes peeping through her worn shoes.

Meantime Madeline was waiting impatiently for his return, building glorious castles, and drawing brilliant pictures of the happy future in store for them all, till Rosie fell asleep in her arms; then her thoughts took a more serious turn. Martha brought in the tea-things, made up the fire, and, with a reproachful glance at her mistress, turned down the gas to the most infinitesimal point; still Madeline sat lost in thought, with Rosie's golden head on her breast, and an expression of perplexity on her own fair face. Suddenly she started from her chair with a low cry that aroused the baby, and seizing the telegram read it aloud again by the firelight.

"Can there possibly be a mistake?" she cried, breathlessly. "Can they possibly mean Dr. Felix Boyd, the celebrated court physician? But no, the address is quite right, only—only—I believe there are several Brook Streets in London. Oh! if it should not be Frank after all, what a cruel disappointment; and yet how could they hear of him in Surrey, though he is so clever?"

Madeline's heart throbbed wildly, and her face grew white, as she thought of the possible overthrow of all her golden visions; and then poor Frank's disappointment would be harder to bear than her own.

"Better put it in the fire at once, and say nothing about it!" she cried, as she contrasted his delight when he first read the message with his subsequent sorrow. "It's too cruel of them to send him a telegram if it's not really meant for him; but perhaps it is, after all. It seems providential that it should come now in our worst need. It is for Frank—it must be," and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of all that message meant for both of them. Rosie climbed up into her lap, and laid her little face against her mother's and cried for very sympathy; and then a strange thought crept into Madeline's heart. She would give Frank the telegram without saying a word of her own misgivings; let him act for himself. Even supposing it was meant for another Dr. Boyd, what then? He was probably a rich man, who did not want the fee, and Frank was just as clever as any doctor on the face of the earth. She thought of their unpaid bills, of their scanty dinners, of the almost empty coal cellar, of Rosie's little feet still encased in thin summer shoes, of the dreaded taxman, who had spoken so loudly and rudely to her only that very morning, thought of poor Frank, sad, hopeless, dispirited, and then dashed her tears away. "Of course the message is meant for Frank!" she cried defiantly. "Why should I doubt it?" And at that moment she heard his step in the hall, and sprang up to meet him. Had she been less excited, she would have noticed how haggard and dejected he looked. As it was, she plunged into the subject at once.

"Darling, I have such glorious news! There's a telegram for you, asking you to meet another doctor in consultation to-morrow. Look! I opened it—I was so curious and impatient; and I thought you would never get home." She spoke hurriedly, and did not meet his glance as she put the message in his hand, did not look at him as he turned up the gas and read it, but stood with Rosie in her arms, pale, trembling, almost defiant, tortured between hope and fear. Had she looked up, she would have seen a strange shadow pass over his face, as he read the telegram twice, seen his lip quiver as he glanced round the shabby room, and then at her and his child with a great unutterable sadness. But his mind was made up. The consultation meant relief from his most pressing difficulties, immediate comfort for his loved ones, hope for the future. The opportunity sought him, and he accepted it. There was a risk, and he would run it, though in his heart Frank Boyd knew that Dr. Leyland's telegram was never meant for him.

"This is a stroke of fortune, my darling!" he cried cheerily. "Of course I'll go, and I must reply at once, before I take off my coat. Perhaps when the folks find out that I am sent for to consultations they may think a little more of me. I shan't be many minutes, dearest; and have tea ready, for I'm famishing."

"He suspects nothing," Madeline whispered exultantly; "he would never go if he did; Frank is nobler, braver, truer than I." Then Madeline sent

Rosie out to Martha, and made the tea banish her fears, regrets, anxieties, and doubts from her face; buried the first secret she ever had from her husband deep in her secret heart, and met him on his return with smiles which in very truth were put on to cover her tears; while Frank, hurrying to the post office to send off his message, kept repeating to himself, "Madge has no suspicion. If she had she would never consent, never forgive me; but for her sake and Rosie's, I'll go through with it now."

CHAPTER II.—A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

DR. BOYD did not have many visitors, but there was one who dropped in every Tuesday evening, shade or shine, to have a gossip with Rosie, and see how things generally were going on in the shabby house in Brook Street. This was Albert West, a young artist, who had studied medicine for a time, and lodged with Frank Boyd when they were students. They were close friends. Indeed, Bertie seemed one of the family; but though he knew every incident in the Doctor's life, divined every thought of his heart almost, Frank Boyd knew very much less about him. Naturally shy and reticent, proud and sensitive, he hated talking about himself. Once he told Madeline a fragment of his history, but the effort cost him so much that she felt sorry she had even inadvertently caused him to speak of his family.

"I have no home, no friends, no relatives," he said bitterly. "My father was a drawing-master, my mother a lady, and his pupil. She fell in love with him; they were married secretly, and her family never forgave her. But she was happy enough with my father, and I don't think she ever regretted her loss of fortune and position. Even on her death-bed my mother's father refused to forgive her, refused to recognise in any way the wife of a poor drawing-master. He could not help being an artist any more than I can. We have been such from the days of our ancestor, 'England's best dauber; Europe's worst;' but the Wests were no match for the Churchills, though I believe they were honest men, at least as long as—— There, forgive me, Mrs. Boyd, and accept me just as I am—a man utterly alone in the world, knowing no kin of my father's, known by no kin of my mother's; I really have not a friend except Frank!"

"He's a host in himself," Madeline replied gently; "and, Bertie, never talk of being without a home again while we have one; you are always truly welcome here."

Bertie took Mrs. Boyd at her word, and made himself very much at home, dropping in unceremoniously at all hours, often late at night, but always sure of a cordial welcome. He knew exactly how the Doctor was situated, his troubles, disappointments, growing difficulties; saw Madeline grow thin and pale underneath her cheery smile; saw little Rosie's wants too, with a sad heart, for he was unable to minister to them; for he was as poor and unsuccessful himself as

one could imagine. But on the evening of the Doctor's telegram Bertie came in with a lighter step and a brighter face. "Congratulate me, Mrs. Boyd; I've just had a stroke of the greatest good fortune. Guess what it is!" he cried, pulling off his coat.

"Your picture has been accepted at the Academy. Oh! I am so glad, Bertie!"

"Guess again," Bertie replied, with a bitter little smile. "No, Mrs. Boyd; it's something better than a foot or two of the walls of Burlington House for a season; I've got a story to illustrate for the new *British Magazine*, and that means money; the Academy may occasionally mean fame, but in the present state of my finances I'm sordid enough to prefer the money."

"Fortune seems to have strayed into Brook Street to-day," the Doctor said. "I too have a wonderful piece of news, Bert. Read that, old fellow," handing him the telegram; "don't you think the fickle goddess dropped her muffler to-day, and for once saw two deserving objects worthy of encouragement?" The Doctor spoke gaily, stood up, and rubbed his hands before the fire, and then laughed aloud. "It means so much to me just now, Bert—almost as much as your serial story to you!"

"More, Frank—far more. Mrs. Boyd, you know how glad I am!" Bertie said, laying down the telegram.

His face was positively white, and there was a strange, startled look in his eyes which neither Frank nor Madeline noticed, or they would have been quite at a loss to understand it. They were both strangely preoccupied that evening, or they would have observed Bertie West's agitation. He walked about the room in an excited way, laughed loudly, and made little jokes with Madeline, on the bright days that were coming. She endeavoured to be gay, too, and assured Bertie that Frank thought he was going to get a thousand pounds for his visit, and that he meant "to burst out into sudden blaze" of glory on his return from Fairburn Park.

"By the way, where is Fairburn Park, I wonder, and how do the trains run?" the Doctor said suddenly. "I really never thought of that; from London Bridge, I suppose?"

"No, Waterloo. Fairburn is not very far from Chertsey," Bertie replied, absently, staring into the fire.

"Why, how do you know? Have you ever been there?" the Doctor asked eagerly.

"Why, it's one of the show places of Surrey. I passed it—in fact, walked through the grounds when I was on that 'tramp' last year," Bertie replied, rather evasively. "In fact, nearly every one knows Fairburn Park. It's a magnificent old house!"

"From an artist's point of view, I suppose, which generally means damp, draughts, and discomfort, combined with picturesque dilapidation. However, I suppose Mr. Churchill is a person of some importance, and I must be punctual. I wonder what time I should leave here?" the Doctor said.

"There's a fast train from Waterloo at ten minutes to eleven—it will get you there in good

time," Bertie replied. "It's a pretty country, Frank; you will like it very much."

"I hope so, and I trust I'll like my patient still better. I feel somehow as if this was the eve of a brighter dawn for all of us. Do you remember, Bert, what old Adams used to say long ago, when we were unsuccessful at an exam.?—'There's only one thing certain about what you boys term "luck;" it's bound to turn. Work and wait, and you'll beat the contrary jade at last.' I fancy that my 'luck' has turned to-night!"

"I only hope it's in the right direction," Bertie said gravely.

"I don't believe in luck a bit!" Madge cried. "It's the most natural thing in the world that you two clever people should succeed, and I think we must make a festival of it. We'll have some supper, hot supper, Bertie, and you and Frank can discuss the future while I'm getting it ready;" and she hurried to the kitchen to consult with Martha. The result became apparent before very long. There came an appetising odour that made both men laugh merrily.

"So Madge is the first to launch into extravagance, after all," the Doctor cried.

In after-years they often thought of that supper, of how noisily merry they were over the steaming sausages and hot potatoes, not observing at the time that though they were all busy in praising the *impromptu* banquet they ate very little of it, and afterwards when they gathered round the fire and turned down the gas, a strange silence fell on them, broken only by spasmodic flashes of mirth. For the first time in her life Madge was glad when Bertie stood up to go, glad too when Frank proposed walking home with him, for she was longing to be alone. She felt that in a very few minutes she would burst into an hysterical fit of weeping if she had to keep up the mask of gaiety any longer. It was on the tip of her tongue to cry out every moment, "Don't go, Frank," and again she would fiercely ask herself why he should not go. Altogether the strain was so great that she was grateful for a little time to recover herself. With a bitter little cry she clasped her hands over her head. "I think that I have succeeded in deceiving Frank," she said aloud. "It seems horrible! But I would do more—I would die, I think, rather than he should continue this terrible wearing life." And as he walked home slowly through the fog, Frank positively hugged himself with joy at the thought that Madge was entirely unsuspecting, and even Bertie West saw nothing very unusual in his being summoned to Fairburn Park. "And after all, it may be me," he said, as he let himself in with his latch-key. "In any case, this justifies me in going, and so, for better or worse, go I will."

CHAPTER III.—AN EXTRAORDINARY PATIENT.

THE next morning was clear and bright, though piercingly cold, and Dr. Boyd felt his spirits rise as he walked briskly to Waterloo station. He had a

few minutes to wait, and pausing at the book-stall, he bought a copy of the *Times*. It was a thing he had not done for years, and he smiled grimly at his own extravagance. "It's a piece of snobbery," he told himself as he took his seat in a first-class carriage. "I suppose it's quite the correct thing for a consulting physician to read the *Times*; and yet it was almost mechanical. I don't know why I bought it, and I certainly don't feel disposed to read it." So he thrust it into his pocket, and looked steadily out of the window, trying to admire the scenery, but his thoughts were in a strange whirl.

A new and very possible difficulty presented itself. Suppose Dr. Leyland or Mr. Churchill was personally acquainted with the doctor they telegraphed for! In that case he would only have to produce the telegram, and then depart with as good a grace as might be, and return to tell Madge that his golden dream of prosperity was but "the baseless fabric of a vision." He tried not to let his thoughts dwell on that unpleasant possibility, but they would revert to it, till the possibility became a probability, and by the time he reached Fairburn Station, probability advanced with rapid strides towards certainty. Mr. Churchill might be an invalid who was in the habit of having a doctor from town; still he would chance it, assuring himself, nervously, that the message quite justified him.

At the station he found a carriage awaiting him, and a quarter of an hour's drive brought him to Fairburn Park. It was a lovely spot, even in November nakedness. The house itself, a quaint old Gothic building with red brick Elizabethan wings covered with ivy, was certainly very grand and imposing. At the door he was met by a grey-haired, deferential butler, who conducted him at once to Mr. Churchill's apartments, which were situated by themselves. In the ante-room he met a young man who came forward nervously and introduced himself as Dr. Leyland. He spoke in a low, deferential voice, and looked with something approaching awe at the superior spirit he had invoked to his assistance. Frank Boyd smothered a sigh of relief—from Dr. Leyland, at least, he had nothing to fear—and he asked a few hurried questions as to the patient's illness, age, and other matters.

"Mr. Churchill is suffering from bronchitis; he is old, and very eccentric. I have only attended him for a few weeks. My predecessor in Fairburn was his medical man for years, and when in difficulty I believe he usually sent for Sir Robert Hamilton. I took the liberty of thinking that in a case of chest disease Dr. Boyd was the best authority."

"Thanks. Suppose I see the patient now. I am anxious to get back by an early train," Frank said abruptly; he felt painfully embarrassed, for disease of the chest was not his speciality at all. Besides, he was anxious to get the interview over and know the worst concerning Mr. Churchill. His heart seemed to stand still as he followed Mr. Leyland into the patient's room. It was a large, low apartment, in

semi-darkness. A huge fire blazed on the hearth, all the windows were closely curtained, and the feeble gleam of a shaded lamp fell on the face of an old man propped up with pillows in a huge bed, also draped with heavy crimson curtains. The atmosphere was dry, the temperature tropical, and it seemed no great wonder that the old man breathed with the utmost difficulty. As Dr. Boyd approached the bed, he felt a pair of keen, brown, restless eyes regarding him steadily, but there was no surprise in the face: evidently he also was personally unacquainted with the doctor he had sent for.

"So you're the great Boyd. What's the matter with me?" the old man said, in a shrill, fretful voice.

Frank looked round the room before he answered. "I should say, in the first place, you're being roasted to death, and asphyxiated into the bargain;" and he walked to one of the windows and pulled aside the heavy velvet drapery, rolled up the blind, and threw the sash wide open. A ray of bright sunshine streamed into the room, and the old man positively covered down amongst the luxurious cushions and pillows.

"Man, do you want to kill me?" he gasped, looking positively furious. "Shut that window instantly."

"Oh no; you're not in the least draught, and the air is delicious; besides, I must see you, and I have not the faculty of seeing in the dark," Frank said cheerfully. "Now, Mr. Churchill, how do you feel?"

"I tell you that window will be the death of me; you want to kill me," the old man fairly screamed. "Leyland, shut it!"

"Do nothing of the sort. As for wanting to be the death of you, that's absurd. Dead men don't want doctors. Besides, I value my own life, and I can't exist without oxygen;" and then, in the most business-like way, he examined his patient, tapped, listened, percussed, and then drew a deep breath.

"What's the matter?" the old man gasped, as he sank back once more, shivering and exhausted.

"Nothing;" and the Doctor laughed cheerily. "Nothing, that fresh air, sunshine, cheerful society, and light, nourishing food will not set right; your heart and lungs are in perfect working order, if you only give them a chance. Open the windows, let the sunshine in, put out that gas, that's consuming the very little oxygen you have; do with one-quarter the fire, sleep in a small bed without curtains, and throw physic to the dogs, and you will soon be all right."

"Do you mean to say I have not a bad attack of bronchitis?" Mr. Churchill said eagerly.

"I mean to say you have no more bronchitis than I have, and that's none at all, thank goodness! but you are breathing an atmosphere in this room that would kill me in a week, and will kill you in a fortnight."

"I told you so—I begged of you——" Dr. Leyland began; but Mr. Churchill interrupted him angrily—"What was the use of telling me? Why did not you do what you thought should be done, as this man

has? You're all afraid of me here—you all bow down and worship my golden image. Bah! you're a lot of time-serving sycophants.—Do you positively assert that I'm not ill?"

bed—"tell Miss Churchill to have luncheon served immediately, and then come back to me. Leyland, show Dr. Boyd to the dining-room. Good-morning, sir. Come and see me this day week!"



"Suppose I see the patient now."—p. 40.

"I positively assert that there is nothing organically wrong with you; but you soon will be ill if you don't alter your present mode of existence. There was really no occasion to send for me."

"But you must be paid all the same," the old man said, with a grim chuckle.—"Peter"—to a servant as old, withered, and disagreeable looking as himself, who stood like a statue at the foot of the

"But I don't think there is any necessity."

"Do you suppose I can't afford to pay you?" the old man interrupted angrily, "or do you grand London doctors only care to attend people who have obscure diseases that you can experiment upon?"

"I'm not a 'grand' doctor, I assure you," Frank began, when he was again interrupted.

"Not too grand to soil your fingers with dusty

windows, and not too grand to speak the truth even at the risk of offending a profitable patient. If you don't want to see me, I want to see you. I don't meet with an honest man every day: when I do, like every other luxury, I suppose I must pay for it. Good-morning!"

Dr. Leyland was already out of the room, and Frank Boyd followed him with a sensation of choking. Was it not the bitterest irony of fate

that the only time in his life he had been guilty of doing a wilfully dishonest and dishonourable action, he should be termed an honest man? "And yet I have been honest with the old man. I told him I was no grand London doctor," he said to himself as he followed Dr. Leyland down the splendid old carved oak stairs. "If they will persist in misunderstanding me, how can I help it?"

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

(PSALM cxliii. 2.)



T might be said of this Psalm no less than of the one hundred and thirtieth, that it also is the cry of one who calls out of the deep.

The anguish of spirit of which it is the utterance is as bitter as anything which it has entered into the heart of man to conceive. It goes beyond the sharp pain, the sufferings of mind and body, which from time to time come before us as part of the discipline through which the writers of these Penitential Psalms were led. Here it is not sickness only that the man complained of, but death—a living death, in which the consciousness of life and the desolation of the grave were strongly and terribly united. He spoke and moved and lived among his brother-men as one who was in fellowship with them, and yet all the time the dark shadow of death had fallen upon him. All that he could imagine of the unseen world—the gloom and silence of the sepulchre; the souls of men dwelling in a region which was the counterpart, in its sad, mournful half-consciousness, half-forgetfulness of life, of the grave in which their bodies had been laid to rest, seemed to be already present to him. He had a foretaste of that, as other men had had foretastes of the waters of life—the pleasures that are at God's right hand for evermore. "The enemy"—more, surely, here than a rival or a traitor—more than any human enemy, though working through human agency—"the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me: my heart within me is desolate."

I do not wish either to represent this as a common phenomenon in the spiritual life, which every one, or nearly every one, must understand and recognise from his own experience, or to claim it as an exclusive privilege for those among

the saints of God who are called to the highest places in His Kingdom. To assert the one would be—often against the evidence of facts—to confuse the consciousness of disease common to those who do and to those who do not seek the true remedy for it, with the joy of renewed health. To endeavour to persuade men of the other—to lead them to think that they must and ought to feel a struggle of this kind going on within them before they actually do feel it, would be only to run the risk of inducing a morbid and premature self-consciousness in which the disease would be more permanent and more difficult of cure than if it had come in its own time and had run its own course. But this may be said—and in it lies at once the meaning and the power of the Psalm—that there is in every man the possibility of that struggle of which it speaks, and of all the anguish consequent on it. For the Flesh lusteth always contrary to the Spirit, and the Spirit against the Flesh, and as soon as a man becomes conscious of the contest between them, he learns to feel that he is indeed dwelling in "a body of death," and to ask of God to deliver him. (Rom. vii. 25.) How long men may evade the acknowledgment of that warfare, or how soon they may end it by becoming, body and soul, slaves of the Flesh, grieving the Holy Spirit of God till He depart from them, it may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine. But when it does come, and for as long as it lasts, it will lead men into a state resembling in all essential points that of David and St. Paul. They were in this respect, as in others, prophets of their brethren, utterers of what was in their own heart and in the hearts of others—spokesmen for mankind of that which all men might have occasion to find words for.

The words which precede those I have already cited from this Psalm, and which I have chosen for the text of what I have to say, as pointing more clearly than any others to the lesson which may be learnt from it, tell us the cause of that wretchedness, which the third and fourth verses

describe—"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." The burden of the Psalmist's lamentation was none other than that which we hear in so many notes, high and low, through the whole scale of suffering, in other cries of penitence or prayers for pardon. The soul of man finds itself in the presence of God, and feels that it is not and cannot be justified; that God cannot count it righteous, because it is not so, and yet that, unless it be justified, there can be no peace or blessedness for it. This was the problem of all problems. The man who trod the path of obedience found that it was the way of peace; but when his foot slipped and temptation came on him, and the enemy persecuted his soul, how was he to regain his ground? The devout worshipper might come before the Lord with sacrifices and burnt offerings, but he soon found that the righteous God had no pleasure in them; that He did not require them, only or chiefly, at the hands of His servants. The old difficulty returned in all its force: "In the sight of God could no man living be justified." How terrible, then, would it be if He were to enter into judgment!

It has sometimes been said by those who take broad philosophic views of the religious history of mankind and the ideas characteristic of different races, that this consciousness of evil, and the belief in the unity of God which appears inseparably connected with it, are the two ideas which specially characterise the faith of the Jewish nation, and of the race to which they belong. This is their contribution to the universal creed—the inheritance which the Christian Church has received from the children of Abraham. That which in other nations took, or would have taken, the form of the sense of duty, of personal responsibility, of dread of the powers of Nature, appears in this, its Semitic form, as the sense of guilt—the confession of a corrupted nature.

I do not wish to deny that the Jewish writers do express this feeling with more power and distinctness than those of any other nation among the races of the ancient world. It is precisely this which constitutes the claim of the Jews to be the prophet nation of mankind: That, as a nation, they might be to others what individual prophets were among themselves—witnesses and proclaimers of true oracles from God.

But they did not create the facts which they proclaimed, nor were the feelings to which they gave utterance exclusively their own. They taught men to distinguish what was true in it from their own fears and dark imaginings. They rescued those who were under that heavy burden from the terrible superstitions into which it might have led them. The sense of evil, of contest between it and good in the world and in the

heart of man, was as old as the human race. All the ancient religions of mankind implied it; too often, as they became less pure, they rested upon nothing else. If it was ever lost sight of, it was with systems of faith as with individual men—because they fell below it, not because they rose above it.

But no contrast can be more striking, or, I believe, more instructive, than that between the course it took in those systems and races where it was simply natural and separated from the truths which are required, equally with it, for the knowledge of what God is and what we are, and that which we find it taking in these Jewish writers. On the one side, we see the abominations of human sacrifices, and the attempts of trembling men to propitiate a monstrous eater, or the faquir's self-torture, or the mystic's effort after self-annihilation. In the other we have that Divine order (beginning from the same evil and misery, but ending in peace and blessedness), which we find in the Penitential Psalms, of which this which we are now examining is one of the most marked examples.

The man who found himself, then, in that dark and death-like wretchedness, did not dwell on it only, nor did he people the gloom with the creations of his own diseased fancy. The facts of his nature and its condition came before him as sharply and distinctly as before St. Paul; not mixed up with the visions and spectral forms with which the consciousness of evil has sometimes clothed itself. That was one element of superiority—one step towards deliverance. To know what to fight against—not to be fighting in the dark against imaginary foes—is at least one condition of overcoming.

But the next step was one in which the course of the devout Israelite differed by a whole heaven from that of the devotees of later and earlier superstitions. They have, for the most part, pictured to themselves as their Creator and their King One like unto themselves, and therefore arbitrary, self-willed, capricious; requiring, not giving, a hard taskmaster, reaping where he did not sow, demanding, as the type of all unrighteous rule had demanded (Exod. v. 11), the same work as ever, though no means were given for accomplishing it. And hence, they have either carried that conception to its natural results, and have tortured themselves or slain others, believing that they could only sacrifice by destroying, or else they have turned away from the contemplation of One in whom there was all to be feared and nothing to love, and have interposed between themselves and God mediators, whether actual or ideal, who might be more loving, compassionate, and approachable than the Lord of All. And this latter course, no less than the former, is the source of a thousand superstitions, and one cause, though not the only one, of the Polytheism of the ancient world—almost the

exclusive cause of the Polytheistic tendencies, which have found their way into the Christian Church—and which more than anything else have caused its great apostasy.

The path of the Psalmist was precisely the opposite of this—"I remember the days of old: I meditate on all Thy works: I muse on the works of Thy hands." Here then is put before us one of the great Laws of Repentance. We are to keep the thought of God ever before us, dwelling on it, not as one did of old, to fathom the mystery of His Being, but tracing out all that He has manifested to us of His mind and will—contemplating His works, remembering the days of old.

And surely one who studies God's threefold Revelation, in the order of the visible universe, in the history of mankind, in the experience of a man's own heart, will find that what they declare of the will of God—the evidence they give of a Divine order and an Eternal righteousness—may contribute to bring before the mind thoughts that will at least raise it out of itself and teach it to look upwards, and so prepare the way for that fuller declaration of His will which God, who "at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets," has in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.

We do not give heed sufficiently to the lesson which this Psalm teaches us. Those who have constructed the art of Penitence with the most elaborate minuteness have often neglected it—have sometimes started on a method altogether the reverse. Their object has been to keep the soul's gaze fixed upon itself; to make that inward scrutiny more continuous and more microscopic; to leave no symptom of disease, no evil act or thought unsearched; to reproduce in thought the acts of sin which had all but perished from the memory. And hence they have kept men all their life long in that misery, as of those who stand, accused but not justified, before God when He enters into judgment. They have acted as if there were no glad tidings; as if there could be no freedom and no joy till the power of sinning, and therefore the perpetual succession of sins, were broken by death.

I do not mean to disparage that work of self-examination, or even the rules which men have laid down for its performance, but we must remember that it is the beginning, not the end—a remedial process only so far as it leads us to a knowledge of our disease or guards us against a relapse, not the remedy itself. And the review of our past life which is implied in it should have for its end something else than the making out a catalogue of offences. It also should be an act of remembering the works of God in the days of old. We should ask not only—Against what commandments have I sinned in thought or word or deed, when, where, and under what circumstances was

that done, spoken, or imagined for which I must give account before the judgment-seat of God? but also—What does my past life; my admission to be a child of God; my past joys or sorrows; my health or my sickness; the thoughts of good that have stirred within me; the mercy which has kept back punishment when it would have hardened, or has sent it when without it we should have been hardened in our sin—what does all this teach men of the will of God? Does it speak to me of One who will refuse to give good gifts, and will close the door against those that knock, or does it proclaim His name as that of the Lord—the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin?

And then, out of such a meditation on the works of God there grew in the heart of the Psalmist a strong and vehement desire—a desire which could only grow out of that knowledge of God, and that intuition of His goodness. Other men, whose thoughts of God were different from his, might desire from God, or from the Gods many and Lords many whom they worshipped, blessings for themselves and others—corn and wine and oil, prosperous days and length of life, or in the higher stages of their moral growth, pardon of their sins, and eternal happiness. But he desired God Himself, and stretched forth his hands unto Him; his soul thirsted after God as a thirsty land. This was the special characteristic of these Psalms; it was in this distinct consciousness of God's presence, and desire for communion with Him, far more than in the consciousness of evil, that the Israelites were instructors of mankind. And until we attain to something of the same desire—till we go beyond the fear of God and the hope of reward from Him, and see in Him One in Whom there are, in an infinite degree, all that we revere and love in those like unto ourselves, One Who has first loved us, and learn to love Him also with our heart and soul and mind and strength: we fall short, with all our fuller knowledge and more abundant blessings, of their devotion. Our penitence, our faith, and our love will be less perfect than that of those who lived under the Law, though God has revealed Himself to us more fully, and in this has manifested His love for us—that He gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

And in proportion as we attain to it; in proportion as our penitence is deeper and our love stronger, we shall feel that He is indeed our strength and support—a shield and defence. Instead of shrinking from His presence as of One in whose sight there can no man living be justified, we shall seek to know more and more of it. When we are tempted to fall back again—when our hopes fail us, and victory seems a long way off, we shall turn to Him with the cry, "Hear

me speedily, O Lord ; my spirit faileth ; hide not Thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit."

And in very close connection with this desire to know God and to be with Him is the prayer for guidance and instruction. The order here is that true and divine order which we see through the whole Scripture—through every manifestation of the Divine government. We express this in the language of a scientific theology when we say that to be justified in the sight of God is the necessary antecedent of being sanctified ; that "good works follow after justification"—follow in the closest possible union with respect to time, but still following and not preceding in the order of time as well as in the order of thought.

And we must not lose sight of the truth which such a statement asserts. It may become so familiar to us by constant repetition, that we begin to look on it only as the formula of a system, but unless we remember it we shall run the risk of engaging in fruitless attempts to change God's order, and to substitute for it one of our own invention. Until we feel that we have God as our Father, and find in remembering it that that is something more than the acknowledgment that He is our Creator—until we are convinced that we have been made His children by adoption, we cannot feel sure that He is willing to teach and guide us, that the will of God is nothing less than that sanctification which we have been seeking for ourselves. When we know His love to us, and are conscious that we are indeed reconciled to Him, we shall be better able to perceive and follow His guidance. Because He is our God, we shall ask Him to teach us to do His will ; because we are sure that His Spirit is a good and loving Spirit, we shall desire, and not in vain, that it may lead us forth into the "land of righteousness." For that, and nothing less than that, will still be the goal of our pilgrimage. The Kingdom of God, manifested as He will and where and when He will—a Kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy—is that which the penitent sees before him, at first in the far distance, and with floods and deserts between it and him, so that he can only say in his sorrow, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!"—but now, as the loving Spirit leads him, seen to be very near, not in the height, nor in the depth, nor beyond the sea, but within sight and within reach, wherever the power and goodness of God extends, causing water-springs to come full upon the dry ground, and making the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Here, then, we have once more an instance of the power of the glad tidings which are preached to us in the Name of Christ, to raise the soul from its low estate, to strengthen and enlighten it. It is impossible to read these Psalms without

feeling that those who wrote them were, in their inner spiritual life, living under the Gospel ; resting, not in a law of works, but in a law of faith. And the reason of this was that they saw, and with no indistinct vision, the same mind and will of God as that which was manifested in Christ, and that wherever those are seen, however faintly, there something at least of the joy of forgiveness and reconciliation is felt accordingly, and men rise, or at least begin to rise, from the fear which hath torment to the perfect love which casteth out fear. To these men God was known as a Father ; they felt that amidst all their stubbornness and their many transgressions, they were still the children whom He had nourished and brought up. He Who sat between the Cherubim was also He Who led His people as a Shepherd leads His flock, and they, though they had gone astray, were still the sheep of His pasture.

Are we, then, to rest content, in the midst of the light and love which have been shed around us, with a lower knowledge of God, and therefore with less joy and peace, than these men had ? Are we to descend below them, when we, even the least of us, are, because we are in the Kingdom of Heaven, immeasurably above them ? Are we to frame for ourselves notions of the Divine will and purpose precisely the same in their character as those from which these men had been delivered ? I fear that it is but too true that, as we use these Psalms, they seem to us unreal ; not because they belong to a system anterior to the Gospel—a time of ceremonies, and types, and symbols—but because the truths of the Gospel are proclaimed in them so clearly, and with a power to which we who profess to have received the Gospel are strangers. If this is so—if words pass from our lips with nothing corresponding to them in our experiences, making us speak of sorrows and of joys of which we know nothing ; and if we are conscious that this is an evil, and desire to remedy it, we must walk in the old paths, and follow the pilgrims that have gone before us and have reached the land of righteousness. We must turn to the doctrines of the Gospel, not as a system to be defended against other systems, but as unfolding to us the will of God, and the fact that we are His children ; to the life of Christ, not as the history of a prophet or teacher, but as One in Whom the mind and will of God were manifested as they had never been manifested before ; to the records of the days of old, the history of the Church of God, and of the lives of His servants, as displaying the work of the same good and loving Spirit that spake of old by the Prophets, and now is ever seeking to sanctify us and all the elect people of God, Whom all that have been chosen to be among the children of God may ask for and receive.

Where High the Heavenly Temple Stands.

Words by MICHAEL BRUCE.

Music by JAMES TAYLOR, B.Mus.
(Organist to the University of Oxford, and of New College.)

1. Where high the heav'n-ly tem-ple stands, The house of God, not made with hands,
2. He who for men in mer-cy stood, And poured on earth His pre-cious blood,

A great High Priest our na-ture wears, The Pa-tron of man-kind ap-pears,
Pur-sues in heav'n His plan of grace, The guar-dian God of hu-man race.

ROB AND HIS "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



HE "Pilgrim's Progress" was inside the window of a dingy second-hand book shop, propped open near the beginning. Rob was outside, his elbows squarely planted on the window-ledge, his bare feet mounted on the bushy end of his broom. Professional duties entirely sus-

pended for the nonce, he was intently studying the departure of Christian and Pliable from the City of Destruction.

There was a graphic illustration at the foot of the page, representing the wayfarers up to the waist in a most unmistakable bog. Rob flattened his nose against the glass, and would have given his broom cheerfully to have been able to turn over the leaf and see whether they managed to get out again; but there the story came to an end, as far as he was concerned, and he had to come back to the sloppy pavement and gutters that might have served as a good foundation for the bog in the picture.

He glanced in at the half-open door. A tall, thin man in spectacles was sorting some papers at a back counter. Rob looked down at his dirty feet and dripping broom.

"If it wasn't in such a mess, I'd have offered to sweep the step, and then I could have asked him if they got drowned or not," he reflected. "Things always goes contrary like."

He went back to his crossing. That, too, had taken advantage of his absence to lapse into such a sheet of mud, that Rob, who was not too warmly attached to it, decided that any person who crossed there deserved to get dirty for his pains, and absolved himself from duty till the weather improved.

Trailing his broom behind him, he sauntered home; at the entrance of the court he met an acquaintance, a delicate-looking, round-shouldered little fellow, leaning in the shelter of the archway. His face lighted up at the sight of Rob.

"You're back sooner to-night," he cried; "got any more sixpences?"

One never-to-be-forgotten afternoon Rob had found

one on the kerb-stone, and the two had held high revel on the strength of it; but, alas! history of that nature repeats itself far too seldom.

"Sixpences!" echoed Rob, scornfully; "no such luck; just fourpence all this day, and six halfpennies in it. You know Grant's book-shop, Jim?" turning to a more interesting subject. "Well, they've got a book there I'd give a lot of sixpences to get, and full of pictures."

"What's it about?" queried Jim.

"There's two men, Christian and—I forget the other fellow's name. It's open at the beginning. They'd both run away and tumbled into an awful ditch," explained Rob, with great lucidity. "I couldn't see how they're going to get out again," he added thoughtfully. The picture had taken possession of his mind.

"Perhaps they got drowned," suggested Jim, indifferently; he had not seen it.

"I mean to find out to-morrow," was Rob's sturdy answer, as they went up the stone alley.

But to-morrow, when he went past the shop, the book was gone. The window had been rearranged, and not a trace of it was to be seen. Rob scanned every row sharply, and the loose books through the door as far as was possible, and went on to his crossing with a sniff of wrathful disappointment. "Why couldn't they have left it alone, upsetting things that way!"

It came back to his mind with a sense of injury, several times that next week; but he was not given to nursing his wrongs, and the sunny weather came back and helped matters considerably. Saturday evening, business being rather slack, he took a brief excursion to the window to see if anything else was visible that might serve to help him through the next half-hour or so.

There was a long shelf of books outside the window this time; it generally stood there on fine days. Rob began at one end, and slowly worked his way through the row of pamphlets, musty school books, odd magazines, and yellow-backed novels. Towards the door-end of the shelf, the books grew larger and more important. A gentleman was standing turning over the pages of one. Rob took up a favourable position behind him, and looked on too.

There were pictures in it, pictures of a curiously dressed man with a bundle on his back. Rob recognised him at a glance—the very man he had left in the bog the other night. Was the gentleman going to buy it and take it away for good? Rob watched him breathlessly. Page after page he skimmed over till he came to the end, then—joyful sight—he put it down and walked briskly away. With a long sigh of relief Rob looked round. The street was almost deserted; now and again the tall, thin man in the shop would come to the door, glance at his outside stock, and go back to his counter. An hour more, and the books would be taken in, perhaps never to come out again—the one Rob wanted, at least. He took no time for reflection. For once things did not "go con-

trary like," and the next minute the coveted book was inside Rob's ragged jacket, held tight under his arm, and Rob himself, broom trailing behind, was leisurely sauntering down the street, with an air of innocent unconsciousness that would have raised him beyond suspicion, even in the mind of a policeman.

Up a rickety staircase at the far end of his own court, he burst into a scantily furnished attic room. On a bench beside the handful of fire, lame Jim was twisting lengths of wire into rude toasting forks.

"Put that down," cried Rob excitedly. "I've got something to show you. There, that's the very book I told you about! Now I'll see what the two men did when they got out."

The broom joined the toasting forks under the bench. The owners were oblivious to all except the wonderful pictures, and the scraps of letter-press under them. Rob explained them, with various additional comments of his own that would have considerably astonished the artist, could he have had the benefit thereof.

Candle and fire were exhausted before Rob gathered up his property and took his departure.

"I'll come back to-morrow," he announced, "and we'll have a splendid day, and read it properly then."

They had a splendid day. Not often, perhaps, had the great Dreamer fallen into more eager hands. Through the wicket gate, between the lions, up the hill, into the house Beautiful, "where they laid the pilgrim in an upper chamber, whose windows were towards the rising sun." Of course, a great deal of it was utterly incomprehensible to them both; still the pictures carried them over a good many obscurities, and the conversational part was skipped as an unnecessary interference with the story.

Rob shut up the book with a great sigh, when it grew too dark to see any longer.

"People behaved curius in those days," he remarked reflectively. "They don't go on like that about here now."

"Perhaps it was a long way off too," volunteered Jim. "It's a fine big book, any way; how did you get it? Did the man give it to you?"

"Give it me! It was outside on a shelf, and a gentleman was looking at it; perhaps I wouldn't have known it was there but for that. I thought he was going to buy it, he kept it so long; so directly he went away, and no one was about, I stuck it under my jacket, and walked away quite slow. If I'd run, somebody would have stopped me, certain."

"Oh, Rob! did you steal it?"

"Did you think I bought it?" retorted Rob.

"Why, they might have took you to prison, or—"

"Or they mightn't; just leave that to me, Jim Deans."

Jim's small face was flushed and troubled.

"Don't keep it, Rob; take it back to him. It's a mean way of getting it, and it's—it's wicked."

"Take it back; after all the trouble I had to get it! Catch me! What's the matter with you?"

"And you never got things that way before," Jim went on, almost in tears. "Rob, don't go and be a thief."

Rob seized the unlucky volume, and marched down-stairs without another word. Things were

they were—perhaps for that very reason—a word from Jim had more influence over him than a whole lecture from any one else. Many a time before had his proceedings in the line of right and wrong been regulated in deference to Jim's views, but he did feel



"I took it off your shelf outside."—p. 49.

coming to a pretty pass, if Jim was going to begin to find fault with him—Jim, who had always looked up to him as a superior being, and a model of cleverness. Rob hid the book away in a safe corner, with a sudden revulsion of feeling against it, and betook himself to bed.

Not to sleep; he tossed and turned, staring with wide-open eyes at the skylight. Opposite though

that this was a very aggravating occasion for a debate; and what was more, he would not give in to it.

And yet—and yet, in his heart, Rob was conscious that it had been a mean way of getting the book. He remembered his own feelings once when another boy had stolen his broom, and—though he had no particular affection for that broom—the thrashing he

gave him for the "shabbiness" of the transaction. Taken altogether, Rob's reflections, in the silence of the night, were not by any means of an exhilarating character.

A week went by. The pilgrim was still sojourning in the house Beautiful, where he had arrived on the Sunday night. The book had not come out of its hiding-place since, and Rob was wishing with his whole soul that it was back in the book-shop. He kept out of Jim's way as much as possible. There had been one or two more stormy discussions on the subject, and for three days past the pair had not even seen each other.

Saturday afternoon, Rob was stricken dumb by the apparition of a cab standing at the entrance to the court; the inhabitants were not addicted to indulging in such luxuries. It was the first time such an event had occurred in all his experience, and he lost no time in finding out the cause of it.

"It's Jim Deans!" explained one of the audience. "He's took ill, and they're taking him to the hospital. He's going to die, they think!"

Up the court Rob went like a whirlwind. Coming down the rickety staircase was a sad little procession. Jim himself, wrapped in old blankets, carried down carefully and tenderly by a strange man, while his aunt, crying, brought up the rear.

"Jim! Jim! I want to speak to you! do listen one minute!" cried Rob, standing on the bottom step.

"Don't hinder there! Move out of the way," said the man authoritatively.

"But I haven't seen him ever so long," pleaded Rob.

"Move out of the way, I tell you," reiterated the other.

There was no help for it. Rob followed them to the cab door. He caught one glimpse of the small white face under the blanket cover, as they laid him on the seat, and then losing all control over himself, he thrust his head under the man's arm.

"Jimmy, I only wanted to tell you I'm going to give him that book back now; and only come back again, and I'll never take another."

A sound box on the ear from the exasperated official, and the cab was driving off. Rob watched it to the corner, then he went in, up to his attic, put the book under his jacket, shouldered his broom, and trudged back, straight to Grant's shop, through the open door, up to the tall, thin man at the counter at the back.

The man was still busy sorting out papers. He looked over his spectacles sharply at the small ragged figure in front. "Run away; I can't do with you in here, he said.

"I know," agreed Rob politely; "but I came to bring that book back. I took it off your shelf outside, days ago. I wanted to keep it—dreadfully, but I've felt so bad about it, it was no use."

"And how many more of my books have you taken the same way?"

"That's all," returned Rob. "I saw it in the window first, and the picture of the two men in the ditch, and I wanted to see how they got out."

"Did any one see you steal it?"

"I should just think not! I put it under my jacket."

"Don't you think you deserve to be sent to prison, taking my books away in that fashion and keeping them till you've done with them?"

"But I haven't done with it," broke in the culprit dejectedly. "I wouldn't mind half so much but for that. We'd only got to where he went to sleep in the Beautiful house, and there's lots after that. I wouldn't speak to Jim after, because he said it was mean to take it that way. I knowed that, but there wasn't any other way to get it; and now he's gone away to the hospital, and I couldn't get to tell him I was going to——" But there Rob's voice and courage broke down together; he laid his head against the side of the counter in a perfect storm of sobs.

Rob had done what we wiser ones have often done likewise, and perhaps with less excuse—known the right way and taken the wrong, because we "wanted it dreadfully." Mr. Grant was old, but he had been young; he settled his spectacles on his nose, and talked to the sorrowful little reprobate in a way he had never been talked to before.

They were lighting the street lamps when Rob came out of the shop again, leaving the fateful book in Mr. Grant's keeping.

Early every morning for a month he was to go and sweep the steps and the pavement before the windows.

"And then," said the good man, "if you have done it well, and without missing any day, you shall have the book for your own. You will have earned it in payment."

Rob kept the contract. All the misty autumn mornings, he and his broom were ready for action as soon as the shutters were taken down, and whatever might be the state of neighbouring pavements, Mr. Grant's was beyond all criticism in its unspeckled neatness.

It was the proudest day of Rob's small life when, the fourth Saturday, he walked complacently in to claim his reward. Mr. Grant took it out of a drawer at the back of the counter, and wrote his name on the fly-leaf.

"There; and whenever you want another book, Rob, come and tell me about it, and you shall have it on the same terms. You have honestly earned that."

Rob's eyes fairly danced with delight as he took it. "And Jimmy's coming back on Monday, Mr. Grant, so we can go on just where we left off. I think stealing that book was the luckiest thing I ever did, don't you?"

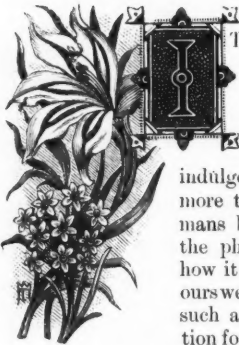
"No, indeed, Rob," returned Mr. Grant. "It was the bringing it back, and doing your best to atone for the theft. Stealing never brought any one good luck yet."

SARAH PITT.

SOME BI-CENTENARY GLIMPSES.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

I.—ENGLAND IN 1684-5.



T seems quite a modern fashion to recall centenaries, and the memories attached to them. Our forefathers do not seem to have indulged in the practice, any more than the Greeks or Romans before them. It is for the philosophers to find out how it is that in these days of ours we have been inspired with such an extraordinary veneration for centuries. Goethe had his centenary commemoration in 1849, Robert Burns in 1859, Sir Walter Scott in 1871. The fourth centenary of the birth of Luther was celebrated in 1883, and the fifth centenary of Wiclif is to be commemorated in the end of the present year.

Except that it is a round number, there is really no reason why the century should be so remarkably signalised. But the human mind has a fancy for round numbers. Why does a rich man never subscribe £90 or £110 to a charity? Just because he has a fancy for the round hundred. On the same principle, if we betake ourselves to the study of past times, and to a comparison between them and the present, we find the centuries very convenient milestones. It is natural to make the same year in two or more centuries a point of comparison. And comparisons of this kind will always give us a more vivid view of the past, and in most cases will bring out very clearly what ample reason we have to be thankful for the present.

We propose in these papers to leap backwards two hundred years. The years 1684-5 were remarkable years, not only in England, but throughout Europe, and even in the young settlements of the Western Continent. What were people thinking and saying this day two hundred years ago? What were their hopes and fears? Glance where we may, we shall find a state of things so different from what we are now experiencing, as to make us seem to be living in a new world, in which the storms and miseries of the past have been left far behind.

What were the people of England thinking of their king? Better, probably, on the whole, than at any former period of his reign. Charles II. had now realised much of what his heart had always been set on. He had got rid of most of the friends of liberty, at least most of those from whose opposition to his arbitrary rule he had most to fear. The great and powerful Lord Shaftesbury had died in

Holland. Lord Russell, a name which all now venerate, had quite recently been executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in front of his father's house. Algernon Sidney, another patriot, had shared the same fate, on the pretext of being implicated in the Rye House conspiracy against the lives of the king and his brother James. Measures of such increased severity had been adopted against the Nonconformists, that it seemed as if they would be able in future to do little or nothing to restrain the royal prerogative. Charles had made a secret treaty with Louis XIV. of France, who was about to strike a blow at the Protestants of his kingdom that would utterly extirpate them, and be a terrible lesson for all who made conscience their plea for maintaining a religion that kings could not control.*

All looked well for Charles. The nation had got accustomed to his ways, even to the shameful profligacy of his private life. The indignation that had been felt some twenty years before at his treatment of his young wife, Katharine of Braganza, had long since apparently died away; and the notion had come to be tacitly accepted that in such matters a king was not to be tried by ordinary rules. It was said of Charles that he was liked by every one, and loved by none. His agreeable manners gave him a kind of popularity, but no one could trust him, and where there is no trust there can be little love. There was always a fear that he would strike some new blow at Protestantism, and destroy what remained of the liberties of the people. But every one knew right well that whatever Charles might do, or might wish to do, his brother James, who was to succeed him, would do tenfold worse; and people were disposed to bear the ills they had rather than fly to others that they knew not of. A dull but real wish for long life to King Charles pervaded the nation, though it sent a bitter pang to many a heart to think that the rule of such a profligate was, in the circumstances, the best thing then possible for England.

But upon this fair sky there suddenly appeared a cloud, and it changed the whole aspect of things. Though he was only in his fifty-fifth year, and the vigour of his constitution did not appear to be broken, he was seized, on the 2nd February, 1685, with sudden illness, and after a struggle of five days, in the course of which he was admitted into the Church of Rome, and at one time politely apologised to his attendants for being such an unconscionable

* The Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685.

time dying, he passed to his account on the 6th February, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, who now became James II.

It is anything but a pleasant glimpse of the Court and its head that Macaulay has given us in his account of the King's last Sunday evening. "His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that on such a day his Court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall—an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors—was crowded with revellers and gamblers. . . . While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains."

On that Sabbath evening, and amid the revelry of that magnificent hall, we may fancy an unseen hand writing MENE, MENE, for before another Sabbath dawned, Charles II. had appeared at the judgment-seat of God.

We get a glimpse of a very different state of things when we look into Newgate and other places in the country for the confinement of criminals. An Anabaptist schoolmaster of the name of Delaune had published a book entitled "A Plea for Nonconformists," stating with all moderation his objections to the established worship; for this, in November, 1683, he had been thrown into Newgate, where he was joined by his wife and two infant children. The accommodation and treatment of prisoners in Newgate in those days was the most horrible that can be conceived; and as no public provision was made for their maintenance, they depended wholly on the charity of friends. The Delaune family appear to have been especially destitute, and between the foulness of the place, the misery of their destitution, and the hopelessness of the situation, the whole family died, Delaune himself, after lying in gaol fifteen months, having died, if we calculate rightly, just a few days after the King.

The persecution of Nonconformists was specially active during the year 1684. Unhappily some of the bishops are said to have urged their hearers to give information against them. Many were cited into the spiritual courts, excommunicated, and ruined. In the town and neighbourhood of Uxbridge alone two hundred warrants of distress were issued upon persons charged with frequent conventicles. Among others against whom a

warrant of apprehension went out was the venerable and heavenly-minded Richard Baxter, now an old man, and suffering great pain and weakness from excruciating diseases. Baxter knew that the warrant did not authorise the bursting open of his doors, and shut himself up in his study. On this, six officers got possession of his study door and confined him to the room all night, till next day he was compelled to yield. They carried him to the sessions, where he was scarcely able to stand, and bound him in a bond of £400 to his good behaviour. If his friends had not been sureties for him, contrary to his desire, he must have gone to prison and died there like many other excellent men.

Amid the many shocking instances of unfair trials which, now that Jeffreys was Chief Justice, disgraced the English tribunal, that of Mr. Rosewel, a Nonconformist minister at Rotherhithe, was pre-eminent for its atrocity. On November 8th, 1684, Mr. Rosewel was tried for high treason, and accused of having preached that we had had two wicked kings, Charles II. and his father, and that they could be compared to no other person than the most wicked Jeroboam, and that if they (his hearers) would stand to their principles, he had no doubt they would overcome their enemies, as in former times, with rams' horns, broken platters, and a stone in a sling. The only witnesses against Rosewel were three wretched women, who could not prove that they had even been present at the meeting, or that any one had seen them there. Persons who had heard the sermon, and who had taken notes, said they had heard no such words, and Rosewel offered to produce his own manuscript to show that they were not there. Besides, he maintained that even in Cromwell's time he was conspicuous for loyalty. Notwithstanding, Jeffreys urged the jury to convict, and accordingly they brought Mr. Rosewel in as guilty of high treason. But conviction on such evidence was too great an outrage even for the King and his friends, and on Mr. Rosewel's appeal, the charge was abandoned, and he escaped punishment.

Just a fortnight before the King's own death, another victim of intolerance passed to the unseen world. This was the Rev. William Jenkyns, M.A., who had been educated at St. John's, Cambridge, and had held important appointments in the Church. He was one of the two thousand ministers ejected in 1660, but when the indulgence of 1671 was given, and after it was revoked, he continued preaching. On 2nd September, 1684, being at a private religious conference with some of his brethren, "the soldiers broke in, and carried him before two aldermen, who treated him very rudely, and upon his refusing the Oxford oath, committed him to Newgate. While he was there, he petitioned the king for a release, his physicians declaring that

his life was in danger from the close confinement. No security would be accepted, so that he soon declined in health, and died in Newgate, January 19, 1684-5, in the seventy-third year of his age, having been a prisoner four months and a week. A little before his death he said that a man might be as effectually murdered at Newgate as at Tyburn.

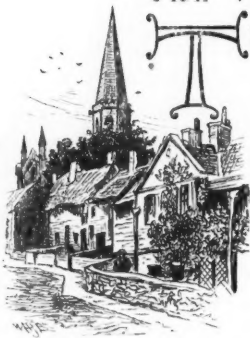
When James II. succeeded to the throne, and, counting on the stability of the reaction in favour of royalty which had marked the later part of his brother's reign, showed his little finger thicker than his brother's loins, the cause of freedom and the cause of Protestantism seemed hopelessly lost. But the darkest hour of night proved to be the harbinger of dawn; a new reaction set in, and the fabric of tyranny which had been reared so carefully, having been handled unskilfully, collapsed like a spider's web.

The accession of James was followed by the insurrection of Monmouth in England, and of Argyll in Scotland, and the disastrous termination of both. Then followed the "Bloody Assizes," and the shameful judicial murders of Chief Justice Jeffreys. And among all the outrages of the time, not the least revolting was the re-arrest and imprisonment of Richard Baxter. The aged saint was committed to the King's Bench prison on the 28th February (three weeks after the king's death), but having obtained a *habeas corpus* he escaped to the country, and was not tried till 30th May. The appearance of the meek old man before the ruffian Jeffreys has been compared to that of Paul before Nero. The shameless indecency of his trial by Jeffreys is well known.

It ended in Baxter being fined 500 marks, and condemned to lie in prison till he paid it. Some say that Jeffreys wished him to be whipped through the city. Baxter, being unable to pay the fine, went to prison and remained there two years. His confinement took place in a house adjacent to the prison. It was not till November, 1686, that the keeper of the King's Bench got the order to discharge him, and not till 28th February, 1687, that he returned to his own house in the Charterhouse churchyard. Four years after he died, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. It is a humbling thought that one whom all now allow to have been among the best of men, should have spent two years, when sick, infirm, and upwards of threescore years and ten, with thieves and rogues in the precincts of a prison.

What a change two hundred years have brought about in England! Who stands in awe now of the tyranny of the Sovereign? Who trembles now for the liberties of the people, or the toleration of religious opinions? We have a Sovereign so pure that calumny dare not breathe upon her name. From religious jealousy and animosity we are by no means free; but we are all allowed to worship as our consciences dictate, without any one to make us afraid. And whatever may be the amount of sectarian jealousy, we do believe that the keenest advocate of ecclesiastical privilege within our shores would be ashamed to fall back on a policy of fine and imprisonment against any body of Nonconformists, and would not fail to repudiate as unjust and shameful any benefit which his sect might derive from such unchristian measures.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHES OF ENGLAND.



THE churches of our villages are frequently of surpassing interest. Notwithstanding they are built of different material in various localities—sandstone, limestone, ragstone, or flint, as it may be—there is a certain similarity of treatment and form that presents us with an assurance

that piety found but one way of expressing itself architecturally throughout the land in each successive century.

The earliest village churches consisted of nave and chancel. There are a few examples of these fabrics still left to us. They are small, low, and

grey. Sometimes there is a bell-cot at the west end. Sometimes, instead, in Saxon examples, there is a western tower about twelve feet square. In some instances, especially in Northumberland, the arch of the Saxon tower is all that is left of the original fabric, the rest having been taken down in Norman times, or in some succeeding century, when additions have been made to increase the accommodation for worshippers. In this border country a tower was requisite as a point of observation whence the approach of enemies could be described, as well as for a place of refuge for women and children when they drew near, and it was consequently retained and renewed. In the south and west of England and in Wales a nave and small chancel generally afforded all the accommodation required.

We may easily trace the various enlargements that have been effected to most village churches. Either the north or the south wall of the nave



ABBEY DORE CHURCH.

was generally removed, and its place supplied with an arcade of columns, beyond which an aisle was thrown out. After some time—perhaps with the interval of a century or more—the opposite wall was replaced in the same manner, and a second aisle thrown out. When the first alteration was made, the massive cylindrical columns used by the Normans were placed on the site of the wall taken down; when the second aisle was thrown out lighter columns of clustered pillars had come into use, and thus there is a difference between the two aisles which is thoroughly understood. Then we find the small apse, or the chancel, has been elongated, and only the west end remains untouched. Sometimes this has also

been altered, but more frequently we find it strengthened with buttresses, or repaired with but slight alterations. In some instances, where there has been a small tower, the arch has been preserved, and the three outer tower walls rebuilt on larger foundations.

Here is an ancient village church, standing on a ridge of land overlooking a sweep of green country that spreads out to the sea on one side, and to the Cheviots on the other. It is the church of St. Andrew, Bolam. It stands in a grassy churchyard, overshadowed by trees. It was one of the hoary, sturdy piles erected by the Saxon evangelists in the ancient Kingdom of Northumbria. We may see they paced out the

nave to be forty feet long by fifteen feet in breadth, and gave it a tower at the west end that measures twelve feet six inches by twelve feet. Their chancel has disappeared. It must have been taken down in Norman times, for there is a depressed Norman chancel-arch *in situ* now, enriched with beak-head ornament.

Down in Kent, among the corn-fields, cherry orchards, and hop-gardens, there are many beautiful little village churches, some of them built of flint, with angles of Kentish ragstone, that appear, in their venerable grace, to have ripened with the sunshine of the centuries they have seen. Barfreton Church is a delighting legacy of Norman workmanship.

Buckland Church, near Dover, is captivating. At the west end are two fine buttresses, rising from the ground wide apart, but gradually nearing each other till they meet, forming an arch over three lancet windows. As we look upon them, we may remember Queen Eleanor had a country seat in Kent, and it is possible the masons who wrought at her bidding admired, if they did not execute, this graceful "bit" of fenestration. Near Sandwich, too, are several mellow and picturesque examples. The church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Eyethorne, is venerably interesting. St. Andrew's Church, Sibertswold, is austere simple and appealing.

The village churches in the south-west counties, or cider counties, as they are sometimes called, are particularly rich. Many of them are of Tudor workmanship, and are built on a much larger scale than the tiny edifices of Saxon and Norman times. When Henry VII. was building his beautiful chapel in Westminster Abbey, many of his lieges caught the same feeling and taste that prompted his outlay on this work, and reared, in their respective localities, edifices that were in the same style, without attempting to vie with its richness. Then, perhaps, to these structures a porch was added when Queen Elizabeth was making her summer progresses, and subsequently further alterations were effected when King Charles had come to his own, tinged with classic taste, telling of foreign travel, all of which yield

a lighter air and tone than the work of the masons of earlier centuries.

Abbey Dore Church, near to Hereford, is an unusually fine village church, with much work in it of these later times—mysteriously vast, indeed, as though built with vague longings in the hearts of its builders for some greater purpose. Within three miles or so, at Kilpeck, is a small, massive Norman church of great curiosity, with some lingering traces on it, at its angles, of the plodding touch of previous Saxon masons.

There are little Welsh churches, built of stone, with slated roofs, so plain, so featureless, that it is difficult to be sure they are not barns. There are others, again, no larger, that arrest all passers-by with their plaintive beauty. Here is Llanbedr Church, on the dashing, darting Arthro. It is full of delicacy and grace, though consisting only of the usual nave and chancel, with a small bell-cot on the west end. A generous giver, however, recently added a small vestry and an open-timbered porch. Like the rest, it stands in a churchyard, only the tombstones lie flat upon the earth, fringed with the grass that grows around them.

These memorials of departed Welsh villagers are made of slate, and are incised with Welsh inscriptions, giving the names and the dates of the births and deaths in the usual way. Over the entrance to the church is a small slate tablet, inscribed with an admonition, which is likewise in Welsh, to the effect that none should enter that privileged sanctuary save with good thoughts. We may venture to cross the threshold, notwithstanding. Within all is orderly. There is an ancient open-timbered roof; an unusually picturesque chancel-arch, formed with rough-hewn, slab-formed stones; a central pathway between the two rows of sittings; a stained-glass window on the south side, and a second stained-glass window at the east end, both masterpieces of colour, steely, pale, and wan tints contrasting, incomparably, with deep and rich tones; a few mural tablets; and a general air and tinge of refined and homely piety.

In a word, these village churches present a field of interest that is practically inexhaustible.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

OH, homestead of the long ago!
Thou haven of my wandering fate,
How could I guess, how could I know
Thy walls were lone and desolate?
And loving hearts thy paths that blest
Ever and evermore at rest!

I dreamed that boyhood's radiant hours
Would be my own in reaching thee,
But weeds have crept across the flowers

Guarded of old so yearningly:
I dreamed of pardon softly spoken—
God gave them sleep—their hearts were broken.

Oh, Thou Whose pity dried their tears
And hushed their agony to calm,
Forgive the lost, the wayward years;
And 'mid the tender angels' psalm
Oh, grant my soul at last may come,
For Jesu's sake, to Love and Home!

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.



Oh, Thou Whose pity dried their tears,
And hushed their agony to calm,
Forgive the lost, the wayward years ;

And 'mid the tender angels' psalm
Oh, grant my soul at last may come,
For Jesu's sake, to Love and Home !



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SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, BRISTOL.



BLESSED! This is the first word of the Book of Psalms. And this is the keynote of all the Book. Here as frontispiece he sets the portrait of him of whom he is going to tell—here is the picture of the Blessed Man. The history follows him through ups and downs, through ins and outs, through troubled fall and gracious deliverance, until at last he reaches the land where sorrow and sighing are fled away, and day and night praise fills the holy Temple.

Very full of meaning is the background of this picture. There are three groups, having little to do with each other, yet bound together by dreadful bonds of union, so that the first group is ever moving on to become the second, and the second goes on in turn to become the third.

The first group is of men who are walking and talking. In the second group they stand, busied. The third is alone, one man, and he is seated. The sunshine falls only just beyond the first company. About the second the shadows fall more thickly, whilst over the third there is a deeper gloom in which we see the dark and scowling face.

Walking—standing—sitting—these are the three stages. *Counsel—way—seat*—these are the three steps. Thoughts lead to deeds, and deeds to habits.

Ungodly. Without God; this is the first character. *Sinners.* Actual transgressors and rebels; this is the second character. The third is the *Scorner*—not scorners—he sitteth ever alone.

Take care of the starting point, for the walk makes the way, and the way makes the end. These are the three dreadful steps to the "outer darkness"—Neglecting (Heb. ii. 3), Rejecting (Heb. xii. 25), Despising (Heb. x. 28).

There are few things in the English language more powerful than that poem, in which the writer tracks some man of splendid gifts along this course and on to the seat of the scorner. It is entitled "The Vision of Sin." Turn and read it, the first part slowly and aloud, so as to feel its wonderful music; then let the soul be caught and swept along with the fierce current of the passionate utterance of its second part. Then in the third part there comes the thought of God, like the tolling of a bell—but not to move repentance or fear, only a cold, black, dreadful scorn of all things:—

"A grey and gap-toothed man, as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a withered heath,

And lighted at a ruined inn, and said—
"Fill the cup and fill the can!
Mingle madness, mingle scorn
Dregs of life and lees of man,
Yet we will not die forlorn!"

And then the vision ends:—

"Below were men and horses pierced with worms,
And slowly quickening into lower forms,
By shards and scurf of salt and seum of dross,
Old plash of rains and refuse patched with moss.

And on the glimmering limits far withdrawn,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

Such is the background of the picture. "Now," saith this man of whom the Psalmist sings, "there surely is another way than that, if I can but find it. God cannot have sent me into the world for that. He cannot have put things together so as to let that be the inevitable. Oh, for some other counsel and some other companionship which shall guide my steps into a way of peace, and lead me on, not to black hate and scorn, but to an eternal praise! What strong Hand, what wise Guide is there?" The answer is this—*The Word of God.*

The Blessed Man sits, and upon his face is thrown a reflected light. It comes up from the open Bible that lies before him. *His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.* That comes in between him and them, *the law of the Lord*—an authority mighty and majestic, from which there is no appeal; yet not a burden or a hardship—his *delight* is in the law of the Lord.

Now the blessed man grows right up out of the Word of God. He does not *read* it only, does not only *search* it; he *meditates* in it day and night. He lets his thoughts and desires feed upon it.

In all the grandeur of its authority the law of the Lord comes into the heart—"Thus saith the Lord." Contact with the solemn presence of Jehovah, a holy fear and reverence before Him, a lowly obedience that waits listening to His voice, and heeds it earnestly, these are the very foundations in the character of the blessed man.

But not a foundation only does the blessed man find in the law of the Lord. Meditation carries its healing and cleansing grace throughout his whole nature.

"Now ye are clean," said the Lord to His disciples, "now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you." The Word of God cleanses the mind, and the motives, and the imagination. Young people especially will find it well to try and picture the scenes of the Bible, to hang these scenes about the chambers of the mind. Few things go more surely to shape the life than the imagination. I can think of no

life lower or more hopeless than his in whom every sight is made to minister to a foul imagination. And on the other hand, few shall walk the earth more safely than they whose minds are all hung about with pure visions, within whose crystal walls there entereth nothing that defileth or maketh unclean. Let meditation be the limner whose hands shall set in glowing colours these scenes about the chambers of the mind.

And yet more than this. We may venture, I think, to alter the word, "His delight is in the love of the Lord, and in the love of the Lord doth he meditate day and night." Sweet and hallowed companionship is ours with that Best Friend and Dearest Brother, Who walks and talks with us whenever we meditate upon His Word. Not alone we sit. "I will come unto you," is His promise. And this is the appointed place; here He bids us wait and look for Himself. Beside this stream, whose waters make glad the City of God, and underneath this tree of life, is His trysting place. And in that presence to lose the loneliness of life, to forget the fear and weakness, to have Him as our own, to find the mind illumined as He openeth the understanding, to find the promises so rich, and full, and personal, and present, as He openeth the Word, and to have the faith emboldened till, like St. John, it leans on His bosom, and with Thomas calls Him "My Lord and my God," to have in Him the past hushed—a holy calm which no voice of condemnation breaks—to have in Him the future all lit up with the glow of heaven's sunny distance, to find the love of all the heart drawn out and satisfied in Him: this is blessedness indeed. So comes the Blessed Man.

He shall be like a tree. The word comes from the same source as the word truth—that which stands and abides. The blessed man is he who has got something to hold on *with*—and he has got something to hold on *to*. *A tree planted.* His roots are wrapt about the stones. His principles have taken hold of God's everlasting truth. The ungodly are like the chaff—there is neither rest nor resting-place—whirled hither and thither, now up into the heavens, now trampled in the mud. Oh, the calm of the blessed man! It may blow a hurricane, tossing the branches, sweeping the leaves, but the roots hold to the rocks. Where else can a man find the Abiding, and the Almighty, and the Authority that can give him so settled and sure a hold as this? The word of the Lord *abideth*, and *abideth for ever*. Blessed indeed is it, amidst the shifting things of life, its trembling uncertainties, its fleeting shadows, to get on to the granite of God's own Word for a foundation. *He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water*—not only firmness and strength shall he find here; not a commandment only, but a promise; not only a law, but that which ministers to life. The

Word is a refreshment, a secret source of nourishment. Fierce heats may beat, and summer droughts may linger long, but the river of God is ever full of water.

He bringeth forth His fruit in His season. A man suited for the times, who hath hope for the spring-time, and joy for the summer, and peace for the autumn, and patience for the winter. Like trees whereon the many grafts present a variety of fruits, some late, some early, he bringeth forth gentleness and brave faith, and all the year round the golden fruit of love and praise. This meditation on the Word is the secret of blessedness. Strength, stability, and gentleness are the sure outcome of it.

And beginning with the presence of God in the Word, he goes forth to find that presence in the world, to find that "law of the Lord" everywhere and in everything; God's voice meets him in the business and hallows it. His presence is felt in the pleasure, and His great law of love encompasses him with favour as with a shield.

His leaf also shall not wither. The tree has two ends, root and leaf. The root that abides unmoved in every season—firm as the ground in which it sets its hold—and the leaf-end, sporting with the sunshine, dripping with the showers whispering to the breeze, swayed by the lightest breath. The principles are the roots—they never yield—but the Blessed Man has a thousand interests and sympathies, with a thousand passing things—politics, pleasures, friendships, children; and because the root is by the river, the furthest leaf is green; because the principle is fixed, the outermost thing of life shall feel its whole-some power, and be kept in health and beauty.

Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The Blessed Man is ever a prosperous man, a rich man—the richest. He possesses who enjoys. He possesses who turns to truest account the opportunities of life. Sit down and think of an ideal prosperity. Is it not a calm, settled, contented life, without the madness of remorse, without consuming fear? Prosperity is his, who has had the breath of God breathed over him, with His "Peace, be still." The Spirit of God has brooded over him and hushed the storm and ended the confusion, and brought light and rest and gladness.

In hope, in enjoyment, in memory, in sure confidence, a rich and prosperous man is this Blessed Man, one whom kings might envy. Putting a conscience into his work, too, and doing least things as unto God, what he does shall be well done, and his work shall prosper.

So he goes along his way, as one having dominion, walking the earth with a firm step, knowing Whose world it is, and Whose hand leads him, and whither he is going. He knows God's law, and God knows his way, and in that knowledge is the very centre of rest, and the secret of Heaven's own blessedness.

QUEEN MARGARET AND KING MALCOLM.

["MARGARET was her warlike husband's teacher in the faith of Christ; and often she would read the New Testament to him, explaining its divine lessons of humility, charity, and piety."]

IN the grand historic pages
Of the records of the past
There are pictures of dark ages,
That we love to think will last.

Then man battled fiercely, madly,
But, in every lull from strife,
Margaret taught her husband gladly
From the precious Book of Life.



(Drawn by SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.)

Such a picture, lit with glory,
Like a jewel richly set,
Gleams before us in the story
Of the Scotch queen, Margaret.

When the world was waiting dumbly,
Seeking vainly for a guide,
This good queen was gazing humbly
At the Saviour crucified.

Often Malcolm Canmore listened
To the story of the Cross,
Till with tears his fierce eyes glistened,
Till he counted glory loss.

Pleasant picture this we're keeping—
One we love to gaze upon,
Bringing harvest worth the reaping
From the ages that are gone.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—WHICH IS IT TO BE?



“I AM sure I don’t know!” said Adelaide Berry crossly to herself, as she stood before the glass, hurriedly tying on her plain dark bonnet. . . . “And yet, after all, I suppose it must be ‘Yes.’ Most people would not be able to see why I should hesitate for a moment!”

But Miss Berry frowned more crossly than before as she said this; and then, having drawn on her gloves, she forgot that she had been in a hurry, and stood still for a minute by the dressing-table to think. The truth was, that the worse part of her nature was trying hard to conquer the better; consequently she was feeling by no means happy or at her ease.

Words came to her, which she had read to Mrs. Mountebank only that morning—“No man is bound to be rich or great; no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest.”

“And I am honest,” she said to herself in a low, quiet tone. “Who dares to say that I am not?”

She was a young woman of seven or eight and twenty, dark-complexioned, and rather sharp-featured; fairly good-looking, with black eyes and shining black hair—very nicely, yet, at the same time, very plainly, arranged; for Mrs. Mountebank, with whom she lived as companion, would have found fault at once if the slightest sign of a curl or a braid had appeared, even on an afternoon like the present, when the two were going out together to drink tea at the vicarage.

“Miss Berry!” called a somewhat irritable voice now. “I hope you have nearly finished your dressing! I have been ready these five minutes!”

And Adelaide hurried out, thinking to herself—

“I should be foolish indeed if I said ‘No.’ I am getting more and more tired every day of this kind of life; and yet—”

But now she had reached the hall, and at the open door stood Mrs. Mountebank—a little old lady, with a pale face and white curls, and robed in rustling black silk, over which a white shawl with lavender border showed to advantage.

The two were soon in the lane; and there, only a few hundred yards distant, was the vicarage—a little, brown, old-fashioned building, almost hidden by trees.

And very near it was another house, also partially hidden by trees, a larger and certainly far handsomer house, with an imposing white front. More than once Adelaide glanced in its direction, but Mrs. Mountebank did not observe her.

The sky was dull, the air was chill, but the ground was dry; and both ladies felt that the short walk was refreshing and cheering them. But they spoke scarcely a word as they went; they saw so much of each other that they really had very little to say.

They arrived at the vicarage, and were presently seated at the table in the bright, cheerful drawing-room, and being talked to by the kind but absent-minded vicar occasionally; and by his busy, happy little wife continually.

And now Miss Berry felt that she might consider herself relieved for a time from her duties as companion, for Mrs. Mountebank, being an old inhabitant of the village, would find enough to talk about—with Mrs. Leigh—for some time; and very possibly would even forget her companion’s presence.

As Adelaide (even more silent than usual, this evening, Mrs. Leigh thought her) sipped her tea very leisurely and composedly to all appearance, the door was thrown open, and Mr. Stapleton announced—a tall, thin gentleman, with a face as dreamy and gentle as the vicar’s own. And Adelaide started visibly, and spilt a few drops of tea upon the pretty, bright table-cover. But no one observed her, for all were busy in welcoming the newcomer, who was a person of no small importance in the village, being both rich and benevolent. He was also unmarried, and, as far as was known, disengaged.

As he went round shaking hands, the gentleman was, in a slow, kindly voice, making his excuses for being late. But no one appeared especially to regard them; the wonder would have been had he been in time, for, as every one who knew him was aware, he was punctual only in being unpunctual.

“I am afraid I entirely lost myself in a box of new books which I received to-day,” he said. “I am very much ashamed to own it; but it is better to tell the truth at once.”

Adelaide did not feel pleased at this.

“Complimentary to me!” she was thinking. “He knew I should be here. However, everybody knows that he is always late. And, besides, what can it signify to me? . . . I have *quite* made up my mind now; and I shall *not* say yes!”

No one imagined for a moment that Mr. Stapleton had ever given a thought to Miss Berry; therefore Mrs. Leigh was not careful that he should have an opportunity of conversing with her, as she otherwise would have been. And Mr. Stapleton did not feel inclined to make his opportunity. His time would come. And he engaged himself in conversation with

the vicar, for the most part, and appeared quite content.

And Miss Berry sat, holding wool for Mrs. Mountebank to wind—or looking through a collection of photographs with Mrs. Leigh—thinking her own thoughts the while; and, in a way, she also was content.

But the hours passed quickly away; and the evening seemed soon over; and bonnets were once more donned, and the two ladies were returning. And Mr. Stapleton had volunteered his services as escort, to Mrs. Mountebank's evident gratification.

And on the way he contrived to find an opportunity to whisper—gravely enough—

"Is it, Yes, or No, Miss Berry?"

And Miss Berry whispered hurriedly in return—
"I'll write."

CHAPTER II.—NO.

AND she did write.

And there sat Mr. Stapleton, the owner and occupier of the white house among the trees, on a dismal rainy day, in his little dark, dull, dusty study, whose one window was almost overgrown by a now fast-withering creeper—reading her letter.

He sighed as he finished it, and laid it upon the table before him. And then, rubbing his hands, for they were cold, he cast a forlorn glance at the black, smoky fire.

"I had thought——" he uttered, half sorrowfully, half resignedly. "But—never mind. So our dreams vanish."

And the wind moaned outside, and the rain, and the dying leaves of the creeper pattered dolefully against the window. And now a servant entered—an untidy girl, with a black face and dirty apron—and with a great noise and clatter she made up the fire and departed.

Next, Mr. Stapleton took up the letter again, and re-read it. It was a long one; and in it Adelaide Berry had told him all her mind. Part of it ran thus:—

"I wished to be free—and to be mistress of such a house as yours. I thought how surprised everybody would be, and what a little triumph it would be for me. But—when I remembered how good and honourable you were—though I tried to say Yes, from mercenary motives, I could not. And now I am glad and thankful that my better self conquered. The simple truth is that I had no thought of loving you; for I never dreamed, till I received your letter yesterday, that you would care for me. I thank I respect—I honour you; but this would not be enough to make me the good, and true, and loving wife you deserve."

It was No, then.

Mr. Stapleton gave another long sigh, rose from his chair, thrust the letter into his breast coat-pocket, and left the room.

And then, taking his hat and an umbrella, but forgetting his overcoat, he went out into the rain.

In the course of an hour or so he returned, soaking wet through, but far more cheerful and hopeful than when he had set out.

"She is worth having," he said to himself, as he closed the hall-door behind him, and was proceeding to his study. "I will not give her up yet. But I must have patience; there is nothing like it. I will wait a year, and see how she treats me. But, dear me!" suddenly observing how the rain was dripping from his drenched garments to the floor, "I had no idea that it was so wet!" And he turned again, and went in the direction of the kitchen.

CHAPTER III.—YES.

AUTUMN gave place to winter. And a very long, dreary winter it was, Miss Berry thought. However, it passed away at last, and the spring came again; but she even thought the spring dreary also. The flowers seemed so long coming out, the clouds were so many, the sunbeams so few.

At length the summer was advancing.

It was a warm, sunshiny afternoon, and Mrs. Mountebank and her companion sat in a neat, prim little parlour, sewing, the latter lady moving her fingers rather listlessly. Neither had spoken for perhaps an hour, when Mrs. Mountebank said suddenly, almost sharply—

"Are you not feeling well, Miss Berry?"

"Yes, thank you, madam," returned Adelaide, the colour mounting in an instant into her dark cheeks.

"Then why do you not speak occasionally? You get more and more silent every day, I do believe! And you are as pale, and dull, and dismal-looking as it is possible for a person to be, I should think!"

Miss Berry was moving her needle energetically enough now. There was a moment's silence; then she rejoined, in a resolute but quiet voice—

"I have no doubt that I am all you say, madam—and worse! . . . I do not deserve any further kindness or forbearance from you—for you have shown me both; and I might have been received into a far less happy home than this. I have long wished to speak, but I had not the courage. I had better leave you, if you please, a month from this. In a strange place, with only strange faces around me, I may have the good sense to be more contented. Forgive me—I am——"

But here Miss Berry's work fell on her lap, and she covered her face with her hands; and astonished Mrs. Mountebank thought that she heard a sob.

"My dear Miss Berry!" in a tone of mingled concern and impatience, "what can possibly be the matter with you? Leave me! What do you mean? I don't want you to leave me! And what is more, I shall not take your notice! And so I tell you! Perhaps the hot weather has tried you. Put on your bonnet, and go out for a quiet stroll under the trees. That will do you good, I dare say; and don't let me hear any more nonsense about leaving!"

And Miss Berry dried her tears, uttered her thanks, and did as she was bid.

And, ten minutes later, she was slowly walking up and down a shady field-path, white hoary old oaks

waved their green branches over her head, and whispered their sweet "leaf-music" in her ear, and "clouds of bluebells" stretched away under the hedgerows, and dog-rose and bramble were flaunting

She had long ago discovered that she had made a great mistake last autumn. If she had been honest, she had also been hasty; and "too great caution, too much rashness, both alike are harmful." "Honour



"It is better to tell the truth at once."—p. 58.

their long streamers against the clear sky. And bees were humming, and grasshoppers chirping, and butterflies flitting hither and thither. And all together made up a happy living picture of a golden summer day.

But Miss Berry herself was the centre figure in the picture, of course; and she certainly did not look happy.

and respect" for Mr. Stapleton had by this time developed into something far deeper and stronger; but, sad to say, though she not unfrequently met that gentleman at the vicarage, or in the village, he seemed entirely to have forgotten the past, and simply treated her as the most commonplace acquaintance might have done.

But now she paused in her walk, and listened.

What did that sound of rushing and running mean? Were all the cows in the adjoining meadow setting out on a race?—or what? Why, it was farmer North's bull—the terror of the village! And after whom was it rushing? But he (the bull) could not leap the stile, and—

"Oh, it is Mr. Stapleton!" Adelaide exclaimed, aloud, in distress; and at the same moment the gentleman leaped the stile, and, only a little out of breath apparently, was proceeding, without much discomposure, on his way, when a trembling, shaking voice said—

"Oh! Are you hurt?"

Mr. Stapleton turned with a great start; and there, with flushed face and frightened eyes, stood Miss Berry.

"No," he slowly answered, adding then, "And if I had been, what would it have signified."

The only answer was a deeper flush.

"Would you have cared?" coming nearer.

A low "Yes."

"Then you must think just a little more of me than you did last autumn?"

The question had to be repeated, and then came a still lower "Yes."

Mr. Stapleton heard the bull bellowing in disappointed rage on the other side of the stile, and in his heart he thanked him.

"Then—if I once more beg of you to become my wife—for, believe me, I have never forgotten you for a day—no, nor for an hour, during these past months—what will you say?"

And, is there any need to write, that it was *Yes*, after all?

SHORT ARROWS.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

GENEROUS subscriptions, tireless personal efforts led many a dreary life in the summer time to country meadows, and even to hear the waves of the sea. Now, as the evenings darken again, may we plead with kind hearts to remember the poor, and especially those with whom existence at the best is a very grey, very monotonous round. Some who have vocal and musical gifts would find it easy to arrange pleasant little winter entertainments for the old people of the neighbouring workhouse; the authorities as a rule are glad to give them an evening treat like this, and our friends need fear no lack of appreciation. How the faces of the old men shine at the strains of some good old English melody, and the old women forget their aches, and pains, and grievances beneath the hushing power of music. They are quite capable, too, of enjoying good recitations and readings. Above all, it would be infinitely blest to comfort these aged ones with such words of peace as, "O, rest in the Lord," "I waited for the Lord," and other sacred songs that can lift them beyond their cares. Which of the gifted and talented, anxious to serve the Master, will remember His poor old people and brighten their eventide?

A NEW YORK HOME OF INDUSTRY.

Good news reaches us also of an agency of mercy for discharged convicts, the "Home of Industry," 40, East Houston Street, New York city. Wherever the power of Christianity is felt, it is good to notice how earnestly hands are stretched out to seek and to save the wandering; we have similar societies at home, and across the sea come the tidings of a convict who was won to religion after thirty-five years' imprisonment in various institutions, and who has

been working and getting others to work on behalf of discharged prisoners. When he was *last* discharged, they remarked in the prison that he would be back in six weeks' time, but he was enabled to begin a new life, of which the prisoner's Home is partly the outcome. In forty-eight hours this Home had six inmates! It has been enlarged more than once, and now contains beds for forty-two men; services are held in the chapel five times a week, and the basement of the house is occupied by the inmates in making brooms. This work enables them to pay for their support, and sometimes to put money by; it also teaches them a trade that is sure to be useful. All who eat have to work, the managers being anxious to free the men from habits of idleness and crime. Christian friends surround them with kindness and right influences, and it is cause for praise that more than a thousand men have been helped by this Home, whilst permanent work outside has been found for over six hundred.

PREACHING AND HEALING.

No. 47, Endell Street, St. Giles, is the headquarters of the London Medical Mission, that takes for its motto the words, "Preaching the Gospel and healing." One of the workers describes going to see a man with bronchitis, his wife crippled, and one of his three children lame! Their dinner consisted only of bread and cabbage, tea without milk; some milk being supplied, the little lame child went barefooted to bring it. In another room was a child of ten ill with sore throat, waited on through the morning by a little four-year-old. A few sweets and a tablespoonful of milk were all that could be found in the way of sick-room comforts. Ministering to cases like these, visiting and helping the sick poor, the Mission goes on its merciful way, needing not only such

money help as friends can spare, but gifts of garments (new and old), especially warm clothing, not forgetting flannel vests. Medical missions are hard at work not only in London but in many of our large towns, and also in far distant lands, where the poor and infirm hear the Word of God, and receive medicine and advice for their complaints. It is good to know that there are several associations of children banded together to help these missions by collecting money, or by gifts of needlework, toys, magazines, scrap-books, etc.; some of these young helpers are poor themselves, meeting after work hours to do something for those who are still worse off. Dr. Schofield (who has since been removed by death from his untiring labours) wrote to the subscribers from Shansi, China:—"The dispensary is open on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. A good many of the people who come are rich, and we get thus an opportunity of telling them about Jesus, of Whom, perhaps, they would never hear in any other way. One of the missionaries or a Chinese Christian first speaks to the men, and tells them the old, old story of Jesus and His love. Some of the money will be spent in medicine for the sick Chinese, some in warm wadded clothes for the poor in the winter, and some in nourishing food for children, or for men who are too ill to work." A student at a London hospital writes concerning the gifts for sick children supplied to him:—"A few days ago I found a little girl without her right arm, lying apparently very sad, but she brightened up when promised a picture-book. When she next saw me all she did was to utter a soft and plaintive cry of 'B-o-o-k!' and when in the afternoon I fulfilled my promise, much gratified was she." The presents were given on the understanding that when one child has done with them they are passed on to another, and so remain in the hospital.

COMFORT FOR THE PARALYSED.

Those of us who know the mute, helpless appeal of paralysis will be specially touched by the record of what is accomplished by the Ladies' Samaritan Society, connected with that most noble institution, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (Queen's Square, Bloomsbury). Annual subscriptions towards the Samaritan Society are greatly needed just now, for some generous helpers have passed where the weary looks of sickness have ceased to be. This society relieves the out-patients of the National Hospital, whose improvement is almost impossible whilst they are lacking warmth and food; in some cases, where the sufferer can do a little work, help is given to procure a mangle or sewing machine, or stock a small shop, and thus the terrible sense of hopeless poverty, or entire dependence, is mercifully removed. Clothing and coal tickets are always much prized; also materials for making up, books, illustrated magazines, and toys for the little ones. Such cases as the following form the best appeal for a society like this:—A poor woman (aged 59), paralysed

for seven years, was found in great distress. Now, by the help of clothes and bed-linen, and an occasional gift of money, she and her sister (whose precarious earnings as a needlewoman had supported her) are enabled to live. A ticket-collector (earning 23s. a week) was stricken with paralysis; he became speechless and blind. The wife supported him, her four children, and her husband's aged mother from her salary as an assistant Board-school mistress; she was found sorely distressed for clothing and nourishment. The society provided the clothing, and continued to give money-help from time to time, till he who had been bread-winner was set free from pain for ever.

CLOTHES FOR LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Speaking at a most interesting meeting in connection with the Ragged School Union (Secretary, Mr. John Kirk, Exeter Hall, Strand), Lord Shaftesbury bore testimony to the practical gratitude of the little ones who are taken from the streets, and put in the way of earning an honest living at home or abroad. He said that though these children are very scantily clothed themselves, they are most anxious that *he* should have raiment in abundance, and they present him with "all sorts of clothes." "If I were wearing knickerbockers," he said, "you would see that I have on a beautiful pair of stockings, richly worked, presented to me by the children of King Edward Ragged Schools, and which I put on this very day, not with any intention of doing honour to this occasion, but only in the ordinary course of my wear. That fact will show you that Ragged School children are not ungrateful for the kindness shown to them."

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY IN PHILADELPHIA.

With God there is nothing impossible; He has power even to break asunder the fetters of drunkenness. Those who in His strength try to help poor struggling ones, with whom intemperance has become a disease, find difficulties that would seem insurmountable were they not certain that there is nothing too hard for Him. Christian sympathy in Philadelphia is doing noble work in the Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates, taking in the poor drunkard as a patient, and giving him the best medical treatment, sensible hygienic aid, and the kindest moral influence that can help in his recovery. For the first few days his craving for alcohol is terribly trying both to himself and those who are seeking his cure, but for his own sake the utmost firmness is exercised; there is no yielding nor compromise, his permanent reform being the end in view. Our newspapers prove the futility even of repeated warnings and punishments to reclaim the intemperate; thoughtful minds are realising that the painful craving is indeed a physical disease, calling for common-sense remedies and restraints, cheerful surroundings to help the depressed nervous condition, and above all for Christian care such as labour in the Franklin Home.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

"Do you hear the children weeping, oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?"

Mrs. Browning asked the question a long, long time ago, and England paused at her pleading to remember the needs of the little ones. London is listening to their voices now; strong hands are stretched forth to stop the cruelties endured by children sent out to thieve or beg, or undergoing training as acrobats, imps, etc., and to put the law in motion against brutal and drunken parents who are injuring their little children, body and soul, also to gather ill-used and destitute children under safe and tender shelter. The movement has been of great service in America, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., and now in response to a petition list eighteen feet long, the "London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" is an accomplished fact. The Earl of Shaftesbury is President. Miss Hesba Stretton, who told us of little "Jessica," has been earnestly energetic in inaugurating this Society, the labours of which must surely be very near to the heart of Him Who left to His loved ones the care of His lambs.

MESSAGES OF HOPE.

From Peulton, Kaffirland, we hear that the girls of the Christian Training Home are taught cooking, cleaning, ironing, washing, making, mending, etc., and their tastes are refined and elevated by caring for the grounds and garden. The superintendent says, "The girls are encouraged to visit the sick, and the most trustworthy read to the old and sick; some distribute tracts in the native as well as English tongue, reading and, if need be, translating them to groups of listeners. When we remember what Kaffir life is for our girls, we thank God for this Home, where they may be helped both for this life and also for the life to come." From Persia we hear, "We open school with a hymn and prayer. The children are learning an Armenian translation of Dr. Bonar's hymn, 'Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come;'" and in another letter Miss Read, of Julfa, adds, "The two head classes are learning Genesis and St. John's Gospel; the next class is going through St. Mark's Gospel, learning by heart some simple stories from it. We sing 'There is a Happy Land' to the same tune as at home." At Nazareth, where our Lord spent his childhood, there is a Home for 100 orphan children; there are mothers' meetings, day and Sunday schools, and house-to-house visitation. The work is growing, the town is flourishing, and prayer and tokens of goodwill are asked for the labours at Nazareth, and for the little ones gathered in from idolatry, Mohammedanism, and other superstition. Urgent also is the need of help for Bethlehem; about the streets of Bethlehem many little ones are running whom Christian hearts would fain bring into their schools if their friends in England enlarged their powers; meanwhile the good work goes earnestly on, and the Lord is glorified where once there was

no room for Him. And in India, China, Japan, and many a dark spot, lonely and little known, the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East (secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.) is carrying by means of its faithful witnesses hope to the hopeless with the name of JESUS.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll!
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."

AUSTRALIAN MISSION STATIONS.

Waragesda, or the "Home of Mercy," is in New South Wales, one hundred miles from Wagga-Wagga. Christian work is busy there, assisted by the government of New South Wales to the extent of pound for pound voluntarily contributed. Mr. Gribble, whose address till December is 7, Marquess Grove, Islington, was travelling among the white settlers when he became deeply impressed with the need of the aborigines, living in camps in wretchedness and woe. He prayerfully resolved to help them, and though very great difficulties arose as to land, money, etc., in the course of two years there sprang up in the bush quite a township, including a schoolhouse, which also served as a church. In 1882, however, a real mission church was opened, and about that time the day-school was raised to the position of a public school! Many of the black boys and girls read fluently now; they have been, as a rule, quick scholars. Some interesting instances could be given of the glad reception of the Gospel by the natives, even in the case of those whom many regarded as little more than animals. Mr. Gribble earnestly desires on his return to establish a training institution for young missionaries at Waragesda, so that mission work among the natives may be widely developed. Several young people in London have offered themselves for the work.

MISS MASON'S HOMES OF REST.

There are wearied workers at all seasons of the year—workers to whom rest means new power for service; Miss Mason's two homes (Cambridge Gardens, Kilburn Park, and Burlington House, Eastbourne), are open all the year round to receive such as, if toiling on unrefreshed, might faint at their posts of duty, and to send them back revived in soul and body. Lack of means does not exclude any one; the inmates pay according to their means, but voluntary contributions are needed to meet the necessary expenses. There is also a small fund to help poor Christian workers, and provide them with means to relieve distressing privations that may come to their notice in their visitations. Miss Mason is also anxious to do something towards smoothing the old age of worn-out labourers in the vineyard. The homes of rest, helped by contributions large and small from all parts, stand as a monument of God's unfailing providence. Miss

Mason said to an infidel who asked how we can *know* there is a God, "I wanted a thousand pounds for a sea-side home for the servants of God; He gave me the exact amount I asked for by the hand of a friend, without my having to appeal to any one else but Himself. I therefore claim to know that He exists."

TRAINING GIRLS FOR SERVICE.

Ashburton House, Globe Road, Mile End, is an offshoot from the Bridge of Hope Mission, of which Miss Steer is hon. superintendent. Destitute girls who came to the Mission asking bread were invited into a little room, talked to, and formed into sewing classes. (To these classes they must come clean and tidy, with hair neatly brushed and parted.) Then Miss Steer longed to have them taught something of domestic service, and for this purpose Lady Ashburton offered a house rent-free. There is room for twenty girls, and cheering letters have already been received from some who have emigrated. Matrons teach their charges how to cook, wash, and scrub, etc.; they are encouraged to cultivate flowers, and their simple dresses are pleasant to the eye. Underlinen and aprons (coarse, and for girls from 15 to 18) would be welcome here; Miss Steer believes in the aid that tidy clothes can render to self-respect and comfort. At Ashburton House everything is done to render the girls clean, obedient, and capable of undertaking simple household work, and then many a kind mistress comes forward willing to accomplish the rest.

A PLEASANT MEMORY.

We have been greatly interested in reading of the work done during last year by the Children's Country Week Association. This is an American society, managed entirely by ladies, and its operations are various, but all directed towards obtaining some break in the routine of city life. Two or three

hundred adults were sent out of town (many of them mothers with babies), about 16,000 people were sent for day-excursions by land or water, and 2,500 children were sent to country homes for a week or more, free of charge. It is impossible to estimate the blessings thus brought to bear on the darker days succeeding; lives have been strengthened—saved per chance—minds are clearer, hearts are gentler, because God's people remembered them, and called them to rest awhile among His works of beauty; little children laugh to remember the grasses, birds, and flowers, and those who have helped forward the labours of the Association are most blessed of all, for of such the Master says, "Ye have done it unto Me."

LIVERPOOL CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

In connection with this association there is a Boys' Home in Great George Square, Liverpool, which deserves the heartiest support. Lads who might be borne by their circumstances and surroundings to the mass of "social wreckage," are here sheltered, helped, assisted to earn their bread on land or sea, and in the case of runaways restored to their friends. The importance of such a Home in this large seaport is very great; there is in addition a Refuge in Upper Pitt Street for boys who cannot pay, and whilst their position is being ascertained. The lads are trained to be industrious, temperate, and regular in their habits; when they commence work they contribute a proportion of their wages to their support, and the boys have actually paid in one year more than six hundred pounds from their earnings! The words of a magistrate testify that, "in cases of boys brought before him for no criminal offence, but for being found in the streets late at night or early in the morning, he does not know what he should do without this Institution."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

1. On how many occasions was St. Peter delivered from prison by the ministry of an angel?
2. What king committed a great sin because he would not break his promise?
3. What is meant by the "Synagogue of Libertines"?
4. The word "Corban" is used by our Blessed Lord as representing a gift given by children to their parents. Where in the Old Testament is the same word found, and in what sense is it used?
5. What action of Jonah shows that he thought more of himself as a prophet than of the honour due to God?

6. Bethlehem is spoken of as being "little among the thousands of Judah." What is the meaning of this expression?
7. What nation clothed its soldiers in scarlet?
8. Who were the Chemarins, spoken of by the prophet Zephaniah?
9. What food appears to have been originally designed by God for man's use?
10. Quote a passage which shows that many of the Jewish priests were among the early converts to Christianity.
11. From what passage do we learn that Moses was an eminent man among the Egyptians?
12. Who first preached the Gospel in Samaria?

TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.

I.—TALKING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG MEN OF SOCIETY," ETC.



IT has been estimated that a public speaker says in one hour, on an average, what, if printed, would occupy fifteen octavo pages. In ordinary conversation words flow from the lips quite as rapidly as in public speech. Supposing, then, that all the talk of one day be estimated as equivalent to four hours' consecutive speaking, a man says in one week what, if printed, would be an octavo volume of 320 pages.

In one year he speaks fifty-two such volumes; and in thirty years he would have an extensive library of 1,560 volumes. It is a matter of rejoicing that the talk of society is not thus printed and perpetuated. Few men, if any, could pass creditably through such a severe test.

It is said that Swift, at an evening party, on one occasion retired to a corner of the room and commenced noting down the talk of the company. Being asked what he was doing, he produced the verbatim report of the conversation which had just taken place. Each speaker felt lamentably chagrined at the superficial and trifling character of his utterances.

So, doubtless, would every right-minded man feel if some disciple of the phonographic school were always with us plying his pencil whenever we speak. But there is a recording angel by our side. Every word is written, though not by any visible agency. Our conversation exercises a power for good or evil on the mental and moral life of others, and no word as the vehicle of a thought can pause in its relative effect. No word is an airy, unimportant nothing—

"Words are mighty. Words are living
Serpents, with their venomous stings;
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

The talkers of society are of numerous varieties. The celebrated Theophrastus divided the talkers of Athens, in the period of its decay, into three classes, namely, those who occupied their friends' attention with silly prattle on trifling matters; those who, too lavish with their empty words, were the incessant bores of society; and those whose special vocation seemed to be that of scandal-mongers and retailers of exaggerated rumours. But the Bard of Olney supplies an arrangement more correct, as it is

more minute. He speaks of the *lewd*, who defiles the minds of others by his indelicacy; the *sweaver*, who terminates his sentences with an oath; the *wrangler*, who opposes every assertion others make; the *noisy*, who boisterously declares his views; the *dubious*, who is uncertain upon the most self-evident fact; the *positive*, who never hesitates to pronounce the conclusion of the whole matter; the *weaver of long tales*, who embellishes his dry narratives with—"He said, and so said I;" the *emphatic*, who seriously dilates on some unimportant whim; the *solemn fop*, who, from his dress, is deemed an oracle in many circles; the *morbid complainer*, who "gives us, in recitals of disease, a doctor's trouble, but without the fees;" the *bashful*, who with keen sensibilities imagines himself the butt of the speaker's remarks; the *hero*, who egotistically recounts his doings in the past; the *Pharisee*, who makes canting allusions to things sacred; and the *man of enlightened piety*, who calmly, confidently speaks what he knows of Divine realities, and testifies what he feels of the work of grace in his heart. To this last class of talkers we trust every reader of this paper belongs.

We cannot associate much with men in the present day without observing the lack of silence. It does not seem to be recognised that there is a great art as well as effective eloquence in silence. Men do not know that—

"There are moments when silence, prolonged and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken."

Because there are eight pairs of muscles to every man's tongue, that little member need not be in incessant action. There is a soul that yearns for information, and there is a will which has power to control the activity of the tongue.

Zeno quaintly remarked, "We have two ears and but one tongue, that we may hear much and talk little." Claus Hames, one of the most useful preachers in Germany, once met a friend to whom he told how many times daily he was obliged to speak. His friend presently asked, "But, brother Hames, if thou hast so much to say, when art thou still? and when does the Spirit of God speak to thee?" That simple question so impressed Hames that he resolved from that time to devote a portion of each day to retirement and silent study.

"How is it," said a Christian man to his companion, as they were both returning from hearing the saintly Bramwell—"how is it that Brother Bramwell always tells us so much that is new?"

The companion answered, "Brother Bramwell lives so near the gates of heaven that he hears a great many things which the rest of us do not get near enough to hear."

We should all be more intelligent, more informed, more influential for good, and more happy, not to say more devout, if we talked less and thought more.

There is a large amount of *idle* talk in the present day which is greatly to be condemned. I do not specially refer to the nonsense which surely displays the weakness of the man's brain and the poverty of his mental resources, but to that *apologetic* style adopted in society in relation to sin, and that widespread indulgence in extravagant phraseology in matters of fact. Men decorate or palliate by their language the very things which God and good men abhor. Thus, for example, a duel is termed an "affair of honour;" a vicious youth is said to be "only sowing his wild oats;" a drunkard is described as "nobody's enemy but his own;" a man detected in fraud is simply said to have "made a mistake;" the prodigal who spends his substance in riotous living is alluded to as being "too good-natured." Men fail to stamp evils in society with the words which alone define them. The tendency is to call good evil and evil good; to put darkness for light and light for darkness; bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.

Side by side with this tendency of the age is that of *extravagance* in language. Etymology is cast to the winds, and words are used in senses which render them utterly absurd and meaningless. Thus the words "awful" and "awfully" are employed in association with other words which are their complete opposites. We can understand how a thing can be awfully grand and awfully impressive, but it is a contradiction of terms to say a thing is "awfully pleasant," or "awfully jolly." Then there are slang phrases, now so numerous as to require a dictionary devoted entirely to them. It has been estimated that there are some 50,000 words in the English tongue. Are not these enough? Must foolish men coin other words and phrases which are meaningless? An ordinarily educated man uses about 3,000 to 4,000 words. An able and educated orator is regarded as using about 10,000 out of the 50,000 words. So there may be said to be ten times as many words in our language as we are accustomed to employ. Better would it be for young men and young women to become familiar with the 45,000 words they never use than be led by the foolish fashion of a giddy and garrulous world to utter slang terms.

Then there is a great amount of *injurious* talk. A Frenchman, speaking of a person known to his comrades, said, "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others." There are multitudes of persons to whom that

remark will apply. Exaggeration and defamation are two fertile sources of social mischief. We meet with persons who sensitively shrink from the deliberate violation of truth, who will habitually over-colour their statements to such an extent that a false impression is conveyed to the mind of the listener. They thus lower the tone of their own mind, destroy the power of accurate perception, diminish the confidence of their friends, and sow the seeds of much error in the world. They soon discover that they are not credited even when they speak soberly. Their moral drafts upon social confidence are dishonoured.

But perhaps the most injurious talk is that which detracts from the character of another—that which openly or in disguise strikes at the reputation of a brother pilgrim—that which "cuts men's throats with whisperings"—that which is adopted by the envious rival who seeks to build "his name on the ruins of another's fame." Little does the slanderer think what a bitter harvest he will himself reap from the calumnious words he has uttered. A lady visited Philip Neri on one occasion, accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" he inquired. "Yes, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater; I now bid thee do as follows:—Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go. Your walk finished, return to me." The woman did as directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of so singular an injunction. "You have been very faithful to the first part of my orders," said Philip; "now do the second part and you will be cured:—Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered." "But," said the woman, "I cast the feathers carelessly away, and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

Alas! the love of calumny does not confine itself to treatment of the creature. It sometimes is encountered reviling, decrying, and dishonouring the Highest, Holiest, and Best, Who is "all in all" to man. It is a melancholy feature of modern times that blasphemous talk is extensively patronised, and that, not only in our public thoroughfares, but in halls devoted to secularist clubs, the bitterest calumny against the Divine One, or the foulest mockery of sacred teaching, meets with the heartiest applause.

What is so much wanted in these days is a growth of *intelligent* talk—talk characterised by reflection preceding it and prudence accompanying it—talk which tends immediately to interest and instruct, as well as permanently to improve. For the cultivation and attainment of this there must be reading, thoughtfulness, and care.

But the highest order of talk is that which is truly Christian. Of this there are three kinds—talking to God in prayer, talking of God to our fellow-Christians, and talking for God to the irreligious. Prayer is telling the Infinite One all that we feel, and soliciting His Divine interposition. It would be better for us all if we followed the example of John's disciples, who, after they had buried the body of their martyred master, "*went and told Jesus.*" Of the saints of old it is written, "Then they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another.*" Doubtless the subject of conversation was the Divine dealings with them, and their obligations to the Deity. Next to speaking to God there can be no nobler enterprise, no more blessed occupation, than that of speaking for Him to others. This is the means Heaven

has chosen for the promotion of the Kingdom of Christ. "A word spoken in season, how good it is!" Very numerous are the instances in which a few kind, judicious, earnest words have won men from the path and practice of evil. The mother of John Wesley wrote to her husband, when he was absent from home, saying, "I take such a portion of time as I can spare each night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I take Molly; on Tuesday, Hetty; on Wednesday, Henry; Thursday, Jacky; Friday, Patty; Saturday, Charles; and Emily and Sukey together on Sunday." What, under God, the Church of Christ owes to those Thursday evening talks with young John Wesley we shall never fully know in this world. Nor do the readers of *THE QUIVER* know to-day what they owe to the words of some loving and devout relative or friend. Let the inspired language be recalled. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." "So speak and do as they that shall be judged." "Be swift to hear, slow to speak." "Speak as the oracles of God."

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A COMPACT.



NOT a word of the discovery of the unfortunate Manon was allowed to reach the ears of Mrs. Glenwood or her sister. As Mr. Balfour walked back to the Lodge with the two lads, Lance and Percival, he strictly enjoined them not to speak of what they had seen. He would himself tell his brother-in-law, but

was doing. In his eyes she was one of the genus *tramp*, hardened and unsexed by a wandering life, and though—after a very cursory examination—he admitted that she must have had an ugly blow, he expressed his conviction that she would quickly recover from it.

"You must not judge these people by the house-dwellers, as they call those who have settled homes," he told Mr. Balfour, on seeing him look dubious. "Cases of this description are not unusual in the hopping districts at the present season. I have been called in to worse ones than this is likely to prove."

"Judging by her dress, she is a foreigner," Mr. Balfour observed.

"Or a gipsy—which? I suppose a gang of her people camped in the lane last night—they often do—quarrelled and fought, as they often do also, and this has been the result."

"They must be a set of barbarous wretches to leave this poor old creature in such a helpless state!" was Mr. Balfour's indignant comment.

"They would not think so. They are accustomed to broken heads and black eyes. Too frequently, when the hopping is ended, instead of carrying home the nice little sums they have earned, they indulge in regular orgies, which end in free fights. My neighbours cannot do without their services, for they must have their corn cut, and their hops picked, but they are as glad as I am when our rough visitors are gone,"

knowing his wife to be a very impressionable woman, he did not care to mar her happiness or her sister's by telling them that, while they rejoiced together, an aged woman lay dying almost at their gates.

The village practitioner, however, took a much lighter view of Manon's condition than Mr. Balfour

"What will you do for this unfortunate old woman?" asked Mr. Balfour, not altogether satisfied with the tone the medical man was adopting. His keener perceptions told him that Manon was not of the class to which she was ascribed: her hands were roughened by toil, and her garments were of the coarsest, plainest description; but then how spotlessly clean, how neatly mended!

"What shall I do for her? Why, leave her alone, and she will be all right in a day or two. I shall look in some morning as I am driving by, and find that my patient has vanished in the night. And it's not at all unlikely that she will prove her gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Woods"—by a gesture, the speaker indicated the pillows, blankets, and other comforts the farmer's wife had caused her servants to bring for Manon's use to the rude but weather-proof shed—"prove her gratitude by carrying away with her a couple of plump chickens, or anything else that has happened to come handy."

"Is there no infirmary to which she could be removed?"

The doctor meditated.

"It is five miles to the union; nine to the county hospital; and I don't think she would thank us for sending her to either. What do you say, Mrs. Woods?"

The farmer's wife, who had just come to the door, shrugged her shoulders, and observed that the pickers were such a terrible rough lot that there was never no knowing what they would be at. She had interfered once to stop an affray, and only got herself abused for it. They were "the scum of the earth," her master often said, and she supposed he was right.

Whether herding them indiscriminately in such barracks as we have alluded to, and treating them in every respect as "necessary evils," was likely to effect any improvement in the said "scum," it had never entered Mrs. Woods' head to ask herself; but the next moment she was saying to the surgeon rather uneasily—

"I shouldn't like her to die here, doctor."

"There's no fear of that," he replied. "If she should get worse I'll apply to the relieving officer, and have her removed directly."

And with this assurance, both the farmer's wife and Mr. Balfour had to be satisfied.

It complicated matters, when some one raised the question, "Was there, or was there not, any connection between this still insensible old woman and the little girls found playing at the hoppers' barracks?"

The idea seemed feasible enough to induce Mr. and Mrs. Woods to have the children brought to where Manon lay.

The delight with which they threw themselves upon her, their surprise, their tears, when they received no response to their cries of joy and caresses, affected those who were present, even though their exclamations were uttered in a foreign tongue.

When this was remarked, the farmer suggested that Mr. Balfour should be appealed to to come and

interpret. As a London man and a schoolmaster he might reasonably be supposed to speak all the modern languages.

Accordingly, a messenger was sent to the Lodge to invite him to pay a second visit to Farmer Woods' outhouse; but it was too late. Not an hour earlier Mr. Balfour had taken leave of the Glenwoods, and returned to Mincester.

His wife had pouted and protested against it in vain, declaring that it was a half-hearted proceeding to run away before her cup of joy was full.

"Most unreasonable of women," he retorted, jestingly, "what more do you want? Your sister is comfortably established here; Glenwood looks already as if a dozen years and a weight of cares had been taken off his shoulders, and I believe you have had your own way in all the arrangements Mrs. Glenwood has made, or is making. My boys want me, and I am of no use here."

"As if I could enjoy anything without you!"

"But what is there left for either of us to do? We proved our sympathy by hastening hither to meet Mildred and her husband; but don't you think they would be able to settle down more promptly and thoroughly if left to themselves?"

"Does this mean that you wish me to go with you?" Mrs. Balfour queried, with a blank face. "I had promised Milly that I would be her principal stay when she gives her first dinner party. Don't look as if you thought this a very hasty proceeding," she added, when her husband raised his eyebrows significantly.

"Is it not so? I thought it was not usual for new-comers to offer hospitality to their neighbours till the said neighbours had called upon them."

"That is etiquette, I know, but this is an exceptional case. Milly must make acquaintances, or how is she to be known and appreciated? How is she to get her proper footing in society? From what I hear, it appears that the Glenwoods have so long borne the reputation of being 'odd,' that the old-established families will not be in a hurry to make advances, especially"—and now Mrs. Balfour coloured high with vexation—"especially as a silly paragraph in a local paper speaks of Milly's husband as if he were a coarse, underbred fellow, whose career at Bradford had been anything but a reputable one."

"And you propose to set the world to rights, eh, Mary? But how?"

"Please don't ridicule my scheme," she pleaded. "It is a very simple one. I propose that Milly shall give a social little dinner to the rector and his wife, the lawyer and his, the doctor and—but he is a bachelor. When these good folks have seen for themselves how sensible John is, and how gentlemanly, and what a dear good creature Milly can be, they will spread their fame, and I shall feel satisfied."

Mr. Balfour thought, and perhaps rightly, that after all the trials the Glenwoods had come through, the

greatest kindness his wife could do them would be to let them quietly, thankfully enjoy their new blessings, without troubling themselves just yet

voice; and Elfreda, who had been sitting in a broad window-seat unobserved, shut up her book and came forward.



"I'll go with papa, if he will have me."—p. 60.

respecting their neighbours. But he appreciated her good intentions, and praised her for them, consenting so cheerfully to let her remain at the Lodge a few days longer, that she grew remorseful at the thought of his going home alone.

"After all, my first duty is to you; and I know how you hate pouring out your own coffee, and having no one to play your favourite bits of Mozart and Haydn to you in the evening."

"I'll go with papa, if he will have me," said a

"You, child!" exclaimed her mother, irresolutely. "It would not be fair to take you away from your cousins."

"I do not care for any of them but Percival!" was the frank reply, "and he is very—boyish; almost as bad as Lance. He only reads children's books—sea stories, and things of that kind—though he is two years older than I am."

"You see, Mary, you may make your mind happy on Fleda's account," Mr. Balfour observed, half-amused

at, and yet proud of, his daughter's literary leanings. "This precocious damsel has nothing in common with boys who have boyish tastes, and will be quite content to go home and help me correct exercises."

Mrs. Balfour shook her head. She, too, was proud of her daughter's abilities, but would have preferred to see her more girlish and less pedantic.

However, Elfreda would be a fair substitute for herself, and she was conscious of a feeling of relief when the twain who did not enter heartily into her plans for her sister's future had driven away to the station, *en route* for Mincester.

Mrs. Glenwood feebly opposed the project of the little dinner when it was first mooted, but her opposition vanished as soon as she heard that Mrs. Balfour proposed to number the doctor amongst the guests.

She was desirous of knowing this gentleman, that she might learn what he thought of the Lodge as a residence for a man in such a precarious state of health as her husband. Although delighted with the pretty scenery surrounding the estate, affection had made her shrewd in all sanitary matters, and she was already beginning to think, with her brother-in-law, that the site of the house had been ill-chosen.

Mr. Glenwood, who was rash to a fault, would have laughed at her fears, and knowing this, she kept them to herself till they could be dissipated or backed by the opinion of a medical man.

The invitations, therefore, were issued in a pleasant, informal style that insured their acceptance, although the hostess demurred over the twenty-four hours' notice as not sufficient till Mrs. Balfour exclaimed—

"Cannot I be the excuse? Word your notes thus—That I may have the pleasure of making my sister known to you before she leaves us for Mincester."

"Why are you so impatient to initiate me in such onerous duties?" asked Mrs. Glenwood, laughing, and yet in earnest. "You forget how new they are to me—how terribly awkward I shall feel!"

"I will tell you what I can never forget," said her sister, her lips tremulous with emotion—"the many years you have been the careworn drudge, who has had to deny herself not luxuries only, but the commonest comforts. I used to leave you, after my visits to Bradford, with an aching heart; this time let it be with a glad one. Let me be able to think of you as I shall see you to-morrow evening—seated at the head of a well-spread table, with friends around you, and the sun of prosperity shining on your dear head at last."

"You have made me such a pretty as well as romantic speech," said Mrs. Glenwood, laughing now through her tears, "that it is a pity I am obliged to damp your enthusiasm. But your picture cannot be realised, because I have not a gown respectable enough to be worn on so great an occasion. The only silk I possess I had when I married; it is a thing of shreds and patches, and it would be impossible to get another made so quickly."

Then Mrs. Balfour clapped her hands with the glee of her girlhood.

"I have you, Madam Milly! Your paltry reason for trying to disappoint me of my dinner-party goes for nothing! Did you think your wise sister was not aware of the state of your wardrobe? My best of husbands always gives me a ten-pound note for a birthday present, and I spent it this year on you. Come and see the contents of the box I brought with me. You asked why I sat up so late last night. Now you may know that it was to put the finishing stitches to Mrs. Glenwood's first dinner gown."

It is difficult to say which of the sisters derived most pleasure from that dress. It was of black velvet, trimmed with some old lace Mrs. Balfour had by her, and its simplicity suited the wearer, a very fair, sweet-looking woman, whose trials had refined her.

She made such a charming hostess that Mrs. Balfour could not resist bestowing on her occasionally an approving nod; and, as not one of the invited guests failed to put in an appearance, the affair was regarded as a complete success.

The dining-room at the Lodge was a dull, cold-looking room, but to-night it was gay with lights and flowers. Moreover, Mrs. Balfour, while hunting about the plate-closet, had discovered some ancient and really valuable silver dishes, and salvers and flagons—tarnished with the disuse of years, but presenting quite a brilliant appearance when rubbed bright and disposed to the best advantage.

Mr. Glenwood, who loved society, was in the best of spirits, and relieved his wife of her latent uneasiness by inviting the doctor to remain for half an hour after the other guests departed, that he might talk over with him the prudence of wintering in a warmer climate.

It was then that the tired but gratified sisters, retreating to a cosy inner drawing-room, drew their chairs to the fire to discuss the incidents of the evening. It was then that Mrs. Glenwood, with a thankful heart, compared the ease and luxury of the present with those times when, instead of resting after the children had gone to bed, she sat till midnight mending socks or contriving new garments out of old; listening fearfully the while to her husband's hollow cough, and wishing there were some way of giving him the long holiday and change to purer air he needed.

But her sister would not let her dwell on any sorrowful recollections. Mrs. Balfour herself was pleasantly excited, and could talk of nothing but the dinner.

"It has been quite a success!" she cried gaily; "the dishes were well cooked and well served; the host behaved admirably; and as for you! why, you never appeared to more advantage. By the time I come here again you will have made so many friends and have such a large visiting list that there will be no little danger of Mrs. Glenwood, of the Lodge, becoming quite dissipated."

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "You know I have always been a home-loving bird, and although this inheritance has relieved John and me of many burdens, it seems to me that our responsibilities are increased. A little while ago I used to revolve in my mind ways and means of getting our boys educated, and though I am thankful to say we shall now be able to do that with ease, we must still consider how to rear them so that they may do us credit."

"You will have no trouble with Percival; he is a fine lad!" said Mrs. Balfour approvingly; but his mother did not look quite satisfied.

"He is very warm-hearted, but I wish he had the steady industry of your Lance; and sometimes I think I should not be sorry if he were less sweet-tempered and yielding."

"My dear Milly, what an odd thing to say! You are not doing your boy justice. I have often admired the unselfish spirit in which he has given up his own wishes to yours or his younger brothers'."

"But when he goes out into the world," argued the mother, "may not that same readiness to oblige lead him into temptation?"

"This is looking forward with a vengeance!" cried Mrs. Balfour. "If Percy is too good-natured, you must mate him with a strong-minded wife."

"Or right-minded, which?" asked Mrs. Glenwood smiling.

"May not the words mean one and the same? Were I a match-maker, I should say let him woo my Elfreda when she is old enough; she has just the qualities in which you consider him deficient."

"It would be very pleasant to see our children united," said Mildred softly. "Then your daughter would be my daughter, and I should cease to miss the dear little girl I lost at Bradford."

Her hand was affectionately pressed, but no answering remark was made, for Mr. Jones, the doctor, was bustling into the room to bid the ladies adieu.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BALFOUR HEARS SOMETHING.

"I MUST come and finish my chat with Mr. Glenwood at the earliest opportunity," he observed, as he shook hands with his entertainers, his voice tart, and his sharp features puckered up crossly. "There's no peace for a medical man; he is at the beck and call of every fidgety invalid and nervous old woman in the parish. It is always provoking to have my leisure broken in upon, and it's additionally exasperating when I've rushed away—perhaps in the worst of weather—to find that my presence was not necessary after all."

"For your patient's sake," said Mrs. Balfour, with a smile that she could not resist, "for your patient's sake, we cannot help hoping that you will find it so on this occasion. Having to summon the doctor after dark always gives one a thrill of dread for what the night may bring forth."

"Have you far to go?" asked Mrs. Glenwood, stepping aside to undraw the curtains of a window, and ascertain whether it were raining, as it had threatened at twilight.

"Only across the fields opposite your gates. There is an old tramp lying in an outhouse belonging to Farmer Woods. She was found by the well in the lane, insensible—knocked about, I fancy, by some of her rough companions."

"A woman, and aged!" cried Mrs. Glenwood, with a shudder. "How terrible! Is she much hurt?"

Mr. Jones rubbed his chin.

"Well, I have never thought her in any danger, or I should have had her removed to the union; but Mrs. Woods sends me word that she appears to be dying; and there are a couple of children to be considered."

"Children!" and both the medico's hearers listened with increased interest.

"How sad! how very sad! Who is attending to them? What will become of them if their mother dies?"

It soon became evident that Mr. Jones knew very little about the case; so little that this indifference, rarely met with in the feeling and sympathetic profession to which he belonged, aroused Mrs. Glenwood's indignation, and when he was about to quit the room, she laid a finger on his arm, saying with quiet decision—

"Stay, doctor. I have but to fetch a shawl, and then I will walk with you to the place where this woman is lying. How sorry I am that neither Mr. Glenwood nor I were informed of her condition!"

"My dear lady, your sympathy is wasted, if bestowed on an undeserving object."

"How do I know that this poor creature is not deserving? Under any circumstances, a little Christianly pity and kindness cannot do her any harm."

Mr. Jones made an evasive reply. He was rather embarrassed at the warmth of tone and flashing eyes with which the gentle little woman was accosting him, and seeing this, Mildred's husband interfered.

"I daresay, my dear Milly, Mr. Jones will kindly do all that is necessary for this person to-night, and then you can defer your visit to her till the morning."

"But why should I do so? It is not late," pleaded Mrs. Glenwood, "and how could I sleep in peace with the thought of this neglected sufferer and her little ones on my conscience? Do let me go to her! It would not do for you to venture out, but Mary will accompany me, I know."

Mrs. Balfour did not care for the dark, dull walk across fields, nor was she in the habit of visiting the poor, but she was pleased that her sister carried her point, and proud of the benevolence she was displaying.

"I can see you mean to make this a model parish," she said, with a happy smile, as arm-in-arm they followed Mr. Jones down the carriage drive. "Mrs.

Glenwood's mothers' meetings will soon be followed by her cottage hospital and almshouses. Ah! Milly, the heritage of the Glenwoods has fallen into good hands, and you and yours will be blessings to those around you."

"I certainly do hope John will convert one of the cottages into a place of refuge for the sick poor," was the murmured reply, "for I know from sad experience what a bitter trial illness is when the means are too small to meet the additional expenses."

Quickening her steps, Mrs. Glenwood conciliated Mr. Jones by asking his opinion respecting the scheme, and he was still offering suggestions as to the site, etc., when they arrived at the shed where Manon lay.

A stolid-looking female, with her arms wrapped in her plaid shawl, and her bonnet tilted over her eyes, was leaning against the door-post yawning portentously.

Mrs. Woods had "got company," and her servants could not be spared, so she had asked this female—the wife of the shepherd—to look in upon Manon occasionally.

"It's all a body can do for her," she added, with a curtsy to the ladies, whom she had not perceived at first. "She'll go out like the snuff of a candle at the turn of the night, as they mostly do."

"Nonsense, nonsense! what do you know about it?" cried Mr. Jones; but, on entering the shed, he looked grave, for it was plainly to be seen that Manon's hours, nay—minutes—were numbered.

With her grey hairs streaming over the pillow, she lay breathing heavily and groping amongst the bed-clothes with her wrinkled hands till they touched the little girls, who lay sleeping profoundly on the straw pallet beside her.

Was she conscious at last?

The doctor said no, or only partially so; but Mrs. Glenwood, judging from that loving gesture, dissented from him, and kneeling by the bed, spoke in low but very distinct tones to the dying woman.

She was heard, for a torrent of words burst from the parched lips; but they were unintelligible. The names *Claire* and *Lucie* were all that could be comprehended; and, distressed at her own inability to be of any use, Mrs. Glenwood appealed to her sister.

"Come and try whether you can understand what she says. I have quite forgotten the little French I learned at school, but you have not, I know."

She rose as she spoke, but Mrs. Balfour hesitated to take her place.

"Letting her talk will excite her dreadfully. See what a scarlet flush is rising in her cheeks! Why not promise yonder woman a liberal fee for staying here till the morning? Then, if the unhappy creature is still living, you can make other arrangements."

"*Claire—Lucie—les pauvres petites,*" moaned Manon, her restless hand passing feebly from one to another of the curly heads pressed against her.

Was it Mrs. Glenwood's fancy that the sunken eyes that had seemed to have looked their last on

the things of this earth, suddenly brightened and rested on her appealingly? She grew more and more unhappy at her own helplessness.

"Oh! how I wish that John were here, or I could understand what she says! Do try, Mary, if you cannot. Think how terrible for her to feel that she is passing away unable to tell us where her friends are to be found, or what is to be done with these poor children!"

Thus adjured, Mrs. Balfour bent over the dying Manon, and listened intently.

"She is saying something about having been robbed. Judging by her appearance, she could not have had much to lose."

"Ask her her name, and whence she comes," Mrs. Glenwood entreated, and the doctor put his finger on his patient's wrist, and murmured a warning that there was no time to be lost, as she was perceptibly weaker.

In the best French at her command, Mrs. Balfour put the question dictated to her, but Manon was fast sinking into a stupor, and made no reply. It was not till she had been thrice asked in her native tongue if these little ones were her grandchildren that her dulled faculties grasped the sense of the inquiry.

Then it was that, faintly, slowly, she gasped a few faltering sentences, audible only to Mrs. Balfour, who was leaning over her.

There was a sharp cry uttered. Was it by the lady, or Manon?

The latter had suddenly ceased speaking; the feeble fingers no longer sought for the curly heads of the little sleepers. Mr. Jones laid down the hand he had been holding, with a gesture implying that all was over; and Mrs. Glenwood, her eyes full of tears, stooped to kiss the children, who slumbered on unconscious of their loss.

She did not see how Mrs. Balfour, as she raised herself from her stooping posture, became ghastly pale, reeled back, and would have fallen if Mr. Jones had not perceived her condition, and gone to her assistance.

With the help of his arm she contrived to reach a fallen tree not far from the shed, and dropped heavily upon it. She was not faint, she said, in answer to the doctor's queries; it was the only one he received, and concluding that she was suffering from the shock of witnessing the old woman's death, he went to Mrs. Glenwood and advised her to take her sister away.

"It was thoughtless of me to bring her here!" said Mildred, who had been arranging with the shepherd's wife for the performance of the last offices for the dead. "My poor Mary!" and she hastened to throw her arms lovingly around the drooping, silent figure. "Why did I impose such a trying task as this upon you, after all the fatigue you had undergone during the day?"

"Who was that woman? Some impostor?" Mrs. Balfour asked, in a hoarse whisper,

"Poor thing! No, no, we will not call her that! She is dead, Mary, and the little creatures she loved—yes, it was evident that she loved them dearly, was it not?—are left to the mercy of the world. What will become of them?"

"Let us go home," said Mrs. Balfour, rising, and speaking with difficulty.

"Yes, we will go directly;" but Mrs. Glenwood was looking back towards the shed as she spoke. "Are you sure you are able to walk, or will you sit down again for a few minutes, while I try to persuade that woman to take the children to her cottage till the morning? They cannot be left here now."

"They are nothing to us," said her sister, speaking between her teeth, and clenching the hands that hung by her sides, "nothing; it cannot be our duty——"

But here Mrs. Glenwood broke in with unwonted impetuosity—

"Oh! don't repeat Mr. Jones's arguments, pray! If they are not fellow-parishioners, they are fellow-creatures, and one could not do less than treat them with common humanity."

"Let us go home," Mrs. Balfour repeated, monotonously; and after holding a whispered conference with the shepherd's wife, in whose hard palm she left a few shillings, and lingering a moment longer to gaze commiseratingly on Manon's *pauvres petites*, Mrs. Glenwood slipped her arm into her sister's, and they walked away together.

Early on the morrow Miss Eldridge was disturbed by a visit to her chamber from her ungainly, slow-witted maid-servant.

She came to proffer a request so unlooked-for that Miss Eldridge sat up in bed and untied the strings that secured her nightcap over her ears, that she might be sure she heard aright.

"What is it you want, child? Tell me again."

"Please 'm it's a nolliday. I wants a nolliday," and Mollie opened both eyes and mouth in a grin of self-satisfaction and importance.

"Nonsense! You have no friends whom you can visit, and you cannot walk to the union school to see your old companions there. The distance is too great."

"I don't want to go to the union; I don't never want to go there no more; I wants a nolliday," Mollie persisted, and again her mistress sharply said—

"Nonsense! What do you want it for? You can go in a week or two, and help old Nan Trusler at the almshouse lease [glean] a little corn for the winter, or pick hops with widow Smith and her grandchildren; that will be quite holiday enough for you."

Still Mollie clung to her request, but she had not gone farther than "Please 'm I wants——" when she was peremptorily silenced.

"Be off with you, and don't come near me again till you are called! I begin to think a witless servant can be as provoking as a girl who knows her work but is too idle to do it!"

Mollie chose to regard this as an assent to her wishes, and the consequence was that when Miss Eldridge, who did not breakfast till what she called aristocratic hours, descended to her sitting-room, the milk had been fetched, but the house was empty.

The moon had risen before the truant returned, dull and tired, unable, or unwilling, to give any account of the manner in which her day had been spent, except that she had been hanging about.

Others could have told, however, that it was Mollie who had rescued the little girls—Claire and Lucie—from the shepherd's wife when she was proceeding to shake and cuff them for expressing, by cries and sobs, their surprise and terror at finding themselves in strange quarters.

It was to Mollie they had clung during that first long, terrible day when Manon's rigid aspect repelled them, and they shrank from entering the shed where she lay. It was behind her they crept when the jury, hastily empanelled, came to view the body, and they could with difficulty be dragged away from her when the coroner, holding his inquiry in Farmer Woods' best parlour, demanded to see them.

They were shy, but not stolid children, and when addressed in French, they dimpled into smiles and murmured their "Oui, monsieur," or "Non, monsieur," very prettily; but no amount of questioning could elicit any definite information from them. It was Manon who had taken care of them, because mamma had gone to heaven when they were babies. But they could not tell the name of the town or village in which they had resided, nor why they had come to England, till Claire hazarded a guess; it must be because papa wanted to see his little daughters.

"Where was their papa?" some one asked.

Claire, always the bolder of the twain, replied that she did not know; but Lucie's blue eyes wandered from one to another of the compassionate faces around her, till she took courage to lisp the query were they not all papas? and held out her arms to the nearest.

"It was most unsatisfactory," the coroner said, when he summed up, "that no one could be produced to identify the woman, nor any evidence given as to the cause of her death. No money was found upon her, nor anything else that could lead to her identification, and as the ladies who had been with her when she died were not present, he suggested an adjournment of the inquest.

But it was a busy time just then with the farmers and hop-growers who constituted the jury; they demurred, therefore, at being called from their work again, and, as Dr. Jones asserted that the woman was not conscious at the time of her decease, the idea was abandoned, and an open verdict returned.

What was to be done with the children? some one asked. But this was a question not for the coroner, but for the guardians of the poor, and must be deferred till they held their next meeting. Till then, they must remain in the charge of the shepherd's wife, who, with a scowl at Mollie, carried

them off, reconciled to her for the nonce by the cakes and apples with which some of the pitying jurors had filled their hands.

Unless claimed, they would have to be taken to the union; was this, then, to be the fate of poor Manon's nurslings?

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE day of the coroner's inquiry was such a busy one at the Lodge that Mrs. Glenwood may be forgiven if she forgot her intention of going to see the bereaved children, until it was too late to carry it out.

In the first place the solicitor who had managed the affairs of the late owner of the estate, drove over from the market town. He came to place his accounts before the present one; to be complimented on their perspicuity, and to be consulted on many subjects connected with the property, his intimate knowledge of which rendered him a valuable adviser.

Mr. Glenwood, who had immense faith in his wife's sound common sense, would have kept her by his side during the whole of the lengthy interview, and she would have stayed willingly, if only to learn precisely the amount of their income, lest in the transition from extreme poverty to what seemed boundless riches they might be betrayed into extravagance.

But anxiety on her sister's account drew her away frequently.

All the way home from the scene of Manon's death, Mrs. Balfour had shivered so violently that Mildred Glenwood knew not whether to attribute it to a feverish cold caught through exposure to the night air, or the effects of the excitement and fatigue she had undergone during the last few days.

However, her remedies were refused, and she herself sent away much against her will, with a kiss and an assurance from Mrs. Balfour that she should be quite herself again in the morning.

In this, however, she was mistaken. A sleepless night sent her to the breakfast table with such pale cheeks and heavy eyes, that her son exclaimed in alarm, "Mamma is ill!" and not all her pettish assurances that nothing ailed her, and that she detested a fuss, would banish Mrs. Glenwood's uneasiness.

"It is my fault," that lady averred; "I have let you wear yourself out in efforts to arrange everything here for my comfort, and now you are suffering for it."

"I shall be well enough when I get back to Mincester. It is this place; the air chokes me; and I have had the most frightful dreams."

"Then it is unhealthy—it is not a fit place for John," the anxious wife instantly concluded. "I will send for Mr. Jones and consult him."

She went away to write her note, and Mrs. Balfour buried her face in her hands, nor did she raise her head again till an arm stole round her neck,

It was her son Lancelot's. He was not a demonstrative boy, but he loved his mother with all the strength of his young heart, and to see her so unlike the animated, cheerful, smiling woman whom every lad in Mr. Balfour's school both liked and revered, troubled as much as it astonished him.

"Something worries you, mamma—what is it? Have I done anything that vexes you? If it is about that quarrel I had yesterday with Percy—why, we made it up in half an hour!"

"Nothing worries me," was the impatient reply, "but being questioned and watched. Go away, Lance, and make the most of your last hours here. We shall leave soon after three."

Yet, when the moment drew near for her departure, Mrs. Balfour was seized with strange irresolution.

"I wish I had telegraphed to my husband and warned him not to expect me till to-morrow," she said to Mrs. Glenwood, who insisted on packing her trunk for her, unaware that in her sister's present state of mind it was a relief to be busy, and positive torture to be obliged to sit still and do nothing.

"It is not too late!" cried Mildred; "let me send the telegram, and explain that I do not think you equal to the journey."

"And lead him to think that I am ill. Not for worlds!"

"But, Mary, if it is for your health's sake——"

Mrs. Balfour would not let her finish.

"For pity's sake don't harp on that string! If I wish to stay with you it is on your account, not on my own. It is because I am nervous; harassed with presentiments of evil; terrified lest we have been too much elated, too much inclined to forget that—that there is nothing certain in this world."

"Ah! you are thinking of John!" cried Mrs. Glenwood, now seriously uneasy; "you fear that the disease has taken too strong a hold on his constitution to be rooted out. But we will not think that. Our Heavenly Father does not forbid us to hope, and has He not given us the means of procuring the best advice and every remedy the physicians may prescribe? Don't fancy, dear Mary, that because I have been very happy ever since I came here, I have for a moment forgotten that He who gives can take away. It is not the first time I have had to learn that lesson."

"Even if sorrow comes upon you," responded Mrs. Balfour, abruptly, "you will do better without than with my help or sympathy, for you have learned to endure patiently, and I have not."

After this she hastened the preparations for her departure. Percival Glenwood was to accompany her to Mincester as well as her son, his parents having decided that they could not do better than place him at once under the care of Mr. Balfour, his mother reconciled to the separation by the knowledge that his aunt would watch over him with a care only second to her own.

Lance, although he snubbed his cousin for his want of skill in all athletic and outdoor sports, was

delighted to have him for a companion, and already plans were laid for a partnership in the tools of the one, and the perfect menagerie of pets the other proposed to gather about him.

Yet in the midst of their discussions and the important business of hurrying the village carpenter who was knocking up a hutch for a couple of rabbits, Lance found time to pay his mother a visit in her dressing-room while Mrs. Glenwood had gone to write labels for her luggage.

"Mamma dear, what will be done with those little girls?"

Mrs. Balfour quivered in every limb, but she did not reply, and thinking she was cold, her son brought her a shawl and wrapped it round her, ere, colouring and stammering, he repeated his question in another form.

"Couldn't we take one of them with us? She's the prettiest little thing you ever saw, and she could have some of Fleda's clothes cut up for her, and—and you're always good to people in trouble, you know, and these children don't seem to have any one to look after them. If you took one, and Percy persuaded his mother to have the other——"

But here Mrs. Balfour's distressed cry, "Oh, Lencie, don't, don't!" made the lad pause in alarm.

"Does my talking make your head worse?"

"A little," she contrived to reply. "Go away, please."

He kissed her and obeyed, stopping at the door, however, to say wistfully, "You'll not forget about the children, will you, mamma?"

"I will speak to your aunt," she said, uttering the words by a spasmodic effort, and with this promise she was obliged to be content.

He would have been very much disappointed if he had known that the only remark his mother made to Mrs. Glenwood was a faintly spoken, "I suppose something will have to be done for those little girls?"

"I suppose so," replied her sister carelessly, for her thoughts were preoccupied. "Will you get Percy some new collars at Mincester?"

Mrs. Balfour essayed to return to the subject of Claire and Lucie, but her lips were dry, her voice hoarse and low, and if she did make any observation it passed unheard.

In the days to come, how oft was this moment of culpable weakness remembered and repented! but just then Mrs. Glenwood's inattention was hailed as a relief, and Lance was avoided lest he should torment her with more questions.

Still an uneasy conscience harassed her, and secretly prompted her parting speeches.

"You have always been a wretched correspondent, Milly," she observed, with a sickly smile; "but now you must prove yourself a more punctual one, or I shall retaliate by keeping you without tidings of your boy."

"I shall have so little to say," pleaded Mrs. Glenwood. "You will take no interest in the house-

cleaning I mean to institute, nor in the details of rebuilding cottages and repairing fences."

"I shall be deeply interested in the merest trifle that concerns you," was the vehement reply. "You must promise to tell me everything that happens to you—everything!"

Mrs. Glenwood did her best to fulfil this promise, though it was a very irksome one to a busy housewife engrossed in her delicate husband and nursery, and who did not possess a spark of *eloquence de billet*; and indeed her laboured communications never satisfied their recipient.

Yet, if they came by the early post, Mrs. Balfour's breakfast was pushed away untasted, that they might be perused with breathless eagerness; any doubtful sentence pondered over and re-read again and yet again, but always to be folded up with the same unspoken thought, "If I were only sure, only sure!"

Percival's correspondent was his father, and the lad, on discerning his aunt's craving for news from the Lodge, never hesitated to put his letters into her hands and invite her to read them.

Mr. Glenwood wrote in excellent spirits, telling his son what improvements he might expect to find in the house and grounds when he went home, at the same time hinting that the said coming home might not be at Christmas, but have to be deferred till spring.

Then came a hurried announcement from Percival's mother that her next letter would be dated from the South of France.

A trustworthy surveyor had pronounced the Lodge incurably damp; and a celebrated physician had urged Mr. Glenwood's prompt removal to a less changeable climate.

Mrs. Balfour tried to word her reply in her usual strain of affectionate sympathy, but the gist of her letter was contained in the following sentences:—

"You have never told me what became of those children. Why is it? Write, if it be but a line, and let me hear all you know concerning them."

Mrs. Glenwood was filled with self-reproach when she read this. It is true she had not proposed to do anything definite for Claire and Lucie, but she had fully intended to interest her husband on their behalf, so that a home might be found for them in some cheap school, or orphan asylum.

Vexed with herself for having so completely forgotten the desolate little creatures, she threw down the work on which she was engaged, and walked to Farmer Woods'.

The farmer's comely wife came to the door to receive her, and looked grave when she learned her errand.

"It's the strangest thing, ma'am! If I hadn't heard that Mr. Glenwood was far from well, I should have made bold to call upon you, and hear what you thought about it."

"Thank you—but the children—have they been removed to the union?"

"The relieving officer came for them one morning,

and borrowed our old chaise to take them away in. My heart misgave me, ma'am, for they were the prettiest little dears I ever came across. If there'd been but one, I don't know but I mightn't have persuaded my master to let me keep her. A house is dull without

them from the garden, where she had left them at play, they were gone!"

Mrs. Glenwood repeated the word "gone" with a puzzled air, but the farmer's wife had little or nothing to add to her statement.



"Mrs. Balfour quivered in every limb."—p. 75.

children, isn't it? But two—what could one do with a couple of them?"

"Then they were removed to the workhouse after all?"

"Dear me, no, ma'am; haven't you heard? Why, it's been the talk of the village! When our shepherd's wife—they were in her care—went to fetch

No one—gipsy or tramp—had been seen lurking near the shepherd's cottage, which stood under a high down, far removed from corn-field or hop-garden, and yet Manon's nurslings had disappeared utterly, and none could say how they had gone, or whither.

(To be continued.)

"How rich Thy favours, God of Grace."

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

Music by J. KENDRICK PYNE, L.Mus. T.C.L.
(Organist of Manchester Cathedral and Town Hall.)

1. How rich Thy fa-vours, God of Grace! How va-rious and di-vine!

Full as the o-cean they are pour'd, As bright as heaven they shine.

He to e-ter-nal glo-ry calls, And leads the won-drous way

Voices in Unison.

To His own pal-ace, where He reigns In un-cre-a-ted day.

Org.

2. Jesus, the herald of His love,
Displays the radiant prize,
And shows the purchase of His blood
To our admiring eyes.

He perfects what His hand begins,
And stone on stone He lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to His praise.

THE MYSTERIES OF REVELATION AND OF NATURE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. HENRY COTTERILL, D.D., BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

NO one who has any acquaintance with physical science is ignorant that the existence of matter or mass, and that of force or energy, are primary truths assumed in all its reasonings. In fact, without these physical science would have no basis and no existence. Yet not only is there the metaphysical difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving what either of the ideas means beyond the effects they produce on our senses, but even as physical realities they are incomprehensible. *Force* is defined as that which causes or tends to produce motion; but when we have said this we have said almost all we know about it. There is only one kind of force respecting which science gives some kind of explanation, so that we fancy we comprehend it—that, I mean, which is the result of the impact of one mass moving with a certain velocity on another mass; and there is, therefore, a tendency in modern science to represent all moving force as energy, which is measured by the product of the number of units of the impinging mass into the square of its velocity.

But this is, after all, only substituting for one incomprehensible idea another equally incomprehensible. For what is *mass* or matter itself? At all events, science proves that it is not what it appears to our senses to be. Some men of science have imagined that there is nothing whatever answering to our idea of substance, but that matter is nothing, physically, except centres of forces, which are, at respective distances, those of attraction and repulsion. Of course, in this case, the whole constitution of matter would be a complication of mysteries. The other theory, which is most generally accepted by modern science, is that matter is composed of rotating rings of an incompressible ether, which pervades space, but has mass only when substance is formed by the collection and coherence of these rings. It is no wonder that even the firmest and most consistent adherents of this theory (such as the authors of "The Unseen Universe") acknowledge that our notions as to the nature of matter are at best but hazy:—"As to what it is, we know no more than Democritus or Lucretius did; though as to what it may or may not be, we may be better prepared than they to give an opinion." This is all the leaders of modern physical science can say. Mr. Herbert Spencer, speaking from the philosophical side, says more distinctly, and I believe more truly, that "matter in its ultimate nature is absolutely incomprehensible. Frame what sup-

positions we may, we find, on tracing all their implications, that they leave us nothing but a choice between opposite absurdities." It may, at all events, encourage believers in Christianity, when it is assailed by its adversarie: as absolutely incomprehensible, and utterly unsuited for this enlightened age, to know and reply, on the testimony of one who will be suspected by none of being prejudiced in its favour, that even the little stone which you hold in your hand, being the creation of God, is equally incomprehensible.

But if inanimate and inorganic nature contains mysteries, utterly impenetrable by human reason, lying at the foundation of all those dynamical laws, by the knowledge and application of which, nevertheless, a flood of light has been poured on phenomena which were before unintelligible; much more is this the case when science deals with organic nature, whether vegetable or animal. Most true are those lines of Tennyson—more strictly true than even the poet himself, perhaps, knew them to be—

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The simplest instance of the unity of the several different parts of any individual organism is inexplicable. Philosophy has disputed from age to age on the question whether that unity is a mere abstraction, or a reality—an eternal idea, as Plato taught; but whichever it be, our intellect is unable to comprehend it fully. And much more is the growth, or evolution (as it is called by modern science), of every herb of the field, from a structureless microscopic germ within the seed, an inscrutable mystery. Ignorant persons, and others who are worse than ignorant, having just knowledge enough to make them believe themselves wise, speak as if "evolution" were to explain all the mysteries of creation. Why, the evolution which we may observe in the field or the garden each passing year, is itself as profound a mystery as creation itself. That what appears to the eye nothing but an infinitesimal speck of jelly should contain the potency to develop itself into a complete plant like that on which the seed grew, with its flowers of the same form, the same colours, the same fragrance, all the same physical properties—is a natural fact of which science can observe the order and the laws, and determine how the development is promoted, modified, or

arrested by external circumstances; but the true cause of this law of heredity, as it is called, is wholly beyond our comprehension. This mysterious law of nature is used, you will remember, by the Apostle Paul to illustrate the analogous mystery of the resurrection from the dead; the unseen germ of the spiritual life which those who believe have by their union with Christ, being that from which there springs up in the resurrection a new, spiritual, and incorruptible body. The folly of questioning the Christian doctrine of the resurrection, because it passes our comprehension, is evident (St. Paul reminds us) when the commonest fact in the natural world is equally incomprehensible. The mysteries of nature leave no excuse whatever for stumbling at the mysteries of revelation.

Of all men in the world, certainly the man of science has the least excuse. Of such an one Mr. Herbert Spencer says, "In all directions his investigations bring him eventually face to face with an insoluble enigma." In other words, the light of science, however bright and glorious and beneficial to man it may ever become, proceeds out of darkness quite impenetrable by human reason. Shall then any man be offended, or need he wonder, if the light of spiritual truth—by which God manifests to us His own relations with us, and the remedy provided for the moral evils with which the world is filled, and the sorrows which accompany them—has also, like the knowledge of God's works in the natural world, its sources, the fundamental ideas on which it is based, hidden from man's understanding in the darkness which God makes His secret place?

There is, indeed, between the two parallel cases, an immense difference in favour of Christianity. We should consider the man a fool or a madman who, because he could not comprehend the fundamental truths on which science is based, should refuse to believe in the conclusions deduced from these truths, and to avail himself of the knowledge thence derived for the benefit of his earthly life. What must be the folly or moral perversion of the man who, because his intellect cannot penetrate the darkness out of which the Light comes, refuses that knowledge which is peace and joy and spiritual life, which fills this earthly life with heavenly blessings, and finally enables man to meet death itself without fear! We believe in natural laws, though we cannot in the least comprehend them, both on the testimony of those who have studied them and observed their results, and also from such experience of their results as we ourselves can appreciate. We believe in the truths of Christianity, though beyond our comprehension, on somewhat similar, though far more solid, grounds; partly on the accumulated and ever-accumulating external evidences that Revelation is from God; but, even more than this, from the witness to those truths in our own spirits

whenever they are received by us; because we learn their moral and spiritual value; because our conscience is purified, strengthened, and satisfied by them; because the character of God, as infinite love to man, is manifested and expounded by these truths; because they are the only solution of the profoundly, I may say the tremendously, interesting problems of our own existence, and of the world itself in which we live.

We are therefore called, as reasonable men, to believe the mysteries of Christianity, not as if there were, as some imagine, any virtue in believing what we cannot comprehend; but because, even as we cannot learn science without accepting its fundamental principles, so only through faith in the mysterious dogmas of Revelation, can we distinctly apprehend and fully attain that spiritual knowledge of God which is Life. These mysteries seem, to those who do not believe, nothing but profitless metaphysical speculations; but, to those who receive them in faith, they are a rich source of all the spiritual truths which give wisdom to the humble and childlike heart; a wisdom far profounder, far more practical, far more profitable to man, both for this life and for that which is to come, than all that the discoveries of science, and its investigations into the secrets of the physical universe, can ever impart.

It is doubtless not to be questioned, that science—in other words, the application to the study of the natural world of that reason of man which is the reflection of the Divine Wisdom by which that world was made and is governed—when used rationally, within its own proper sphere, has been and is a source of many and great benefits to man, moral as well as physical. But the greatest and highest benefit that science can confer on man as a spiritual being, made in the image and likeness of his Creator, is when it teaches him the limits of his own intellect, and his need of a faculty beyond his own reason to attain to the best and highest truths. The Christian has no regret whatever that the Age of Science has superseded for ever the Ages of the Imagination, miscalled those of Faith; but his desire is that men should learn from science that humility, as regards the mysteries of God, which is its truest, if not its first, teaching. He would say with the greatest of modern poets:—

"Desire we past illusions to recall?

To reinstate wild Fancy? Would we hide
Truths, whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No, let this Age, high as she may, install
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall;—
The Universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of Mystery; which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith, canst overleap
In progress towards the fount of Love, the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt, than prove its nothingness.

O U T S I D E.

"I WONDER what it all may mean?"
 The tiny feet were bare,
 The Christmas winds blew sharp and keen
 Across the chill church-stair;
 One little lamb, outside the fold,
 Looked through the open door,
 At hothouse buds and sheen of gold,
 And richly marbled floor.

"I wonder what they do inside?"
 The music floated round,
 Some anthem, seeking far and wide,
 With hushed and yearning sound;
 Then raptured, like a conquering soul
 That nears the tender sky,
 It found a psalm, and brought the whole
 Before the Christ on high.

"I wonder if it's wrong to peep?"
 I wish I might go in;
 The snows are falling soft and deep,
 My frock has worn so thin!

Oh, mother dear! is this the home
 Where you have gone to stay?
 Oh, tell me! won't they let me come,
 And kiss you once to-day?

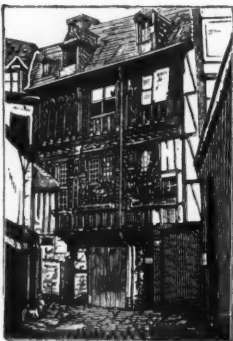
"I heard the children in the street
 Talk of the Christmas-tide;
 They spoke aloud of toy and treat—
 Oh, call your child inside!
 My mother, at this Christmas hour
 With you I long to be!
 In this fair house, with wreath and flower,
 Will they make room for me?"

The organ pealed, the people sang—
 None heard her pleading there;
 Across the fields the music rang,
 And blest the bitter air;
 And quietly, as winds grew wild,
 The wee limbs touched the sod,—
 Oh, little lamb! oh, weary child!
 Come to the arms of God!

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.



THE CAXTON BRIGADE IN MANCHESTER.



THE evils of street hawking by children at all hours of the night are conspicuous in every large town, and the question has frequently been asked, what can be done to lessen them, and to bring these irrepressible juvenile traders under good influences? Some six years ago Mrs. Pennefather formed a society in

London called the Caxton Brigade, with these objects in view; but the task proved too great to carry out in the metropolis. "The poor Caxton Brigade is defunct," writes a correspondent in answer to an inquiry as to its progress. "It made a gallant fight against great odds, and perished."

In Manchester it can scarcely be said to have encountered any opposition, partly because the

question of juvenile hawking had been well discussed in the local press, and partly because it was in the hands of Mr. Leonard K. Shaw and Mr. Gilbert Kirlew, the leading spirits of the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes. The movement there, was, in reality, the outcome of a town's meeting on the question of regulating the sellers of newspapers. At first it was called the Newspaper Brigade, and was formed for the purpose of counteracting the pernicious influence of bad books by the introduction of pure literature, in a cheap and an attractive form, into the homes of the people. It was proposed to carry out this commendable undertaking by means of a brigade of boys under discipline; and it was hoped that the movement would not only diminish the evil of juvenile street-hawking, but also prove a stepping-stone to permanent employment. The scheme, it will be observed, excludes the girls, who form a large proportion of the great army of newspaper sellers; but it was considered inexpedient to countenance the employment of girls in the streets, even under the most perfect supervision.

When the Brigade was formed, one of the rules excluded the employment of a boy who had not been accustomed to selling papers in the streets, or who had not been used to street life; but this rule has been slightly modified. At present, an applicant for admission is required to fill up a form, and to answer a number of questions as to his place of birth, position of family, the standard in which he has passed, and whether he has been used to selling papers; but no decent boy (over ten) who has been engaged in hawking any article in the streets, is refused admission into the Brigade. When admitted, his conduct is closely watched, and his parents, or guardians, are visited periodically, a report of his behaviour and the condition of his home being furnished by the visitor. When the boys are old enough, the Committee undertake to find them regular employment. The members pay a small subscription for the use of the Society's uniform, and for the use of the reading-room and lavatory. The uniforms are returned at seven o'clock in winter, and nine in summer, but the boys are allowed to remain in the reading-room for half an hour afterwards for the purpose of playing draughts or other games.

The results of the effort are very encouraging. From the last report of the Committee we learn that during the year 1883 nearly £3,000, for which no security whatever was held, passed through the hands of 400 boys, and that £10 would more than cover the losses which had been incurred through the dishonesty or misfortune of the boys. The boys are at perfect liberty to sell any magazine of a pure character, in addition to the daily newspapers.

The title of the Brigade is certainly very striking and appropriate. As the *Liverpool Courier* points out, there could hardly be a nobler method of perpetuating the name of the first English printer than by associating it with such a truly benevolent enterprise, the aim of which is to

assist in the battle of life poor lads who are willing to do their part. The scheme has worked well in Manchester, and we are glad to see that it is being extended to other towns. At Liverpool, premises have been secured in Mulberry Street, an active secretary, in the person of Mr. P. P. Williams, obtained; a treasurer, in that friend of helpless children, Mrs. Birt; and a president,

in that social reformer, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.

Work on similar lines has been commenced at Sheffield, Nottingham, Swansea, and the Potteries, and the system ought to be extended to every town in the kingdom. No earnest-minded friend of the young need fear of plunging himself into difficulties by his connection with this movement. When once started, it soon becomes self-supporting. From every point of view, it deserves to be encouraged. The children are benefited morally, as well as pecuniarily, and the sale of cheap and healthy literature is promoted. To some extent the children are colporteurs, whose work is capable of very great extension. Thousands aye, tens of thousands, of the working classes, never enter a book-seller's shop. If, therefore, the homes of the working classes are



ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

to be permeated with pure literature, it is absolutely necessary that it should be offered to them at their own doors. We commend the formation of a Caxton Brigade to every friend of boys, and beg to remind them of Lord Derby's pregnant words:—"If you look at the matter selfishly, it is very much to your interest to give these lads a lift, because they are exactly at an age when habits of industry and honesty on the one hand, and of idleness and vice on the other, are permanently formed. It is now or never for them. The next two or three years will probably decide whether they are as workers to increase the public wealth, or whether they are to lessen it by living upon it for the rest of their days, as paupers, vagrants, or possibly worse."

ARTHUR READE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

BY THE REV. J. WYCLIFFE GEDGE, M.A., DIOCESAN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS FOR WINCHESTER.

LESSONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

No. 5. THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT. PART II.



INTRODUCTION.

Ask a few questions on the last lesson. What did we learn from fourth Commandment? Sabbath day for rest and worship. The day changed by early Christians from the seventh to the first. Why? What works may be done on Sunday? So far, only half the Commandment; the other half to-day. Not only *rest* on Sabbath, but *work* on other six days.

I. THE DUTY ENJOINED. Work. (Read Ex. xx. 9; Gen. ii. 15—20.) Story of creation well known. World made in six days, or periods of time, with intervals between; that is to say, *God worked*. Man made in God's image. (Gen. i. 26.) To be like God. As far as possible to imitate God. Therefore, Adam taught to work. What was he to do in Eden? (a) *Till the earth*. World had been made very good. Made more beautiful by man's work. See this still. Illustrate by flowers; e.g., wild roses, small and scentless; cultivated, become large, beautiful, and full of scent. Compare wild fruits, strawberries, plums, etc., with those grown in gardens. On other hand, gardens neglected become deserts.

Remind how man's sin brought curse on ground. (Gen. iii. 18, 19.) Thorns and thistles began to grow; ground requires much more hard labour now than did at first; work often full of sorrow; difficult to get daily bread. Still, in all labour is profit (Prov. xiv. 23), and the diligent are made fat. Take as examples Jacob serving under Laban faithfully (Gen. xxx. 30), Joseph with Potiphar (Gen. xxxix. 2, 3), or Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz. So, to this day, diligence in work brings reward—honour, success, independence. Another kind of work given to Adam. (b) *Dominion over animals*. He gave names to animals, subdued them. But animals became wild; yet still are subdued by man. Instance lions tamed (James iii. 7), oxen used in ploughing, horses trained for riding and driving, dogs used in sledges, etc. Therefore this Commandment teaches also duty to dumb animals. What does it say about them? They must have day of rest. God cares for

cattle as well as His other creatures. So must we. Duty to treat them kindly, let them have needful rest.

II. SIN FORBIDDEN—Idleness. (Read Prov. xv. 19; xix. 24; xx. 13.) All these verses, and many others, rebuke sloth. Such people called idle, lazy, sluggards, etc. Commandment tells us to labour or work hard; i.e., not be idle. St. Paul says if a man will not work, shall not eat. Describe the farm of an idle man. Weeds choking corn because not plucked out when small; hedges not mended, letting in cattle; end poverty. So a lazy child will not get up in the morning; careless about learning lessons; grows up in indolent habits; comes to poverty and perhaps shame.

Remind how Christ was eager to learn. Asked questions of doctors, and thus did His Father's business. (Luke ii. 49.) This learning especially the work of all children. Must remember that to do that well is to do their Father's business.

LESSON. *Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.*

No. 6. THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

INTRODUCTION. So far Commandments have taught about God and our duty to Him. Remaining six teach about our neighbours, i.e., those with whom we are brought in contact.

I. THE DUTY ENJOINED—Obedience. (Read Eph. vi. 1—8.) Words apply to all persons—have duties to those over them. Can take three classes. (a) *Children*. Repeat fifth Commandment. Honour includes obedience, love, help. Parents set over children by God, must be obeyed. Remind how Christ was subject to His earthly parents at their home at Nazareth. (Luke ii. 51.) Children must *obey* parents in *all things*; e.g., choice of friends, books to read, time to leave school, choice of occupation, etc. Must also *love* them. Think what they have done for children, worked for them, nursed in sickness, cared for. Child should often think, how *can* I show love in return? Not by teasing for what I want, but by *helping*. Remind of Miriam, little girl watching baby brother, Joseph providing for aged father, Christ, when dying, thinking of His mother. Children can often help with younger children, give part of wages to old and sick parents, help busy mothers on Saturdays. (b) *Servants*. Not always stay at home. Boys work under masters in farm, shop, office, etc.; girls in shops and homes. Service must be faithful, such as Joseph's, whose master able to trust him. Such service done as to God will receive special reward. (Eph. vi. 8.) Potiphar and Pharaoh both blessed for Joseph's sake. (c) *Citizens*. St.

Paul tells us to fear God and honour the king. Good subjects will obey laws of their land.

II. THE SIN FORBIDDEN—*Disobedience*. (Read Deut. xxi. 18—21.) What a fearful punishment on a rebellious son. Do not know whether often carried out, but do read of Absalom. King's son raising rebellion against father, and coming to untimely end. This, in lesser form, very common sin. Children speaking disrespectfully, giving saucy answers, choosing own way; servants neglecting orders, not attending to master's wishes, answering back rudely—all break this Commandment.

III. THE REWARD PROMISED. Called first Commandment with promise. Two promises in Eph. vi. 3. What can be happier than family trained in habits of obedience, respect, and mutual help! Parents may well look forward to happy and comfortable old age; know children will not let them want. Those who thus act do duty to God, and earn long life in a better land, *i.e.*, heaven.

LESSON. *Obey those that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves.*

NO. 7. THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

INTRODUCTION. This one of Commandments explained by Christ in Sermon on the Mount, showing how all others may be explained. Remind what said in first lesson about four things in all the Commandments, *viz.*, the sin itself, the same in lesser form, the feeling in the heart, and the opposite duty.

I. THE SIN FORBIDDEN—*Murder, anger, etc.* (Read Matt. v. 21, 22.) Ask who was the first murderer? What led Cain to do it? *Envy*, because Abel's sacrifice accepted, and not his; then *hatred* against his brother; *malice*, planning his death. Then the actual *murder*, followed by *lying* when asked where his brother was. Similarly remind of Saul. (Read 1 Sam. xviii. 6—10.) Same three things—*envy*, *hatred*, *malice*—against David, because received less praise. For other examples, take Joseph's brethren. Above all, Jews at Jerusalem against Christ. Chief priests envious of Christ's success with people, hated Him, demanded His crucifixion when Pilate found Him innocent. All teach same lesson. Sin is not only in the act, but the thought. Hatred same as murder. (1 John iii. 15.) Another form of this sin is unkindness, such as boys teasing and hurting others, calling names, jeering, speaking unkindly, proceeds from same wrong thoughts; might, if not checked, lead to quarrels, blows, fighting, and even murder. Hence, see how needful to check risings of evil thoughts, *envy*, *hatred*, and such-like, lest lead to worse. (See Matt. xv. 19.) Beginning of strife like letting out of water. Can be stopped in beginning, but afterwards impossible. Quarrels of *nations* lead to war, with all its horrors.

II. THE DUTY ENJOINED—*Forgiveness*. (Read Eph. iv. 31, 32.) St. Paul tells how we may break and how are to keep this Commandment. So also

Christ in Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. v. 44.) Must love, bless, and forgive, not only friends, but even enemies. For examples, take *Joseph* forgiving his brothers (Gen. xlv. 5), feasting them, returning their money, providing for them in Goshen; *David* forgiving Saul (1 Sam. xxvi. 11), sparing his life; *Christ* praying for His murderers (Luke xxiii. 34), and *Stephen* also (Acts. vii. 60).

LESSON. *Be ye kind one to another.*

SPECIAL LESSON ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Scripture to be read—Luke ii. 1—20.

INTRODUCTION. All children love birthdays—look forward to them with pleasure—spend happy day, receive good wishes and presents from relations and friends, have feast and merry-making. To-day a birthday; whose is it? Jesus Christ's birthday; kept to-day all over the world; happened 1884 years ago. Still kept with joy by all who love Him.

I. THE BABE'S BIRTH. (Read 1—7.) Rome capital of Italy, great city, governed by emperor. Romans at that time conquerors of great part of world. Emperor wants to take a census. Not taken, like ours, at each place where happen to be staying; all go to own cities. Bethlehem very old city; great many gone from it to large towns, now return for census. Village and inn quite full, no room for humble peasant from Nazareth. Where do they find a lodging? There the Child born, with a manger for its bed. Who is the Child? *Jesus*, or Saviour of the world; *Christ*, *i.e.*, the Anointed One of God, as Prophet, Priest, and King; *Lord*, or Ruler of heaven and earth. What does His lowly birth teach us? (a) *Poverty no disgrace*; to be poor is to be like Jesus. Did He complain? Often when grown up had nowhere to lay His head. Therefore learn also (b) *Contentment*. He was meek and lowly in heart. (Matt. xi. 20.) So we must be contented, however poor and humble our lot.

II. THE BABE'S MISSION. (Read 8—20.) Seems strange that first people told of Christ's birth should be shepherds. Who told them? Word "angel" means "messenger." Always called God's messengers. What wonderful sight! what wonderful sound! All like singing hymns; how delightful to hear angels singing one! No false notes, no singing for effect, no singing with lips merely! What was their song? (a) *Praise to God* for sending His Son. Why did He do so? Christ Himself tells us; was because He so loved us. (John iii. 16.) (b) *Peace to men*. How did Christ bring peace? Lived holy peaceful life, speaking words of love, doing kind deeds, at last giving His life to save us.

What did the shepherds do? They believed; went at once, found Christ, rejoiced, told the news abroad. We like them have heard the message. Do we really believe it? Then shall seek Him earnestly day by day, shall have joy and peace in our lives, shall do all we can to tell others.

LESSON. *Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.*

THE GREY DRESS.

BY CHRISTIAN REDFORD, AUTHOR OF "BERTIE AND I," "DOUBLY BLIND," ETC.



"'I hope you will not refuse,' he said earnestly."—p. 86.

IT was a sultry August day.

Half an hour, or more, ago, Herbert Mason had thrown himself lazily upon the shingle. And he had since been thinking—very aimlessly, and not very brightly or happily, and absently watching the beautiful silvery light on the sea the while.

The pretty and cheerful seaside town of Dorbeach was fairly full of visitors: and there they were this morning—or a large proportion of them, at any rate

—scattered over the beach, laughing and chatting and enjoying themselves; some reading, or working; others again lying on the shelving shingle, silent and solitary, like Herbert.

Passing footsteps on the little parade above—laughing voices—the merriment of children—the music of a band playing near—the light, regular sound of the rippling waves rolling up on the smooth sand—all mingled in one half-soothing murmur to Herbert, until at length he heard a lady's voice say crossly—

"I wish Constance Benyon would not be so foolish!"

"What has she done, mamma?" asked a careless girlish voice.

"Nothing in particular, as yet. It is what she intends to do that shows me that she has not an idea of what is really due either to herself or to her friends."

"Mamma is thinking of the grey dress, Nina, of course!" said a colder voice, with a touch of both sarcasm and impatience in it. "Just imagine having it turned! It has already been worn for—I don't know how long! And Constance declares, besides, that she will not, if she can possibly avoid it, spend another penny on dress—not even on gloves!—for some time to come! It is truly provoking;—so much as she is with us! As if the little she spends would make any particular difference! For of course it is not as though they were quite poor; and she is always careful."

"But, Ellice, when they have had no one in the house for so long, I daresay——"

"I asked her," interrupted Ellice, "whether, supposing they were so fortunate as to obtain a lodger or a boarder at once, she would allow herself at least a new dress, when she wants one so badly; but she said no—that her mother would not be able to spare the money comfortably yet awhile; and that she never liked her to feel pressed or over-anxious."

"All very kind, no doubt," put in the elder lady's voice now, impatiently. "But they might and ought to make any reasonable sacrifice, so as to have Constance dress well—dowdy girls are always neglected. But, my dears, are you forgetting the time? We have our shopping to do yet, you know! And we must not forget that *we* are not holiday-keepers, with the whole day before us!"

And Herbert heard no more. He moved slowly round, and watched them out of sight, then got up and shook himself, with half a smile on his lips.

"Benyon!" he said to himself. "That was the name. I may as well keep it in mind. This Constance must be an unusually sensible girl, I should imagine. It's not every young lady, by a long way, who has 'the courage to be herself, and to forget herself,' as somebody remarks. Perhaps I might——"

But here he broke off his soliloquy, and began to whistle softly to himself, as he walked up the beach.

Making his way along the parade, he presently entered a newsagent's shop; and, asking for the local papers, he sat down to study them, and to find, if he could, somewhere in the list of houses and apartments to let, the name of Benyon.

And as he sat there, unconcernedly enough, the newsagent from behind his counter eyed him observantly, till called away by the entrance of new customers.

Herbert Mason was a good-looking young man,

with fair drooping moustache, keen blue eyes, and pleasant expression of countenance. He wore a shabby tweed suit, and had carried under his arm two or three old books which now lay on the floor beside his chair. He had come down to Dorbeach to read, and also to enjoy himself—if he could. He had not long arrived; and his roomy old portmanteau, as shabby as his coat, and as the books, was waiting for him at the railway station.

In the Dorbeach *Mercury* he soon found the name of Benyon, and then, making a few careless inquiries of the newsagent, he discovered that Mrs. Benyon, a widow, and her daughter Constance, an only child, were well known and highly respectable, and that they occupied a picturesque old house in the High Street.

Thither Herbert made his way—readily finding the house, which stood a little back from the street, with a large patch of garden in front, full of old-fashioned flowers and sweet herbs. Brilliant nasturtiums, among other things, were climbing over the trellised porch; and their bright brown or yellow or orange blossoms were falling also in wild luxuriance over the low mossy stone wall which separated the garden from the street.

Soon Herbert had knocked at the green-painted door, and had been conducted by Mrs. Benyon into the cool, shady parlour—rather small, Herbert thought it, but it looked extremely neat and comfortable. It would suit him exactly, he said; and when all necessary arrangements had been quickly agreed upon, he started at once to the railway station for his portmanteau.

The afternoon he spent, for the most part, within doors. And he contrived to obtain just a glimpse of Constance. He had opened his door just as she had been passing, with a small tray in her hands, between their own little sitting-room and the kitchen. She had blushed slightly, passed him with a pleasant glance and bow, as he had drawn back, and then the door at the end of the passage had hidden her from his view.

It was evening—cool and pleasant, and light yet. The street was silent without, and Herbert Mason, alone in Mrs. Benyon's parlour, was silent within. But in the room adjoining, the young man could hear merry girlish voices, and every now and then the whirr of a sewing-machine. The grey dress, no doubt, was in process of being turned.

Well, Herbert wished the busy, lively workers all success: but now what should he do with himself? He did not feel inclined either to read or to go out. For a few minutes he paced to and fro the room: then stood still by the open window, gazing down rather frowningly at some great bushes of fragrant lavender, within reach of his hand.

Sunday morning arrived. Herbert went to church, still wearing the old tweed suit, and choosing a seat far back.

Ah! there was Constance! He soon caught sight of her. And her mother sat beside her, in her worn

but well-preserved dress of black silk. There were the Misses Grevett also, Ellice and Nina, the former resplendent in a cream-coloured costume with crimson trimmings, the latter in white, with a good many blue bows.

And Constance wore—was it *the* grey dress, Herbert wondered? At all events, it was grey: and Constance looked very fresh and sweet and ladylike in it. But then she wore an ornament that would have shed an indisputable loveliness over any dress—"even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

For the remainder of the day thoughts of that wonderful and by no means common ornament ran in Herbert's mind.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three weeks had passed. Constance, with Ellice and Nina, had been invited to an evening party; but with Constance there was the difficulty of dress again, and she had declined.

"I am afraid you are feeling a little disappointed, my child?" said Mrs. Benyon, when the evening of the party had arrived—a still, lovely evening, in the beginning of September.

"Disappointed about what?" asked a merry voice—and Herbert Mason appeared in the doorway—he was looked upon quite as a friend by this time, and came and went as he pleased. Constance started and blushed.

Herbert had discovered, through Ellice and Nina, whom he had met on the parade half an hour before with their mother, all about the party, and the invitation that had been declined. He knew Mrs. Grevett and her daughters by this time almost as well as he did Mrs. Benyon and Constance.

Herbert had not remained long with them, but instead—with a certain business letter in his pocket which he would next day have to answer in person—he had returned to his lodgings, forming a pleasant little plan as he went.

And the plan was none other than this. He would invite Mrs. Benyon and her daughter to take tea with him. And he did so.

"I hope you will not refuse," he said earnestly, thinking that Mrs. Benyon hesitated. "I shall have to be running off to-morrow, I find, and I feel inclined to make the most of my last evening."

Observing Constance, as narrowly as he dared, during his speech, he thought he saw a shadow come over her gentle face, as he mentioned his departure; but he could not be sure.

Mrs. Benyon openly spoke her regrets, and did not refuse his invitation; and then came a quietly happy evening. And after tea, with certain reservations, Herbert told his history. He had been left an orphan early, but through the care of an uncle had received a good education; he had since led a wandering life, following various fancies; and now, at the age of three-and-thirty, no work called him,

and he was practically alone in the world, and also homeless—save for a certain "miserable and lonely place, hung with cobwebs, overrun with rats, and tenanted only by a poor old superannuated gardener and his wife."

Mrs. Benyon looked rather grave after hearing this story; but she made little or no comment upon it; and the next day Herbert departed, bidding both mother and daughter a bright, pleasant farewell, and "hoping that he might see them again some day."

And quiet, gentle Constance went about her work as usual; and only her mother's quick eyes saw that she drooped, and that the days were long and wearisome to her.

Nevertheless, long though they might appear, they passed away one by one, and October was half over, when one morning, as Constance was engaged in sweeping the withered leaves from her patch of garden, she saw the postman coming along the High Street, and she said to herself, "He is coming here!"

And he did come. And Constance never forgot the unexpected happiness which he brought her that morning, as long as she lived.

Herbert had written to her, asking her to become his wife. He would appear in person, he said, that day or the one following, to learn his answer.

It was favourable to him—he stayed a day or two—then departed once more—on "important business," as to the nature of which, however, he gave no hint to either mother or daughter.

But it was explained when, just before Christmas, Constance and he returned from their wedding holiday.

It was a bright, beautiful December afternoon, and they had both preferred to walk from the station, leaving the luggage to be sent on.

"There is your future home then, dear, which you have naturally been so curious about!" said Herbert at length. "That old grey stone building, with the patches of ivy upon the front—half-way up that hill. Don't you see it?"

He was half smiling now as he looked at her.

"That beautiful place!" she murmured. "Oh, Herbert! you called it miserable!"

"And so it *was* miserable!" returned he. "But I found, when I was working for her who should be queen of it, that much more could be done with it, and for it, than I had imagined."

And when Constance had received a loving welcome into it—by her own mother, who had met her in the picturesque old porch on her arrival—as well as by her husband; and when she had seen the many thoughtful and careful arrangements for her comfort and pleasure, she murmured, as Herbert and she wandered in and out of the quaint low-ceiled rooms together—

"You must be rich, Herbert, to have done all this! And how came you to marry *me*?"

He glanced down at her lovingly, as she leant on

his arm, and then, instead of answering her question at once, he told her a little story which concerned a certain grey dress.

"Our acts our angels are," he concluded. "I think it must have been the angel of the grey dress that drew me to you, dearest—or rather, the brave, strong principles that clustered round the resolution to wear it."

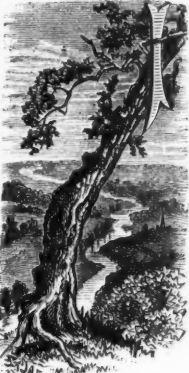
"What, that poor old dress that Ellice and Nina helped me to re-make, and that they were so vexed about!" exclaimed Constance, in amused, half-un-

believing surprise, "the dress that I almost cried over at last! For you must not imagine that it was nothing to me to decide upon wearing it, instead of having a new one. How strangely things come about!"

"Yes, dear; or so it seems to us, at least, simply because we can so seldom read the Providence that lies behind each event of our lives—even the most trifling. But though we may not read, we might *trust* more than we do, and so smooth many a rugged step in our pathway through life."

RESTFUL TALKS IN THE RUSH OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM. NO. I.



Quiet hours we often meditate upon all the uncertainties of life. We have seen such strange and sudden changes—fortunes dissipated, health undermined, friendships lost through fickleness, bereavements that well-nigh broke the heart through their solemn suddenness. What shall be on the morrow? we ask, and asking, tremble for the answer. It is well to be reminded at such times of the certainties. For there are

certainties. Such an one was revealed by God to Moses in Exodus iii. 12, when He said, "Certainly I will be with thee." This is a promise renewed to us as Christians in the words of our Lord and Saviour, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and is called to mind for our comfort by His holy Apostle St. Paul, when, speaking of the promise of our Lord, he remarks, "For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." When we meditate, therefore, on God's words to Moses, we need not confine their application to him alone, but may see, as in a microcosm, the picture of our life—if we are indeed the children of God.

Let us notice that the entire history of the Exodus is enfolded in these words. Six words only, yet what volumes are contained in them! All the miraculous history is here—the pillar of cloud and fire, the manna, the water from the rock, the opening of the Red Sea, the uplifted serpent with the healing cure, the fording of the Jordan, and the full view of the promised land. Such is the rare beauty of God's promise. It is enough—a portable promise, one which we can

carry with us on sea or on land, everywhere. There was no failure on God's part. The people were faithless, but He remained faithful. If God gave us the long detail of special promises for special needs, we might come to some season of anxiety and distress which we could find no special reference to; and indeed, if we will think of it, how could we—so vast is the detail of each separate life—find room for a revelation that should be minute and specific in relation to all the events of our history? But this is enough—"Certainly I will be with thee." And when God says "certainly," we know that no accident can delay His coming, no difficulties hinder His gracious presence, no powers, visible or invisible, overmaster His ability to succour and to save.

Let us not fail to honour God, and to give glory to Him, by faithlessness. Let us remember that He loves to be trusted, and that not one word shall fail of all that He hath spoken.

Next let us remember that the verification of this can be seen. We live in an age that is asking for *Verification*; we are told that all must be tested by facts, and that we must use the inductive argument of a consensus not of opinions but of verities. Even so. This Hebrew history lies before us in all its wonderful exactness and fulness. When the Israelites commenced their life in Canaan, Miriam sang the triumphant song of their deliverance; and when in after years the Temple rose, these Hebrew facts were made the subject of choral song. And this not in any general way, but as a specific scene which never could have been so pronounced and prominent if the facts had not been interwoven with the memories of the people from age to age. Father to son, through all the generations, repeated the separate facts of that wonderful deliverance. The 105th Psalm commences the fifth verse with, "Remember His marvellous works that He hath done," and gives in separate verses each fact in the Hebrew deliverance; so does the 106th

Psalm; whilst the 136th Psalm appends to each separate episode in the Hebrew deliverance the beautiful refrain, "For His mercy endureth for ever." When men write fiction, they avoid historic detail. Facts alone can bear the separate touch which gives to each specific incident its place and value. How wonderfully true, then, was the promise of God! The people forgot God's works, and waited not for His counsel. They envied Moses also in the camp. But though the people were against him, and his prospects seemed against him, yet God remembered His promise, "Certainly I will be with thee."

Then remember the losses Moses sustained. This forms a dark background to the picture. He had to bear, as we have to bear, fickleness and falseness in others; their promises were broken, and they asked their leader with irony, "Because there were not enough graves in Egypt, hast thou brought us into the wilderness to kill us, and our children, and our cattle, with thirst?" Alas! we have learned at mid-life how much of uncertainty there is in human fidelity and friendship. We go to the old trysting places and we sit alone! In quiet hours of meditation we remember how we have been forsaken by the superficial and betrayed by the cruel. We are apt to become cynical when we think of the days of coldness and desertion. Even gratitude, we think, might have made human allegiance constant to us; but that flower withered because it grew in a shallow nature, where there was no depth of earth. But whilst we thus ponder on the uncertain, there comes to us One Whose face was more marred than any man's; One Who knew what it was to have even disciples forsake Him; One Who was acquainted with grief—and in His presence our hearts grow young again, our spirits lighter, our future is full of radiant hope: for He is a Friend Who sticketh closer than a brother, and He says, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

And then, as we meditate on these words, we seem to remember that we have heard them again—that God Himself has made use of the verified history of His dealings with Moses for our consolation. It is so. Twice did the Almighty refer to this promise, when He revealed His will to Joshua. In the first chapter and fifth verse of the Book of Joshua we read, "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage." And in chapter the third and the seventh verse: "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that as I was with Moses, so will I be with thee." Beautiful references these; for if God recalls what He has said, and gives such emphasis to His own words, surely for our comfort and consolation we may do the same. What a rebuke is

this to those who call us textual, and say we make too much of these historic promises! Why, God Himself is seen in these words, heartening the spirit of Joshua by revealing His own fulfilled promises to Moses.

Thus it is that every good man's life is a legacy in the best sense. It leaves us the riches of Divine truth fulfilled in a saintly life. We may be richer in faith, and so richer in hope, and so richer in joy to-day, by remembering the certainty of God's gracious promises, and how His Word endureth to all generations.

So in quiet hours, when we are laid aside, we may remember, too, that though the world is still the same world—full of disappointments—full of care—full of change—full of uncertainty—yet this one great certainty makes up to the Christian for all else. Truly all things are ours—life, death, things present, things to come, for we are His Who says, "I am the Lord; I change not." But meditation has not done all its work when we are convinced that a Divine promise is true. Meditation is to a good man prayer in preparation, and we shall best gain "Restful Hours in the Rush of Life" when such thoughts as these, whether we are at home or abroad, lead us to enter into our closet and pray to our Father in secret; there we can tell Him all our earthly disappointments, and seek a fuller realisation of Divine fellowship with Him Who is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble. Our Father is unchangeable in truth and love; and as we feel afresh our spiritual union with Christ, let us call to mind the words of His holy Apostle St. John, "We are in Him that is TRUE."

Let me *talk* with you, therefore, now, and ask if you believe these words. If so, you should be brighter and cheerier than you are. If so, your sleep should be restful as a little child's. If so, you should not let the anxious thoughts of care, like a cloud of locusts, eat up every green thing in the garden of your heart, and, filling all the air, blot out the heavenly sky. Say, too, are not you conscious of God's all-sufficiency to those who have gone before you? How calm they were in trouble. How comfortable it was to live with them; and yet perhaps they were not very prosperous—perhaps they earned day by day their daily bread. Let those dear faces shape themselves again to you out of the golden clouds; and remember how they *loved* the Bible: how they believed the words, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd, I shall not want." We, their children, cannot find rest anywhere else but in our Father, God. But you can do that—yes. Oh, rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Shall I tell you what you want?—what you have very little of? It is what I want myself. But then I am comforted by knowing that the Apostles wanted it also, for they prayed, "Lord, increase our FAITH."



GOOD MEN.

A SONNET.

EMBOWERED 'mid trees a little coppice lies,
 Hid far away from all the busy throng.
 There all is peace, and as you pass along
 Its mossy woodland paths, the birds arise
 From their low nests, and gaze with wondering
 eyes,
 And circling round you sing a joyous song,
 Fearless of evil, ignorant of wrong,

Since there by act of man no creature dies.

And like this sheltered peaceful spot are some
 Near whom no evil ever seems to stay ;

In whose pure presence cruelty flies away,
 While malice, fraud, and strife are stricken dumb ;
 Whose lives, so full of charity and love,
 Are precious gifts to men from God above.

G. W.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A., RECTOR OF GREAT BARTON, BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
AND HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.



THE mistake of the day is to confound together religious "instruction" and "education." They are really different, though the second can hardly be given without a foundation of the first.

In order to understand any information given, or lessons or truths sought to be taught, or conclusions drawn from many lectures, speeches, sermons, or books, it is necessary to be acquainted with at least the main statements and outlines of religion, such as, with us, are contained in the Bible and the history of the Church of Christ. Unless a man knows something of these, the most ordinary allusions are unintelligible to him. The speaker, preacher, or writer cannot be always going back to the first elements of what he treats about. He assumes a certain basis of knowledge or information in those whom he addresses. He cannot always be stopping to say, "Now, you must know when I mention 'Moses' I mean a famous lawgiver who was engaged some 3,000 years ago in leading a certain people, who were called the Jews, out of a country called Egypt," and so on. No one could stop at the mention of the name of any place or person, such as Jerusalem, Abraham, Joshua, David, Solomon, Judea, Paul, Samaria, Herod, Galilee, and the like, in order to explain what he meant by reference to these names. He must take for granted that his hearers or readers are familiar with what is generally known about them.

It does not necessarily follow that this religious instruction, these statements of religious and Christian history, should be accompanied by the moral and other lessons to be drawn from them. They must, to a certain extent, be the inculcation of dry statements which it is necessary for the child to remember, if afterwards he is to be able to understand many social allusions, as the sheer knowledge of the addition and multiplication tables is necessary if he is ever called upon to keep any accounts, or to follow references to business matters in the books and newspapers he may read, or the conversation he may hear about them.

A man of what is called liberal education must be acquainted with at least the outlines of ancient history, art, and modern science, besides divers other matters too numerous to mention, or he will be shut out from very much of the current

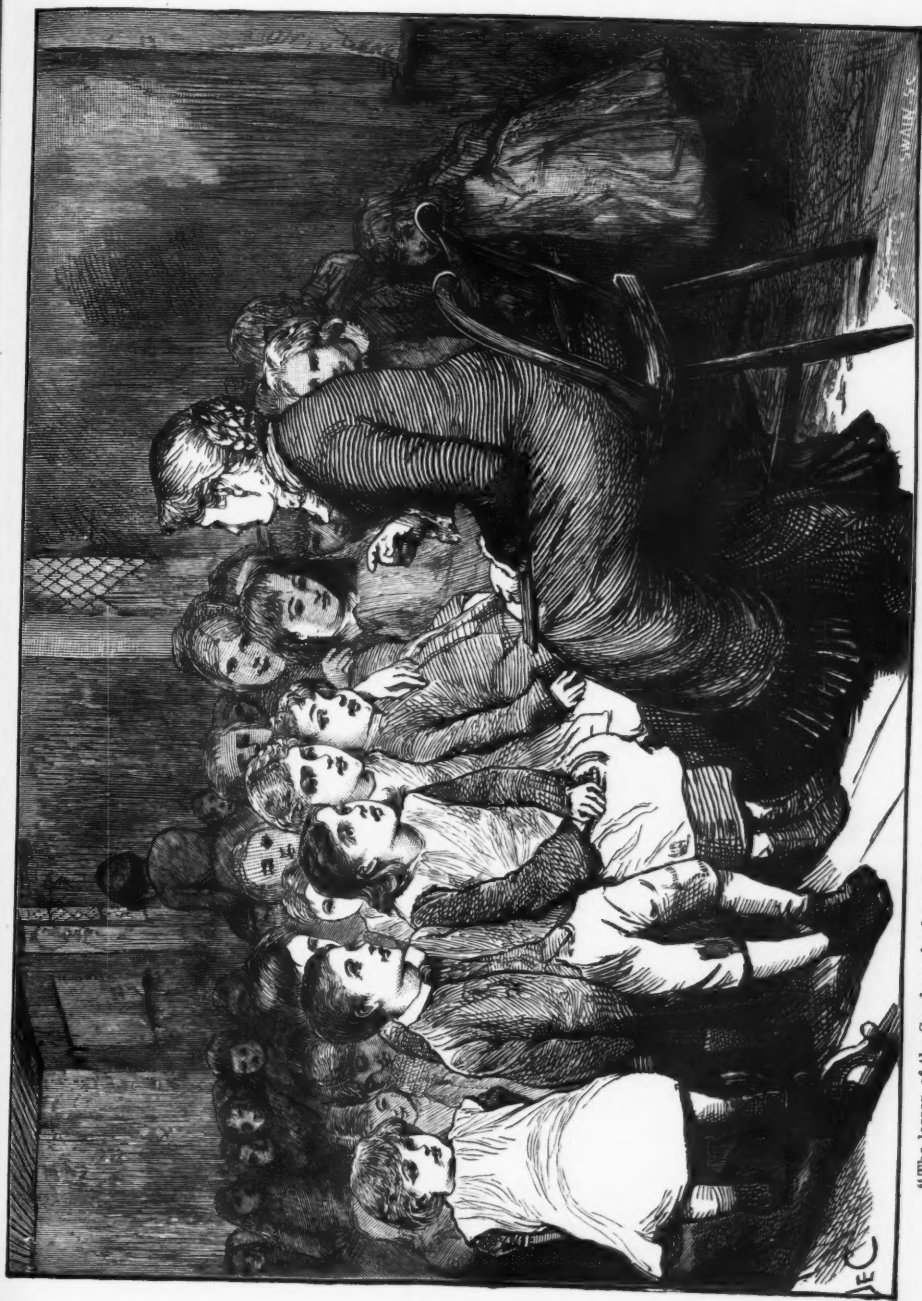
interest of his age, and be excluded from the advantages of literary culture and information. A very large number of books, the proceedings of many societies and institutions, literary, scientific, political, social, technical, addressed to those of liberal education, will be hopelessly closed to him unless as a child and young man he has been taught the rudiments and outlines, the knowledge of which is taken for granted by all who speak of, or comment on, the events and progress of the world.

Just so in religious education. A certain amount of rudimentary instruction is necessary—in respect to the statements and doctrines of Christianity, in order that lessons of Christianity may be eventually conveyed; in order, *i.e.*, that any religious education may be given.

The child afterwards may make a wrong use, or no use, of the main religious and historical statements contained in that book, but he is unfitted to take his place intelligently in much conversation, or even to read with sufficient perception many allusions of current journalism, if he has never been taught anything about those religious and historical statements. Afterwards, when he grows up, he may, wisely or unwisely, form his own conclusions. He will have his own opinion about the lessons and deductions drawn from these statements. But at any rate he should be in early life supplied with some information upon which his views, right or wrong, can be based. For this reason most people insist on some primary religious instruction.

But we must not confound this with religious education. This is another matter. It concerns those moral precepts, those spiritual motives which are intended to influence the conduct of life, which are to create a sense of conscientiousness, a love of truth, a devotion to the high principles of righteousness.

Religious education, concerns itself with the knowledge of God as our Father which is in heaven, and a perception of Divine love and the spirit of self-sacrifice revealed in our Lord Jesus Christ. This can never be conveyed in mere dry lessons. It can come only from the loving heart, and appeals to the conscience. It passes from soul to soul. And it is this which makes the duty of any one who professes to impart religious education of such grave importance. The preaching of the clergyman is vain unless he cordially feels what he says. The so-called religious book is dusty and dull unless it has the ring of sincerity in it. The lesson of the Sunday-school teacher is empty unless he or she is touched with



"The lesson of the Sunday-school teacher is empty unless he or she is touched with the spirit of Christian love and earnestness."

"A FEW WORDS ABOUT RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND EDUCATION."—A 92.



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the spirit of Christian love and earnestness. The state of religious instruction is indeed so low in this country, so many are still so ignorant, so devoid of rudimentary knowledge about the facts of Bible history, and the like, that it is often impossible for the Sunday-school teacher to omit imparting mere elementary knowledge; but in this case, the elementary knowledge should, if possible, even in the very giving of the lesson, be associated with the moral and spiritual truth which it is capable of conveying. In short, the main, chief, prominent object of the Sunday-school is to touch the scholar's heart with a sense of its union with God, the assurance of God's love which it has in our Lord Jesus Christ, and the help which is given to it to lead a righteous and Christian life by the Holy Spirit, which speaks in the conscience of every one. And I should like to know how a Sunday-school teacher can do this unless he or she is honestly and heartily trying to lead this righteous and Christian life himself or herself.

Some knowledge of Bible and Church history and doctrine is indeed necessary in any one who would rightly discharge the duty of a Sunday-school teacher; but it is only the personal character, example, and influence of the teacher which can make his or her lessons living ones, such as a Sunday-school is intended to impart. No righteous influences can proceed except from a righteous soul. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. The good man out of the good treasure of his heart brings forth that which is good. It is not even enough for the teacher to interest children. He or she must ever be on the watch to sow some seed of holiness or righteousness, and never think a lesson completed without such sowing. The work indeed is trying, and needs self-watchfulness and prayer. But all genuinely good work is trying. It cannot be discharged without pains and preparation, and, I will add, not without much patience, love, and self-denial.

In saying this I do not forget that only a few of my readers are likely to be teachers in a Sunday-school. The great school is the world, and the chief teachers in that are the parents of the children themselves. The main duty and work of religious education lies with them. It is by what they see and hear at home that, in most cases, the children will acquire that Christian character which will enable them to grow up Christians indeed. Really, I might say the effect of the very best Sunday-school depends chiefly upon the parents of the children who attend it. If the Sunday-school is used only or mainly as a place to which children can safely be sent so as to be out of the way at home, if it is used to shift on others the responsibility of any religious teaching, I expect that the impression which may, for the hour, be made upon the child by an

earnest teacher, is too often dissipated and destroyed by the influence and example of a careless parent. What can a child think to be the good of attending common prayer in the House of God if its parent never enters the door of a church? Genuine Sunday-school work is often up-hill, but how disastrously is it upset if never backed by the parent at home! A child will generally yield to the influences which most carefully surround it. If, day by day, during the week, these are careless or worse; if, for example, it sees its parents indulge to excess in drink, if it hears no reference to God, except perhaps in irreverence, if it is always brought into contact with the slovenliness and improvidence which mark a disorderly home, what can be expected from an hour of the most faithful teaching on a Sunday? True, there have been instances not a few, in which, in that short time, the child's heart has been touched by a better influence, and even the home itself has been blessed by the effort of the child to live aright; but how grievously Sunday-school work is weighted from not being supported during the week in the family!

There should, indeed, be no better teachers than the father and mother. On them lies the first responsibility towards young souls. It is very well and creditable that they should take pains to provide them with Sunday clothes, but how about the Sunday spirit, which should be the spirit of the week? How about the care lest they should offend any of these little ones by their own carelessness, and outward indifference to religion and Divine worship? What, I repeat, do they expect to follow by sending their children to church if they do not go themselves? What good do they think will attend the Sunday lesson to live a godly life, unless they are plainly striving to lead godly lives themselves? Children are guided by example far more than by precept, by life more than by lessons, by steady home influence more than by any school discipline.

When, therefore, we talk of religious education as distinct from, as an advance upon, religious instruction, though this may be honestly given in school, it must chiefly be given at home, if the child's character is to be formed on Christian lines. Without righteous home example and influence, woful is the prospect that the child will grow up into a genuine Christian man or woman. It is likely, in time, to take its tone from its surroundings. If they are good—though some children disappoint the best parents—there is obvious hope that the child will turn out well. How many a man and woman, honestly trying to lead a Christian life, traces his or her better mind to the influence and example of a righteous parent! How many parents, humanly speaking, have only themselves to thank when their children turn out ill! Perhaps they have

cuffed and scolded them when they have been troublesome ; but that is not religious education. Perhaps they have even sent them to Sunday-school and church ; but very possibly that was to get them out of the way. What they should do is to bring them to church themselves, and back up the teacher's efforts by a personal interest in the lesson.

In short, true religious education is not, and never can be, the sole work of any school, however good. Throughout the whole educational movement, especially of these latter days, many of us have lost sight of what true religious education is. We are a great deal too fond of dividing work into different departments ; as if it were the schoolmaster's business to hammer the three R's, and as much else as it can be got to hold, into the child's head ; the parent's business to feed, lodge, and clothe the child, and pay its school fees, till it can begin to earn a few shillings a week itself ; the Sunday-school teacher's and minister's business to provide its share of religion. But religion, the sense of obedience to high principles, the sense of respect we owe to God, can never be shut up in, and referred to, a mere department, as if it could be taught separately, like arithmetic. If it is anything, it is intended to pervade all work, all life. The spirit of it is needed just as much in the home as in the Church. The Church is not a sort of tank in which so much religion is stored, and out of which people may fill their own buckets if they are so inclined.

Religion is, rather, more like the rain without which no grass can grow, without which no fruit can swell. It is like the dew which needs to fall over the woods and fields and gardens alike, and without which all natural life would be dried up. When we talk of religious education, we think of the influence which should descend upon and pervade every so-called Christian society, having, it may be, different forms, but having this one thing in common ; high motive, purpose, and effort to lead a righteous life, desire to know

and to do the will of God ; desire, that is to say, to know and do what really are the laws by which we should be guided ; desire to follow them, and not merely please ourselves. That which thus concerns our whole course and work is no mere educational department, confined to one section of instruction.

Religious education ! This, or its opposite, inevitably goes on in every circle, every home, every part and branch of society. We are all called to be teachers and scholars in this matter. It ceases at no period of our growth and life. It is perpetually the subject of learning and examination.

The world is the great school in which it is required, and God is the Head Teacher and Chief Inspector therein. We distort its meaning, and cramp it down, when we talk of its being the business of this or that set of people only. It is not a special, but a universal subject, in which we, all of us, cannot help, for good or evil, having a hand, by our character and example. But when we think of it in relation especially to children, the first responsibility for the imparting of religious education lies with the parents of the children themselves. It rests primarily with them to make or mar the whole matter. The Sunday-school, or such religious teaching in the Church as children can understand, is no substitute for the righteous teaching and influence of the Home. It should rather be a support to the example and instruction of the parent. It is the home, and the continuous atmosphere and tone of the home, which moulds the child. Home is the chief first source of the impressions which the child receives in its most impressible state. If those are unrighteous, the influence of the Church and School is miserably narrowed and weakened. If, on the other hand, those impressions are righteous, then the child is supported in its right course by a double power, and increased blessing may fairly be expected to descend upon the training of the Home, and the lessons of the Church and School.

GRACE.

I SAW a silken thread sway to and fro,
Gauging the currents of the restless air ;
Invisible, save when a sunbeam's glow
Showed by a flash of radiance it was there ;
How poor a thing for God's great sun to kiss,
And find his glory imaged in, was this !
Comfort I found there, in the rising thought—

Like that I am, a mean vile thing of nought ;
Yet, when o'er me the beams of true light fall,
They make me glorious in the eyes of all !
A little spinner, weaving meshes fine,
Has taught me so much in her silken line,
What Grace Omnipotent, transforming, free,
Has done for others, and can do for me !

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.



HISTORICAL FLOWERS.

BY F. BAYFORD HAERISON.

FLOWERS have played an important part in the history of the world. Poetry and romance could hardly have existed without them ; and the common daily life of men and women owes more to flowers than perhaps they are aware of. No more fitting gift can be presented to a lovely princess than a bouquet of choice flowers ; nothing can supersede the orange flower worn by the young bride ; the best decoration for a young man's buttonhole is a sprig of some sweet-scented bloom ; to a sick person a bunch of violets is a great delight ; to a child a daisy is a treasure and a joy. In Eden grew flowers unvexed by thorns and briars ; in Paradise shall be wreaths of asphodel ; in Heaven the leaves of the Tree of Life shall be for the healing of the nations.

We are not about to deal with flowers in their sentimental aspect, but only to speak of those which have been mixed up with stern realities ; those which have helped to make history ; which have bloomed on battlefields, and mingled with the terrors and glories of courts and camps. There are flowers of which the mention recalls great political events, and others whose very names are full of historical memories. Probably the flower which is universally considered the queen of the garden is also that which suggests most ; and as it is recognised as the emblem of our own land, we will place it first in our historical nosegay.

I.

The Rose holds the highest place in history, romance, and poetry, and also in modern floriculture. It is commonly known as the flower of England, though the most beautiful varieties appear to be of French extraction ; *La France* is

EDWARDS

FRANKLIN

a very queen of roses, for size, beauty, and scent; *Maréchal Niel* is triumphant over other yellow warriors; our old friend *Gloire de Dijon* is the glory of every English village. Though, in Scotland, the wild roses excel those of our southern hedges, yet, ever since the Wars of the Roses, England has borne the glorious flower as her badge. On our modern coin, the florin, it appears twice, while the thistle and the shamrock each are represented once.

Edward III. left a son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, from whom was descended Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York; he also left another son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, from whom was descended King Henry VI. Now, Richard was of the elder branch, and Henry of the younger, therefore without dispute Richard was the true owner of the crown. Of course the man in possession had many and mighty supporters; equally of course, the claimant was backed by troops of friends. Shakespeare, who has preserved for us much traditional history which might otherwise be lost, gives an account of the scene in the Temple Gardens, whither the rival parties had adjourned from the Temple Hall. Richard Plantagenet says—

"Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts;
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a White Rose with me."

The Earl of Somerset retorts—

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a Red Rose from off this thorn with me."

Their respective adherents follow their examples, and torrents of blood were shed in the terrible wars which ensued; but in 1485 Henry VII., a descendant of John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster, married Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., whose ancestor was Lionel, Duke of Clarence. Thus, after thirty years of bloodshed, the rival parties were peaceably united, and henceforth the Red Rose and the White bloomed on one stem. Nay, more, the same petals bear the two colours; the pretty half-wild rose which brightens our shrubberies is in hue white streaked with red, each separate blossom thus reminding us of the civil war of the fifteenth century. Since then the rose has been the emblematic flower of England.

White and yellow roses seem to have been little thought of in former times; the poet's lady-love was always "like the red, red rose," just as the rich man's money was always "red, red gold."

In the twelfth century a Golden Rose began to bloom, and since then bears one precious blossom every spring. On the fourth Sunday in Lent the Pope "blesses" a golden rose and then sends

it as a gift to some crowned head of the Roman Catholic obedience. Many a time when a throne was the object of contest, the arrival of this auriferous flower put an end to disputes, for it silently expressed the wishes of the Pontiff, who in those times was regarded with far more superstitious awe than he is nowadays.

Another *Rose* is she who is still to be met with in some country places in France. St. Médard, Bishop of Noyon (in the department of the Oise, and in whose cathedral Charlemagne was crowned), in 535 instituted an annual festival at Satency, a neighbouring village, of which the chief event was the crowning of a young girl with white roses. She was called *la Rosière*, and received, besides the roses, a dowry of twenty-five *livres*. She must be well known for her prudence and goodness. The festival was perpetuated, and the *Seigneur* of Satency took the place of the Bishop. The village presented to him three young girls, from among whom he selected the *Rosière*. His choice was announced from the pulpit a month beforehand, in order that any one might challenge it. Not only must *la Rosière* be quite irreproachable, but her relatives up to the fourth generation must also have been so. On the 8th June, St. Médard's day, the *Seigneur* conducted the girl to the church, where she heard vespers; then was formed a procession to the chapel of St. Médard, where the crown of roses was laid on the altar. The officiant, having blessed it, placed it on the head of the kneeling *Rosière*, and put the twenty-five *livres* into her hands. The procession returned to the church, where a *Te Deum* was sung, and also an anthem by St. Médard. Louis XIII., having once presided by proxy at the coronation of the *Rosière*, added to the crown a blue ribbon and a silver ring. Similar fêtes were established in various localities by the *Seigneurs* of parishes, and existed until the Revolution. In the early part of the nineteenth century some communes revived the custom, giving dowries to virtuous young girls on condition of their marrying a husband who had been a soldier in the French army. The olden *Rosières* were not obliged to marry, but they generally contrived to do so within the year.

In the twelfth century a popular festival was held at Treviso, in Italy, in which roses had much work to do. In the centre of the city the inhabitants erected a castle, the walls of which were composed of carpets, curtains, and hangings. This fortress was attacked by the noble youths of the place, and defended by the noble maidens. The weapons of attack and defence consisted of fruit and flowers, but chiefly of roses, while syringes, charged with rose-water, or other liquid perfumes, scattered destruction amongst the foe. It is said that the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa enjoyed this siege greatly—perhaps more than any of his other campaigns.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

JERUSALEM.

"Whither the tribes go up."



MUCH of the Bible really forms a book of travels. Journeyings occupy a considerable space in the Divine records. "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will show thee," was one of the first revealed commands after the catastrophe of the Deluge, and the attempt to build the Tower of Babel. It was addressed to Abram, who became the father of the faithful; and, obedient to the mandate, he departed at once. The following little picture of foreign travel stands at the head of numerous volumes, including some most popular in the present day:—"So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him; and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran; and Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh." We can picture the patriarch, far advanced in life, dressed in primitive Oriental costume, seated on the back of a patient camel, with his nephew and wife and other relations accompanying him in long retinue; the flocks and herds not far off with shepherds and drivers, all with their lord and master pursuing a divinely directed journey to a distant land they had never seen before. There was enterprise in this original expedition, and curiosity and wonder must have stirred the bosom of this early explorer as he tracked his way over unknown lands, as his eye rested on plain, valley, and mountain, and as he drew nigh to the wooded hills of Northern Canaan, and paced the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and saw a fertile country spread out before him under the shadows of Ebal and Gerizim.

Soon afterwards we are told the story of another traveller—how Eliezar, the eldest servant of his house, arose and went to Mesopotamia, the region

whence Abram had come, into the City of Nahor, to find a wife for his master's son; and beautiful indeed are the incidents recorded of the ends and results of that singular journey. A little further on, and we find the father of Isaac on his travels again, down into Egypt. In the very next chapter Isaac's son is seen starting for Padanaram, to behold a vision of angels by the way; and then, back after his eventful marriage, he reaches "the city of Arbah, which is Hebron, where Abram and Isaac sojourned." Travels multiply as we pursue the history of Jacob's son. Joseph, and then his brethren, time after time, are described to us on their way to the rich corn-bearing country on the banks of the Nile, and the steps they take are fraught with romantic surprises from beginning to end, constituting altogether a narrative of matchless interest.

Moses is a traveller of unequalled renown from Goshen to the Red Sea, and down to Sinai, and by a zigzag course through the desert up to Pisgah, where in the mountain top he catches glimpses of the land of promise; and troops of travellers in our own day have delighted to trace his steps and follow in his footprints. Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and other prophets were also travellers. The Apostles, most of them, habitually moved from place to place, especially St. Paul, whose journeys are distinguished landmarks in the New Testament. Nor did our Lord confine Himself to any home spot in Galilee or Judea; He *went about* in all directions doing good.

As we Englishmen and women pursue our tourist expeditions, for which so many facilities are provided, and which are so universal that almost everybody in spring, summer, and autumn is on the move, it is surely a consideration of hallowing interest, that we have so many Bible precedents for our practice when followed in wisdom.

And this is most remarkable—that travelling amongst God's ancient people was a divinely defined institution. "Three times in the year all thy males shall appear before the Lord God." The Temple at Jerusalem became a centre whither the tribes went up. It would take several days, according to ancient methods of journeying, to go from the remote corners of the land to the Holy City at the solemn feasts. Several weeks, then, in the course of the year, would be devoted to the travellers' occupation, and, no doubt, useful and gracious purposes were contemplated, not only in the services which

crowned the appointed expeditions, but in the progress itself from point to point, along the miles which the pilgrims traversed. The scenery, the associations, and the companionship connected with these journeys might all be made sources of benefit as well as pleasure.

The modern traveller in Syria—though so much of the land now lies waste and desolate—will bring home after his tour delightful reminiscences of the scenes in the valley of Eschol, by the pools of Solomon, on the slopes of Bethlehem, on the banks of the Jordan, in the plain of Esdraelon, under the heights of Gilboa, on the hill at the back of Nazareth, by the shores of Genesaret, across the oak-clothed uplands of Naphtali, along the sea-bordered garden of Sharon, and the park-like breadths of Philistia. And if so beautiful now, as seen in the clear purple light of the evening hour, what must some of these prospects have been when the glowing pictures of the land, as painted in the Old Testament, were all in a state of actual realisation? A taste for natural scenery is produced by a thoughtful study of the Bible; there, if anywhere, we are led through Nature up to Nature's God; and it surely must have been one of the contemplated ends of the frequent approaches to Jerusalem through all these charming surroundings, to awaken in the minds of the children of Israel admiration of the manifold works of the glorious Creator.

And as they went on from different parts of the country to the central city and Temple, how many spots, hallowed by patriotic and religious associations, did they pass by on the way! As the tribes went up from Jericho and the neighbourhood, would they not think of the passage over the Jordan and of Joshua's victories? or from Galilee through

Samaria, would they not dwell upon stories told of Gideon and Manoah, of Saul and of Jonathan, and of the great battles fought when, in going down to Beth-horon, the Lord cast down great hailstones from heaven for the discomfiture of their father's enemies; or from the sea-coast, by way of Bethshemesh, would they not remember

the cart which carried the Ark into the field of Joshua, a Bethshemite, and the fatal effects of an unhallowed curiosity on the part of the people; and still more the hero Samson, who in that country performed his renowned exploits? or from Beersheba, in the south, would they not pause at Machpelah, the land of their father's sepulchres, to revive memories of Abram and Isaac and Jacob buried there; and at Bethlehem, the city of David, to dwell on the life of that great shepherd-king, who laid the foundations of their national glory? No land has in it such stories of ancient days, such a wealth of Divine memories, and all these would open up their treasures to the thoughtful amongst the people, as they went up to their solemn feasts.

And next to scenes and associations come companionships. The

tribes went, in more senses than one, from *strength to strength* on the road to their appearance before God in Zion. Not only did they constantly renew their strength "in spite of the perils of the way, and in view of the journey's end," but each company increased in the strength of its companionship, as one family after another from the towns and villages on the route came forth from their homes in holiday attire to join the band of travellers, which thus went on increasing, point by point, in their numerical strength, till the little one became a thousand—like a mountain stream fed by many a rivulet in its course,



VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

until it becomes a broad, deep river, filling the valley with its bright, fresh waters. The joys of fellowship must have been very great as the tribes went up, and relatives met relatives, and friends recognised friends, and talked of old days and common recollections, and enlivened their journey with the songs of Zion. When travelling from Ramleh to the Holy City many years ago, we passed family after family wending the same way—husband and wife, mother and child, the one folding the other to her breast as we fancy Mary did her newborn Son—and as we saw the humble procession, how could we help thinking of the old roads to Jerusalem whither the tribes went up, and of the travellers meeting and talking as they paced along? Scenery, associations, and companionship, three great delights we find in modern travel, thus fall into beautiful harmony with the train of thought suggested by the subject of this paper. Abundant food for profitable meditation is thus afforded as we connect our present tours with the stories of Jerusalem pilgrimages in the olden time.

Yet another line of thought opens up as we revolve in our minds the topic we have chosen.

The pilgrimage of life is one of the most common of the religious common-places familiar to our minds. Whatever our character and condition, we are moving onwards to a destination which must involve infinitely important issues. The great question is, "Whither goest thou?" In what direction? with what end and purpose? To be heedless as to this matter, to move on without knowing where, to live a life without some conscious end, some definite aim, is the most preposterous thing conceivable in the case of a being endowed with the gift of reason and the faculty of hope. A moment's reflection should start the inquiry, "This road I travel; where will it lead to? Travel I must—a pilgrim I am." Every month is a milestone, on which the numbers swell, and some of the readers of this sketch find that the amount already reached is large, very large, leaving little ground to be crossed before the final stop comes.

The grand desideratum is to be travelling *Heavenwards*. Indeed, it is a dreary wandering in this world, if the city which hath foundations does not come before us as the journey's chosen end.

Jerusalem, "whither the tribes go up," has a grand meaning to a Christian mind. "Jerusalem the Golden," "Jerusalem, my happy home," are amongst the most familiar of religious words; but without reflection, faith and hope, they become mere words, idle words. Carefully pondered in connection with what we have said already, they suggest at least three ideas.

1. *Spirituality*. Life has its business and its pleasures, its memories and its hopes, its aims and its aversions. This obvious remark is of

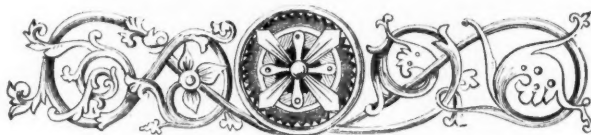
universal application. But our welfare depends on the character and tendency of these particulars. Are they in all respects, from beginning to end, temporal and earthly? Are they hemmed in by the days and years of this mortal existence? Are they walled round by dark hills, which shut out the bright prospect of the overland, on which the sunlight of the Bible falls, revealing "the Heavenly Jerusalem," and "an innumerable company of angels," and "the glorious assembly and Church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in heaven," and "the spirits of just men made perfect," and "God the Judge of all," and "Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant." Human life derives its spirituality from faith in the real existence of all this, which God's Word reveals. Spirituality does not mean asceticism, melancholy, moroseness. Nay, it means the very opposite. It flows from the sight of what is better than even "the goodly land and Lebanon," in their literal acceptance—of which the Old Testament speaks. Old Israelitish pilgrims were animated all the way through with the prospect of the end. Zion rose in beauty, grandeur, glory, above every other prospect. And so with good men, now on their way to heaven. They have a taste for the fair and beautiful in art, literature, science, and family life. They despise none of these things. Some overshadowing trees kill or wither what grows beneath them. Not so with the Tree of Life in the Garden of God. Precious plants of thoughtfulness, skill, and enjoyment thrive under the influence of the grand heavenly hope, which the Spirit of God plants in the soul of man.

2. *Unity* is a thought suggested by this meditation. The tribes of Israel were twelve, and yet the tribes were one. They were united in their descent and their destination. They were all sons of Abraham—they were all travellers to Mount Zion. We have our ecclesiastical tribes. Distinct denominations seem unavoidable in this life. Birth, education, friendship, mental idiosyncrasy, innumerable circumstances have to do with their origin and development. It is useless to mourn over the division of Christendom into numerous tribes. But it is pre-eminently useful to dwell upon the *common origin* and *common end* of all true Christian souls. Every one of them has a life, which is not of earth, and a destiny identical with heaven, and it is a thousand pities we do not dwell more upon this broad faith, which we all have, but which in particular cases we fail to apply. "The envy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off. Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim." That was Isaiah's blessed ideal as he sang the future fortunes of the people of God. Why is it that, with all the imagery of union and brotherly love which bedeck so many pages of the Bible, the later born of the

Divine family, with such histories, warnings, and appeals of the past behind, and with such visions of the future before, should resemble so much the old tribes in their quarrels and battles, and be so unlike them in their Jerusalem journeys, when hand in hand they went up to Zion to worship God in the beauty of holiness?

3. *Progress* is the last idea we have space to express. Progress was the obvious fact in those never-to-be-forgotten journeys. Progress is one of the most popular watchwords in modern society. And progress, in the highest of all senses, should be the aim and end of every one who favours these few lines with a perusal. The progress must be comprehensive. It is quite possible for good people to improve in one way and not in another. Developments of thought, experience, and action are often one-sided. In some particular respects there may be a decided advance, whilst there is stationariness or back-sliding in another. There may be increase in

religious fervour, but not in Christian intelligence; in public activity, but not in private devotion; in the depth and range of doctrinal belief, but not in moral principle and Christlike consistency. A traveller of old to Zion, inflamed with holy love to the Lord of the hill, feeling in his soul the fires of pure devotion as he neared the sacred gates; dwelling on the law, and the prophets, and the Psalms of David, as he climbed ascent after ascent on the road to the royal city; looking with no envy, no jealousy on the members of another tribe whom he met with by the way; gathering up lessons of truth, and beauty, and wisdom from all he saw, and all that happened to him on his journey, relieving the poor and showing kindness to the stranger, and manifesting towards every one courtesy and brotherly love;—a traveller with these features of character constantly becoming more marked and visible, should be the pattern for us to copy, and an encouragement to stimulate us in every step we take.



A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—MISGIVINGS.



HE dining-room: at Fairburn Park was the most imposing apartment ever Frank Boyd had seen—long, lofty, with a huge bow window at one end, overlooking a glorious stretch of country, four stained-glass windows at the side, gorgeous with the arms and quarterings of the Churchills, the polished oak walls hung with family portraits, many bearing a strong resemblance to the old man up-stairs; the furniture was carved and polished oak, every chair a work of art in itself; the fireplace and sideboard each worth a poor man's fortune. The clear, cold November sunshine streamed through the coloured windows, turning the massive silver plate to burnished gold; the thick, dull Persian carpet gave no echo. Altogether, so much quiet, solid magnificence bewildered the Doctor, and his thoughts flashed to the shabby room in Brook Street. How Madge would revel in that room! With a little start he turned round as he heard Dr. Leyland introducing him to

some one. He just caught "Miss Churchill," and saw a slender, dark-eyed girl, with an eager face, holding out her hand.

"Dr. Boyd, do please tell me what's the matter with Uncle Edgar! Is he very ill?" she said earnestly.

"Nothing very serious, Miss Churchill—nothing to be alarmed about; but Dr. Leyland and I have not yet discussed the case," Frank replied, in a slightly embarrassed tone.

"Then do so over your luncheon, and I'll run up and see uncle, if I may," and without waiting for permission, she left the room, indicating by a glance that Dr. Leyland was to do the honours during her absence, which he proceeded to do with a good deal of pomposity. Professionally, he treated Dr. Boyd with the most abject deference, but he managed to convey the impression that his position at Fairburn Park was not merely that of medical adviser.

Then he spoke of Miss Churchill, calling her by her Christian name in a way that exasperated Frank Boyd, though he could scarcely tell why. He had only seen her for two minutes, still he was distinctly

conscious that she was a great deal too good for Dr. Leyland. She was an orphan grand-niece of the Squire, and presumably his heiress. His only daughter had married against his will, and died childless, as he thought, and unforgiven. As far as Dr. Leyland knew, Mr. Churchill had no other living relative than May, and he had always brought her up as his heiress, but he kept her shut up in the gloomy old house, jealously guarded from all admirers; but the Doctor gave a little self-satisfied smile as he remarked that "love laughs at bolts and bars."

Frank Boyd glanced at his watch, then at his notebook, where he had noted the return trains, and declared he must go.

"There's really nothing to be said about your patient; insist on his having air, light, exercise, if only from one room to another, and light, nourishing food, cheerful company too, if possible; that's really all." He spoke shortly, even angrily, for some of Dr. Leyland's remarks had annoyed him; but it seemed to that gentleman quite natural that a great consulting physician should give himself a few airs. "He evidently has neither time nor occasion for humbug! He has too many real patients to care about humouring imaginary ones," was Dr. Leyland's mental comment, as he assisted Dr. Boyd on with his coat, and desired a solemn, grey-headed butler to see if the carriage was at the door.

On his way to the door Miss Churchill approached him with a letter in her hand. "Uncle Edgar asked me to give you this, Dr. Boyd, and to tell you that he will expect you this day week at the same hour. He says you have done him good already; and how glad I am that you have opened those dreadful windows and let in the sunshine once more! I believe poor uncle was starved for want of air and light, but he would not do anything for me."

"We must endeavour to bring him to a better state of mind," Dr. Boyd said with a smile. "Good-bye, Miss Churchill; I hope to find your uncle very much improved when I see him again."

Mechanically he put the letter in his pocket, said good-bye to Dr. Leyland, and stepped into the carriage like a man in a dream. The whole thing was strange and unreal; and without being in any sense of the word a fanciful or imaginative man, he felt instinctively that there was something not exactly wrong, but queer, about Fairburn Park. When he was outside the park gates, he opened the letter Miss Churchill had given him, and found it contained a few lines of thanks for his plain speaking, and an open draft on the Bank of England for one hundred guineas. At first he could hardly realise the good fortune that had overtaken him. He drew a deep breath, like a man who had suddenly shaken himself free of a horrible nightmare; debt, difficulty, want, seemed suddenly to have disappeared; for a hundred guineas meant immediate freedom from them. Madge and Rosie would be happy; he could, so to speak, start again with renewed hope and vigour; but the thought thrust itself on him in the midst of his joy,

on what a foundation! Frank Boyd was a man with strong feelings of instinctive honesty; he liked to do what was right, for he never could do what was wrong without much mental discomfort. He was innately true and truthful; therefore the sudden recollection that he had earned the money that was to do so much for him by *fraud* (so, in his fierce self-reproach, he put it), wrung a bitter groan from the very depths of his heart, and filled his eyes with very unusual moisture.

"A quarter of it would be amply sufficient. I could take a quarter of it with some feeling of self-respect," he mused. "I'll send the rest back to Mr. Churchill."

"Why should you?" whispered a small voice; "you have done him as much good as any one else; more perhaps than if the other man went. You may be able to do more for him even in a friendly way than professionally, and if one doctor is worth a hundred guineas, why should not another be if he does his work as well? Besides, there's Madge and Rosie; I must think of them, and after all, why should I fly in the face of fortune? I have waited for the fickle dame long enough; and now that I have found her I give her but a sorry reception." Then he took his place in the train, and pulled out the *Times* he had neglected to read in the morning, resolved to banish thought for the rest of the way home; that is, every thought but the one most important—he had a hundred guineas for Madge. Mechanically he opened the paper, and after glancing at the leaders in a dull, unresponsive way, he turned to the first page, and glanced at the deaths with a sort of unconscious hope that the other Dr. Boyd's name might be there, and yet hating himself fiercely for the involuntary idea. Then his eye wandered to the "agony column," and there he read three lines that caused him to start from his seat:—

"If the Rev. John Hay, of Grasmere, or any members of his family, will call on Reuben Davies, Solicitor, Lincoln's Inn Fields, they will hear of something to their advantage." That was the advertisement, and no wonder the Doctor started and stared, for the Rev. John Hay, of Grasmere, had been Madge's father, and as far as they both knew, he had not a single relative in the world. When Mr. Hay died it was the crowning grief of a long life of trouble that he had not a single relative on father or mother's side to commend his only child to. Therefore, Madge must be the nearest relative to the Rev. John Hay, and consequently the person to apply to Mr. Reuben Davies.

"I'll take her to Lincoln's Inn to-morrow morning," Frank said, as he read the paragraph aloud for the tenth time. "Something to her advantage. That means money, I suppose. I hope Madge has not inherited a fortune now; if she has, going to Fairburn Park was worse than useless; and yet, if I had not gone, I might never have seen this advertisement in the *Times*."

At this point of his meditations the train stopped

at Waterloo, and Frank Boyd found Bertie West waiting for him on the platform, with an anxious face.

"Well, old fellow, how've you got on?"

a question now and then about the old man, and wondering what that "something" to Mrs. Boyd's advantage might turn out to be, and feeling thankful that Frank was too much absorbed and excited to



"We must endeavour to bring him to a better state of mind."—p. 99.

"Famously! My fortune's made, Bert, and on the strength of it we will have a hansom home."

And as they were driven through the thick fog that had again fallen over the city, the Doctor talked cheerfully of Fairburn Park, Miss Churchill, the amount of his fee, and the strange advertisement, and Bertie listened with breathless interest, asking

observe how very deep an interest he, Bertie West, took in Fairburn Park, and everything connected with it.

CHAPTER V.—UNEXPECTED AID.

"FRANK, it's all just like a fairy tale. I can't believe it real! To think that only yesterday we were so poor, and now——"

"Now we can indulge in hansom cabs and other undreamt-of luxuries. Fortune certainly seems to have found us out."

They were driving home from the interview with Mr. Reuben Davies, in reference to the advertisement in the *Times*, and a very few questions seemed to satisfy the lawyer that Mrs. Frank Boyd was the only child of the Rev. John Hay, of Grasmere, and consequently heir to a thousand pounds, left her by Ernest Hay, her father's brother, who had recently died in Australia, and was believed to have died before she was born. Beyond the bare fact that her father had such a brother, and that he had left home in consequence of some domestic trouble, Madge knew nothing, and why he should have left her so much money puzzled her, till the lawyer explained that it was not to her personally, but to her father or his heirs, the money was left.

"As you seem to be the only relative, I suppose you have the best right to it," Mr. Davies said, a little shortly.

He could not quite understand people quarrelling with their bread and butter, and looking gift-horses too closely in the mouth, especially if the bread and butter was not too plentiful, and the gift-horses few and far between. The money clearly was Mrs. Boyd's, and just as soon as a few formalities were gone through she could have it, when and how she pleased.

"Cannot you tell me something about my uncle—where he lived, when he died, and whether he ever married?" Madge asked earnestly. She felt in a sense ashamed of knowing so little about this relative who became such a benefactor.

"I can't tell you much about Mr. Ernest Hay, but there's an old man, a friend of his, who brought me his written instructions; he can give you a great deal of information, if he likes, as I understand he spent his whole life with him; but he's a taciturn, not particularly pleasant, person."

"I should like to see him; it would make Uncle Ernest's bequest seem more tangible if I had a good long talk with some one who knew him. Please tell where I can find this old man, Mr. Davies."

"If you are really anxious to find him, I can send him to you; but he's old, poor, and somewhat peculiar. You will find him no acquisition to the circle of your friends," the lawyer said coldly. "I expect you will find one visit from Mr. Meadows quite enough."

Then, after a little further business conversation, the lawyer intimated that the interview might end, promising to send the old man from Sydney to call on Mrs. Boyd in the course of a few days.

"What shall we do with it, Frank?" Madge asked breathlessly, as they were driven home in a cab, she being far too excited to walk through the streets. "Whatever shall we do with so much money?"

"Time enough to think of that later on, darling!" he replied thoughtfully.

"Oh! if it had only come a little sooner," she added, her eyes filling with tears as she thought of that visit to Fairburn Park, and the cheque for a hundred guineas. "It would have saved us so much, Frank!"

"Yes, Madge, but then perhaps we would not have appreciated it so much. If we had had this fortune three years ago I might never have known what an admirable poor man's wife you could make. Let us hope it's all for the best, and be grateful."

He spoke cheerfully, and Madge smiled through her tears; she must not let a shadow cloud their new-found happiness, but in her heart she blamed herself incessantly. "If I had only told him my suspicions, if I had not let him go," she said, bitterly, "one little day more and all our troubles would have been over; now I shall live all my life in terror of Frank's being found out." She had a dim idea that he might be convicted of forgery, or theft, or obtaining money by false pretences, or some other equally dreadful crime; while Frank's fears were of being thought dishonourable by his wife and the members of his profession. He knew he had committed no legal crime. To attend a patient in answer to a telegram, and accept a fee offered in a way that he could hardly refuse, was not an offence in the eyes of the law; but scrupulous men would call it sharp practice. "Bertie West," he assured himself, "would never take an order for a picture and execute it, leaving the purchaser under the impression that he was a distinguished artist and member of the Royal Academy; though, perhaps if Bertie was placed just as I was, with Madge and the baby—No, it's useless thinking what other people might or might not do; it's useless thinking at all; I must only decline to see Mr. Churchill again."

Then another difficulty presented itself to the Doctor's mind. If he did not go to Fairburn Park on the day appointed, Mr. Churchill, who was very obstinate when he took a thing into his head, would doubtless telegraph to him; the message might be delivered elsewhere, and immediate discovery would be the result. No; on the whole, it would be better to go again, and endeavour to disabuse Mr. Churchill's mind of the idea that he was a celebrated man, and request permission to return part of the fee. Then he and Madge had a long, earnest discussion as to their future movements, and at last they both decided to leave Brook Street and migrate to the West End. "If you could only secure a share of a practice there, it would be better than beginning all over again by yourself," she said gravely, and Frank thought that would be the best possible thing he could do.

"There's Tayler—he is the very man to tell me if there's an opening anywhere; I'll go and see him to-morrow," Frank said. "I think he lives in— Brook Street, too, by the bye. He's always about, and would be sure to know of an opening—though I wish he had lived anywhere else," he added mentally. "I shall come to hate the sound of the name presently!"

The remainder of the evening was spent in discussing the wonderful fortune and what they would do with it.

"You will become quite grand people, Mrs. Boyd, and a poor Bohemian like me won't ever have a chance of seeing you," Bertie West said, a little wistfully. "With you a fashionable lady, and Frank a swell West End doctor, medical adviser to half the peerage and all the Royal Family, I'll be pretty considerably out of it, unless I can persuade you to let me give drawing lessons to Miss Rosie here. You won't think it worth while to go all the way to Surrey to see a patient then, Frank; your house will be constantly besieged, by— There, never mind, old fellow, don't get angry; you know I'm only chaffing," he added, as he saw that both the Doctor and Madge looked really hurt and surprised at his bitter tone. "Tell us something more about Fairburn Park; is it not a glorious old house?"

"It seems to be; there's a magnificent dining-room, with some fine pictures," Frank replied, wondering how it was that somehow the conversation always veered round to that unlucky visit.

"How did you like Dr. Leyland?" asked Madge, with a morbid desire to talk about what most troubled her.

"I don't like him; he's not 'square.' I hate a man that won't look at you, even when he says the most flattering things. Besides, I believe he has some designs on Miss Churchill. He looks at her, and talks to her, with an air of proprietorship that's exasperating. She seems quite unconscious of it, too; but then she's very young and inexperienced. Altogether I don't quite like the little I've seen of the aspect of affairs at the Park. I can't understand any man in his sober senses treating Mr. Churchill as Dr. Leyland did. I verily believe another week of it would have killed the old man!"

"How fortunate you went, Frank!" Madge cried, with a faint hope that perhaps the end of the visit might justify the means.

"But do you think if any one had any sinister designs on the old man they would telegraph for you?" Bertie asked thoughtfully.

"I don't know. I can't tell." Then he jumped up suddenly. "You really must excuse me; I have a child to see in Hatton Garden; but I will not be long," he said, pulling on his coat. "I have been so excited to-day that I have forgotten all about it." The truth was, the Doctor felt as if he were going mad, so many morbid ideas and horrible suspicions flashed across his brain. Could it be possible that Dr. Leyland sent for him with the intention of trapping him, and then making him an accomplice in some nefarious scheme? The thought was too horrible, and he shook himself roughly. "It's no use. I must be growing insane to have such fancies; or, what is still more likely, I must be going to be ill—over-work, worry, and all this sudden excitement, have been too much for me. Madge, too, is looking as white as a ghost. I'll let everything stand over,

and take a week in the country—the first holiday we've had since our marriage. The rest and change will do us both good!"

The moment he got home he told them of his intentions, and both Bertie and Madge declared it was the best possible thing to do. "I'll take care of the house, Mrs. Boyd. Just start off to-morrow to Brighton or Eastbourne."

"Oh, no, Bertie, not to the sea; it always makes me sad and nervous. In winter it would drive me altogether mad. If we go at all let it be to some quiet little country village with pretty walks."

"Then by all means go to Surrey—somewhere about Chertsey. You know you said that, judging from my sketches, the scenery must be lovely. Frank will be near his patient, and can amuse himself by trying to unravel the mystery of Fairburn Park. You really can't do better, Mrs. Boyd!"

"I don't mind at all—anywhere that suits Frank; and I confess I should like to see where his first grand patient lives."

"Then leave it to me, and I'll run down to-morrow, and secure rooms for you. I am sure you will enjoy it; and the air on the hills is delicious, isn't it, Frank? and the scenery as pretty as any in England. Do say you will go."

"As well there as anywhere else," Frank replied, with a weak feeling that circumstances were growing too much for him; and Bertie declared that the very next morning he would start by the first train to find them lodgings in or near Chertsey.

"And I'll go up and see Tayler about the West End practice," the Doctor said, with feverish eagerness. "Somehow I'm longing to get away from Brook Street."

CHAPTER VI.—STILL BROOK STREET.

AT the corner of Brook Street and Britton Street lived Dr. James Tayler, journalist, critic, author, newspaper proprietor, inventor of patent match-boxes, promoter of all kinds of companies—anything rather than a medical practitioner; for the truth is Jimmy Tayler cordially hated his profession, and would never have entered it but to please his father, whose partner he had been. But the old man had been dead for three years, and Jimmy left the practice a good deal to itself. Some old patients still insisted on having him, because they had had his father before him, others because he was really skilful in some matters; but he was careless and inattentive, and infinitely preferred flying about from one place to another and amusing himself dabbling in an art he did not understand and neglecting one he did. A tall, loose-built, slovenly man of three or four and thirty, with a merry, roving, restless pair of brown eyes, and large white teeth; his voice was loud and hearty, and his laugh infectious in its clearness; he was considered the very soul of good-nature, chiefly because he would promise any one anything, without troubling

himself to determine how the promise was to be carried out.

It was this man Frank Boyd determined to ask if there was any opening in the West End where a man might invest a few hundred pounds. They had been at school together, and were friends at college (if friendship could exist between people so entirely different); and whenever they had met during the past four years they had been genuinely glad to see each other. Knowing Dr. Tayler's habits, Frank resolved to start early, in the hope of finding him alone, and he was not mistaken. He was just sitting down to breakfast, and greeted Dr. Boyd heartily, with his big voice and big laugh, pushing him into a chair.

"What on earth brings you here at this hour of the morning?" he asked suddenly. "Nothing wrong, eh?"

"Nothing." And then Frank explained his errand.

"Buy a practice, or part of one. Now, would you mind its being a bad one?"

"I'd much rather it was a good one!"

"Don't know where such an article's to be had; but if you like I'll sell you this—lease of house, properties, etc. It's getting worse and worse with me every year, and I hate doctoring. I would sooner have chambers in the Temple, and be my own master. A doctor's the slave of everybody. What say you, my boy? you can have the whole consignment, *not* including my photographs, for five hundred, and half can wait till you work the practice up a bit. What do you say?"

"I say it's a very generous offer, Jimmy."

"Bosh! not a bit of it; the thing is going to ruin. Another doctor would have settled here long since if there was a house of any sort to be had, but there isn't. Say 'Done,' Boyd. You can't do better!"

"But you might!"

"Not in the state things are in at present. Of course, I'll take you round, and introduce you to all the patients I ought to see and don't, and work the thing a little into shape; you won't find it so hard then. And I'm really glad to get the thing off my hands to a good man—one I can honestly recommend. Now then, old fellow, when would you like to come here?"

"As soon as matters can be arranged. There will be formalities, of course?"

"Unfortunately. I'd just like to call a hansom, and leave you in possession. However, as that can't be, shall we say this day week? I'll put the matter into the hands of old Davies—he'll know just what's necessary."

"Is he anything to Mr. Reuben Davies, of Lincoln's Inn?" Frank asked.

"The very man. He's my lawyer. Do you know him?"

"Never met him in my life till yesterday. Then I learned from him that my wife has just inherited a thousand pounds. I believe it will come to her through his hands."

"Oh, that's all right. You can come any day and look over the house, and if I'm not here, make yourself quite at home. Now, I must be off. I have a dozen engagements, and I must try and find rooms. Do you know, Boyd, I feel a new man since I have profitably disposed of the practice. I do, really; it leaves me free to give my mind to more serious matters. This day week, mind, I'll have old Davies here." And in another moment volatile Mr. Tayler seized his hat and a handful of papers, and was gone.

Frank followed him more slowly, and when he got into the street he looked at the house that was to be, in all probability, his future home. The picture was not inviting. It was an old-fashioned house, of three storeys and a basement, with tall, narrow windows, and a massive hall-door, but the wood-work sadly wanted painting; the windows were dusty and curtainless, and the faded blinds were all rolled up askew; cheerless, comfortless, uncared-for, but roomy and substantial, and in a very good neighbourhood.

"Dr. Boyd, Brook Street, still," he muttered. "It seems like fate, but there's a difference! This is Brook Street, W. I wonder if I have been rash? I wonder what Madge will say? I wonder how it's all going to end? In a broken nose," was his next comment, as he ran against a lamp-post; and thus forcibly recalled from wonderland, he hailed an omnibus, and hurried home to tell Madge that he was almost the owner of a West End practice and a fine house (but he did not know the rent and taxes), a good deal of very substantial old furniture, all for five hundred pounds, half to be paid down, and half when the practice improved a little. The terms certainly were easy, and when Madge heard them her heart gave a great bound. It seemed to her, poor thing, as if Providence specially interposed to prevent Frank's being found out. Once established in Brook Street, and with a fashionable West End practice, the mistake of the telegram would seem perfectly natural. Any one would understand his being summoned to a consultation then!

"Do you really mean that Mr. Tayler will have all arrangements concluded by this day week, Frank?" she asked, with feverish eagerness.

"So he says. I think he would have liked me to take possession there and then. For some reason or another he seems very anxious to get rid of house and business."

"I hope there is not a snake in the grass anywhere!" Bertie said thoughtfully.

"I fancy not. Tayler always was a fidgety, restless, impatient individual. He has a strange craze for a professional man, but I dare say he will succeed very well—he's so bright and easy. Any way, it's a grand opportunity for me!"

"Splendid, Frank. Oh! how I wish we were settled there. Rosie will be near the park, too; that's a great matter," Madge said. "Of course, dear, we must give up all idea of going to the country now!"

"I don't see that at all; in fact, we can do nothing whatever till the whole affair with Tayler is finished and I get possession of the house. Then we shall have to go over it, see what furniture we shall want to take with us, and sell the rest by auction. Fortunately, my agreement for this house ends on quarter-day. We shall have plenty of work to do, Madge, so we had better pull ourselves together by a little holiday!"

"Especially as I found the cosiest rooms in the quaintest little inn, about two miles from Fairburn Park. In fact, I made quite sure of your going, Mrs. Boyd, and engaged the rooms for a week from to-morrow," Bertie said. "Indeed, the change will do you all good."

"I wish you could come with us," Frank replied; "it would do you as much good as any of us."

"I'll run down on^o afternoon, but some one must be here to see to the patients that usually don't come, because—you know the contrariety of human nature—you are sure to be wanted if you're not here."

"Send them to Patchett," the Doctor said, with a smile, as he thought how very little better his rival would be by his absence.

So early the next morning Frank, Madge, and Rosie set off for the little village or rather hamlet of Wynfield, where Bertie had engaged rooms for them in the only inn the place contained. It was a large, rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, with rich mellow thatch, fringed with luxuriant houseleek, deep overhanging eaves, that formed a very palace of delight for the sparrows that hopped in and out, peering inquisitively, and chattering impertinently at the new-comers. The gables were draped with ivy, and a few evergreen creepers twined round the rustic trellis-work of the wide porch, where, even though late in November, some roses were blooming, and a huge bunch of wall-flowers made the sitting-room fragrant. Altogether the house was as little like an inn as possible, and indeed did very little business in that way. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, spent much more time with her pigs and chickens, her calves and her dairy, than in waiting on customers; and Mr. Brown was always out on his farm, from morning till night. The house was drawn back a little way from the high road, and sheltered by tall trees, from one of which hung the sign of the "Silent Woman," a portly female with her head tucked comfortably under her arm, who invited few ordinary passers-by to enter. It was only vagrant artists like Bertie West that knew what good accommodation for man and beast was to be found in Mrs. Brown's unpretentious hostelry.

"Oh! Frank, how pleasant it is! how quiet and restful!" Madge cried when she entered the sitting-room, after taking off her things in the cosy old-fashioned bed-room adjoining. "How sweet the flowers are! how delicious the air smells! and how green the grass! I had no idea the country could be so pleasant in November. It was always so cold and

gloomy up amongst our mountains, once winter set in!"

"There's a considerable difference between Surrey and Cumberland, Madge; and besides, this is unusually mild weather. Now what do you say to a walk? I have a presentiment that the river is somewhere within walking distance; or we might make for those hills yonder—they can't be more than a couple of miles. Certainly Bert chose snug quarters for us, and if we don't all go back looking and feeling ten years younger it will be our own faults. Three o'clock is Mrs. Brown's idea of a fashionable dinner-hour, so we have two hours to get up an appetite. Put on your bonnet, and come, Madge—we may not have so fine a day again!"

Madge would much rather have remained indoors; she was physically tired, and mentally worn-out with the anxiety and excitement of the past few days. Still she assented cheerfully, and in a few minutes they were walking down the white road leading to the village, Rosie running along in front, dancing in pure enjoyment of the fresh, clear air and sparkling sunshine. Suddenly, as they turned a sharp curve of the road, the Doctor started, and pressed Madge's arm nervously. Coming towards them, walking briskly, was a young lady in a long sealskin jacket, and a coquettish little hat of the same material. Her dark eyes were sparkling, her cheeks slightly flushed, and her soft, fair hair was blown into little waves, rings, and tendrils over her forehead as she hurried along, a perfect picture of eager, joyous youth and beauty. It was not till within a few steps of Dr. Boyd that she recognised him. Then she stood still, with outstretched hand, and a quick smile of welcome.

"This is a pleasure," she said frankly. "I did not hope to see you in the vicinity of Fairburn till next Tuesday; but Uncle Edgar is so much better, and is quite longing for you to come again."

"I've only just run down this morning with my wife and little girl," the Doctor replied uneasily; "I thought a breath of this sweet air would do them good after our dreadful fogs. They are staying at the inn yonder;" and then he introduced Madge awkwardly enough to Miss Churchill, and Rosie very gracefully introduced herself by stroking the soft fur coat and whispering, "Pretty lady, muddie—so pretty!"

May Churchill took the child up in her arms, gave her a good hug, kissed the rosy little face, and they became firm friends then and there. The comfortable way in which Miss Rosie placed her small hand in Miss Churchill's settled that point satisfactorily, and the circumstance brought Madge and the young lady also to a better understanding.

"The country is not so pretty now as in the summer Mrs. Boyd; still, I love winter—it's so fresh and bracing. I always feel as if I'm having a battle with the elements in cold weather," she said gaily.

"And on this occasion you certainly look as if you had the best of it," the Doctor put in.

Then they all laughed; indeed, May Churchill's gaiety was as infectious as scarlet fever—you could hardly help catching it, if you were much with her.

Then they said good-morning, cordially and informally, and continued their different ways: the Doctor silent and preoccupied, Madge thinking what a bright, bonnie, winning girl Miss Churchill was; and May wondering with all her might whether the



"I thought a breath of this sweet air would do them good."—p. 104.

"I'm afraid you will find Wynfield very dull, Mrs. Boyd; but if you will permit me I'll come and see you to-morrow, and try to make your stay as pleasant as possible. I suppose *you* will not have time to come and see us?" turning to the Doctor.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Churchill. However, on next Tuesday I hope to have that pleasure."

extremely handsome young gentleman she had seen the day before coming out of the "Silent Woman," who looked at her so steadily and admiringly, yet with such perfect deference that she could not be offended, belonged to the Boyd party. "He might possibly be Mrs. Boyd's brother. She is just as handsome in her own way, and they have the same sunny

brown hair. However, I suppose I shall know to-morrow;" and then she blushed crimson at having speculated so much about an entire stranger, whom she had only met casually for a moment.

The Doctor meantime continued silent, and his face looked rather gloomy.

"How supremely foolish I was to come here!" he was saying to himself. "If I had the suspicion of a morsel of brains I might have known that some one would see me and recognise me. A great man like Dr. Boyd is remembered, and pretty well it will fit in with my reputation to stay for a week in a little country inn within hail of a patient like Churchill. What will he think? What will Leyland say?"

And then Frank Boyd smothered a deep sigh, as he reflected what a thorny road he had set out upon; what a disagreeable, not to say dangerous journey he had undertaken for the sake of a little money! You see, he was not dishonourable nor dishonest either by instinct or habit, and the first time he attempted to practise either, he bungled the business sadly—that is, he assured himself that he did, forgetting that deceit brings its own punishment, even to the most skilled and far-seeing professors of the art. One thing was certain—he would have to return to town. He gave Miss Churchill to understand that he only just ran down with Madge and Rosie, and that he had not time to call at Fairburn Park—that would never fit in with loafing about the lanes and fields of the village. The great difficulty

was to find an excuse for his sudden departure that would satisfy Madge. However, after dinner, to his intense relief and surprise, she led the way to it herself by asking with wistful eagerness if he thought she could afford a new dress.

"Frank dear, Miss Churchill is nearly sure to ask me either to luncheon or dinner, and I have really nothing fit to wear. Do you think you could possibly go up to town and get me a gown from Herbert's—a costume, you know—with material for the bodice? I could make that myself, and a bonnet, Frank, and a new pair of gloves——"

"And a seal jacket, Madge," Frank interrupted. "If I were not a selfish wretch, thinking only of my own affairs, I'd have done all that before you came. If you don't mind being left alone, I'll go up by the very next train, and you shall have them down first thing to-morrow morning."

Madge breathed a deep sigh of relief. She did not care in the least whether she had a new bonnet or anything else, but she wanted Frank to go back to London, and was glad that she hit on so feasible an excuse. It was only when he was gone, and the night deepened, and Rosie, tired with her long walk, fell asleep in her lap, that Madge fully realised that she was alone. Never since their marriage had Frank been a whole day absent from her, and as she thought of the reason of his absence, she bowed her face on Rosie's golden curls, and wept the bitterest tears of her married life.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMB.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH, AUTHOR OF "MY EMOTIONAL LIFE," "AS HE THAT SERVETH," ETC.

"The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall be their Shepherd."—REV. vii. 17.



SUCH is the true rendering of this beautiful verse. It is not said merely that the Lamb shall *feed* them. To feed the sheep is one part of the shepherd's office, just as to guide them and to defend them are also parts.

But no one function ought to shut out from our attention the remainder of this promise, which announces that our Master, in His gentleness, will perform for the saints in glory all the office of a shepherd.

1. From these words we learn, first, that *even in heaven a shepherd is still required.*

Now it is hard enough for us at times to submit to a shepherd's care, even upon earth. We long to be rich enough to provide for our own future, strong enough to protect ourselves, and wise enough to choose our own path, and so

to need no gift, no defence, and no guidance from any other. In words, we all confess our dependence upon God, but our unloving hearts are very ready to whisper—"My daily bread scarcely needs to be asked; I am not so foolish as to require a great deal of the Spirit's guidance, nor so weak that I must pray very earnestly to escape any serious fall." Such is the practical utterance of most men's lives. And we ought to ask ourselves often and faithfully, Are we such as Jesus speaks of when He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and follow Me?"

This is real conversion—to return as sheep going astray to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, that He may lay us on His shoulder and bear us home, and be henceforth our Saviour and our Keeper.

And this is the life of grace—to be content with Christ for our Owner and Master, to lie down in His green pastures, to be led by Him

where the still waters flow, and even in the dark and dreadful valley to accept His rod and His staff for our comfort.

Now this verse tells us that such a life, so unwelcome to our proud nature, is really the beginning of the great and blissful life of heaven.

There, no doubt, our knowledge and our powers shall be inconceivably enlarged, but we shall not rely on these; we shall still be dependent creatures. The happiness of the skies will not be self-will gratified, but self-will finally conquered and Christ's will perfectly accepted.

Surely, if the glorified saints are not self-reliant and independent, we on earth need not ask to be so. The purest happiness of this life must be resemblance to them, and it can belong to those only who give up the struggle for their own will, and pray, "Thy will be done."

2. We learn something of *the Shepherd's character*.

With the sheep He is a Lamb; with men He is the gentlest of all men—Jesus.

The phrase reminds us of the great Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, since it implies the very and real oneness with us of our Blessed Saviour, able to succour the tempted because He Himself hath suffered being tempted.

It is much to know that Eternal God pities our griefs and sorrows, and knows and helps our dangers. But that is the pity and the helpfulness of a Being who never felt, although He does not scorn, our frailty and our poverty. It was only when God became flesh that we obtained a Shepherd who feels *with us* as well as *for us*.

"The Lamb" is a word of exceeding feebleness. It becomes Him Who came not into a palace, nor into the high priestly circle, but was born in a manger, and shared the home and the toils of a carpenter in a despised province; Him Who wielded no power of wealth, or influence, or armies, Whom they taunted in the hour of His extremity, saying, "Himself He cannot save."

The Lamb is a word of gentleness. He said, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of;" not the spirit of Moses, who plagued Egypt; nor of Elijah, who slew the prophets of Baal; nor of Elisha, who cursed the children. Jesus did no such deed. When dragged to death, His only miracle was to heal His wounded persecutor; His was the Spirit of the Dove which abode upon Him; He did not strive nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets, nor break any bruised reed; He was meek and lowly of heart; He was the Lamb.

Oh, happy flock of Jesus!

No danger that He shall overdrive the feeble, or scorn the alarms of the timid, or withhold the herbage and the waters they require.

Never can His interest conflict with their true interests; He is no hireling to flee before the wolf; He is not of alien nature to prize them only for the fleece or for the flesh: He is Himself

one of them, and the tenderest of the flock; He is a Lamb.

The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, is a Lamb as it had been slain—the sacrificial Lamb. Our Shepherd has suffered. There is no pang He does not know. Poverty? He had not where to lay His head. Vexing injustice? They strove to catch Him in His words; they urged Him vehemently; they sought false witnesses against Him. Extreme exhaustion and sore toil? Being weary, He sat thus on the well; He had no leisure so much as to eat; His relatives thought from His labours that He was mad. Forebodings of calamity? He took His followers aside to tell them of the worst, that it was coming.

Fear, and thirst, and agony, and the flapping of the raven wings of impending death—He knows them all; He was the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; He was led as a lamb to the slaughter. For His flock's sake He has faced and overcome the very King of Terrors. Nay, He has faced and overcome their very sins, being the Lamb of God Who bore, and so bore away, the sins of the world.

3. Again, *we are reminded of His dignity*. If it were merely said, "The Lamb shall be the Shepherd," we might reflect that so feeble a creature should rather crave protection than promise it. Of all the flock, he is the easiest quarry for the eagle to swoop on or the wolf to rend; and who would trust his safety to the keeping of a lamb?

Yes, but the laws of the Heavenly Kingdom differ from the laws of earth. The Divine strength is made perfect in weakness. It was by dying that Christ destroyed him who had the power of death. He struck no blow; He breathed no malediction; He confessed the bodily suffering of His thirst; He bowed His head, and died. In that hour His people cried, "All is over," but He said, "It is finished;" the salvation of mankind is wrought; by this ecstasy of defeat, by this agony of weakness, the whole world is rescued, and the powers of hell are spoiled.

And now the splendid and awful beings of the skies, lightning-robed, star-crowned, bow down before the sacredness and the dominion of the Lamb. So it is in heaven, and whether we perceive it or not, so it is on earth. The greatest power on earth is this power of the cross. Amid all the struggles and jealousies of nations, the forging of new and dreadful weapons, the drilling of millions of armed men, the Church of Christ is never weak but when she leans on these; she is omnipotent when she utterly despises them, and relies entirely on the meekness and gentleness of Jesus; and His laws, with none but spiritual sanction, grasp men's hearts, and are the purest, deepest, and most penetrating power of all.

And if each of us is to be won for Jesus, such wild and gentle means must win us, for if we

refuse and spurn the melting influence of His love, it is vain to hope that any solemnity of the declining life, or any terrors of the death-bed, will exercise a stronger influence.

4. Once more, we must feel that, *to be an efficient Shepherd, Christ cannot be a Lamb only.* His suffering has power with us because we feel 'hat it was voluntary, that He need not have suffered, that He sat above the water-floods until He stooped His own head so low that all the billows went over Him.

Surely the union of these two epithets, the Shepherd and the Lamb, points to the union of two natures in our Lord; the one confiding and obedient, and commending His Spirit into His

Father's hand; the other strong to protect the sheep and to repel the wolf, and to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

Yes; we adore Him, and He calls us brethren. In heaven He is crowned with many crowns, and He grasps an iron sceptre; but His brow has not forgotten the thorns, nor His hand the nails, nor His heart the all-embracing love of Calvary.

O Lord Jesus! It is heaven to be the sheep of Thy pasture. Oh, which of us will refuse on earth, among flowerless fields, and waters not of life, to hear Thy voice, to follow Thy steps, to begin the glad obedience and the guarded peace which death shall not interrupt, and eternity shall but make perfect?

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

I.—THE WAY IN ALL WEATHERS.



A CRISP, clear winter morn has dawned with shining face to meet us. The earth has rendered up for another year its gifts in golden grain and mellow rich fruits, and now it has laid itself down to rest beneath the still ice-bound coverlet of Winter, to await its resurrection in the Spring, which Heaven has given to us as a golden promise, and which we all regard, even now, with the dainty tenderness of a sweet poetic vision. There is the hush of rest upon the earth. It is not death, but only Nature falling into that soft, soothing sleep that shall bring new life, to be ready when the bugle breezes of Spring shall blow.

Let us set out together on this bright winter morn. We can step along to each other's advantage, I hope, observing in our companionship Nature none the less in sight or sound. The very sound of the tread of the foot will be an exhilarating key-note to the delectable melodies that are sure not only to meet us, but to compass us, as, with jocund step and bright and reverent hearts, we tread the King's Highway.

The reference to melodies in the beginning of speech does not by any means involve a figure of speech. The robin's song is increasing in richness, and fills with melodious wealth the silent, frosty air. If you listen, you shall hear that he compasses every note in the gamut in his crisp, clear, broken yet jaunty manner. That song

awakens to life again the earth that is now all but silenced in its winter sleep. It is the one sweet strain of music which mingles at this moment with the steady tread of human feet. No marvel is it that the sweet, trusting robin has been lovingly spoken of in the glamour of fable and in the witching lines of song. He is our perpetual guest in winter, and ever comes in such a homely and easy manner, that we feel that his credentials do not require looking into, and that he needs no note of invitation to stay and dine.

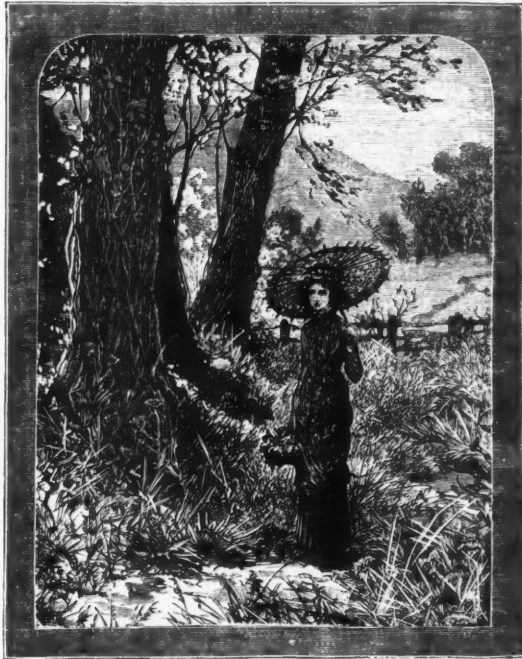
But have we no compensation in acting the host to this shrill-throated troubadour? I think he gives us more than he gets from us. When you have been disconsolate and weary, slowly pacing, in an aimless manner, either by winding rural lane or river bank, have you never heard that crisp, clear song of the robin's, sung perhaps in the grey dawn of the morning, when the world had not quite awoke; or, as the winter day was closing, when the tiny yet melodious treble rang clear and pure from some frost-gemmed holly-branch, with the first stars of the winter eventide looking down on him in shining, streaming love, and the chimes at intervals from the old church-tower doing their poor best to lend their shattered harmonies, in order to echo the faith and love of the sweet red-breasted singer which is sent to us from God?

Then from the hedgerows, thin and bare, from some mossy wall encrusted in snow, or from the o'ershadowing shelter of some holly-branch, comes the scarcely less welcome note of the mother-wren. How it goes through the crisp air like a scythe, and has the keen, metallic ring of the finest steel being suddenly struck against the daintiest and smoothest object that earth has ever held. The wren's song, though piercing and shrill in its way,

is dainty and soft enough for fairies' ears. It and the robin's are certainly rich to the ears of men, and refreshing to human hearts. The melodies they ever bear from heaven are supreme gifts to the listening ear and the devout soul, and make us poor wayward men often stand, in moments of gratitude and wonder, in a tender, groping questioning as to why God is so kind to such rebel hearts.

For good, honest interchange of thought and

and shining upland road. Then you have the bright or ever-changing sky, and gleaming cottage homes here and there, sheltered under their warm wings of thatch, covered o'er with golden stonecrop and green moss, all sprinkled daintily with crystal gems of hoary rime and frozen snow. Beyond all this, the exhilarating swing in every step you take, and the glorious joy of freedom you possess, combine to open your heart to him who throws in his lot with you for



sentiment : for sifting a man, and separating the corn from the chaff in his moral, spiritual, and social characteristics : for getting a grip stronger than ever in the way of possessing his heart, I know of nothing that can bring better occasions or wealthier chances to you than walking with him on the King's highway. You shall learn more of a man's heart, his likes and dislikes, his hobbies and idiosyncrasies, his weakness and his strength, in a day's walk than you shall be able to get by a month's riding with him in a *diligence* or a post-chaise. The breeze that winnows your very heart, and sends all the chaff of dark and doubtful thoughts from you, leaving the kernel of true grain white and clean, is surely an unspeakable blessing as you tread your way along the crisp

the time, and jogs along with you with ready wit and responsive reverence, keenness of vision, and brightness of heart.

What a rare privilege is given to every walker on the King's highway, and through the sweet, shadowy rural lanes and meadows, threaded by silver streams and lined with willow holts, leading therefrom. And yet, how few accept with gratitude and act upon the gift which Nature ever extends to them with open hands! What lovely pictures and gleams of lasting joy they who do not go afoot miss for ever! We have some men and women in society who think that walking is vulgar. They do not object to the pleasures derived from hill and dale, provided that those pleasures are handed to them like wine in shining

goblets; but to ask them to go abroad to mead or stream, with reverential heart and loving eye, to meet Nature, and speak with her face to face, is to ask those to walk with freedom and joy whose feet are chained in the shackles of an artificiality which saps all that is good and true in the human soul. What glints of quiet rural scenery do they miss! The busy mill, with the silvery spray flashing from the dark green ooze on the old wheel; the tiny cottage, from whence comes the hum of the spinning-wheel; the mower whetting his scythe to some dear old familiar song that has knit many hearts together; the jocund laugh of the reapers in the harvest-field, a sound that sets the piping thrush a-singing, his song to be answered by the blackbird's mellow call. These joys can only be known fully to those who go afoot. They are quite hidden—finally so—to all who rate honest, steady, healthy walking as a vulgarity. Why, compared with such, the commonest tramp, with the smallest amount of observation and reverence, is a king!

One of the first elements—in fact, the chief one—in the full enjoyment of a walk by highway or rural lane, is a shining and receptive soul. The "sound mind in a sound body" is fully required in this. We do not say that walking by shore, or down, or melody-haunted dale is only for those who have the physical strength to overtake many leagues with a will; but in order that highway, or dell, or mountain-pass may be enjoyed to the full, one must not come with the burden of weakness in frame and heaviness in heart, for, after all, a heavy heart is the most burdensome weight that one can carry. Go out with joy, and be modest in your demands from Nature. Keep eye and ear and touch brightly awake. If in winter, let not the gleaming icicles of some waterfall frozen into silence escape you; nor the note of the robin; nor the spotless snow-wreath, with curves more delicate and graceful than ever were moulded by Phidias or Praxiteles; nor those glorious winter sunsets which the fingers of angels weave for us poor unworthy souls, in emerald, amber, and richest opal—the kind of sunsets that were alike Turner's admiration and despair. If in summer, do not let a bosky dell, in all its wealth of flowers and ferns, escape you. Put the lark's long melodious treble and the thrush's brief but luscious song into your heart. Let not the sound of the busy mill be lost on you, nor its Arcadian surroundings of sparkling mill-race and shining, spray-tossing wheel, and bleating lambs on the bit of lea, and, sweet as all, the shy, modest smile of the miller's daughter. And if you leave the highway for a moment, and turn aside into the hazel-shadowed dale that is the casket for some stream-jewel, do not fail to catch the gleam from

the kingfisher's breast and wings as he flashes from the brook's bed, and passes across the sunny glade, one sudden and winged glory of green and gold. If you have thus kept all your senses keen and appreciative in your tramp in the highway, or the lanes and dells leading therefrom, you shall find, in summing up at the end of your day, that Nature has been kind to you, and that, though she is shy to unsympathetic souls, yet she rewards those who meet her face to face with revelations of sight and sound that shall ever remain with them as gleaming memories. If you have left in the morning with all kinds of spiritual bats and owls and dismal night birds around your soul, after having had a walk of this kind, the chances in your favour are many that when you return in the evening you shall, metaphorically speaking, have many shining and soothing doves at your window.

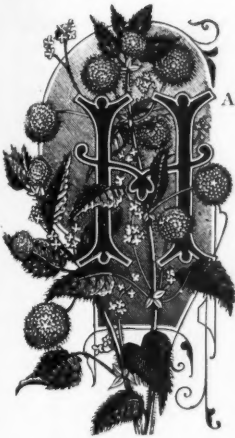
Next to holy thought and sweet, sustained meditation with God, or bright, breezy intercourse with some strong, congenial Christian soul, a walk, either alone or with some sympathetic one, is alike the educator and refiner of one's nature. You can go abroad all day and lose nothing, either in intellect or morals, but gain much. You are out of temptation's way in your sweet, calm communings with Nature. Your evil thoughts are reduced to a minimum, for the devil yet never tried to allure you into a quiet, contemplative walk. We can so well weigh and measure our companion in a quiet walk that the evil one will consent to no such arrangement: we might circumvent him, and that would never suit his plans.

Keep well to your habit of going abroad on foot in all weathers, and noting what you see and hear. Sometimes your experiences at the end of your day will be as charming as some fresh book of exquisite idylls. Each hamlet will have a charm for you as you pass through it, containing as it does all the mysteries of human existence; a little republic, having a kind of quiet government of its own, though linked on to the great outer world, and even part of that vital, political, social, and moral blood which throbs through the nation's heart in one ceaseless, health-giving flow.

If it please you, we may catch each other up on the King's highway ere long. We have a broad, human, poetic scope to work upon. The country church may even give us some interest, standing amidst grassy mounds and solemn yews; or even the picturesque setting of some old-world inn, "with lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the walls." We may be able to study also living faces, and the lights and shadows that flicker across human hearts. In the meantime, farewell!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

A BIT OF BLUE RIBBON.



AND in hand Allie and Robbie pattered contentedly along Euston Road towards Regent's Park. A May sun was shining upon the pavement, making it very warm and grateful to their bare feet. It was the first day of real spring weather that had brightened the world that year. The winter had been long and cold, and March and April had brought little but dull

grey skies and drizzling rain. Not for a long time had Allie and Robbie felt so happy. It did not matter to-day that Robbie had no coat, only ragged trousers, and a thin flannel shirt, and that Allie's dress barely covered her knees. As to hats, they had left them at home, Robbie's battered felt one that was much too large for him, and Allie's straw one without a rim.

Just within the park fence there was a group of children, many of them ragged and barefoot like Allie and Robbie, all of them bearing the stamp of poverty. They were playing noisily, laughing, jumping, chattering, screaming. Trees and grass, green with the fresh greenness of spring, blue skies, soft breezes, and sunlight surrounded them and filled them with glee. Pitiful stories some of the children could tell, doubtless, but just now past trouble, and possible trouble to come, had no place in their minds; they were living in the present, and were happy in it. Babies of varying ages, bundled up in strange garments, were blissfully sleeping on the grass or in tumble-down perambulators. Child-nurses, relieved for a time of their charge, were exchanging confidences, or joining in the games, and as they played their faces assumed a more childlike expression than was usual to them.

Allie and Robbie were not allowed to join the group without being first subjected to personal criticism.

"He don't wear his coat in the summer cos it's too hot, and he don't wear it in the winter cos he ain't got one."

This was from a boy of ten years or so, a sharp-looking little fellow, with humorous eyes, who possessed quite a respectable-looking coat, very loose-fitting and long in the sleeves. His sally, made in a loud, shrill voice, produced a shout of laughter at the expense of little Robbie, who, however, did not seem to resent it. Robbie had a gentle face, and timid, shrinking manner; Allie was his champion and protector, and on this occasion she retorted for him.

"Folks as ain't got no shirts to their backs is obliged to wear coats, if it's hot enough to melt 'em, so there, Jack Brown!"

Allie's quick eyes had at once detected this lack of under-apparel, for the coat, through the loss of two buttons, was left open at the top, and exposed the owner's bare neck and chest. The laugh was now turned against Jack Brown, and the girls especially enjoyed his discomfiture. Had Allie been a boy she would have received a blow for her taunt, and then there would have been an exciting pugilistic encounter for the amusement and edification of the non-combatants. Being a girl, Jack Brown disdained to strike; for if he were not a courteous or refined sort of boy, he was also not a mean-spirited one. So the matter ended with the exchange of a few more personal remarks, the last one of course coming from Allie, and she, and Robbie, and Jack Brown were soon amicably engaged together in a game of "touch."

The golden afternoon passed away. The babies woke up and cried, and were comforted, gently or roughly, according to the dispositions of their respective nurses. One by one the group of children dispersed. Allie and Robbie were the last to leave the park, as they had been the last to come. They carried away some daisies with them; Allie, with the woman's instinct of self-adornment, pinned a bunch in the front of her faded red dress, and twisted a few among her rough curls. Robbie carried his tenderly in his hand, and gave them a loving glance now and then as he trotted along by Allie's side.

"How do they come?" he said, after one of these glances, lifting his large soft eyes to his sister's face.

Allie's powers of invention and imagination were often put to the test to provide satisfactory replies to Robbie's frequent questions. Experience had taught her that merely to say that the daisies grew would not satisfy Robbie; so after setting her mind hard at work for a minute, she said—

"It's the angels puts 'em there, and then they come down every night and shut them up, and every morning they come and open them."

"Shall we see the angels come down and shut 'em up to night?" asked Robbie, wide-eyed.

"No; nobody sees angels nowadays—teacher told us so," answered Allie.

All the knowledge Allie possessed concerning angels and heaven had been acquired at a school she had attended some few Sundays. It was not much, but Robbie regarded his sister as an oracle on the subject. They were just passing through the park gates, when Robbie exclaimed—

"Look!" and stooped to pick up something from the ground. It was a small piece of blue ribbon, with a pin in it.

"Somebody's dropped it out of his coat," said Allie. "Let's pin it on you."

So the bit of bright blue was pinned conspicuously on Robbie's ragged grey shirt, and his attention, as they pattered on again, was equally divided between that and his bunch of daisies. The children passed down Euston Road, Allie carefully leading Robbie

The children pushed open a gate that was hanging half-off its hinges, and went down a flight of steep steps into a paved area—"airy" they called it, a peculiarly inappropriate designation. It was just wide enough to admit of the two children passing



"The bit of bright blue was pinned conspicuously on Robbie's ragged shirt."—p. 111.

over the crossings, and threading her way with great skill through the crowd of vehicles. Next they turned into Fitzroy Square, and, after a few minutes farther walking, entered the narrow street that led to their home. The houses were ugly and dingy; here and there a shining window, or a snowy curtain, served to make more apparent the prevailing squalor.

along it side by side, and very little pure air or sunlight could struggle down into the dark, unhealthy room to which it led. The atmosphere was hot and stifling, though, as several panes of glass in the window were broken, a certain amount of air made its way in. There was a wooden table in the room, and two or three cane chairs, each in a more or less

ruinous condition. Down in a corner was a shapeless mass of something that bore a resemblance to a bed. A small strip of dirty carpet lay on a dirtier floor. A doorless cupboard revealed on its shelves a motley array of cups, plates, jugs, and basins. The children entered in a sneaking fashion, Allie first. They never knew what kind of reception to expect from father or mother; sometimes it was a blow entirely uncalled for, sometimes a volley of threats; most often they crept in unnoticed, and they looked for nothing better.

"No one's in!" shouted Allie, executing a wild dance expressive of delight; and the anxious expression that had begun to gather on Robbie's timid brow cleared away.

"I'm hungry, ain't you, Allie?" he said.

Allie was hungry, and was already exploring the cupboard, whence she drew forth a piece of bread.

"No treacle left," she said, giving Robbie a large half of the bread. They perched themselves on the window-ledge and began to eat it, philosophically resigned to the lack of treacle.

"That's a pretty colour," said Allie, referring to Robbie's blue ribbon.

"I shall never get tipsy like father, long as I wear it, shall I?" said Robbie. "That's what people wears it for, isn't it?"

Now Allie's ideas on the subject were very vague, but as she never confessed ignorance to Robbie, she answered in the affirmative.

They went on eating for some time in contented silence, Robbie's eyes growing large and bright with some thought.

"Allie!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if we was to pin it on to father's coat he'd never get tipsy again!"

In his excitement he slipped down to the floor, and stood looking up at Allie with parted lips and eager eyes. Allie stared at him in amazement, and was at first deprived of the power of speech; when she recovered herself she made an admiring and appreciative, if not elegant remark.

"Well! if you ain't knowin', Rob; I'd never have thought of it. We'll do it, you bet!"

She too slipped from the ledge, and they sat together on the floor, and with great eagerness discussed Robbie's wonderful idea. The sun went down, and darkness crept fast into the underground room where the two little ragged ones held their consultation, with the bit of blue that was to effect so much lying between them on the squalid floor.

When it was quite dark, the little conspirators, full of expectation and hope, crept to bed at the foot of the bundle in the corner, and soon fell fast asleep, Allie's protecting arm thrown across her brother.

* * * * *

As twelve o'clock was sounding first from one church clock, then another, Robbie woke. A piece of candle was burning on the table, and its dim light showed the child that his father had come home, and, wrapped in a drunken sleep, was lying in a chair.

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"Allie!" whispered Robbie, shaking her gently.

Allie opened her eyes, and looked at him.

"We could do it now," whispered Robbie, holding up the precious ribbon which he had kept between his fingers while he slept.

Allie assented with a nod. Softly the two little bare-legged figures stole across the floor, and Robbie's eyes were bright as stars.

The child bent over the sleeping drunkard, and pinned the ribbon to his coat, and then stood back a little with Allie to see how it looked. I think Robbie half believed, fully hoped, that an instantaneous change would take place, and that he should see his father sit up and smile, and take them both on his knee as he had used to do. Breathlessly they stood and watched the flushed face; but nothing happened, and they began to think of creeping back to bed. Suddenly the door was burst open, and noisily banged to again. It was the children's mother come home. Her entrance roused the sleeper, and he woke with a frightened start. Glaring round, his eyes fell upon Allie and Robbie, still standing near; and with the sudden, uncontrollable, unreasonable fury of a drunkard, he caught up little Robbie with an oath, and flung him with savage force to the floor. Piercing screams from Allie rang through the room. The mother, with the look of a wild beast in her eyes, struck her husband a furious blow, and then rushed to the fallen child. She knelt on the floor, and raised the still little form in her arms, held it passionately to her breast, and rocked it to and fro, crying—

"Robbie! my little Robbie! my little boy! dead, dead! my little boy!"

Was Robbie never to know that his mother loved him? Allie, between her sobs, poured out the story of the ribbon, and the father, sober now, sat and stared in stupefied horror, first at the bit of blue in his coat, then at his child's pale face.

* * * * *

Life had not quite fled from the poor bruised little body. For two or three years Robbie lingered on in the world, crippled and suffering, but happy; for the charm worked—the drink demon was exorcised.

"We're always happy now, ain't we, father?" he said one evening, as he lay in his father's arms, looking out of an open window upon a bright little garden. His mother was working near, and she raised her eyes as he spoke, and met her husband's glance. Then they both looked at crippled Robbie with a gaze of mingled thankfulness, tenderness, and remorse.

"I've brought you some daisies," said Allie, coming in from the fields. "It's nearly time for them to shut up."

A little later, when the angels came down to close the daisies, Robbie saw the shining of their white wings. His pale face grew paler and more peaceful; he stretched out his arms to them with a smile, and they bore him away to Heaven. His task was done.

THE CEDARS AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "BIBLE TEACHINGS IN NATURE," ETC.

IN THREE PAPERS.—II.

(GENESIS iii. 8; REVELATION i. 12, 13.)



THE golden candlestick was meant to be a reminiscence of that Eden, where out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also, in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

It was a representation and perpetuation in a higher form of the Adamic dispensation, the symbol of the natural revelation of God, the primitive religion of unfallen man, when everything in nature spoke to him of God, and showed forth the Divine glory. The candlestick in the sanctuary was what the tree of life was in the garden; it revealed in a typical form the deep spiritual things of God. The truths shadowed forth by the candlestick were indicated by the objects of the garden; and the one revelation was but the unfolding of the other.

We find, indeed, in the history of God's scheme of grace, several connecting links between the different dispensations which show their continuity, and mark successive stages in the evolution of Divine truth. The burning lamp and the smoking furnace that passed between the divided pieces of Abraham's sacrifice, the burning bush that appeared to Moses, the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, that guided the Israelites through the wilderness, Aaron's rod that budded in the holy place, the seven-branched golden candlestick of the tabernacle and temple, the fiery furnace of Babylon, the vision of the olive trees and the candlestick of the prophet Zechariah, and the parable and miracle of the barren fig-tree of our Lord in the Gospel—all these symbolical incidents and objects point back to the trees of Eden, and forward to the candlesticks of the seven churches of Asia. They combine the two ideas of the tree and the light—the fire that vegetates harmlessly in the foliage and bloom of the summer tree, and the fire that blossoms destructively in the flame of the lamp and the furnace. They prepare the way for and are shadows cast before of the final revelation in the fulness of time. He who communed with our first parents among the trees of the garden appeared to Moses on the Mount, in the midst of a bush burning without being consumed—and manifested Himself to the last of the inspired witnesses at Patmos, walking among the seven golden candlesticks

made in the form of the stem, branches, and flowers of a tree, preserving in this form the memory of the primitive revelation. He connected with every Theophany, the cherubim, the symbols of creation, indicating that the revelation affected nature as well as man. The cherubim that guarded the lost Eden for man—preserved it in its original purity and beauty for the purpose of restoring it to him when he should become worthy of it, the new Adam in the new Eden—were transferred to the tabernacle, and appeared above the mercy-seat, beaten out of the same solid mass of gold—in token that the Mosaic dispensation was only a continuation of the Adamic—that our Creator became our Redeemer, and that our redemption was the fulfilling of a purpose deeply and mysteriously interwoven with the whole history of the world. The Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world. That world was created by Christ, without whom was not anything made that was made, to be the theatre of redemption; and the Gospel is the manifesting of the mystery which was hid from the foundation of the world.

But between the revelation of Eden and the revelation of Patmos there are some striking points of contrast, and these I shall now proceed to describe. The revelation of Eden was given in circumstances of peace and happiness. The life of our first parents in their unfallen state was an idyllic one. They wandered amid the soft glades of the garden, plucking at will the rich clusters that hung within easy reach of their hand; their only labour, the healthful, gentle exercise needed to dress and prune nature's luxuriance. Nature was a faithful outward reflection of man's moral state. Its beauty and fruitfulness coincided with man's moral beauty and fruitfulness. Nature was in harmony with him whose will was in harmony with the great Will which expresses itself in the whole economy of the world. As naturally and freely as the trees grew and the flowers blossomed, and the fruits ripened in Eden by the sweet law of growth—so naturally and freely did man in his innocent state display the beauties of holiness and produce the fruits of righteousness. His religious experience grew as the plants around him, without effort or struggle. What nature did unconsciously and willessly, he did consciously and willingly. As the branch abides in the vine, so he abode in God and God abode in him, and he brought forth, in consequence, much fruit. God walked and talked with

him among the trees in the garden face to face, as a man with his friend; and there was no principle of evil or rebellion within him.

But the revelation of Patmos was amid widely different circumstances. The symbol of it was not the tree that grew spontaneously by the laws of natural growth, but the candlestick wrought by human hands, with the sweat of the face. The gold of which it was composed was dug with toil and trouble from the mine, melted in the furnace, purified from its ore, and not cast into a mould, but beaten out of a solid piece with the hammer into the form in which it appeared. The workman who fashioned this most elaborate of all the vessels of the sanctuary must have pondered minutely over, and bestowed immense labour and skill upon every part; and yet the pattern and symmetry of the whole must have been clearly in his mind while from one solid mass of gold he beat out each shaft and floral ornamentation. The oil for the light was also beaten from the olive berries grown, gathered, and expressed by human toil and skill; and the wick in like manner was a human manufacture, made of the fine twined linen which formed part of the curtains of the tabernacle. The whole idea of the candlestick implied toil and trouble.

And this is the great characteristic of the revelation of which it is the symbol. Everything connected with it indicates salvation from sin through toil and suffering. The first Adam in the unfallen Eden had only the pleasant labour of dressing and keeping the trees and flowers; the second Adam was a carpenter, converting the trees in the sweat of his face into implements of toil. The cherubims at Eden, the symbols of creation, were associated with the flaming sword, the pains and sacrifices through which alone the joys of life can now be obtained; and their effigies on the mercy-seat in the tabernacle were sprinkled with the blood of atonement, in token that all creation felt the blow of man's fall, and groaneth and travaileth together in pain with him, waiting for its redemption. The burning lamp and the smoking furnace appeared to Abraham in the horror of the great darkness that had fallen upon him, and was a symbol of the mingled suffering and triumph, darkness and light, which were to characterise his own history and that of his descendants. The burning bush on Horeb appeared to Moses in his exile and daily toil, and spoke of the sorrowful experiences of the Hebrews in Egypt, with whose lot God had identified Himself.

Every image, every symbol and type in sacred Scripture, speaks of the curse of the ground and the sorrow of the soul which sin had brought into the world. This great factor is taken into account in all remedial schemes. The first promise to our race announces redemption through pain, and toil, and sorrow. The bruising of the serpent's head is to be accomplished

only through the wounding of the victor's heel. God talked with Abraham among the oak trees of Mamre, as He talked with our first parents among the trees of Eden. It was the commencement of the new dispensation and covenant of grace, through which all the families of the earth were to be blessed; and, therefore, God came to Abraham as He came to Adam before he fell, and converted by His promise the oak grove of Mamre in the wilderness into a beautiful reminiscence of the lost Eden.

But it was not altogether the Edenic state into which Abraham was brought back. It had traces of the curse of sin in it, which must ever defile and sadden even the most blessed experiences of the holiest saints in this world. Abraham was sitting at his tent door; and how suggestive was the tent, of the pilgrim and stranger condition of man, and of the wilderness-life to which sin had banished him! Not in the cool of the day, as to Adam in Eden, did God appear to the patriarch, but in the burning noon—so expressive of the sweat of the face, the weariness, and languor, and all the other trials of man's fallen condition.

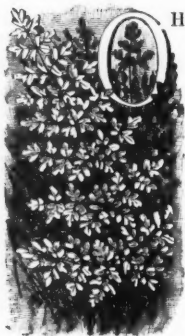
The Levitical institutions disclose the painfulness of the covenant of grace in a most remarkable manner. Their limitations, their restrictions, their heavy burdens, their awful sanctions, their sacrifices of blood and death, all speak in the most impressive manner of the evil of sin and the costliness of the deliverance from it. And the life and death of our Saviour disclose this in a way still more solemn and emphatic. Before the incarnation He came in the noonday heat to the tent-door of Abraham; and His appearance of humanity, His lassitude, His fatigue, His dust-stained feet and garments, His hunger and thirst, to which Abraham ministered, show to us in a most remarkable way how the Lord identified Himself with the lot of humanity, and made Himself a partner in man's new experience of toil and pain. And when He became incarnate in our nature and lived in our world, He took up our condition at the low, wretched point of privation and suffering to which sin had reduced it. He came not into a garden but into a wilderness. He became a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. The triumphs of His grace were accomplished through the sorrows and toils of His humanity. His very miracles themselves show most conspicuously the pains and sufferings through which they were wrought. The trees of Eden in His case were converted into the cross of Calvary; and the glorious fiat of the first creation, "Let there be light, and there was light," into the awful cry of darkness unto death—the birth-pang of the new creation, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" And even after the triumphs of resurrection and glorification in heaven, He appeared ever and anon to favoured witnesses with

the old tokens of suffering and death. To Saul He revealed Himself on the way to Damascus as "Jesus of Nazareth, Whom thou persecutest." In the midst of the seven golden candlesticks the beloved disciple heard Him saying, "I am He that liveth and was dead." In the midst of the throne, John, through his tears, saw "a Lamb as it had been slain." And as the history of man's salvation is thus a record of toil, and pain, and sacrifice, so the Christian life in the individual and in the Church is developed only by laborious spiritual effort, by the sweat of the soul. It grows no longer as a tree, but as a building, a city of toil and suffering. How expressive, when viewed in this light, are the promises given to the seven

Churches of Asia in connection with the overcoming of some easily besetting sin, some special evil! It is to him that overcometh the hindrance in himself and in the world, that God now gives to eat of the tree of life. It is to the same Church—the Church of Ephesus—that Christ manifests Himself as "He that walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," and gives the promise, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God," thus showing the intimate connection between the candlesticks of Patmos, and the tree of life of Eden; how the latter is regained through the pains, and toils, and sacrifices indicated by the former.

MISTAKEN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



H, I am so sorry! but, indeed, I cannot," murmured Phyllis Barton, in low, tremulous tones.

"You are young. Are you quite sure you know your own heart?" urged her companion. "Won't you take a little time to think about it, Phyllis? Give me my answer to-morrow—or next day—if you like."

"Stanley! oh, Stanley! it seems so ungrateful. No, I ought not to say that," as a pained exclamation broke from her companion, "but it is kinder to tell you there is some one else."

Phyllis would never have sacrificed her maidenly reserve so far as to make this confession, had she not suddenly perceived the strength and depth of the affection which she had, until quite lately, regarded as merely a brotherly one. There was a pause after she had spoken, which she, in her agitation, was totally unable to break, for there was as yet nothing more definite between herself and that "some one else," of whom she had spoken, than that sweet mutual understanding which sometimes precedes betrothal, and, in due course, marriage.

"Thank you for telling me," he said at last, in a voice deep with repressed feeling. "I will not trouble you again. Do not distress yourself; your secret is safe."

"Then you know?"

"I can guess—it is what I feared. May he prove worthy!" He hesitated a moment, as if about to add something more, gazed earnestly into her face, and with a half-repressed sigh rose to go.

"You will not care to call me your friend now?"

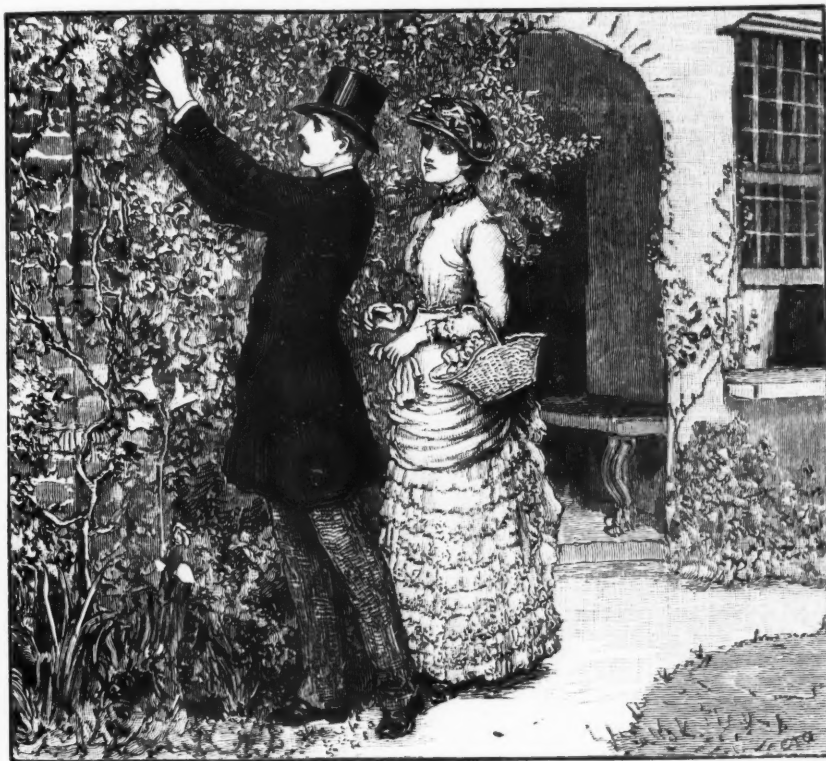
asked Phyllis, with a sinking heart. For in spite of this other love, which outweighed the esteem, friendship—nay, more, the affection of years—she felt with keen regret, what a noble heart she was sending away from her.

"Always friends, Phyllis," he said earnestly; "and so far as I am concerned, more than friends. Good-bye," and raising the hand she extended to him to his lips, he passed through the open French window into the vicarage garden, and, all unmindful of the beauty of the summer sunset, strode rapidly towards the stately home which he had hoped would some day have been brightened by the presence of the girl who had just rejected his love. And she—she was kneeling by her bedside, murmuring between her sobs, "It was right. I could not help it. I *have* done right!" For it was a real and intense distress to her to have thus grieved her old friend. She had known and liked him from the time that her father, then a poor curate, had, at the earnest request of James Paton, his old college friend, undertaken the education of his orphan grandson, whose future was to be invested with the solemn responsibilities of great wealth. And it was this wealth which, to the romantic girl, formed the reason why her affection should be bestowed elsewhere. For that other was poor comparatively speaking, and Phyllis knew what poverty meant, for she remembered their own early struggles. She also remembered, gratefully, how Stanley had ended them. For it was Stanley Paton who, for the last three years, had been master at the Hall, and had, on the death of the late vicar, presented the living to her father, continuing to help him in every good work, both by his means and influence, ever since.

"But he would not like me to marry him out of gratitude," thought Phyllis; "and oh, Albie! you

will know that *money* could not tempt me!" she whispered to herself; and she could not help feeling rather like a heroine—a very pleasant experience at the present moment, which she did not appreciate so keenly a little later on. Albert Forsyth was just the type of man to engross the thoughts and charm the fancy of an innocent and romantic girl. To undeniable personal advantages he united a most fasci-

engagement announced. Albie meant to fulfil these expectations, and quickly, for he had guessed that Stanley was his rival, and feared to lose her. He knew that he might "marry money," but then Phyllis pleased him so much better than the lady to whom his thoughts reverted with the above reflection. He had long ago decided that his wife must be pretty, lady-like, rich, if possible; but he now felt inclined



"Let me get that for you."—p. 118.

nating manner; lively, accomplished, and courteous, he was extremely popular, especially amongst women; but for Phyllis were reserved those low tones and tender glances which thrilled her with the conviction that in her he had found everything that even his confessedly fastidious taste required. If it were not so, why did he choose her as the *confidante* of all his highest hopes and aspirations? She did not know that long before he came to Southmere it had been his habit thus to distinguish "the nicest" girl of his acquaintance.

But never before had he remained so long constant to one. Southmere gossips began to look upon it as an understood thing, and daily expected to hear the

to pass over the absence of this qualification in the girl of his choice, for, if not rich, Phyllis, though possessing refined tastes, did not allow herself extravagant ones. She would therefore make a very suitable wife for a man who, though his prospects were fair, had yet to win his way in his profession. For, until quite lately, he had only held the position of assistant to Dr. Gregory, who had now made him a kind of partner, admitting him to a small share of the profits accruing from the practice. Under these circumstances he had determined that he would wait no longer for the shy, glad consent which he felt sure would answer his proposal.

It was with this purpose in his mind that he

walked towards the vicarage just as Stanley had quitted it.

When he arrived Phyllis was wandering amongst the roses, with basket and scissors in her hand, gathering flowers to decorate the tea-table. But her basket was not filling very quickly, for she had stopped many times to look over the hedge and up the lane which skirted the vicarage garden. Albie had intimated to her the possibility of his dropping in on his way home from a professional visit, to partake of the high tea which he had lately seemed to consider so much more pleasant than the late dinner which awaited him at Dr. Gregory's.

She was not disappointed, for before long she caught sight of him coming, and drew back, fearing that he might think her unmaidenly should he guess that she had been watching for him. But he had caught sight of her light summer dress, and came straight to where she stood.

"Good evening, Miss Phyllis," he said; "let me get that for you," as, after returning his greeting, she extended her hand to gather some roses that grew high against the wall of the house.

"There, you have scratched yourself," he continued, as she drew her hand away with a sudden exclamation.

"It's nothing much—only a thorn," said Phyllis, showing him her hand.

"Stop," he said, taking it into his own, "the thorn is still there," and he proceeded with the utmost tenderness to draw it out, murmuring as he did so, "You should have nothing to do with thorns—if I had my will," he continued, in a lower tone, as if unconsciously.

"There are no roses without, you know," returned Phyllis, trying to speak lightly; but there was a slightly tremulous tone in her voice, for she had scarcely yet recovered from the agitation induced by her interview with Stanley.

"There is only one," he replied, with a glance that pointed his meaning.

"Then I should not think much of it, I am afraid. We always value most the things that are not got without some trouble," she returned; "don't you think so?"

"Even a thornless rose may be out of reach," murmured Albie sentimentally, "though it will never wound the hand that dares to grasp it," and the girl listened in a glow of gratified vanity to this prettily implied compliment, too confused and happy to be ready with any reply. The necessity was spared her, however, for the tea bell broke into their conversation. Mrs. Barton appearing at the window with a cordial invitation to Albie to join them, their *tête-à-tête* was at an end.

"Did you hear," he asked of the vicar, during the progress of the meal, "that there is a case of fever in the village?"

"No," he replied, his kind face expressing grave concern. "Who is it?"

"One of that dreadful Mrs. Goldsmith's boys," replied Albie; "he was taken this morning."

"Is it Luke?" asked Phyllis anxiously.

"If Luke is the eldest," he replied. "Do you know the lad?"

"Know him!" echoed Phyllis. "Why, he is the best boy in my class. I must go and see him. He was quite well——"

"No, no, Miss Phyllis," interrupted Albie, "you must not! It may turn to something catching. I cannot tell yet. Besides, it is not a fit place for you to go to; is it, sir?" he asked, turning to the vicar.

"You had better not, my dear," replied her father. "Of course, I shall go to-morrow; but I shall take every precaution against carrying the infection; still I do not absolutely forbid your seeing him if——"

"Thank you, papa," said Phyllis, with a rebellious glance at Albie. His handsome face grew dark with surprised displeasure. Could she really mean to persist in her purpose in opposition to his expressed wish? The place was certainly one which no lady could find any pleasure in visiting, except the unselfish one derived from the hope of helping and improving its inhabitants. Five cottages stood at the extreme edge of the straggling parish. One of these, a beershop, was occupied by the owner of the other four, and was a hot-bed of drunkenness, misery, and dirt.

For a long time the vicar had been unsuccessfully striving to get hold of these people. Phyllis had at last induced Luke to join her class, and every one at the vicarage had hailed this event as the first step towards establishing a better state of things. An infectious fever was raging in the nearest town, and both Albie and the Bartons felt that this unclean spot was one most likely to be attacked by it. Albie looked at it as an evil which must be prevented from spreading; they, as one which must also be lightened to the sufferers.

"We shall miss Paton if the people of the village get it," said Albie presently. "I met him just before I came in, and he told me he was going away for an indefinite time; about some mining business, I think."

"That's very sudden; he never told me anything," began Mrs. Barton, when, suddenly becoming aware of Phyllis's conscious look and flaming cheeks, she stopped. Somebody else noticed them, too, and was well content.

"Oh, I daresay he will be back again soon," said the vicar; he never stays away longer than he can help. But to return——"

"Yes," interrupted Phyllis eagerly, "poor boy!—in that smoky hovel, with only that dreadful woman to nurse him! If it were Dick, how should we feel?"

"My dear," said her mother anxiously, "you must not run the risk of bringing it home to Dick; Luke shall have all he wants sent to him."

"Well, mamma, of course I won't go if every one forbids it," replied Phyllis sadly; "but I cannot believe in that woman's care even for her own boy."

"Oh, no doubt he will pull through all right," said

Albie, with an approving glance at her. "You must remember, Miss Phyllis, that these people, half savage as they are, have not the same requirements, even in illness, as ourselves. But, really, if the fever were to carry them all off—of course, I except your *protégé*—it would not do much harm—that is if it stopped at that."

"Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like unto the beasts that perish," quoted the vicar, with grave rebuke, as he rose from the table.

"Exactly," replied Albie lightly; "and, since they won't understand, I cannot help thinking the sooner the better, for they spread moral as well as physical infection."

"Mr. Barton meant that with God's help we must lift them above the beasts," said Mrs. Barton, with a troubled glance round to where Phyllis had been sitting, but she had risen, and quietly passed out into the garden, whither Albie presently followed her.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE AUDIENCE.



IT certainly was a strange gathering on which we looked last week, as, music in hand, we mounted the platform and began to make the acquaintance of our audience.

Here, on one side, sits an old man, nearly doubled with age and infirmity, whose scanty grey locks flow over what may once have been a respectable coat. As we look at the expression of his face we think of the tale of suffering lying behind the serene composure which comes only to those who, having fought life's battle, are more than conquerors. Next to this picture of quiet repose sits a complete contrast, in the shape of a figure full of suppressed activity, the nervous twitching of the fingers and the restless eagerness of manner, telling of restraint, enforced and irksome. A near neighbour, with a stolid, uninteresting face, is knitting away as fast as her fingers will go, and is quite indifferent to the sweet baby-wiles of a tiny child in the next row, who is trying to catch her eye, after vain efforts to win an answering smile from its mother's face. Close to the platform we notice a group of three, each the owner of a particular form of ear-trumpet, which has to be used incessantly if its owner wishes to know what is going on.

And, so, we trace signs of differing character and history, and we are able to pursue our investigations at leisure, without fear of hurting any one's feelings, because of this one fact—that, varied as are the other circumstances of our audience, they are alike in this, that to each has been denied one of God's best gifts, the use of eyesight.

Blind, then, is our audience, blind and poor! Yet, the faces before us are bright with listening eagerness, and though one misses, even in the eagerness, "the light of the body, which is the eye," there could hardly be an assemblage more deeply interesting.

But, before we have half finished our tour of

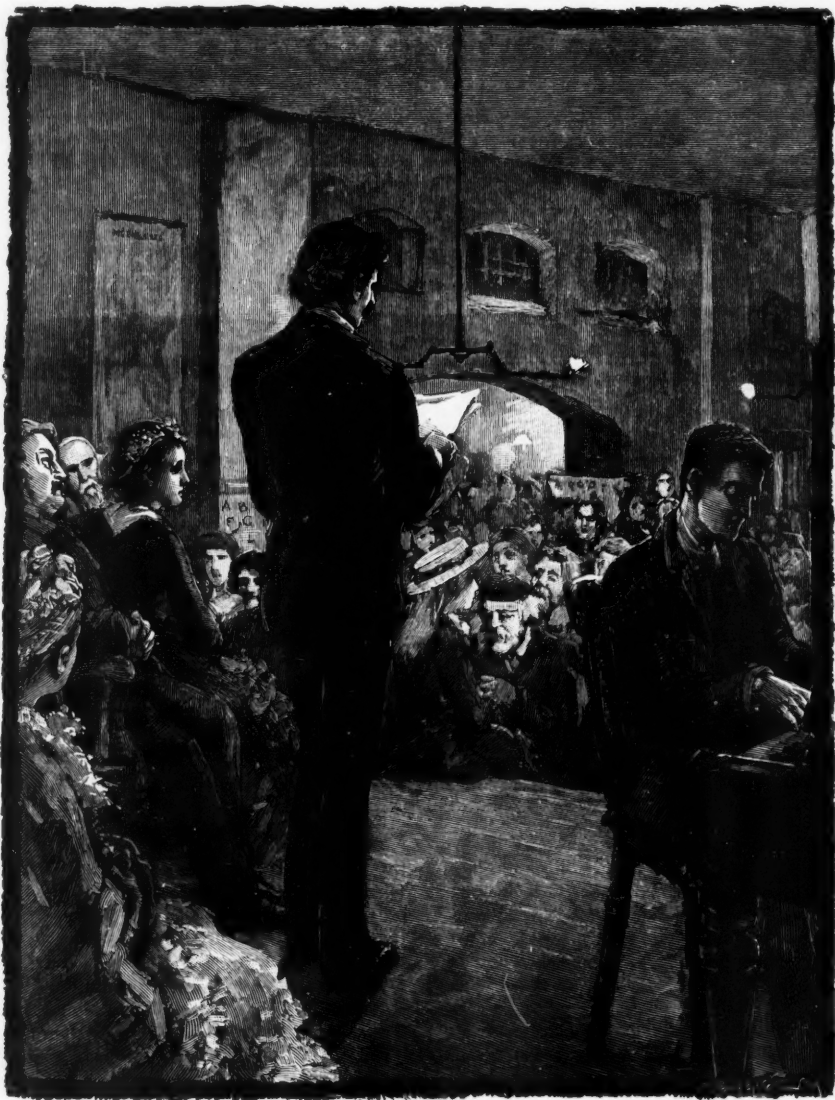
inspection, the work of the evening begins with a hymn, the one chosen being the well-known favourite, "The Sweet By-and-bye." Truly touching is it to hear the voices—many of them exceptionally good—of these sons and daughters of affliction, singing of that blessed land where they need no candle, neither light of the sun, and where God himself shall wipe away tears from all eyes.

A few words of prayer follow the hymn, in which God's blessing is asked upon the evening's amusement, and then comes the announcement of the programme, the names of old friends being received with exultation, and of new ones with a pleasant sense of expectation.

The first song is sacred, and therefore it is not considered proper to applaud; but there is no such limitation in regard to the second, and the room rings and rings again with bursts of applause over a grand Scotch song, the stirring tones of which touch chords that vibrate in the souls of those who are so specially alive to sound-influence.

And, so, as song and recitation follow each other, our strange audience shows itself well able to appreciate the efforts made for its enjoyment, and it is a study to watch the faces brighten into mirth over the amusing, and tone down to earnest attention over graver subjects. It is quite pathetic to notice one of the trumpet-owners, standing during a long recitation, her head bent to the right angle, and her whole soul absorbed in the endeavour not to lose a single word of the tragic story of "Mary, Queen of Scots." One of her companions is busily employing himself as interpreter to a deaf and dumb neighbour, whose hand he holds during the whole proceeding, and carries on conversation at an amazing rate. It had previously been our impression that we were rather well up in the "deaf and dumb language," but this practical illustration of its use made us recall our first painful experience of airing "English-French" in a foreign town.

Hearty as is the applause given to each performance, it does not come up to the almost



THE CONCERT.

frantic clapping which follows the proposal of votes of thanks to those who have contributed to the evening's enjoyment. To one singer who has given "Home, Sweet Home," a graceful wish is expressed that home may be all the sweeter for her having left it this evening on a pleasure-giving ministry. And, now, the entertainment concludes with the gift to each blind visitor of threepence, as guide-money, without which comparatively few would be able to be present. The

guide-money is distributed by one who is himself blind, and, keenly alive to the needs of his fellow-sufferers, delights to undertake this, amongst other labours of love. Strange to say, he has never been known to give twice to the same person. When asked how he knows who has received the money and who has not, he laughs and says, "Really, I could not tell you *how* I know, but I never am afraid of making a mistake."

"And could you tell who are absent?"

"Certainly I could, or at least as well as those who can see."

A statement we can easily believe, for such is the happy, bright, intelligent expression of his face, it is with considerable difficulty we can credit the fact that he too is blind.

How terribly keen must be the trial of a life doomed to hopeless darkness and dependence, only those can fully tell who have tasted the bitter cup; and when poverty and ill-health increase the burden, there is no room for wonder at the depression so often noticed as an accompaniment to blindness; on the contrary, the wonder is that there should be found so much of patient endurance and of cheerful submission as undoubtedly exist among this large class of sufferers. Still, however bravely he may carry his cross, the blind man cannot but be doomed to a large amount of solitude and monotony, and it is with the object of giving relief to this part of his burden that meetings such as the one we have just witnessed are held every week under the auspices of the Somers Town Blind Aid Society.

The society owed its origin to Mr. Andrew Wark, who first instituted it in 1864, beginning with a few destitute blind, who were invited to attend a weekly meeting for instruction in embossed type reading.

Not, of course, that this was the first or only effort made to provide light for darkness. Many kind friends the blind have had in the past, and we may safely venture to say that their future prospects (in England, at least) bid fair to improve, for, now that the subject is being more widely and intelligently discussed, wiser methods of helping come to the front, and it is on the lines of wise, sensible work that the Somers Town Society proceeds.

Perhaps there is no one thing a blind person values more than home life; not the being made one of a large number of fellow-sufferers, but being allowed to enter into and share the ordinary joys and sorrows of the family circle. It is a well-known fact that but a small percentage of them are born blind; the large majority lose their sight at a comparatively mature age, when the habits of life are formed, and when the wrench of being cut off from old associations is so great that even the promise of bed and board can give but scant comfort. And yet the afflicted sufferer is unable to carry on his old employment, and becomes a dead weight on the family resources.

It is at such times and under such circumstances pre-eminently, that a friendly, helping hand is needed, and this the Somers Town Society gladly offers (as far as funds will allow), and by its timely aid many a broken-hearted sufferer has been saved from falling into despair, and has

been cheered into something like bravery and courage.

The method of help in such cases is the allowing of pensions, suited to the special circumstances of each case. It not unfrequently happens that loss of sight accompanies or involves loss of general health, and the pension granted needs to become permanent; but in other and more hopeful cases it is only temporary help that is needed, whilst the sufferer learns a trade that will enable him to do at any rate something towards his own support.

Of course, to give such help wisely, intimate personal knowledge of each case is absolutely necessary, and with this end in view, a lady visitor is appointed (wherever practicable) to visit weekly a certain number of cases, her duty being to read to her charges, to enter into their troubles, and to befriend them in any and every wise way that suggests itself, and to report to the secretary concerning the temporal and spiritual welfare of those she visits.

The list of visitors numbers upwards of fifty, and it need hardly be said that their visits are eagerly welcomed and warmly appreciated. Indeed, it would be impossible to anything like estimate the good done by this most helpful agency, and were this kind of individual, personal work more largely and wisely carried on in other directions, we should hear far less of imposition and deception, with their sad train of waste, disappointment, and discouragement.

But the granting pensions, sending visitors and providing weekly entertainments, by no means exhaust the Society's resources. A day in the country each summer is one of the treats most eagerly looked forward to by the blind and their guides, and although the beauties of nature are to some extent a closed book, the pure air, the singing of birds, and the sweet scent of country flowers, are joys fully appreciated by those whose lives are passed amidst London smoke and dirt. Winter tea-meetings, also, give a large amount of pleasure, not lessened by the packet of tea and sugar presented to each guest!

Quoting from a recent report, we find that, "During the last three years numerous loans have been given, *each one of which has been honestly and duly repaid*; many orders for work have been obtained; several blind started in business; some have been successfully helped to obtain pensions, each summer a small number have been sent to the sea-side. During last year five were enabled to go to different parts of the country; while a party of others, six blind and four guides, was taken one bright summer's day to Southend, and there established for a fortnight, all expenses paid; the intense enjoyment and beneficial results being full reward."

Christmas, of course, is not forgotten, and every member receives a substantial parcel of

clothing, grocery, etc. "Parcel-night," as the Thursday before Christmas has come to be called, is anticipated with lively appreciation, and is an evening of pure enjoyment—greater, perhaps, for givers than receivers.

Through the kindness of a medical man, the members of the Society are provided with advice and medicine free of cost, and a large number have gladly and gratefully availed themselves of the attention and skill thus placed at their service.

Blindness, poverty, and good character are the sole recommendations for membership, vacancies being filled up by vote of the Committee.

All the workers in this good cause give their services as a labour of love, the whole expenses incurred for three years being a trifle over £25! Yet, out of the large number of applicants, only 150 can be received, such limitation being needful, for lack of funds to further extend opera-

tions; for it must be remembered that the blind, by reason of their affliction, need help which is really substantial, and the Society's ambition is to possess funds enough to enable it to largely extend its work in the direction of pensions. When a man is suddenly stricken by blindness, and his whole future life shrouded in deepest darkness, what then is the value of a few shillings or a meal? His case can only be met by continued help, and for such needs liberal funds are imperative.

We venture to say that to see the working of such a society is to be brought irresistibly into sympathy with its aims, and we would urge our readers to judge for themselves by visiting one of the weekly entertainments which are held every Thursday evening at seven o'clock in the Aldersham Board School, Hampden Street, Ossulton Street, Euston Road, London.

A. R. NEUMAN.

A WORLD-OLD SONG.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."—PSALM XIX. 1.

T WAS in the solemn noon of night,
I passed beneath the minster tower,
I saw the starlit heavens shine bright,
I heard the bells chime out the hour.
Then in my ears and on my eyes,
The bells and stars in blest accord
Rang out from earth, shone out from skies:
"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!"

A world-old song; heard first what time
Together morning stars sang out,
And sons of God in hymns sublime
Of wondering praise for joy did shout,
When God from out the chaos laid
The deep foundations of the earth,
And "like to molten glass" did spread
The sky through heaven serenely forth.

Again the heavens sent forth the song,
Of, "Glory unto God on high!"
When in the night the angel throng
Filled all the God-illuminated sky;
And then a midnight star declared
The glory of the Incarnate Lord,
As by its light the Magians fared,
And found the Christ to be adored.

So day to day doth utter speech,
And night to night doth knowledge show;
Throughout the world their voices preach,
In every tongue to all below;
The giant sun that in his might
Rejoicing runs by day his course;
The moon and stars that shine by night,
The glory of the Lord discourse.

In every age, in every clime,
To sage whose soul with light is stored,
To savage dark that song sublime—
"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!"—
Rings out, as each sees in the skies
Those God-lit lamps so bright and fair;
And while he lifts to heaven his eyes,
He feels a God of glory's there.

Sing out, O heavens, while time shall last,
The glory of the Lord Most High,
Till heaven itself and time is past,
And earth and all therein shall die;
Till a new heaven takes up the song,
And a new earth shall hear each word
Roll upwards to God's throne along—
"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



A BISHOP'S WIFE IN ZULULAND.



STORY of quiet, every-day heroism in a far-off land may well come to the front, laden as it is with lessons of Christian charity and self-denial for all who will learn them. It is the life-story of the wife of a dignitary of the English Church, bishop over a large diocese; yet this life was lived amid discomforts, discouragements, poverty of so-

ciety and refinements, if not of actual necessities, and endurance of much that would be declared unbearable by average Englishwomen.

Zululand has been much in the thoughts of politicians and readers during the past five or six years. Possibly it will yet be more so; the spear is not yet beaten into the ploughshare, nor the sword into the pruning-hook, in those latitudes. For this reason also, perhaps a picture of every-day life and manners, from the pen of a trustworthy witness, may prove doubly acceptable. Bishop Wilkinson has conferred a boon on the English public by publishing the "Life and Letters" of his wife, for a brief paper like the present can only give a faint picture of its beauty.

Passing over her early training and arrival in the colony, we will just remark that she reached the scene of her future labours in Zululand in December, 1870. During the journey up country the party passed by various sites, since become historic by the occurrence of bloody massacres of English troops, battles between them and Zulu warriors, or vantage-points which were made famous by the defence and defiance of Englishmen. They passed sundry mission stations, belonging to different societies, which had to be utilised afterwards as forts and entrenchments, while their own station—Kwamagwaza—was levelled to the ground by Cetewayo's mandate during the war, and its beautiful church made a ruin.

Kwamagwaza was situated about midway between Colonel Pearson's station at Etyowe, and Isandhlwana. The missionary party arrived about two o'clock in the early morning of a December Sunday, having experienced but one storm during the whole journey up, but that was quite furious enough to suffice. The thunder was tropical in its reverberations, the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and the wind was so strong that it blew the heavy travelling wagon back some twelve feet. The house was situated on the slope of a hill, 3,800 feet above the sea, and built in so primitive a fashion that the mortar fell about their heads in windy weather, being blown thus

in the shape of fine dust. They contemplated a new mission-house, but first there must be a new church. The garden was terraced down to a little stream which flowed along at the foot of the hill, and which was adorned by a profusion of arums and tree ferns. The climate was temperate, their altitude keeping them cool. Their daily routine was:—Early morning prayer in chapel at six o'clock, breakfast at seven; then washing, baking, ironing, or other household employments for Mrs. Wilkinson until twelve; then studying the Zulu language for two or three hours; then a walk or ride until tea, which took place at seven; school at half-past seven; evening prayer, and then bed. Such a full day's work deserved a good night's rest.

As the wife of a bishop, Mrs. Wilkinson might have been supposed to have enjoyed some luxuries and rest. But she knew little of comfort, and less of luxury. The washing, ironing, baking, etc., was literally done by herself, until she had succeeded in training the useless, lazy, dirty Zulu girls into something like domestic deftness. She lets us into a little inkling of her household cares and occupations now and then. As, for instance, when she tells us that the girls are such gossips, that they squat on the floor as soon as her back is turned, and let the fire go out, so that neither ironing nor cooking can be done. Again, "I heat the flat irons by putting them into a big pot, and making a fire under. That is the way we bake our meat and bread, and boil our vegetables and puddings. I have plenty on my hands, for I am left head; and all the ploughing and sowing will have to be done whilst they are away" (*i.e.*, Bishop Wilkinson and a fellow-missionary), "and a good many men to superintend. You cannot leave a black man very long to himself, or he will make a mistake. But you know that I like farming. We have now six cows in milk, and I have begun to make butter. We had a treat this morning of first-rate Devonshire cream. Take four quarts of milk, put it on the stove for an hour, never let it boil, and do not touch it for eighteen hours. I put the milk on about nine o'clock in the morning, and skim it about seven the next morning." The Zulu handmaidens must have stared at the cleverness of their mistress.

Mrs. Wilkinson tells in some other letters of raising poultry and calves, of bartering with the natives, and of planting vegetables. It was not uncommon for her to take the tool, and practically demonstrate to the gardener the proper way of doing things, while that dark-skinned official looked on amazed. As the result, we are told that her crops looked splendid, while the ninety chickens grew at an enormous rate.

One very laborious work of hers was that of

assisting to superintend the manufacture of bricks for the contemplated new church. They had to make about 150,000, and did so at the rate of 2,500 per day. As fast as the workmen completed their work of making the bricks, Mrs. Wilkinson and the Bishop commenced carrying them off the ground, and stacking them in rows. In one of her letters she chronicles what must have been no small trouble. "We have had such a severe loss among our bricks. Just as Adams had finished making 45,000, and was stacking them on the kiln, preparatory to burning, it began to pour with rain, and never ceased for four days and five nights. Half the bricks were entirely spoilt, and we have had to make them over again. This rain was a most unusual thing, and now we have just arrived at the same state we were in before the rain came. We are all working hard, stacking." At another time she records having been many weeks without sugar, in consequence of the rains and swollen rivers. At another time they were reduced to a single inch of candle.

At last, however, after the numerous difficulties had been surmounted, the little church was completed, and opened. It was adorned by three stained-glass windows, representing African subjects in Bible story, viz., Simon the Cyrenian, bearing the cross; the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch; and Ebed-Melech, the Ethiopian, taking up Jeremiah out of the dungeon. These windows greatly delighted the Zulu adherents, who felt well pleased to know that Africans were spoken of in Scripture, in connection with God's ancient people, as being distinguished on these occasions for doing good works.

In addition to training the church choir, presiding at the organ, and making up medicines for all sick folk upon the station, she actually had to buy off girls who were victims of Cetewayo's persecution, in order to preserve their lives, and then to become a mother to them. The males were despatched by the quicker spears of the "*Impis*"—bands of spearmen, who were sent to surround the huts of families devoted to destruction, and spear them as they came out. Generally these doomed people were friendly to the new religion; but as Cetewayo declared that the adoption of the Christian faith "caused his people's hearts to become soft," he opposed and persecuted to the death all those over whom he could exercise authority, if there existed the least ground for believing they desired Christian instruction or baptism.

The usual mode of procedure in such cases was to accuse the intended victims of witchcraft. Various incantations were performed, and the cattle of the offending parties confiscated for the use of the king. This alone was an inducement to such a man as Cetewayo to proceed to extreme measures. Sometimes the men fled to the hills,

or to the colony, for refuge; at other times they were butchered in the night, and their huts burnt. But if any of the fugitives found their way to the mission station, they received shelter and the protection of the English flag. Especially was this the case with girls, who were, of course, more destitute and helpless than the men. Many girls, too, fled from cruel treatment at the hands of their employers, and these were equally received. Then their owners would come and demand the girls.

One such scene is very graphically described. It should be stated that all females in Zululand belong to their next-of-kin, and are reckoned at so many cattle per head, because each young man wishing to marry must pay the owner of his betrothed a certain number of cattle before he can claim his young wife.

"We then represented to the men that the girl was of a high spirit, and that if they took her away by force she would doubtless escape from them and fly into Natal, and thus they would lose her value in cattle. This seemed to impress them, and at last they consented to take ten head of cattle from us for her. Upon such occasions we always execute the transaction in the presence of witnesses, white and black. We ask the girl if she wishes us to adopt her; we ask her owners if they consent. If favourable answers are returned on both sides, we pay the cattle, and she becomes our adopted child. From that moment she attaches herself most loyally to us—looks up to the missionary and his wife as chief and chieftainess, to whom she brings all her joys and sorrows."

In process of time these girls were asked in marriage by Christian lads on the station; and then it followed, as a matter of business, that the husbands repaid to the missionaries the cattle formerly given to ransom their wives. This was only fair!

But illness was not an unfrequent visitor to Mrs. Wilkinson. Her constitution, which doubtless was originally good, became undermined by her many toils and difficulties, for it must be remembered that she always had her own especial charge, in the shape of a young baby or two. Pleurisy, inflammation of lungs and eyes, with rheumatic attacks, visited her now and again. The seeds of consumption were sown during these years of activity and usefulness, so that when she revisited England she came home to die. Mrs. Wilkinson went out to Zululand in 1870, and returned in 1875; but in 1877, before full arrangements could be made for the return of Bishop Wilkinson to his charge, she sank under the fell disease—consumption. Her husband beautifully says, "She sleeps in the home of her childhood, awaiting that day for which she prayed and laboured, when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

SHORT ARROWS.

DAWN IN THE EAST.



IN 1879, the Rev. W. Blackett, C.M.S., gave a true picture of Hindoo manners now and then:—"We were preaching the other day in a village, and two women stood afar off, trying to catch a word. But their lord and master angrily bade them go into the house. Ordinary women, especially of the higher classes, think it the height of boldness to stand looking at a man, or seem to listen to what he says." But Christian

ladies are admitted to their seclusion, and with the Bible as their foundation, are bringing new life to these hidden ones, weary of knowing nothing, and doing nothing save amusing themselves with their dresses, jewels, and sweetmeats. If any one can send pieces of *commenced work*, with the necessary materials enclosed, to Mrs. Beynon, 25, Ashburn Place, S.W., the completion of the needlework will greatly interest our Indian sisters, and much labour will be spared to the Zenana teachers, who have to contend with bodily weariness, owing to the intense heat. The "Helping Hands" Association can point out service to all who wish to befriend Indian women—service which may take the direction of art, literature, music, needlework, waste paper, or scraps. It is most important for Christian love and intelligence to reach the secluded multitude, not only for the sake of their own souls and bodies, but because they influence their husbands and children. A boy in an Indian school said, "We believe in the truth we learn, but our mothers, aunts, and sisters laugh at us at home." Hope for India is making rich progress with the flood of light following the steps of Christian women into the Zenana.

OUR BLUE-JACKETS.

Miss Weston says of her noble agencies "for the glory of God and the good of the service," that the one weak point is in the *sineus of war*—the funds. Temperance work in the navy goes bravely forward; we hear of 12,000 total abstainers in the service, whose influence is important among their comrades; and over 1,000 boys have voluntarily signed the pledge in the hall at Devonport. Here a new feature of work has been started, in the shape of "draft teas," which take place before the lads sail, and which are followed by singing, prayer, and earnest

words. Miss Weston gives each boy a Testament, card, and hearty hand-shake, and surely the memory of farewells like this must strengthen many a sailor-heart afar on the seas. Letters are regularly circulated amongst the men and boys who do business in the waters, and a fisherman writes from "*North Sea, Hewitt's Fleet*.—We thank Miss Weston for her encouraging letters. May God bless her in her endeavours to work with her silent messengers among fishermen!" The sailors' wives and children are not forgotten. Bands of Hope and mothers' meetings are carried on, Bible-women are employed at home, and helpers in foreign ports. Many a Sailors' Rest abroad is supported by grants sent out from the funds; but Miss Weston draws attention to the fact that it is a great mistake to consider her too rich, and thus to withhold helpful subscriptions. It is wonderful that so much can be accomplished. The Help-one-Another Society numbers 800, and takes up aggressive work for Christ; the "lifeboat crew" sallies forth into dark alleys where hundreds hear our blue-jackets pleading and singing; coastguardsmen in lonely, desolate parts walk miles to bear light and truth to others; and tidings that move our hearts tell us of one earnest Christian worker dying in battle not long since under the gun he was defending, his life-blood staining the books and papers he loved to distribute; and of a young blue-jacket at home starting a fund to feed little ragged, shoeless children, 200 of whom were gathered into the Sailors' Rest at Portsmouth, waited on at tea-time and kept in order by the sailors, and afterwards addressed, with the aid of a magic lantern. The result is now a Band of Hope 700 strong, meeting regularly at the Rest.

THRIFT AMONG TEACHERS.

Bands and communities of various kinds seem to be on the increase, experience having proved that union is strength as regards social influence and importance. No one can doubt the desirability of the *Teachers' Guild*, of which the year 1884 has witnessed the inauguration. The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., was chairman on this occasion, and the Rev. Canon Perceval has become chairman of the council of the Guild. The programme hopes "to include in a common band of union the great bulk of those interested in the educational progress of the country." There are now 600 members and associates, and the considerations include systems of insurance and educational registration, while in the future it may be possible to secure medical consultations at reduced fees, the entrance of teachers as paying patients in hospitals, etc. The Guild is specially concerned as to the subject of *thrift* and provision for old age, and very rightly so, for the constitutions of teachers are, as a rule, more nervous than stalwart; their profession makes exhaustive demands on their powers, and

to be anxious for the future is injurious to both body and mind in the present. The benefits of the Guild are not one-sided, however: parents and children will come in for a most satisfactory share. The Guild emphasises the training and apprenticeship of teachers, resenting the idea that *anybody* can teach!—a notion which has worked as much harm to the profession itself as to unfortunate children. And instead of experimenting blindly upon their pupils, teachers will be helped by the Guild to learn the experience of others. Thoughts, notions, and discoveries are to be interchanged, and it seems to us that the grand work of education must be substantially advanced by the union that has now been established. Mr. J. A. De Morgan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been chosen as secretary, and attends at 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, Strand.

A STRUGGLING MISSION.

For twelve years the Costermongers' Cottage Mission has laboured earnestly on the Vinegar Ground, City Road. The superintendent, Mr. Penrose, has hard, and at times rough, work in hand; but real good is being done amongst the very poor of the neighbourhood, the first care being "to relieve their bodily wants according to our means, and then take them to Jesus in prayer." The report tells of house-to-house visitation (often revealing cases of extreme necessity), of frequent services in the hall, special meetings for children, mothers' meetings, free teas, and of a sewing class during the severe weather, when the poor women received a weekly tea and sixpence a night twice a week. Want of employment has caused distress in many deserving cases, and clothes for the poor will be thankfully received; also toys for the little ones. We notice that one friend sends "suet for Christmas puddings," and when we hear of 170 young ones invited last winter to partake of beef and eight plum puddings weighing 12 lbs. each, we recognise the thoughtfulness of the donor, and feel certain that the good things provided opened the little hearts brightly and gratefully to the addresses which followed, and the hymns which the Mission services have rendered familiar to them. Mr. Gawin Kirkham (one of the auditors) earnestly pleads for this struggling Mission, and writes, "The funds are economically administered, and the accounts are carefully kept."

"I SEE IT NOW."

Ten years ago the Christian Colportage Association began its work by sending out one colporteur to labour in St. Giles's; now it employs nearly a hundred, who go from house to house, and visit fairs, markets, etc., for the purpose of selling Bibles, text-cards, Christian periodicals, books, and tracts. Many a word of help and blessing can thus be introduced, the colporteur's "pack" giving him entrance into many quarters that are difficult of access. There is so much pernicious

literature afloat that the antidote of healthy publications should be earnestly and widely administered. The Association is greatly in want of help, especially to strengthen its labours in the poorer districts. We are glad to hear that through the medium of Bible-women, the work-girls in the City eagerly purchase excellent literature, and a Ladies' Colportage Association has now been added to collect the pence of the poor, and to supply them with helpful reading. One of the ladies tells of a poor woman thus visited week by week, who from utter indifference changed to so joyful a Christian that she says she now feels "light as air." We hear of a man supposed to be an infidel who buys good books to present to his children, of a deaf and dumb inquirer to whom the colporteur spoke of salvation, and who wrote triumphantly on a bit of wood, "*I see it now*"—of a lad reading an evil paper who was induced to surrender it for a little religious book, which he read and displayed so widely that several of his companions came to buy copies for themselves. The Word has been blessed on board ship, by the wayside, in the servants' hall, to old and young, and we are sure that many will be thankful to come to the aid of a company of workers so greatly needed.

AN ARK OF REFUGE.

The Seamen's Hospital Society has well been thus named; for it is free to the whole maritime world. The Hospital was formerly on board the *Dreadnought*, a magnificent ship moored in the midst of the traffic of the Thames; but the patients are now accommodated in Greenwich Hospital Infirmary, the Government having granted a lease at a nominal rent. The work done is not merely national, but universal, the list of patients including sufferers from thirteen nations of Europe, North and South America, India, the West Indies, New South Wales, Africa, China, New Zealand, the South Seas, etc. The only passport is that the applicant be a sailor and sick. Struck down by disease, unaccustomed to a life on shore, and away from his friends, the brave, hardy fellow would be badly off indeed in his helplessness but for a place like this, where, after recovery, he is retained till strong enough to resume his duties. The Society has also a Samaritan Fund, to relieve cases of pressing need by providing lodging, clothing, and food, and we are thankful that Jack, whilst in the hospital, is brought within Christian influences, pointing him to God as the source of the comforts brought to him in his need. The Committee have now established a dispensary at Well Street, London Docks, in the centre of a district much frequented by sailors, and no trouble has been spared to secure its efficiency. Of course the expenses of the Society are great; the Government contributes nothing towards the annual support of the Hospital; fresh yearly subscriptions are much needed, and, in the words of Lord Nelson (who speaks most warmly of the work), "we must determine that such an institution shall not go begging any longer."

WELL LOOKED AFTER.

A certain number of blind children are received into the Home, Goldsmith's Place, Kilburn, at the annual charge of £8 each—the average cost being about £21 10s., exclusive of clothing and music. The aim of their training is to make them independent in life as far as possible. Both boys and girls are cared for here, and the elder ones reseat cane chairs, sew, or knit, whilst the younger ones plait straw, make soft balls, etc. Articles made by them may be bought at the Home, where friends are invited to come and see them at lessons or work. Whilst loving concern is shown for the souls of these afflicted little ones, it is pleasant to know their bodies are well looked after; they have gymnastic training, asphalted playgrounds, and a rocking-horse, which latter gift to the institution is doubtless specially appreciated. That the Home deserves large and increased support may be gathered from two cases we may mention—that of a dear little girl, bright and intelligent, found in the union at three years old, under circumstances of peculiar sadness; and that of a motherless boy of five, sent out by his father to oeg, and found by some compassionate working people upon their doorstep. They had seven children of their own, but they took him in and gave him support and schooling for about a year, when he was admitted into the Home.

A SIGHT TO DO ONE GOOD.

Scarcely enough is known of another Eastern Mission, very gracious and pitiful—the Mission to Indian lepers (hon. sec., Miss C. E. Pim, Alma, Monkstown, co. Dublin). None but those who have looked upon the leper, so often a beggar and outcast, can realise his state. "*Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him.*" One who has worked amongst the sufferers says, "Oh, brethren and sisters in Christ, you should see the deep interest in the faces of these poor afflicted ones when we read to them of Jesus' love." He tells of one aged leper (a blind man, who composes hymns, which the lepers learn to sing), who said to him, "Since I trusted Christ, nineteen years ago, I have known neither pain of body nor pain of mind." The mission work could be greatly extended if funds allowed; one adult can be provided with clothing, food, and shelter for about £6 a year. The late Mr. Vaughan, whose labours were so much blessed, wrote concerning the lepers, "No service could be more solemnly interesting than the administration of the Lord's Supper to that little band of maimed believers. Some had no hands, others no feet, several were blind, but to see them kneeling on their clean mats around the table, to see the spirit of devotion which actuated them, whilst every now and then a tear of grateful love fell from their eyes, was a sight to do one good."

DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

On the same foundation as upholds the Bristol Orphanage, namely, belief that

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide,"

Mr. Toye, of Lewisham Road, Greenwich, carries on his Home for the fatherless. Here, assisted by his family, he presides over a vast household of girls and boys, some of whom he has brought up from infancy. The girls are trained for service, the boys are put, if possible, to the trade or work for which they seem best adapted; meanwhile, all the children are being soundly educated. This work was commenced in 1866, when there was so much distress in the East of London. Mr. Toye removed later to Greenwich, where he seems (helped by his boys) to be his own gasfitter, builder, carpenter, etc., the children's neat wooden sleeping-cots being made by him. We saw the little girls writing copies, and then passed on to the infants' room, where some sweet-faced mites were learning to knit, two of them having rolled away together from the rest in deep slumber, undisturbed by their teacher, or by the entrance of Mr. Toye. "Again and again," says the latter, "I have proved the truth of the words, *He careth for you.*" Let us quote two or three simple entries from the daily subscription list of the Home. "This morning we had nothing for breakfast, till a friend gave £1—by sale of old clothes, £1."—"This morning we had *nothing* to meet the need, till a friend to the orphans gave £1 10s."—"This morning, being Saturday, we require enough for two days. Now came deliverance—a gentleman sent me £10. Thus we are brought to the end of the week, with all our needs met, having asked no one but God."—"Kate died this morning. Her history was a most sorrowful one. About three months before her death she was brought to know Jesus, and now her pathway of sorrow is ended. This is some of the fruit the Lord gives us."

"LIKE A LORD'S HOUSE."

Love has done wonders with our factory girls, concerning whom interesting information is given in the little magazine *Bible Work* (Cassell and Co.). At Old Ford, for instance, where, in making ropes, matches, etc., so many girls are employed, between thirty and forty of them gather thrice a week at the top of a small house, where two little rooms have been thrown into one. Here they receive evening lessons, and though, as a rule, when they join the classes they cannot even mend their clothes, they learn to make under-linen, patchwork, text-quilts, and sometimes crewel-work, for the fascinating effect of a few crewel-stitches has been known to overcome an obstinate refusal at first to touch a needle. Some of the girls lodge with the Bible-women in a quiet street near the Mission Room; they said, when they came to live there, it was like being in a "lord's house," for the rooms look bright with their cretonne curtains, and the pretty quilts set off the bed-rooms. These girls are gradually led into womanly order, gentleness, and cleanliness; they are feeling the influences of a home, and above all they hear of the love of God and the peace which His service brings.

A WELCOME FOR STRANGERS.

Nearly three years ago, at 180, Bute Street, Cardiff, a little room was opened for the benefit of sailors and others; six months later it had to be considerably enlarged, and recently Mr. John Cory, M.P., has built in addition a hall to hold 250 people. This hall will, for the present at any rate, be used for worship on Sundays; it is well seated, and well lighted, flags of different nations are hung here and there, and over the rostrum the word "Welcome!" shines out conspicuously. Ordinary meetings are held in the smaller room; there is also every requisite for letter-writing, etc., and the real homeliness of the place has achieved a growing success. Besides English-speaking people, the Strangers' Rest benefits very many Scandinavians. Miss Tilly, the honorary superintendent, and the ladies who help her, keep up a correspondence with some who have attended the place, and who thus, at a distance, are encouraged in their efforts to do right. Books and magazines for distribution among various ships will be gladly received, and canvas bags to contain them are specially wanted.

REST IN OLD AGE.

When the strength has failed, and the life is nearly done, tired ones are ready to rest in the twilight; for

such there are four excellent Homes—at Horthsey Rise; Southampton Street, Camberwell; Egremont Lodge, Brighton; and Stamford Hill. All these are connected with the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society (83, Finsbury Pavement), which also gives regular money relief to many of the aged poor. None of those helped are under sixty, most of them are widows or single, some have long been bedridden, and some are blind. The old people furnish their rooms themselves, but they are provided with a stove, fender, fire-irons, and a large-print Bible; they are regularly visited, and there is a special fund to cheer them with gifts of coal, occasional meat dinners, and the help of a doctor or nurse when they are ill. The out-pensioners live in all parts of the country, and many, save for the help sent by the Society, would be passing their last days in the workhouse. One of these, an aged woman, was overheard by the visitor to ask a blessing upon her last crust: "Father, Thou feedest the ravens—Thou wilt not let one of Thy children want." The visitor gave her the help he had brought, and the old woman cried with joy that she felt sure the Lord would provide. Another of the pensioners says, "I have been nine years in this one room, and never been once across the floor, and in no open air but just what I receive from the window. I am very lonely, but not alone, for *I can always go to Jesus, and Jesus comes to me.*"

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

13. Mnason of Cyprus is mentioned as an old disciple. In what way was he connected with St. Paul?
14. What is considered to have been the extent of the city of Nineveh according to the description given by Jonah?
15. What place was noted for its special breed of sheep?
16. In what words does the prophet Micah foretell the glory and peace which should follow the preaching of the Gospel?
17. The prophet Nahum, speaking of the destruction of Nineveh, says, "While they are drunken as drunkards they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry." In what way was this fulfilled?
18. What people are understood by the names "Put and Lubim"?
19. What token was given by God to Moses that he should succeed in his mission to the Egyptians?
20. When the seven deacons were appointed by the Apostles, from what people were they chosen?
21. From what passage in the New Testament do we gather that the Israelites in the wilderness worshipped the idol Moloch, the god of the Ammonites?
22. Of what Gentile convert is it written, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God"?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

1. Twice. (Acts v. 18, 19; xii. 4—8.)
2. King Herod, when he ordered John the Baptist to be beheaded. (Matt. xiv. 6—14.)
3. The assembly of those Jews who having formerly been sold as slaves had now regained their freedom and returned to Jerusalem. (Acts vi. 9.)
4. It is found only in the books of Leviticus and Numbers, and represents an offering made to God expressive of the closest relationship with Him. (Mark vii. 11; Lev. i. 2; Numbers vii. 3, 10.)
5. Jonah iv. 5, 1.
6. Bethlehem, being a village, was not reckoned among the list of places which had to send a certain number of men to war according to population, and therefore was classed with a number of others which had to send a thousand men between them, and it was a "little one" even among these. (Micah v. 2; 1 Chron. xii. 20.)
7. The Assyrian nation, the warriors of which painted their shields also with scarlet. (Nahum ii. 3.)
8. They were the religious fanatics among the idol-worshippers of that period. (Zephaniah i. 4.)
9. Herbs and fruits only. (Gen. i. 29.)
10. Acts vi. 7.
11. Acts vii. 22.
12. Philip the Deacon. (Acts viii. 5.)

POPULAR AMERICAN PREACHERS.

BY THE REV. LL. D. BEVAN, LL.B., D.D., LATE MINISTER OF THE BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK.

I.—THE AMERICAN PULPIT AND CHRISTIAN LIFE IN AMERICA.



HE most careless observer of American life and character will not fail to notice the important place which religion, and especially Evangelical religion, occupies in the make-up of our kindred beyond the sea. Although there is no established Church, with its thorough distribution of Christian organisation throughout the country, every portion of the nation is provided with religious ordinances. Churches abound. They are large, handsome, well appointed. The varied sections of the Church vie with each other in the support and extension of their peculiar tenets and forms of Church life. The supply of accommodation for worshippers is more than sufficient for the estimated needs of the population, while the position and influence of the ministers of religion is not inferior to that of any clerical order in the world. The present state of external religion in the United States is highly satisfactory.

When a deeper investigation is made into the relation of religion to the social condition of the people, it will be found that Christian influences of a definitely Evangelical kind have contributed largely to the formation of the life of the American people. Religious phrases are prevalent. The general literature of the day refers frequently, and as a matter of natural suggestion, to points of doctrine and experience which even in England would be considered as typical of special if not narrow modes of thought and life.

The explanation of this is not far to seek. The earliest settlers of the American colonies were religious people. A part of their object in seeking a new home in America was religious and ecclesiastical. The first municipal and state arrangements were not only associated with a particular Church organisation, but partook not a little of the same Church forms. The unit of political life in New England was a social order precisely analogous to the Independent Church which the Puritans founded, and the political community grew up under influences which were drawn from the religious organisation, and upon lines parallel to those of the Church. Now although all the original settlements were not of the New England type, and in later times the direct influences of the Churches have been supplemented by forces of a more mundane and secular character,

still New England has furnished the ideas which have dominated American life, and the growth of the United States has been almost entirely influenced by the elements which sprang originally from the Puritan settlements of Massachusetts and her offshoots.

In such a community it is not wonderful that the Christian pastor should have occupied a very influential and prominent place. At first he was almost master of the situation, and although government and society have been secularised in modern times, the religious minister has never lost his place of influence and his social prestige. In most of the American centres of life it has always been something of a detriment to a man if he were not associated with the Church, and even where the Pagan forces of certain forms of modern culture have prevailed with considerable power, the clergyman is still recognised as a matter of course in society, and if of average intellectual ability and education takes rank with the foremost people.

It is proposed in these papers to present our readers with some sketches of different American preachers. It is not easy, where there are so many who might claim our attention, to make a selection, and yet the limitations of space necessarily compel us to review only a few. We shall, however, choose those whose names are well known, and who, at the same time, furnish types of schools and fashions of preaching. We shall thus be able to furnish a general picture of the pulpit across the ocean, and give distinctness to its outline by illustrations found in individual cases.

American preaching is of a high average. In all the sects the widespread education of the people shows itself in the attention paid to the education of the ministry. Colleges are universal, and for the most part the clergy of America receive, first of all, the general training of the college, and then proceed to the more specific theological and ministerial study of the seminary, as institutions for the training of the ministry are called. This twofold course usually embraces seven years, four in the college and three in the seminary. Of course a large number of less disciplined men find their way into the pulpit. Still the rule is otherwise, and the American ministry, therefore, as a whole, is a body of educated and disciplined men.

It will seem strange to English notions, but nevertheless the fact is undoubted, that admittance to the American pulpit is more strict than to the English, and the professional etiquette of the

clerical order is more conserved than among ourselves. The common notion of English people who are not acquainted with American life is that there is a liberty, not to say licence, granted to all and sundry in the new country, so that the regulations and customs which control social life amongst ourselves are less regarded by the supposed "radical Yankees"—that it is the land of freedom, and you can do just what you please. The reverse is the actual fact. Democratic institutions tend to the dominance of fashion, and the rule of organised sections. The constitution of the United States is an historic document. Everybody knows it. It has its specified number of principles, and its amendments are defined, and can in like manner be reckoned. Similarly all social relationships are determined in constitutional fashion, and Americans are found, to the amazement and sometimes the amusement of older nations, to arrange every detail of life in a cut and dried fashion. They are an intelligent people, living in the clear light of modern history. There is no mist of antiquity out of which rules and orders dimly loom. Hence while there is an outward appearance of freedom, and absence of individual restraint, there is on all sides of the American character a very real and effective orderliness, which gives permanence to institutions, great force to fashion and etiquette, and in some cases a certain primness and precision of speech and life which affects all classes, and is the outward sign of that deep conservatism which is in no modern nation so strong as in the United States.

Another very common mistake made by Englishmen concerning the American pulpit is that it lends itself much more readily than the English pulpit to methods which are supposed to be contrary to the usual rule of pulpit procedure; in a word, that it is commonly extravagant and sensational. The precise opposite of this is the fact in respect of the preaching of America. In the first place, it is conspicuously orthodox, and the orthodoxy is that of the most technical and precise use of the word. The American preacher, as a rule, is always careful to keep within the lines of the formal creed of the Church to which he belongs. It is perhaps true that influences of an external and alien kind are beginning to act with greater freedom upon American pulpits in all the Churches, but this is only a recent wave of influence which is passing over the religious life of America. Hitherto denominationalism has been very strong, and for the most part the rules and habits of the denominations are strict. There is less play of individualism than might have been expected. If a man holds doctrines that do not exactly correspond with the standard of his Church, the door is open for him to enter another fold where he may be able to be more "foursquare" with his fellows. Views are sharper and more

distinct; opinions crystallise quickly in America; doctrine is not held in solution; heterodoxy defines itself; Unitarianism has not only its formal Church, but Universalism becomes a sect, and formulates its constitution and its creed. Perhaps in one or two notable cases the antipathy felt towards a somewhat vague and indefinite ministry, notwithstanding its undoubted power and influence, has arisen, not so much from the opinions promulgated, as from the fact that they were enounced upon a platform whence a different creed was rather to be expected.

The hearer of itching ears may, therefore, search in vain through the length and breadth of some of the chief cities of America for sensational preaching. The imperial city of New York does not possess such an article. Probably the impression of the English sermon-hunter, after a pretty careful raid for his favourite style, would be that the preaching of New York was good, instructive, scholarly, in excellent taste, but to him a trifle commonplace and dull. It is probable that all the sensation which the American can bear is furnished him by the newspaper press. Other forms of intellectual effort may almost suffer from a reaction against this sensationalism of the newspapers, and be almost too much restrained within the stricter lines of oratorical and literary style. American public speaking is always good, but it is rather stiff and stilted. American authorship suffers somewhat in the same manner. More naturalness, and simplicity, and directness in the pulpit would not be amiss. But we doubt whether the average American congregation, in some places at least, would like such preaching. It would not be bookish enough, and being interesting, its very simplicity would raise a suspicion of its depth and thoroughness.

The great centres of American Church life are New England, with Boston as the capital; the middle States, of which New York and Philadelphia are the chief cities; the South, and the West with its rapidly increasing population, and new developments of social activity rising and spreading almost with every decade of time.

Among the preachers of Boston, no higher place is taken than by Dr. Duryea. He was educated at Princeton, and for some time was pastor of one of the Dutch Reformed Churches of New York. This ecclesiastical community dates from the time of the Dutch occupation of that city. The original corporation of this Church is richly endowed, and no Evangelical community has had a greater opportunity of occupying a leading place and doing a great work for the Master. Partly, however, from the injury which large endowments sometimes do to Churches, and partly from the somewhat narrow and rigid methods of the Church's discipline, this body has hardly kept abreast of the progress and the requirements of

the times, although it has given signs of quickening in later years. Dr. Duryea left New York for Brooklyn, and for some years was pastor of a Presbyterian church in that city. He was then called to the Central Church of Boston, a wealthy and influential, though not a large congregation. He has there made his mark as one of the ablest preachers in America. He is a cultivated theologian, and his mind is of a philosophic cast. He preaches with great freedom. His sermons are generally strong and argumentative. His preaching is no milk for babes, but veritable meat for men. He can hardly be said to be popular in the usual acceptance of that term, but he commands the attention of the city. He represents in Evangelical and orthodox circles the liberal and progressive spirit. New England Congregationalism is fortunate in securing such a man as the pastor of the Central Church. He is free from the narrowness of the scholastic theologian, while his liberality is not likely to run into the wild and inoperative weediness which renders so many of the so-called "free and progressive" school powerless to affect the growth and development of the truly Catholic faith.

Boston possesses among its Episcopal clergy one of the best-known of American divines—Philipps Brooks. Mr. Brooks was for some years at Philadelphia. He then removed to Boston, and soon secured for himself the hearing of one of the largest and most influential congregations of that city. They have within the last few years, at great cost, erected a very fine church, the decorations of which are peculiarly rich and artistic. Vastness is the distinguishing note of the building, and it well suits the physical proportions of the preacher, who is not only one of the most popular of American orators, but also one of the most imposing in appearance.

The Episcopal Church of America has been somewhat behind its sister Churches in pulpit power. But of late the growth of this community has been accompanied by a development of preaching power which has contributed to its success. Dr. Brooks in Boston has accomplished great things for his Church in a society to which Episcopacy is somewhat alien. He is faithful to his own communion, but he lives in a large fellowship with all his brethren. No shadow of pretentiousness is found to darken the light of his genial nature. His swift speech, like the rush of a mountain torrent, ever clear, practical, emotional, rivets attention. He has none of the philosophic massiveness of Duryea, but he speaks a language which,

"understood" of the people, conveys always a strong and vigorous thought. No more wholesome influence in the American pulpit has been exercised than by the great Episcopal preacher of Boston. In a sense he has saved Evangelical faith for the popular intellectual life of that city. Long may he continue to exercise the bright and healthful power of a manly, hopeful, and devout ministry!

The English reader hardly requires to be informed concerning Joseph Cook, who, if not exactly occupying the pulpit, is yet on the platform essentially a preacher. Mr. Cook's "Boston Lecture" has gained world-wide fame. Whatever may be the absolute merits of this work, the fact that a man is able to command a couple of thousand hearers every Monday morning in a city like Boston, on such topics as he treats, is a proof of power of no ordinary kind; while the world-wide audience which Mr. Cook addresses by the publishing of these lectures is another testimony of immense significance. Many elements combine to make this lecturer popular. He has a large presence; his voice is powerful and well modulated. He possesses a striking rhetorical power. He is well read, and able to marshal what he knows in imposing array. Then, he deals fearlessly with his subject, and does not hesitate to strike hard and with something of a flourish at names and theories which had begun to exercise over man's mind a sort of supernatural and ghostly influence. His methods were novel. He put science and philosophy into sonorous sentences which yet could be partially grasped by the multitude; and, on the whole, it must be said that so large a combination of advantages is not often found in one man. He suddenly blazed before the public eye. There was a good-humour, a dash, an audacity, combined with a very real earnestness and ability, so that immediately Joseph Cook took the town by storm. Moody among the crowds, Cook with his popularised philosophy, and Philipps Brooks in the steadier, more continued, and deeper influence of a regular ministry, have together achieved a great work for Evangelical religion in the city of Boston. Old-fashioned faith in the Gospel has revived in the estimation of men. We rejoice at the result for the sake of the people. It is a testimony, if any such were needed, that devout and earnest speech still holds its mastery over men. Let the pulpit be only filled by those who are strong, and who believe in their mission as a Divine one, and the world will still listen, and be converted, and turn to the Lord.



MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

RELUCTANT.



R. BALFOUR stood by the fire in his wife's private sitting-room, enjoying an interval of ease before the bell rang for morning school, and glancing through the letters he had received by the early post.

Lance had brought in the bag, and to him was delegated the task of answering half a dozen epistles of small importance.

While his father rapidly dictated what he was to say, he listened respectfully, but it was with his eyes fixed on a window that commanded the playground. To be penned up here while his schoolmates were rushing round, noisily intent on a game in which he was usually the leader, was an ordeal he did not care to submit to.

"Tell Vardys I like the reading-book submitted to me, and he may forward two dozen for the lower fifth. I wish you would stand still when I am speaking to you, Lance. And you can also answer—no, not this note; I had overlooked this; it is your Uncle Glenwood's handwriting; no bad news, I hope!" he muttered, with a glance at his wife, who was giving some directions to a servant.

Apparently not, for a smile gleamed on his thoughtful face as he perused the closely written lines.

"My friends seem to have more faith in my discrimination than I have!" he exclaimed aloud, "or I should not have such a task as this imposed on me! Mary, my dear, I'll delegate it to you; to a lady of your benevolent impulses it is sure to be acceptable."

Mrs. Balfour laid down the bill through which she was glancing to ask what he meant.

"Simply this: your brother-in-law is in a quandary, and begs us to help him out of it."

"Go on, I am listening," she said, folding her hands in her lap.

"With as pale and startled a face as if you dreaded something terrible!" cried her husband. "I thought you were too sensible a woman to frighten yourself without a cause."

"Is it without a cause?" she asked faintly. "I suppose something is amiss, or Mr. Glenwood would not write."

"Pooh! it is nothing serious. Your sister and the children are well, and he, poor fellow, fancies himself stronger for the change."

"Don't you think, papa," queried Lance with awed looks, "that Uncle John will ever get well?"

His father's imperative "Hush!" and significant look at Mrs. Balfour silenced the boy; but Mrs. Balfour herself did not seem to have heard the question.

Still she persisted, "You have admitted that some trouble is menacing them. Tell me the worst at once."

Mr. Balfour laughed outright.

"I think, my dear, it is you who are menaced with trouble—that is, if I can induce you to act as my substitute. It appears that just before Glenwood left the Lodge his solicitor recommended him to buy a small, very small, property adjoining his own, on which their firm hold a mortgage; and on this recommendation John agreed to act. But a letter has followed him from an old woman to whose family the property originally belonged, and she protests so vehemently against being turned out of the house in which she was born, that he has immediately posted off this entreaty to me to go down to the Lodge, have an interview with this Miss Eldridge, and make sure that no injustice is being done to her."

"Is this all? Are you sure you are not hiding anything from me?"

Mr. Balfour frowned slightly. He had always thought his wife superior to the whims and fancies with which some women harass their husbands.

"Did you ever know me make mysteries without occasion? My dear Mary, you are not yourself this morning. What do you say to going to the Lodge in my stead? The change will do you no harm, and you can be relied on to carry out Glenwood's kindly intentions with more tact and judgment than I might exercise in dealing with an unreasonable old woman!"

But Mrs. Balfour showed a strange repugnance to the task.

"It would be so inconvenient to leave home to-day," she objected.

"To-morrow, then. A delay of twenty-four hours cannot signify."

But still she hesitated so visibly that Lance, whose presence his parents had forgotten, looked up from his writing to cry eagerly—

"Send me, papa! send me! I should dearly like to go to the Lodge just now!"

"To avoid the Latin exam.?" queried his father drily.

It was a serious annoyance to Mr. Balfour that his only son was not likely to succeed him at Mincester, Lance evincing a strong distaste for the classics; and, though an excellent arithmetician, always more ready to potter about the workshops of the engineer in the High Street than to increase his knowledge of the *belles-lettres*.

"No, no; do not send Lance!" said his mother, in sharp, hurried accents. "I cannot have Lance sent!"

"I did not dream of it," her husband responded, "though he shall accompany you if you would like your big blundering boy for an escort."

"Must I go?" Mrs. Balfour asked, and her voice faltered so oddly that both her husband and son regarded her with surprise as well as concern.

you word what the builders are doing. Then stroll across country, have a quiet Sunday at Elslea with my old college chum, the curate, and be at my desk again on Monday morning by nine of the clock, which is more than I shall be now if I do not make haste."



"When Mr. Balfour left her she was still trying to grapple with this difficult question."—p. 137.

"Certainly not," said the former, "if you do not feel equal to the journey. After all, there is no reason why I should not go myself. Let me see: to-morrow, Friday, our boys play the Howborough eleven, and my presence can be dispensed with, so I'll give myself a holiday and spend to-morrow and Saturday at Glenwood, so as to be able to bring

Mr. Balfour attached no importance to his wife's unwillingness to undertake this journey for him. She was still grieving over the enforced separation from her sister, he concluded; and did not care to revisit the home in which so lately she had been delighted to instal her.

After all, it was a fortunate arrangement; he had

long desired an opportunity of discussing a doubtful passage in Euripides with such an excellent Greek scholar as his friend; and as Elsiea was only twelve miles distant from the Lodge, he could easily gratify himself while obliging his brother-in-law.

Mr. Glenwood's solicitor was absent when Mr. Balfour called at his office in the High Street of the market-town, and the clerk in charge pooch-pooled Miss Eldridge's protest against the sale of her house as an absurd one.

"It was quite correct," this young man added glibly, "that the Eldridge family had held those few acres for many generations, but the last of them had got into difficulties, and since his death his daughter had been unable to keep the interest of the mortgage paid up."

"We have let her alone as long as we can, for you see, sir, the place is so out of repair, and difficult of access, that no one would care to buy it, except Mr. Glenwood. To him it will be really valuable, for, as the orchard abuts on his kitchen-gardens, which are much too small for so large a family, he can include it in them, and either let the house or demolish it."

"Then this Miss Eldridge really has no legal claims to be considered?"

"None whatever, sir, as we have explained to her over and over again. I can assure you, Mr. Glenwood need not have any hesitation in closing with our offer."

But there was something so repugnant to Mr. Balfour in the idea of turning an elderly woman out of doors, that, acting upon the authority given him, he desired that the affair might remain in abeyance for the present; and hiring a fly from the nearest inn, drove over to the village, and inquired his way to Miss Eldridge's abode.

The square, red-brick house, with its many windows half-hidden in the vines which, if properly trained and cut, would have borne profusely, looked more picturesque than comfortable. Closed shutters, grass grown walks, and a general air of neglect met the eye, and proved that whatever rights Miss Eldridge might have to her old home, she was not able to keep it weather-tight.

Crippled and peevish with rheumatic pains, she sat in the smallest of her parlours, fenced in—to shield her from the keen autumnal winds—with a couple of old-fashioned screens, and wearing a furled hood and half a dozen shawls, some on her shoulders, one spread over her knees, and another wrapped round her feet.

The front door stood open, and guided by Miss Eldridge's shrilly uttered directions, the visitor, whose approach she had espied, made his way to her apartment; but her maid was summoned to give him a chair, and find the spectacles without which she could not decipher the card handed to her.

It was Mollie who sidled into the room, but not the plump, rosy Mollie of a few weeks earlier; she had become so thin that her mouth looked preter-

naturally large, and her round, colourless eyes stared out of fleshless hollows, while her bare arms were so bony as to elicit a horrified exclamation from Mr. Balfour.

"Merciful heavens! this poor girl looks as if she were half-starved!"

He was not prepared for the burst of indignation with which Miss Eldridge repelled the charge.

"It's a cruel thing to say, and it's as false as false can be. I cannot afford to give my servant dainty fare, but she has never wanted good wholesome food; and since I have been ill, she has often eaten my share of porridge and whole-meal bread as well as her own."

"I did not intend to hurt your feelings," Mr. Balfour assured the indignant woman; "but the wretched condition of this poor girl is really shocking to see!"

"And you do not believe me!" cried Miss Eldridge, panting with wrath. "You are as bad as Farmer Woods, who had the insolence, the last time he called, to ask me if it wouldn't be more prudent to send my little maid back to the Union than let her die under my experiments. Come here, Mollie, and speak for yourself!"

The girl advanced unwillingly, twisting her bony shoulders from under Mr. Balfour's hand when it was laid upon her.

"I beain't ill; I don't want no dockering," she said, in her slow, soft drawl; "I does my work, and I likes my place, and I've got a kind mistress as lets me go to church reg'lar; and thank ye kindly, Mr. Gentleman, I ain't got no complaints."

When Mollie had recited her formula, and made a curtsy, she would have retreated, but Miss Eldridge forbade it.

"Stay! you are always creeping out of my sight lately, and I have to call and call till I am breathless! Answer these questions: Do I ill-use you? Do I keep you without food?"

Mollie looked uneasily from her mistress to the silent, grave, yet pitying visitor; but her reply was prompt.

"I has ever so much more to eat than I had in the house. I do, yes I do, and you haven't strapped me once, not even when I fell over my own feet and broke the best chaney milk-jug."

"Then what ails ye?" cried Miss Eldridge, in the shrill tones of exasperation. "Why do ye look as ye do, getting me a bad name amongst my neighbours, and bringing strangers down upon me? I'll send ye away, I will! Take a month's notice from this day, and get ye gone to another place; you shan't disgrace mine any longer."

With a dismal wail Mollie dropped on her knees, entreating her mistress to reverse her decision; and Miss Eldridge looked triumphantly at Mr. Balfour, who could only shrug his shoulders and repeat his apologies for his untoward remarks.

By dexterously introducing the subject of the sale

of the house, he drew her attention from Mollie, who crept away, sobbing and sniffing like a frightened child.

Poor Miss Eldridge, the flush of resentment fading from her wan cheek, leaned back in her chair and covered her face with trembling hands, beneath which the tears began to course slowly.

"To be sold, is it, whether I will or no! Then I shall have to go as well as Mollie," she sighed despairingly. "Oh! it is hard—it is hard to have lost all but the roof over my head, and now to lose that too!"

"If you can prove that you are justly entitled to retain possession of the property, I will myself take measures to prevent your being driven away."

"Thank you, sir; but would you be a match for the lawyers?" she asked, dubiously, and she rehearsed the story of her fancied wrongs with the vehemence of an ignorant but injured woman.

It would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to make her comprehend that the persons most in fault in the transactions that led to the sale of part, and the mortgaging of the rest of the small domain, were her father and brothers. It was through their carelessness and extravagance she was left in such straitened circumstances, but she could not be induced to think so. In her opinion they were, like herself, victims to the treachery of the law, and seeing this, Mr. Balfour rose to leave her.

"I think I can promise that if my brother-in-law purchases your house and garden he will not disturb your tenancy."

"Your brother-in-law? is that the new man at the Lodge? Is it he who is wresting my inheritance from me? And yet they say he has plenty of his own, plenty and to spare. Oh, they were always harsh men, the Glenwoods; but it comes home to them sooner or later, and so it will to him!"

Mr. Balfour almost lost his temper in useless endeavours to make her comprehend that no harshness towards her was intended. She did but continue to shake her head, and assert that she was going to be thrust out because her patrimony was a sort of Naboth's vineyard, which the owner of the Lodge was eager to add to his possessions. Slipping a half-crown into the hand of Mollie, who scrambled across the hall to let him out, he strode away, angry with Mr. Glenwood for having thrust such an errand upon him, and yet angrier with himself for having been so foolish as to undertake it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCOVERY.

A BRISK walk up the village street, and the appetising dinner set before him by the landlord of the village inn, restored Mr. Balfour's good-humour, and he could not only sympathise with the lonely old woman who clung to the home of her fathers, but was induced to begin an appeal to John Glenwood, entreating him, if he completed the purchase of the

Red House, as it was called, to pledge himself not to dispossess the present tenant.

But the letter was left half-written, the practical side of Mr. Balfour's character protesting against it. What good would it do Miss Eldridge to further her in her sentimental yearnings to remain in a dwelling she could neither warm nor furnish? Already she was a prey to rheumatism, and the long winter was before her.

"She would be much better off," he said to himself, "in a town lodging of a couple of rooms, if she could but be persuaded to think so. But what is the use of reasoning with women? Are they not always obstinate and opinionated?"

A speech that was not levelled at the wife in whose common sense he had the fullest reliance, but evoked by the trouble he had just undergone in settling the affairs of a couple of spinster cousins. By foolishly trusting their money to some plausible adventurers, they had lost half their income, and were writing almost daily letters to him for advice and sympathy, coupled with entreaties that he would find them a new abode in some secluded spot, where they could hide their shame and mortification from all who knew them.

And now an idea flashed into Mr. Balfour's head. Here might be an opportunity of obliging his relatives as well as rendering Miss Eldridge assistance. They had stipulated for country lodgings in which they could carry on their several pursuits—the one was an artist, the other covered pages of scribbling paper with essays and poems that never achieved publication—and he knew they would be pleased to be settled near Mrs. Glenwood, in whose fortunes or misfortunes they had always been very much interested.

A little painting and papering would make a suite of the rooms at the Red House habitable, and this he was prepared to undertake for the satisfaction of putting an end to the appeals he had neither time nor inclination to respond to.

He thought over his project as he strolled about the grounds of the Lodge, where the builders were already digging foundations for a new mansion and demolishing the old one.

It came back to his memory as he sat at breakfast on the morrow; and, finally, he resolved that before quitting the neighbourhood he would go and moot it to Miss Eldridge.

It was somewhat provoking to hear his plans exclaimed at in tones of horror. Instead of being grateful for his efforts to serve her, she put on her air of old-fashioned dignity, and talked of what was due to her family.

"No one has ever proposed to me to turn my parents' dwelling into a lodging-house. It would be bad enough to see strange people come and take possession of it; but to wait upon them myself—*me*, that have always had servants of my own—how could I do it?"

Mr. Balfour thought of Mollie, as he rose from his chair, observing that he should have thought that

any plan must have recommended itself that would enable Miss Eldridge to pay a man to do a few repairs to the house, or to dig her neglected garden.

"Anything but taking lodgers!" she protested. "It does sound so lowering! What would my neighbours say of me?"

But when Mr. Balfour, who thought her objections too absurd to deserve a reply, made a movement to depart, he was so tearfully entreated to stay a little longer that he consented.

"If these relatives of his were really in want of a country residence, they might share hers for a little while," she finally decided. "She would receive them as guests, and they should themselves decide what sum they could make it convenient to subscribe towards the domestic expenses."

"It shall be large enough to leave an ample margin for that poor hungry-looking child to be well fed," her hearer mentally determined. "It is just as well that Mary did not accept my proposal and come here in my stead; for her scorn of such false pride, coupled as it is with such undisguisable poverty, might not have been expressed in the mild language I have used."

Promising to communicate with his relatives, and let Miss Eldridge know the result as speedily as possible, Mr. Balfour glanced at a bunch of keys hanging on the wall beside her chair, and expressed a wish to see the apartments these ladies would occupy.

Miss Eldridge half rose to lead the way thither, but her dread of appearing over-anxious to reap the advantages which she was beginning to appreciate, made her resume her seat stiffly, saying that her maid should show Mr. Balfour over the house.

However, neither her impatient raps on the floor with her crutch-stick, nor the tinkling of a hand-bell, brought Mollie; and the gentleman, soon growing impatient of the delay, volunteered to go in search of her.

She was not in the half-empty kitchen that was all too large for the requirements of one feeble woman; nor at the well by which her pitcher had been so hastily set down that a touch would have turned it over; but a fancy that he could detect the sound of voices in the direction of some disused buildings on the further side of the weedy courtyard, led Mr. Balfour to turn his steps thither.

Into one after another of these buildings he peeped, still without finding Mollie. There was the brew-house, with its capacious coppers, in which the Eldridges had brewed the heady liquor that hastened their downfall; there was the laundry, with all the appurtenances once used for washing and whitening the garments of a prosperous household, mouldering and spoiling; and sundry apple-closets and fruit stores, with their shelves given over to the worm and the spider.

But where was Mollie?

Somewhere near, for now there was a ripple of

laughter, a burst of childish exclamations, a clapping of hands—was it overhead?

Looking into the laundry again, Mr. Balfour saw a steep flight of steps in one corner, leading to a room above, intended for ironing and drying purposes. Was it from here the sounds proceeded?

Cautiously ascending the steps, he found his view barred by a pile of dry heath and fern, on parting which with his hands he saw Mollie standing beside an ironing-stove, on the top of which half a dozen sausages were fizzing and spluttering.

In the intervals of attending to her cooking, which she did with the aid of a rusty iron skewer, she was hewing wedges from a loaf and handing them to a couple of pale, shadowy children, who watched her proceedings with eager eyes and little cries of delight.

"They be done to a turn!" cried Mollie, transferring the sausages to a broken plate; "and if there bea'n't two a-piece all round! Oh, jolly! If 'tain't as good as a school feast, and better. Mrs. Jones at the shop, she say, 'Missus got company, Mollie?' An' I didn't tell her they were mine, bought with the big piece of money the gentleman give me. I like him, I do; don't I hope 's he'll come often and often, an' every day! Eat away, my pretties; I'll save a bit o' my share for'ee; and then you won't cry for Manon to-day, or say ye can't go sleep because you're so hungry, will'ee now?"

Bewildered by this strange scene, Mr. Balfour continued to watch the group till, the last morsels of fat and odd crusts of bread having been devoured almost wolfishly by Mollie, she produced from her pocket a couple of fine apples. These, we are sorry to say, had been purloined from her mistress's store; and though saying again and again that "she must go directly minute," she sat down on the floor, with her hands clasped round her knees, and her chin resting on them, to watch the children nibble the fruit; gazing at them as ecstatically the while as a miser would gloat over rare gems which none knew that he had in possession.

By this time Mr. Balfour became aware that he was not alone in his espial.

Miss Eldridge, astonished at the length of his absence, had braved the cold winds, and followed him to the laundry, which she had seen him enter. She, too, heard such sounds as drew Mr. Balfour thither, for elated by an unusually good meal, the children now threw themselves on Mollie, and chattering and laughing their loudest, were rolling with her on the floor.

Erelong Mollie was hopping round like a frog, and making the most hideous of grimaces for the entertainment of her little playfellows; but presently one of her clumsy jumps brought her close to the opening in the floor, and face to face with her mistress and Mr. Balfour.

For a few seconds she was transfixed with terror; then rushing to the children she retreated with them to the farthest corner, and there, hugging them to

her with all her power, frantically defied any one to take them away.

"They be mine; they don't belong to no one else. I found 'em when they were left alone, and I'm going to 'dopt 'em, an' be a mother to 'em!"

"You absurd creature!" cried her angry mistress. "This accounts for your neglected work, and your frequent disappearances. You are wasting my time, aye, and my substance too, on these beggars' brats!"

"They be mine, my very own!" Mollie repeated. "I'll do my work better, missus!" she added humbly. "I want vex ye any more; but don't ee be cross to my pretties! they haven't got no one to take care of 'em but me!" But Miss Eldridge had not patience to hear her out.

"How long have they been here? Who incited you to hide them in my premises? Of course you have been feeding them at my expense. Thief, cheat that you are, how dare you do it? Back to the Union you shall go within the hour, and these little wretches with you."

That Mollie had abstracted many a slice of bread and basin of porridge for the children there could be no doubt, and the only excuse she offered was that "what she could spare of her own food did not satisfy their healthy appetites, and when they cried for more what was she to do? It couldn't be right to let them go hungry."

Mr. Balfour was struck by the passionate affection with which the poor girl regarded these children. It not only blunted her feeble sense of right and wrong, but had led her to make the self-sacrifices that reduced her to her present condition.

Why she had brought them to Miss Eldridge's was promptly explained.

"Tis such hard dues at the workus for them as is weak, an' small, an' picksome [delicate]. I couldn't abide to let 'em go there, so I fetched 'em away from Shepherd's in the night; an' they han't done no harm, 'deed and indeed they hain't." Mollie looked imploringly at her angry mistress. "They stops up here as good as gold—don't ye, my pretties?"

"Fed and warmed at my cost! Were there ever so shameful goings on? That I should live to be tricked and robbed by a chit of a girl, whom every one calls half-witted! And not content with that, she saddles me with the offspring of tramps, who may be hanging about the place waiting for a chance of breaking in and stealing what little I have left! I shall not feel safe till those wretched children are off my premises!"

"If they go, I must go too," said Mollie doggedly.

"Of course you will; do you think I could keep you after what you have done? Put your clothes together, and be off; and be thankful I do not hand you over to the policeman!"

Miss Eldridge had so exhausted herself with her wrath that she was obliged to accept Mr. Balfour's assistance to enable her to return to the house; and she begged him not to leave her till the pains that

had seized her in the region of the heart were less violent.

"Who will take your little maid's place?" he asked.

"Can I send you a woman from the village?"

She thanked him, but shook her head.

"I have always kept those gossiping, chattering cottagers at a distance. How could I bear to know that they told one another what shifts I am often reduced to? My poverty loses its sting when no one knows how great it is."

"That's where I shall feel the loss of Mollie," she went on peevishly. "The girl was too stupid to be a tattler. I wish she could be frightened into giving up those children, and made to see that they would be much better off in the district schools."

"That is where they will have to go eventually," Mr. Balfour observed, "unless some person of more ample means than poor Mollie could be induced to adopt them."

"She suited me so well," sighed Miss Eldridge. "I detest jill-flirts of girls who must have their Sundays out, can't eat this, that, and the other, and have always got some idle lout hanging about the gate on fine evenings."

"Good-bye, missus," and Mollie stood at the door, her face red and grimy with crying, her few possessions tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

"You must be mad!" cried the old lady, startled to find her commands so promptly obeyed. "What will the guardians say to your giving up your first place for the sake of a couple of children who are nothing to you?"

"Who be going to take care of 'em if I don't?" queried the girl.

"But you'll be separated from them at the Union," she was reminded. "They will be put into the schools, and you will be sent to service again by the guardians."

"They'll ha' to catch me first," said Mollie cheerfully. "I bea'n't going near them. I be going to get my own living—singing."

Miss Eldridge leaned back in her chair with upraised hands, unable to believe her ears.

"You foolish creature, you have no more voice than a raven!"

"I have often seen women sing all down the street to get bread for their little uns, and why shouldn't I do it for mine?" asked Mollie proudly, drawing the children forward as they nestled beside her, casting apprehensive glances at the severe-looking old lady.

"But, good gracious me! this is the maddest enterprise! I don't think I ought to permit it! Two mere babies and a girl not long out of a pauper school going off to seek their fortunes! Dear, dear me, what shall I do to prevent it?"

When Mr. Balfour left her she was still trying to grapple with this difficult question; while Mollie waited for her wages—she had been promoted lately to sixpence per week—and Claire and Lucie sat on the floor coaxing and cuddling Miss Eldridge's huge

Persian cat, their fears of its mistress forgotten in the pleasure of having such a playmate.

He went away because it was a matter that did not concern him, and he did not care to be appealed to for advice he was not justified in giving. To him Claire and Lucie were but ordinary children, ragged and unkempt; his interest, like Miss Eldridge's, centred in Mollie, of whom he gave an amusing description to his wife on the evening of his return to Mincester.

"Whether the poor woman will succeed in enforcing a separation—keep her maid and get rid of the little encumbrances—it is difficult to say. She was devising ways and means of accomplishing it when I left her."

"I thought those children had been carried off by their gipsy relatives," Mrs. Balfour remarked.

"Do I not tell you that the abduction was planned and accomplished by Mollie? I could not have imagined that she had brain enough to evolve such an enterprise. *Why did she burden herself with two babies?* Who can tell? Perhaps she found the dulness of the Red House intolerable, and thought to provide herself with never-failing amusement."

"Nothing has been discovered respecting them?" said Mrs. Balfour, bending over the work she was arranging.

"Not yet, but it will be soon."

She started, but did not speak, and Mr. Balfour, with a laugh, went on—

"As soon as Charlotte and Susan have taken up their residence at Miss Eldridge's, you may depend upon it they will not rest till they have discovered the parentage of these mysterious foundlings. Trust them for making it their business to learn all there is to learn concerning Mollie's *protégées*!"

He quitted the room as he ceased speaking, and without looking back. He never knew that the work had fallen from his wife's hand, or that she herself had slipped down from her chair to the floor, where she sat crouched in a heap long after he had left her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN TO THE LODGE.

"Was it actually ten years since she and her husband took possession of the Lodge?" Mrs. Glenwood asked herself one lovely spring morning as she was being driven thither from the railway. "Ten years since she stood up in the carriage, leaning on her husband, to take her first look at their new home, her heart swelling with delight in its sylvan beauty!"

How great had been their happiness, and how brief! A few weeks—no more—and then they had quitted England to commence a vain search for health. At John Glenwood's own request they had laid him in the cemetery at Nice, when the long struggle with pain and weakness came to an end, and his widow went to Germany, where he had expressed a desire that his boys should be educated.

Percival had made a few flying visits to England, and had received part of his education under his uncle at Mincester, but he had never been to the Lodge. It had been considered advisable to let the house, as soon as finished, for the term of his minority, and the elderly officer who rented it, offering to renew his tenancy, had been allowed to do so; for Mrs. Glenwood evinced such reluctance to visit the spot, that her son would not press his own wishes.

But the discovery that an idle life in a Continental town was doing him no good, coupled with a sharp remonstrance from Mr. Balfour, aroused Mildred Glenwood to a consciousness that she was neglecting her son's best interests in keeping him away from his duties.

Her arrangements were promptly made, and, in a very brief space of time, she had bidden adieu to her German friends, and was *en route* for England.

A few weeks given to the sights of London, two or three more spent at Mincester, where the younger lads were entered as pupils, and then Mrs. Glenwood, bravely putting aside all personal regrets, prepared to make his English home bright and pleasant to the young heir.

She tried to induce her sister to accompany her to the Lodge, but Mrs. Balfour had so many excuses to offer that poor Mildred was a little hurt at such evident unwillingness to be her guest.

"I thought you would have helped and advised me as you did before," she said, rather reproachfully. "You know I have more reliance on your judgment than on my own."

"Is it not better for you to stand alone sometimes?" she was asked lightly. "I will come to you by-and-by. Just now——"

Mrs. Balfour did not finish her sentence; and after waiting patiently for her to do so, her sister put up a new petition. "At least you will let me have Elleda? You'll not refuse me that favour? Oh! Mary, what a grand creature she has developed into! Percy had told me his cousin was as beautiful as she was clever, but I was not prepared to find her eclipsing all other girls as she does."

Mary Balfour smiled, but it was not that sudden glow of ecstasy that lights the face of a fond mother, and her quietly spoken, "Elleda is very much admired," was positively chilling.

"Ah! you are too sensible to like to hear her praised for her personal advantages; but it cannot be wrong to take pleasure in the good gifts bestowed on our children. I should have loved my boys just as dearly if they had squinted and been red-haired; but I am very pleased and thankful that they are straight-limbed, and almost as good-looking as their dear father was."

"Elleda is a great comfort to her father," Mrs. Balfour observed with a sigh. "Her sympathy with his tastes helps him to bear his disappointment in his son."

"Poor Lance!" said Mrs. Glenwood, taking her

sister's hand and pressing it. "I have thought of you very anxiously ever since I had a hint of your trouble. I would not ask you any questions in my letters, lest I should open wounds I longed to be able to heal; but if you can bear to tell me what has caused this sad estrangement, I might know what to say that would comfort you."

"With all your good-will," was the sorrowful reply, "you could not make Lance and his father think alike, and as nothing else will bring about a reconciliation, I must be content to see them dwell apart."

"But if Lance has grieved and offended his father, is it not his duty——"

The speaker was impatiently checked.

"My dear Milly, what wild notions have you in your head? Lance is working bravely at the work for which he is most fitted—engineering. The extent of his offending is this: his father's heart has always been set on making him a brilliant scholar, capable of succeeding him here, but the knowledge for which Fleda has thirsted, Lance has been incapable of acquiring. Allan often called him indolent and contrary, when he had in very truth done his best. The pride of the head-master of Mincester College is stung to the quick, that his only son should be a failure. I don't know whom I pity most; my husband who cannot forgive Lance for causing him such a cruel disappointment, or Lance for getting neither sympathy nor help in his new career from the father who should be his best friend."

"Then there is no reason why I should raise any objections to Percy seeing him," cried Mrs. Glenwood, looking relieved. "They were such great friends in school-days, that Percy is eager to invite him to the Lodge."

Mary Balfour's eyes grew moist.

"Will you let him do this? I cannot press my boy to come home, knowing that his presence irritates his father. I cannot go to him at Glasgow, for Allan would be displeased; he has already accused me of encouraging his son in his undutiful conduct. But if Lance were to go to your house sometimes I should not feel that he was so utterly cast off. He has always been loving and tender to his mother; it was for my sake that he bore with much harshness and injustice."

"He shall come to us as often as he likes, or perhaps I ought to say as often as he can," Mildred warmly responded. "Why did you not tell me these things sooner? Are not your children almost as dear to me as my own? As for Elfreda, I feel as if I have a special claim upon her. Do you remember what we planned the night you and I gave that memorable dinner-party? Should you be surprised if the young folks carry out our notions for us? I shouldn't."

The sisters looked into each other's eyes and smiled, but the next moment Mrs. Balfour put her hand to her side, turned deadly pale, and complaining of the heat of the room went away, and Milly did

not find another opportunity of conversing with her in private.

Elfreda demurred a little when her aunt's invitation was given. She was in the midst of a translation from the Greek for her father (or the Doctor, as, in reference to new dignities, Allan Balfour was now called). But when Percival, to whom his long residence amongst foreigners had lent a very winning manner, added his entreaties, she bent her stately head and graciously gave consent.

The party, therefore, that arrived at the Lodge a few days after its tenant vacated it, consisted of Mrs. Glenwood, her eldest son, Elfreda Balfour, and a soberly dressed, unpretending young woman, who, when Mrs. Balfour suggested that her sister should provide herself with a lady-help, had answered the advertisement which had been inserted in the *Mincester Observer*.

A clergyman, who had known her from her childhood, having given Miss Asdon a recommendation, she was engaged; and as soon as they entered the house, proved that she understood her duties by leading the tearful widow to her own apartments, bringing her a cup of tea, and by sundry little thoughtful attentions assisting her in her efforts to regain composure.

Mrs. Glenwood recovered herself sufficiently to appear at the dinner hurriedly prepared. To spare her pain, the coming of the heir had been kept a profound secret. There must be no rejoicings, no visits from congratulating neighbours, till his mother had overcome the painful recollections apparent in her tremulous tones; none but themselves must hear the sighs that thronged to her lips every time her eye fell upon some statuette or picture Mr. Glenwood had purchased, and despatched to England to grace the new house he was never to behold.

Always thoughtful for others, she exerted herself to enter into cheerful conversation, and when Miss Asdon remarked on the splendour of the sunset, she was the first to throw open the long French sashes of the dining-room, and advise the young people to avail themselves of the beauty of the evening and enjoy a ramble through the grounds.

Smiling at Percy's fears that she would mope if left alone, and refusing to let Elfreda or Miss Asdon stay with her, she sent them away, standing at one of the windows to watch the cousins cross the lawn, their tall, pliant figures so well matched that the pale Miss Asdon, trailing her brown skirts along just in the rear, seemed out of keeping with their fresh, vivid youth and grace.

"I am a stranger in my own land," Percival laughingly observed. "I do not know where to find the best points of view."

"There is an inviting looking wood over yonder," and Miss Asdon directed his attention to it.

"But to our right the ground rises," cried Elfreda. "I like hills; I am of an aspiring nature. I never plod along the dull level when there is a hill to be climbed."

"Then I also vote for the hill," said her cousin, adding, however, a polite, "if it will not tire you too much, Miss Asdon."

"I am a good walker," she replied, "but we shall

archæologist as you are yourself. I only know that if we cross this ditch we shall be no longer on my own territory."

"Ah! but let us proceed!" she entreated, "I



"She was the first to throw open the long French sashes of the dining-room, and advise the young people to avail themselves of the beauty of the evening."—p. 139.

have to quicken our pace if we propose to reach the hill-top before the sun goes out of sight."

"Is it a natural eminence, or a tumulus?" asked Ellfeda. "And are there any traces of the Romans in this neighbourhood? Tell me all you know respecting the history of your estate."

"But that is—nothing. We will study it together, and you shall make me as zealous an

should go home with the feeling that I had missed an aim if I stopped before reaching the summit."

"Do let me propose you as a member of the Alpine Club!" laughed Percy. "What an example you would set those whose prudence is sometimes stronger than their courage."

"It is only rough, uncultivated ground up here," said Miss Asdon, who was in advance. "I should

fancy it must be public property, for there are paths in all directions, sloping down to the prettiest of valleys. Shall we go on, or return?"

Elfreda, who had sprung on to a mound on which a post was reared, and was waving her handkerchief triumphantly, surveyed the scene before replying.

"We must go on. If my eyes do not deceive me, there is a cromlech over yonder. Do you not see that mass of stones in the valley? a little to the left there is a track that will carry us to it."

"The distance is considerable," Miss Asdon murmured, "and Mrs. Glenwood will be expecting us."

"Not yet," said Elfreda decidedly. "But if you think it will fatigue you to walk so far, why not wait here for us?"

"I was not thinking of myself. I am not fatigued, thank you;" and Miss Asdon was the first to strike into the path indicated.

The descent was so steep as to be almost dangerous, but she was sure-footed; and Elfreda, who

had followed immediately, was assisted by her cousin.

Once Miss Asdon paused, crying—"Hark! what sounds were those?" but as her companions, laughing and talking, had not heard anything, she went on; stopping again to point to a couple of girlish figures indistinctly seen on the crest of the hill they had just descended.

"To whom are they calling, Mr. Glenwood? Is it to us?"

"Perhaps," cried Elfreda, "they are some of the 'good people' or 'pixies,' to whom this wild spot belongs, and are warning us that we are trespassers."

The gay speech ended in a cry of terror. A sharp pinging noise, familiar enough to Percival, was heard in the air, and instantly Miss Asdon, who stood with upraised arm, pointing to the figures on the hill, fell at the feet of Elfreda, who cried out in dismay that she was dead or dying.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE RIGHT REV. LORD ARTHUR C. HERVEY, D.D., BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth."—ISAIAH LXV. 17.



WE are standing on the threshold of a new year. Behind us is the old year—spent, and worn out, and done with. Whatever it had to give us it has given us. We know all about it. It has come and gone. It is like an empty basket, all the contents of which have been poured out and are before our eyes. Nothing more can come of it for our good or for our joy. It has not been, probably, for any of us exactly what we expected and wished for. To some it brought many sorrows, many failures, many disappointments. Its good things were not as good as we expected they would be, and many unexpected evils came tumbling out along with the good. And if it has been so with our circumstances, it has been so no less with our performances. As the past lies before us with its tale of failures, omissions, shortcomings; its triumphs of self-will over duty; its defeats of good purposes by over-masterful affections; its wasted opportunities; its lost seasons; its humiliating compliances; its blank pages with no record of good done, and its foul pages with their record of evil—how can we look upon it but with a sense of dissatisfaction and shame?

But the new year is coming, and there is not one of us who does not look upon its advent with a peculiar interest. The thought that it is *new*

invests it with that interest. It is its *novelty* that constitutes its charm. Let us try and analyse the feelings which the coming of a new year awakens in us.

I. I think that an important element in the feelings with which we look forward to the new year is the sense of dissatisfaction with the old one which is come to an end. It is the unprofitableness, and the disappointments, and the failures of the old which lend point to the welcome which we give to the new. Just as the old Covenant was disannulled for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof, and the new Covenant came in, with its better promises, and its more excellent ministry (Heb. vii. 18; viii. 6, 13), so it seems to us that with the decay and vanishing away of the old year, we may look for a lasting brightness and excellence in the new. Certainly if the old had been perfect, if it had run its course in one even flow of joy and gladness, of truth and goodness, its close would be a cause of sadness, and the change would come winged with anxiety and fear. It is in the failures of the past that we draw our motives for welcoming the future.

II. And this leads us to seize the leading element of the feelings with which we greet that which is new. That element is hope. The new year comes to us with smiles, and commands our joyous welcome, because it comes rich and beautiful with the boundless treasures of hope. The buoyant spirit within us feels a vast capacity for

happiness; the instinctive belief, whether conscious or not conscious, of an inexhaustible stock of good in Nature or in God, holds out the material for satisfying that capacity; and so, attributing past failures to accidental hindrances, we fondly look forward to the new year as likely to satisfy our aspirations, and to bring with it the gratification of our desires. Has the past year been one of pain and sickness? That was caused by temporary and accidental circumstances which we hope will have no place in the new, and we look forward to joy and health in their room. Have the months that are past been darkened by sorrow, depression, and gloom? The womb of the future may be big with new blessings which will efface the memory of our losses, and we cheer ourselves with this hope. In like manner the merchant or the tradesman who has felt the vicissitudes of fortune, and had bad luck in the year that is over, braces himself to new exertion for that which is about to begin, and trusts that the causes of failure are buried in the past, and that prosperity and success will blossom in the future. Everywhere, in short, hope asserts its dominion, and sheds its beauteous glow upon the days that are to come.

And the servant of God—whom temptations and struggles and conflict with sin and the world have saddened in the past—who has come short of his desires in the great business of serving the Lord Jesus Christ and doing good in his generation, and has missed those heights of Zion up which he would fain have climbed, he too partakes of this glow of hope. He will be stronger in the coming year; he will act a more decided part; he will cast in his lot with God's Church more vigorously; he will be more fruitful in good works; he will be more instant in prayer; he will gain more crushing victories over his own sins and faults; he will tread more closely in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. Nor does he hope for himself alone. He thinks of the Church of God. In the past she has had her heavy trials. The bitterness of her foes; the inconsistencies of her friends; the difficulties of her position; the slowness of her progress; the obstacles to her beneficent mission; the perplexities; the intricacies; the entanglement of her affairs; the storms and tempests which have raged around her—these have all caused many a pang to her faithful and loving children, and have sadly dimmed the brightness of the past. But in the pages of the future, as written by the finger of Hope, a different tale is told. Reviving faith and abounding love are bearing their blessed fruits. The Church is rising to her native strength. Her children are realising the blessedness and joyfulness of brethren dwelling together in unity. Her foes are beginning to feel the irresistible power of that unity. Many who were her foes are converted into friends by the beauty of that

unity. The Church's beneficent work is growing on all sides. The dry places are becoming pools of water. The wildernesses are planted with beautiful trees and shrubs, and the deserts blossom like the rose. The Church at home is putting on her beautiful garments of pure truth and spotless righteousness, and Mahomedanism and Heathenism are fading before the Gospel light abroad. Sin and infidelity are withering before the power of Christ, and the world is being filled with the glory of God.

Such is the history of the time that is coming, as seen in the bright visions of hope; and it is in the light of such visions that the new year comes to the Christian's soul and claims and receives a welcome.

And in like manner it will be always found that hope lies at the bottom of that peculiar interest with which novelty is invested. Satiation and curiosity, imagination and love of change, may indeed contribute some ingredients towards it. But hope is the feeling which makes the heart bound forward to greet the new, while in the background there is the conscious or unconscious sense of the vanity of the past, and dissatisfaction with it.

But what is hope? What does it rest upon? What security is there that it will not be disappointed?

Hope is an instinctive feeling in our human nature, springing from man's primeval consciousness of the boundless power and goodness of God. Apart from any consequences following upon sin and disobedience, the creature has, and ought to have, unbounded confidence in the love and in the resources of the Creator. Whatever present troubles or discomforts may press upon him, there still remains in unimpaired fullness the goodness of God. In that is his trust. Temporary clouds may obscure the brightness of the sun; but when the clouds have blown over, the sun will be seen shining as brightly as ever. So the creature has a right to feel that behind any passing shadows of sorrow which darken his sky, the infinite, eternal, unchangeable love of Almighty God is shining in all its bright effulgence, and in that unchanging love his hope is anchored, and being so anchored it cannot be moved. Rational hope rests upon the power and goodness of God. And so to feed and strengthen hope we have but to dwell upon the attributes of God. The more the essential qualities of the Divine nature are understood and felt by us, and the more fully we apprehend the relations between ourselves as creatures and God as Creator, the brighter and surer our hope becomes. Looking into the goodness of God with the strong gaze of a true faith is like looking up into the clear violet sky of a cloudless night. We feel that we are looking into infinite space, studded with unnumbered and countless stars. As orb

after orb meets our searching sight, there is no sense of our having seen the end of the glorious heavens. We feel that if our vision could be extended there would be as much more to be seen as we have already seen. Beauty would succeed beauty, and glory would follow upon glory. The further bound of what we can see would be the hither bound of what we do not see. And just so in meditating upon the goodness and power of God—we feel instinctively that they are fathomless. "His greatness is unsearchable." (Psalm cxlv. 3.) And this endless, boundless, unsearchable greatness and goodness is the wide basis of hope for all the faithful creatures of God. They have this to fall back upon under every conceivable circumstance of discouragement and fear. And innocent, trustful creatures would need no other security that their hope would not be disappointed.

But in the case of the sinful race of men, an element of doubt arises. Any intelligent conception of the goodness of God must recognise hatred of evil, and the punishment of evil doers as far as is necessary for the extirpation of evil, as part of that goodness. How does that affect the hope of man? What if that very boundless goodness of God should of necessity exclude sinful man from the enjoyment of it! What if death is the very shadow of sin, and suffering the eternal fruit of evil! What then would become of human hopes? God's goodness would indeed stand fast like the strong mountains, but would it include the ruin of every guilty soul? Awful and terrific doubt, insoluble by human reason!

But here the glorious Gospel of the blessed God comes in to our relief. It is a capital article of the new Covenant of God's grace in Jesus Christ, which contains the promise, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." It is the assurance that the great atonement for sin offered upon the Cross by the Son of God, when He bare the sins of many in His own spotless body, has "taken away the sin of the world," which removes our fears and unbinds our fettered hope to soar heavenward with its eagle wing. It is the Atonement announced in the Gospel which sets free the primeval hope founded upon the goodness of God, and gives it a fresh spring and a new power, because it displays in a new and stupendous way the greatness of God's love and the resources of His wisdom and power, and further guarantees the hope by the express promise of Almighty God.

Now, then, to turn to the promise in our text, the future dawns upon us with the brightest colours of unchecked hope. Starting from the central fact of Redemption by the Blood of Christ, and sin removed by His atoning sacrifice, we look to a new heaven and a new earth, with the sanguine exultation of an eager hope.

Whether we draw our expectations from the depths of our instinctive confidence in God, or from the safer and surer source of the promises of God in Holy Scripture, we look upon the passing away of old things, and the setting up of all things new, with unbounded confidence and joy. Old things have been marred by sin, and stained by evil. Disorder and disappointment have troubled the past; its wine was mixed with water, and its silver corrupted by dross; its best things were weak and unprofitable; its holiest things were imperfect; because everywhere in the old the shadow of sin was cast across them. But the word has gone forth from the mouth of God, "Behold, I create all things new!" and the unchained hope in the breast of man bounds forwards and upwards towards the blessed prospect. It is the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father in all its glory and all its perfectness that is before us. New heavens and a new earth, a new Jerusalem, and all things new; and for ourselves the new heart and the new spirit of regenerated humanity, of which we have just sufficient foretaste in this present world to make us long for its perfection, in the world to come. And as we think of this new creation from which all evil is for ever shut out, what a prospect lies before us! We cannot indeed see the details of that future existence, for they all lie bathed in the light of God's presence—in a sea of glory which our mortal eyes cannot penetrate nor discern. But we measure its capabilities by the breadth and length, and depth and height of the love of God, and we are satisfied.

There are, however, some features of that new life which we can discern, and it may be well to note them.

1. We may place first the restoration of our nature to its perfection. Man was created at first in the image of God (Gen. i. 26, 27), and the new man is "renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him" (Col. iii. 10), or as it is otherwise expressed in Eph. iv. 24, is "created after God in righteousness and true holiness." This restoration of our human nature "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," this expansion and perfection of the intellectual and moral faculties of our manhood, is undoubtedly the first and choicest of those "new things" which our Christian hope yearns for, and it is necessary for our capacity to enjoy the other "good things" which "God has prepared for them that love Him." We have only to suppose our present rational powers stretched, and enlarged, and unimpeded, and unfettered by weakness or decay—not powers of a different kind, but the present powers developed by a healthy growth, and not stunted by corruption or disease—to see what boundless enjoyment may be in store for us in those new heavens and that new earth towards which we are hastening. Then,

while the intellect is enjoying its feast of knowledge—knowledge of God and knowledge of God's wondrous and endless works—the heart will be revelling in those holy satisfactions which are found in righteousness, beneficence, and love. Exemption from the moral pain of sin, as well as from the physical pain of suffering; freedom from "sorrow and crying," whether on account of losses, or on account of guilt; and deliverance from that bondage which comes through the fear of death, will also make up the sum of the blessedness of that new state for which we wait.

2. Of the things which are external to ourselves stands first, of course, the visible presence of God, filling all the vessels of our renewed humanity with holy joy and gladness. The imperfection of our present faculties makes it impossible for us to conceive the amount of blessedness which the prospect of the "fruition of the glorious Godhead" of the Most High, present with us in unveiled power and love, holds out to us. Till we know Him as we are known of Him, and till we see Him "as He is," we cannot measure the fulness of the joy and pleasure which are in His presence (Ps. xvi. 12) for evermore. Still, we can understand that such promises, for example, as that in Rev. xxi. 3, which speaks of the time when the Tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and be with them, and be their God; or that in Rev. xxii. 3—5, that in the New Jerusalem God's servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face, and there shall be no night there, and no need of the sun to give them light, because the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof (Rev. xxi. 23)—do give the notion of a happiness which cannot be surpassed.

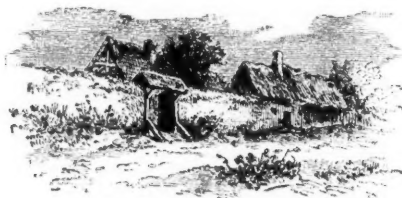
3. Another feature of the new life which we can in some degree anticipate is the intercommunion of all God's saints in a most blessed fellowship. When we think how much of the present happiness of life consists in the fellowship of men and brethren, in the interchanges of thought and affection, in receiving and imparting knowledge, and in common services to the praise

and glory of God, we can readily imagine how enormously such happiness will be enhanced when we are actually come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven. The meeting of Peter, James, and John, with Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, the occasional visits of holy angels to our earth, the converse of the multitude of the Heavenly Host at the birth of the Lord Jesus, the glimpses of the intercommunion of saints and angels given to us in the Book of the Revelation, and many other passages both in the Old and New Testaments, all suggest to us the boundless enjoyment that may be in store for us in the brotherhood of the servants of Christ, of all ages and all families, in the world to come.

Other probable features of the new life will suggest themselves to those who, in the light of Holy Scripture, will gaze steadily into the future. But these will be enough to show us that even Hope cannot paint in too bright colours those "new heavens and new earth" of which God's Holy Word assures us.

And now to return once more to the thoughts with which we started. We know not what the new year may have in store for us, of good or of evil, or what it will bring to our Church or nation. But, still, we greet it hopefully, because we trust in the lovingkindness of our God. He will mix our cup for us, and His hand is that of a loving Father. In our anticipations of what is to come, hope predominates, and hope has its roots in the boundless goodness of God.

But whatever doubts may cloud the prospect immediately before us, we have only to take into view the more distant scenes of futurity, and then our hope is sure. In the new heavens and the new earth which the Word of God promises, there will be no disappointments. Look forward, oh, ye children of God, to those new things which are before you, and let Hope have her widest range.

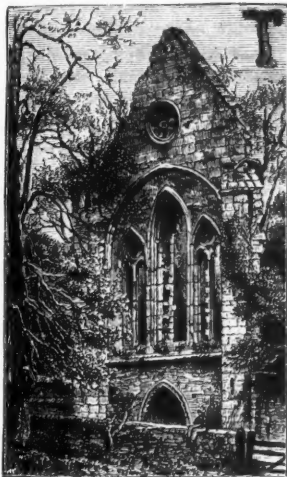




NEW PARABLES FROM NATURE.

BY THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.



TWEET! tweet, tweet!" What a noise they were making in the ivy-clad tower, and under the eaves of the old church! What could it all mean? Were the swallows rejoicing in the bright spring weather and in their return to their old haunts, or were they telling their acquaintances the sparrows the story of their wander-

ings, and exchanging ideas on the events that had occurred in their absence? Evidently some knotty point was under discussion, and a jackdaw lazily flapped his wings and descended from the top of the steeple to learn what it was all about.

"Hypocrite!" "Interloper!" "Setting himself up for better than his neighbours," were a few of the epithets which greeted his ears as he alighted.

"I hate your new-fangled ways!" chirped a matronly sparrow, whose ancestors had had their nests in the ivy for generations. "Give me a window you can see through!"

"New-fangled! my dear madam," replied the swallow in a patronising tone, "allow me to assure you that all the records of antiquity would be in favour of our friend——"

"Friend, indeed!" and a perfect babble of sound issued from the old walls, as birds and insects combined in raising their voices against the new-comer; for had they not each and all suffered in some way or another by his advent?

"I confess I do not pretend to understand him," said a large spider; "he is so totally different from other windows of my acquaintance. Once on their

sills, I know exactly at what angle to cast my thread, but with his wavy lead lines, ugh!" and rolling himself up into a ball he disappeared.

"Understand him! I should think not, indeed," chimed in a snail. "I flatter myself my acquaintance with him is closer than any of yours; and—would you believe it?—at first, after laborious consideration, I came to the conclusion he was blue, then yellow, and now positively I believe him to be red! Such inconsistency is sickening."

"Though needful, maybe, for the beauty of the whole," said the jackdaw, who had hitherto kept silence; but his remark called forth such a chorus of abuse that he slowly rose to the summit of the tower, croaking forth about "narrow-minded prejudice," and "two sides to every quarrel."

The evening shadows closed in, the moon rose in the heavens, and as she threw her pale, cold light on the painted window a murmur of complaint broke the midnight stillness.

"O why came I here? why am I so maligned, misjudged? why can I not proclaim to all the truths so deeply graven on myself? why cannot all see the Master's design shown forth by me?"

The moonbeams played around the sorrowful one, and answered—

"Are you not where the Architect would have you be? Did not he know the limit of your influence! Let but the sun's rays shine through you, and the story he has entrusted to your keeping will, in the colours he has designed, fall forward on the prepared ground."

"What a lovely window!" exclaimed the elder of two ladies who entered the church a few days afterwards. "How beautifully the colours blend! You may think me fanciful!" she continued, "but do you know, a window like that seems to me an apt symbol of our life, all made of different pieces and shades joined together by what we call circumstances, and to outsiders, and even sometimes to ourselves, with very little beauty to see in it, or design; but once let us enter within the veil, and illumined by the light of God's loving purpose we shall see that we have all the time been working out His Likeness, reflecting little by little His Image, and shall then be satisfied."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

LESSONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS.

BY THE REV. J. WYCLIFFE GEDGE, M.A., DIOCESAN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS FOR WINCHESTER.

NO. 9. THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Scripture to be read—Daniel i., Matt. xiv. (part of).

TO THE TEACHER.

This lesson will require some little care. It will be best to dwell more on the positive duty of purity and temperance than on the sin forbidden, particularly with younger children, for whom these lessons are specially intended.

I. THE SIN FORBIDDEN—*Adultery.*

(Read Matt. xiv. 1—5.) Remind how God made Adam and gave him Eve for his wife—what was Adam told to do? (Matt. xix. 4, 5.) To cleave to her—*i.e.*, to love and honour always, as long as they lived. What did Herod do? Left his own wife and took his brother's—breaking this Commandment.

This Commandment forbids any excess. See how children can break it. Food is necessary, but must not take too much. Sleep needful, but must get up at proper time. Pleasure right, but not carried to excess. So Commandment forbids *gluttony, sloth, impurity*, and all sins of the body.

II. THE DUTY ENJOINED—*Temperance.* (Read Dan. i. 8—17.) A story in this chapter of three young men—princes of the Jews—had been taken captive with the rest of the Jews—received special honour—to live near the king as his courtiers (verse 4). What favour did Daniel ask? Was allowed rich food and wine—he and the three princes. What did they ask for? Why did they want simple food? Perhaps because the food had first been offered to idols—perhaps because knew might be tempted to take too much—at any rate, they chose to live simply, temperately, soberly. Did their *bodies* suffer? Were found to be fairer and fatter than those who had rich food and drink. Did their *minds* suffer? God gave them wisdom and knowledge. Did their *souls* suffer? Read afterwards how they chose death rather than worship other gods and sin against God.

Children may learn from them to be *temperate*—not necessarily keeping from all nice food or pleasure, but learning to be moderate in appetite—to keep their bodies in subjection—will help to make their *bodies* healthy—not so likely to have headaches, or catch diseases, etc.—their *minds* clear—better able to learn lessons—their *souls* right before God. Therefore must never *listen to—or speak—or do anything*

we should not like God to hear or see. Our bodies are meant to live in heaven—must watch and pray, so that they may be made ready for heaven now. (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

LESSON. *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*

NO. 10. THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Scripture to be read—Joshua vii., Gen. xxxix. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Dishonesty said to be peculiarly the sin of these days. Wasting time, scamping work, gambling, dishonest weights, robbing employers. Teachers may well find out the special temptations likely to beset their children, and try to bring the lesson of honesty practically home.

I. THE SIN—*Dishonesty.* (Read Josh. vii. 11—26.) Story of a battle. Joshua and Israelites against city of Ai. Israelites defeated—why? Because have displeased God. What was the first city they took? What was to be done with spoil of Jericho? (Josh. vi. 24.) Was given to God—used for His service. What had Achan done? How was he found out? Picture his feelings as the lot first gave his tribe—then his family—household—himself. How was he punished? See what God thinks of this sin.

Commandment very short—only four words—perhaps more broken than any other. Many different ways; only time to mention a few. (a) *First, actual stealing—i.e.*, taking other persons' things—money, clothes, books, etc. Children sometimes think no harm to take little things, such as pencils, knives, fruit, etc. Can the quantity taken make any difference? Must keep from *pilfering—picking*, such as lumps of sugar, biscuits, etc. Remind of Judas, who stole secretly money from the disciples' purse, and his awful sin and death. (b) *Dishonesty* another common kind of stealing—*e.g.*, copying another child's lessons, thus stealing with the eyes—riding in second-class carriage with third-class ticket—playing unfairly at games—getting credit for what did not deserve—taking unjust advantage of another's ignorance—using false weights and measures—many other similar tricks. (c) *Waste.* This very frequent. Servant's time belongs to mistress—pupil-teacher's to her governess—errand boy's to employer—all our time to God. Any wilful waste breaks this Commandment. What did Christ tell disciples to do with crumbs after He fed the multitudes? What a lesson against waste!

II. THE DUTY—*Honesty.* (Read Gen. xxxix. 1—6.) All know the story of Joseph—sold by his brothers to Ishmaelites—taken to Egypt—bought by Potiphar—made overseer. Why did Potiphar treat him so? Joseph was honest and faithful. Treated

his master's property as if his own—could be trusted. What a good character to get! All children must aim at same—to be honest and just in all they do, e.g., restore anything given them by accident in excess, such as change for money—do their work diligently and conscientiously—when old enough, work to get honest livelihood (Eph. iv. 28), not living upon others—spending working-time—holiday-time—rest-time (Sundays), as those that must give an account. All this fulfils spirit of Commandment.

LESSON. *Do all to the glory of God.*

NO. 11. THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

Scripture to be read—Various.

INTRODUCTION. This Commandment closely connected with eighth—stealing a lying with the hands. That forbade taking neighbour's goods, this forbids taking away his character—and like that, this includes many forms of the sin.

I. THE SIN—*Lying (a) against others.* (Read 1 Kings xxi. 1—13.) An old story—familiar to all. Ahab wanted Naboth's vineyard—how did he get it? Jezebel got these men to bear direct *false witness* of worst kind, because done solemnly in court of justice. Is such a thing ever done now? Often hear of it in law-courts—done to try and help some neighbour—get him off—please him as these men did it to please Jezebel. But the sin just the same to bear false witness *for* or *against* neighbour.

Remind also of false witnesses against Christ. (Matt. xxvi. 59—61.) Christ had said these words, but did not mean what they made out He meant—therefore witness was false. So also Stephen unjustly condemned. (Acts vi. 14.) Shows how careful must be in repeating things others have said. So far have spoken of lying against others. Most often perhaps persons (b) *tell lies for themselves.* Remind of Cain—jealous, angry, murderer—questioned by God—told lie, hoping to *conceal a sin.* This very common with children—can only remind them of all-seeing eye of God.

Another form of this sin is *slandering*, i.e., speaking against people either openly or privately. Often rebuked in Book of Proverbs. May arise from *malice*, wishing to injure others—or *thoughtlessness*, from mere love of talking about others—or *uncharitableness*. Anyhow, is a most serious evil—likely to do them much harm. Christ rebukes this judging of others in His Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. vii. 1, 2.) We cannot judge fairly—therefore should never speak evil of others.

II. THE DUTY—*Truth.* (Eph. iv. 15.) What two things are joined? Truth about ourselves, love about our neighbours. Said to be very difficult to find absolutely truthful person. Many warnings in Bible against liars—many blessings promised to the truthful. (Prov. xii. 22, etc.) Sometimes called upon to speak of others—to tell of their faults—e.g., Joseph had to tell his father of his brother's wrong-doing—must do it charitably, i.e., in love—put best con-

struction on others' conduct—not say more than are obliged—not “tell tales.” So this Commandment teaches to be truthful, honourable, upright, charitable in word, as eighth Commandment taught in deed.

LESSON. *The lip of truth is His delight.*

NO. 12. THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

Scripture to be read—2 Kings v. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. Let teacher hear children repeat Commandment carefully, and see that they pronounce words accurately. Then explain meaning of “covet,” by wishing for other person's goods so as to deprive him of them—and generally discontent with our own position and circumstances.

I. THE SIN—*Covetousness.* (Read 2 Kings v. 20—27.) Who was Gehazi? Servant to Elisha—a simple prophet—living quietly and in humble way, yet declined Naaman's money because had sufficient and was contented. Not so Gehazi. How did Elisha discover him? Punishment not only on himself, but his family—probably they had been discontented—urged him on to improve his position—shared his punishment.

Another instance. Judas joined Christ evidently for what he could get—honour, fame, riches, as disciple of Him Who could do such wonderful miracles—got charge of the bag or common purse—stole from time to time—not content yet—wanted more—betrayed Christ—got the thirty pieces—remorse—hanged himself. Warn children of deadly nature of this sin. Begins with *discontent* with condition in life—not enough money, pleasure, etc., leads to *desiring* others' things—then follows temptation to get them without working for them, either by gambling, lying, or stealing.

Another way of breaking Commandment is to set heart on earthly things—making them first object of life—also in living for self, not for others. St. Paul calls covetousness idolatry, because takes man's heart away from God.

II. THE DUTY—*Contentment.* (Read Job i. 8—22.) Not known when Job lived—probably in time of Moses. What was Satan allowed to do? To take away his cattle, children, goods—afterwards to afflict his body (Job ii. 7). How did Job bear it? Was content to leave his life in God's hands—knowing he did all things well. Last chapter tells how he was rewarded. God gave him twice as much as before. (Job xlii. 12.)

This contentment a great blessing. St. Paul says that enough for us to have food and raiment. Remind of Christ, Who had not where to lay His head—was born in a stable—lived in lowliness. What does St. Paul say of himself? (Phil. iv. 11.) Also bids us be careful for nothing. Contentment brings happiness to selves, cheerfulness towards others, prevents anxiety for future, encourages industry, helps us to lay up treasure in heaven, to mind heavenly things. So teaches spirit of Christ Himself.

LESSON. *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*



"Her trembling fingers tried again and again to thread her needle."—p. 150.

GRETCHEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT SHE COULD," ETC.

"**Y**OU little know what you are refusing, Gretchen! Before long I shall have money enough to buy a really nice house—perhaps one of those new villas on the cliff, that you admire so much."

"I cannot leave Alice alone."

The girl's voice faltered a little, but her sweet, brave face looked steadfast enough to render her companion thoroughly impatient.

"Really, Gretchen, you ought to be aware that husbands and wives are exhorted to forsake all else and cleave to each other. If you cared for me at all, you would certainly consider my claims before those of Alice."

Gretchen made no answer; but as she gazed out towards the sea, he saw her shiver almost helplessly.

"You *do* love me!" he cried triumphantly, "and that love gives me a right to care for your future. Why, Gretchen," and his eager accents grew low and fond, "ever since we were quite little we have seemed to belong to each other. Don't you remember, when your parents were alive, and my father was out of work, how you tried to get little jobs of sewing—you were always so clever at your needle—to supply me with books and the things I needed for my experiments? I told you I would pay you back some day, and so I will! Gretchen, give your life into my keeping, and I will surround you with such comforts that you will forget how humble were the homes of our childhood."

"I am so glad you have prospered, Reuben," said Gretchen, laying her gentle hand on his. "You were always so clever that I knew you would get on in life, and I am still more glad you have remembered your old friends at Firfield."

"I shall never forget *you*!" he exclaimed impetuously. "Now I have patented my invention, my fortune is secure, and it is too bad of you to say 'No' to me, just when everything else is going well with me."

"Reuben," she said, facing him, and speaking with a degree of effort that he could not understand, "I would say 'Yes' if I *could*, but Alice is in feeble health—at times she is quite laid up, and she is not able to accomplish as much as she was in the way of sewing."

"And so I suppose you will kill yourself by a double amount of work?"

"Oh, no! Alice does a good deal still, but I—I want to spare her as much as possible. Think how she has toiled since mother died! But I forgot—that was after you had emigrated. You do not know how hard Alice worked, and now she would break down utterly if I left her to struggle alone."

A notion crossed the mind of Reuben Hurst that he would offer Alice Langton two or three shillings a week from his expected fortune, if she would take a room some distance from the villa of his dreams; but he could not quite decide to bind himself by such a promise, for perhaps Gretchen's decision might be for the best, if her sister were really going to be a burdensome invalid!

"Well, I meant to make a lady of you," he said, gazing with real regret at the clear brown eyes that had ever held depths of kindness for him; "you would have been Mrs. Reuben Hurst, of Cliff Villas, Firfield. Your nature is so gentle, Gretchen, that with a little careful training and education from myself, you would be fit to be introduced anywhere; but Alice is quite different. Even her hands seem to tell of the plebeian——"

"My love for Alice is very deep," said Gretchen, flushing, "and as I can neither separate my lot from hers, nor think of your being connected with a sister-in-law of whom you are ashamed, let us—let us talk no more about it, Reuben."

"I suppose you know I leave Firfield this evening?"

he asked, taking her hand, as she paused on the darkening beach. "Old Martin wanted me to go back to the foundry where I worked as a boy, but I mean to get employment in London till my patent boiler renders me independent."

"You were always so fond of change," said Gretchen, rather anxiously. "Some who went into the works here at the same time as yourself are steadily rising step by step; and with all the experience you have gained abroad, I should think you would be very useful to the firm."

"They are too old-fashioned for me, Gretchen. Why, the manager actually thought nothing at all of the plans that I showed him of my boiler. I would have returned to spend my fortune in Firfield had you given up that sister of yours for my sake; as it is, I believe you will live to need me yet! Why, how cold your hands are, Gretchen!"

"Yes, it is getting chilly; the sea grows quite dim. Good-bye, dear Reuben; God bless you!"

He hesitated for an instant, then pressed the cold hand to his lips with a reverence foreign to his light, thoughtless nature. The next moment he had turned into the road leading to the station, and the dream of Gretchen's life faded from her eyes. She turned back to the everyday life of toil and care, to her sister, standing at their cottage door, and peering half frightened through the shadows.

"Why, Gretchen! I thought you were lost; I was really getting anxious about you, child! Whatever could I do without you?"

"*Even Christ pleased not Himself*," thought Gretchen, with a glad, sweet throb at her pure young heart, as she kissed her sister's tired, worn face.

Brightly smiled the moon across the sands where Evelyn, blue-eyed heiress of Major-General Dacres, was pacing to and fro, her dainty hands resting on the arm of her betrothed. General Dacres was spending the season in Firfield, and three days hence his daughter's marriage was to take place at the parish church. The natural merriment of the golden-tressed damsel was hushed for a space, as the silver light reminded her of the dear mother who, among the white-robed company, surely looked down on the joy of her child; and Evelyn understood why her father had held her so closely ere she left him, with the shadow of memory on his aging face.

"Oh, Ren, if only *every* heart could be satisfied as is my own! I am so happy myself that I cannot bear to think any other life should be clouded just now. I seem to want *every one* to be glad and joyful now!"

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away at last, beloved," he answered, looking up to the evening sky. "In our Lord's good time the song of gladness shall be chanted everywhere."

Tenderly the moon shone also into a busy work-room, where weary energies were engaged in fashioning fair apparel. It was the height of the season at

Firfield, and Madame Victorine was nearly distracted by the orders that flowed in daily; she was thankful that Miss Dacres' *trousseau* was now complete, save for the wedding-robe, which was safe in the hands of Gretchen Langton. Madame Victorine glanced into the work-room as she went to tea, to assure herself that the dress would be finished that evening.

"Mr. Hurst is in Firfield," she said, "and Miss Dacres would like him to see it; take it round, Gretchen, as you go home. Why, what is the matter with you? You look more fit for your bed than for the work-room; have you had your tea yet, Gretchen?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you; it was only a pain—it is quite gone now."

Alice, seated as ever close beside her sister, looked up from her work to say, "Gretchen has not seemed herself for some time, ma'am; she must take a long holiday when I get strong and well. All through my illness in the winter she was bread-winner, and it is telling upon her now."

Madame Victorine looked pityingly at the two, knowing how little Alice was able to earn, and feeling that it was almost a vain hope for her to be "strong and well" again.

"This dress looks beautiful," she said to Gretchen, who had always been a great favourite with her, "and I shall let Miss Dacres know that the bodice was quite your own idea; you must run into the church and have a look at her when she is married to Mr. Hurst."

Gretchen smiled faintly. Her employer went away, but she seemed unable to put another stitch in the marriage dress; her trembling fingers tried again and again to thread her needle, and her yearning eyes saw, not the shining robe beneath her hand, but the sea that had darkened when she parted from Reuben long ago. Never before had she heard the name of Miss Dacres' *fiancé*. Now her heart, always shrining the face of her Reuben, felt that indeed it was he who had risen so high in the social scale as to win the hand of a "lady born." He was so quick, so clever, and his patent boiler was so wonderful. Now-a-days inventive minds soon worked their way to the front, and it had always seemed to her that no position in life was beyond the reach of the boy who had been her childhood's hero and pride.

"Kate, have you ever seen the gentleman Miss Dacres is to marry?" she asked presently of a young apprentice, who ran in with some materials from another work-room, and lingered to take a passing rest.

"Mr. Hurst?" said the girl. "No, I've never seen him. Mother told me he comes from London, and now he's going to live in Firfield. I should think Miss Dacres must be very fond of him, for I heard her say in the mantle-room one day, talking to herself like, 'I wonder what Reu would think of that dolman?' Of course 'Reu' must be her young man! Won't she look nice on Monday! O Gretchen, I wish that it was your own wedding dress instead of

hers! When *you* get married, won't we all come to the breakfast!"

For awhile it had seemed as though Gretchen *could not* touch the wedding dress of Reuben's bride, *her* Reuben, as her secret soul had called him yearningly so long; but whatever her Master appointed she knew He would strengthen her to perform. Faithful in her work because faithful to *Him*, she bent anew over the snowy frillings, and if the tears stood in her shadowed eyes, they did not fall to dim the lustre of Evelyn's robe.

By-and-by she took the dress home, praying in her heart not to be brought into contact with Reuben, even if she had to witness the bride's admiration of her work. The servant told her Miss Dacres was out, and she caught sight afar off of two figures on the sands. With hands tightly clasped Gretchen went back to the town. She would have liked to linger among the solemn rocks and commune with Him Who only *knew* and *understood*, but Alice would be waiting anxiously, and Gretchen must go home to be her help and cheer.

Till four o'clock on Saturday, Madame Victorine's assistants were hard at work; oh, with what thankful hearts they thought of the quiet and peace of the morrow! Sunday morning was calm and bright, restless as the woman's soul that breathed a blessing on those whose marriage drew so near. After service Alice went to lie down, and Gretchen stood at the door, listening to their neighbour's little children, who were singing one of their simple hymns—

"Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me."

"Yes, *He* cares," thought Gretchen; "the heart of our God makes room for the loneliest life, and *His* is an everlasting love."

"Does Miss Langton live here?" asked a pleasant voice beside her, and Gretchen turned, startled to find herself face to face with Evelyn Dacres, fairer than ever with the bridal bloom crowning her already.

"I am Gretchen Langton," she said, simply, as she made way for her visitor to take a chair. "Do you want my elder sister, Alice?"

"No, I came to see you," said Evelyn, with the bright look that none could resist. "I had so much to see to yesterday that I could not go round to Madame Victorine's till quite late, and then I told her how much I like my dress. She says *you* had the most to do with it—how hard you have been working for me!"

"I am glad you are pleased, miss; I have been with Madame Victorine from a girl, and she is always very good to me."

"She was telling me about your invalid sister," said Evelyn, "and that is my reason for intruding to-day; my father is one of the managers of Southmead Convalescent Home, and I should so much like your sister to have a nice long visit there."

Evelyn, so anxious in her happiness to bring sun-

shine to others, spoke with an earnestness that was enforced by a touch of her soft gloved hand. Gretchen trembled beneath it; could she accept a kindness from Reuben's bride? Alice's feeble health had been taken again and again to the Lord in prayer: now, when there arose the prospect of rest and change, Gretchen's heart felt almost hard and unthankful.

"God Almighty cares for me!" sang the children, carolling like little birds; and thinking of Him Who came in deep humiliation to perform His Father's will, Gretchen was able to utter a few words of real gratitude.

"Can you call upon my father to-morrow evening, after—after we have gone away?" said Evelyn, with a quivering smile. "He will be able to make all arrangements, and they will take great care of your sister at Southmead. I shall tell my father that your sister's health is my parting charge to him. Oh, there is Mr. Hurst; I asked him to wait in the Beach Road, but I suppose I must say good-bye, Miss Langton. I feel sure your sister will get quite well."

The bright vision of cashmere and silk flitted away, whilst with wildly throbbing pulses Gretchen went to the door to look after her. She caught a glimpse of a tall, strong form, and a face that could be trusted and revered, but the one who smiled down at Miss Dacres was in clerical dress, and he was *not* her Reuben! Next day Gretchen saw the marriage, and during the week she read the announcement—"The Rev. Rupert Hurst to Evelyn, daughter of Major-General Dacres." Where Reuben was she knew not, but she brokenly thanked Heaven that she had been spared the sharpest pain of all—to hear the lips she loved repeat to another the altar vows.

Alice looked years younger when she returned from Southmead—the regular, nourishing food, rest of mind and body, and new surroundings, worked wonders for her. Thanks to the General's kindness, her stay was unusually prolonged, and Gretchen spent two happy weeks with her there, rejoicing in her restoration.

About this time Madame Victorine gave up business, and much of the dressmaking found its way to the Langtons, who at last decided to employ assistants, and take one of the smallest of the houses on the cliff—one of those very villas which Reuben Hurst had pointed out to Gretchen as attainable by marriage with him. The rapid increase of Firfield brought them plenty of work; Gretchen's good taste and pleasant manners made her a great favourite in the neighbourhood, and the sisters thankfully realised that their income was a very comfortable one, and their connection secured.

The Rev. Rupert Hurst was now incumbent of the church on the cliff, and the General lived at the vicarage with his daughter, who was always a steady friend to the sisters. One day the clergyman called to ask Alice for a book he had given her

some time ago—comforting words suitable for sickness.

"It is out of print," said he, "and I want to lend it just now to a poor young fellow in the town—a namesake of my own, by the way. He is in a very depressed state of mind, for he has been crippled by an accident whilst experimenting. He was an engineer, and very original and inventive I believe, but he seems quite broken down by his illness and the failure of some wonderful patent of his. I have just obtained for him a small clerkship at the Foundry, so Reuben Hurst will be relieved from the trouble of helpless dependence on his friends."

"Reuben Hurst?" exclaimed Alice, whilst Gretchen bent lower over her sewing; "I wonder if that is our old acquaintance? Do you know where he is staying, sir? His only surviving relations are the Martins."

"He is with the Martins in High Street," said Mr. Hurst. "Poor fellow! the world has dealt hardly with him, but I am thankful to say that trouble has brought him to the one source of comfort, for I believe him to be a true and humble Christian."

"We will find him out and cheer him up," said Alice. "He was always so active that infirmity must be a sore trial to poor Reuben."

Gretchen said nothing; but that evening she went down to the Martins with a beautiful bunch of dewy flowers, and when Reuben, shy and shamed at first, knew he could count on her friendship again, he felt that infinite Mercy had lightened his darkness indeed. The clergyman was right as to Reuben's character; suffering had deepened and purified it, leaving him despoiled of his vanity and self-esteem at the foot of the Cross.

Oh! how the long-ago seemed renewed, and the weakness and disappointment forgotten, when Gretchen's brown eyes smiled into his, and her gentle hands began to linger over their good-byes. There came a day when Reuben seemed specially low and weary—old Mrs. Martin said he had been limping about too long near Cliff Villas.

"He wants some one to look after him," said the old lady, bustling away as she heard her husband's entrance. "Reuben was always such an unquiet lad."

Gretchen, left alone with him, turned to Reuben—her "restless boy," as she had called him of old.

"Reuben," she said, very gently, colouring and stammering a little, "do you remember telling me once that I should live to need you?"

"Don't, Gretchen! my conceit——"

"It has come true, Reuben. Alice is quite well now, and there isn't anybody I can take care of, Reuben."

"I know you pity me," he said, with eyes bedewed, "but I will never suffer such a sacrifice, my Gretchen. I am only just a wreck."

"My darling," she said very softly, her lips touching his hair, "then won't you come into harbour? won't you come home to me, Reuben? I have needed you so long!" And thus, in the strength of her woman's love, she forgave and forgot the past.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

Words by WATTS.

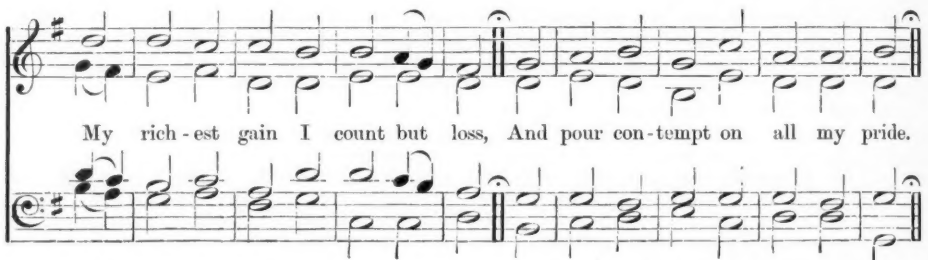
Slowly. $\text{♩} = 52$.

Music by C. L. WILLIAMS, MUS. B.

(Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.)



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE CEDARS AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "BIBLE TEACHINGS IN NATURE," ETC.

IN THREE PAPERS.—III.

(GENESIS iii. 8; REVELATION i. 12, 13.)



ANOTHER point of contrast between the revelation of Patmos and the revelation of Eden is the clearness and fulness of the one, in comparison with the dimness and obscurity of the other. God talked with Adam not only among but through the medium of the trees of the garden, conveyed to him spiritual instruction by the objects and processes of nature around him. But whatever knowledge of spiritual truth he could thus glean from the hieroglyphics of the natural world, there was much in the character and relations of God which of necessity was unknown to him; there was much in the constitution of the world, in the wildernesses and

deaths of nature, in the whole physical order of the earth, which was set to the keynote of struggle, toil, and suffering, which, because of his childlike innocence, he could not understand. The revelation among the trees was, therefore, supplemented, when he fell, by the revelation among the candlesticks. Sin brought a terrible darkness upon the world and upon man, but the Divine light shone in the darkness. Man's eyes were opened to know good and evil. The darkness of sin brought out stars in heaven, formerly invisible; showed to him a side of God's nature. His justice, and His mercy, which had not been formerly revealed; disclosed to him powers in himself of endurance and courage, hope and faith, such as no dressing and keeping of the garden in Eden could ever have brought into play,

and set forth a wonderful adaptation between a world whose objects and processes are memorials of struggle, pain, and death, and his own constitution, which has been so organised that his purest joys should spring out of his greatest sorrows, and his noblest gains out of his most utter sacrifices.

The witness of the trees of Eden to Adam was simple and satisfactory. The tree of life was to him the symbol of all spiritual blessings. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil was the emblem of the whole moral law. Every time that he beheld the beauty of the tree of life he was reminded of the blessedness of obedience to God's will. The eating of its fruit was a natural sacrament in which he realised his communion with and tasted of the goodness of God. Every time that he looked upon the forbidden tree he was reminded of the penalties of disobedience, expulsion from God's presence, the loss of His favour, misery and death. Religion meant to him simply the knowledge, worship, and service of God as He was revealed by the objects and processes of nature; and on these points nature could give him all the light that he needed.

But we have sinned and fallen, and religion to us includes, besides these elements, repentance of sin and dependence upon an atonement. Nature therefore cannot solve the awful doubts which arise in the human heart regarding the justice of God. Its testimony regarding His ways has so many apparent contradictions that we can get no sure and certain sound. Let us consider the lilies of the field, or the stars of heaven, or any other objects of nature, and they will return no answer to the momentous question of the unquiet conscience and the sin-stained soul, "How shall man be just with God?"

We need therefore a special revelation. We need that He Who at first commanded the light to shine out of darkness, should give us the light of the knowledge of His glory revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. God has given to us this special revelation, suited to our altered sinful state, in the economy of redemption. The candlesticks of the sanctuary disclose to us in the darkness what the trees of nature fail to teach. He who walks in the midst of these candlesticks reveals the Father to us, and is Himself the way by which we may worship Him. In His cross we see the love that hates the sin and saves the sinner; how God can be just and yet the Justifier of the ungodly who believe in Jesus.

In the tabernacle of nature many of the typical objects and processes were unintelligible to Adam, because of his sinful state. The wilderness was there waiting, but it had no meaning to him who was in Eden. The thorns were on the trees, but they suggested no analogy to him who had no thorns in his own heart and life; the thistles spread over the ground, but they conveyed no

lessons regarding the sweat of the face to him whose light labour was to dress and keep the garden. The leaves faded and the fruits fell, and the plants and animals died around him, but the fading and the death appeared to him, who knew nothing of death in his own soul, only as part of God's order in the world, mere phenomena of growth and progress. The whole system of things in the midst of which he lived was constituted with a view to redemption, but man had not the key to the mystery, which was hid from the foundation of the world, because as yet he needed not redemption.

When man fell, therefore, God instituted the tabernacle and its services to explain to him the types of nature that were suitable to his case as a sinful and perishing mortal. The garden of Eden became the tent in the wilderness; and the trees in the midst of the garden, the golden candlestick in the sanctuary. The cherubim were engraved upon the veil and appeared above the mercy-seat, in order to unfold the true meaning of the cherubim of nature. The holiness of God, the sin of man, his need of forgiveness—and that forgiveness through the sufferings of Another in his stead—these things were taught the ancient Hebrews by object-lessons. And the shadows of the law were clearly explained when the Gospel realities, which cast them before, appeared—when the veil that covered spiritual truths was rent in twain, and inarticulate symbols had given place to the Divine Word made manifest in the flesh.

The trees of Eden are Shechinah clouds, that conceal while they reveal the light that gives substance, shape, and colour to them. But in the candlestick the light shines forth clear, naked, unveiled. In nature we see the back parts of God—the shadow cast by His presence; but in grace we behold the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ. Without the teaching of the true light the revelation of the works would be an enigma; and apart from His Person their glories would be a dream. If He had not interpreted the voices of nature, the lilies of the field would have gone on preaching to us for ever in vain. The falling of the corn of wheat into the ground, and dying, and through this sacrifice multiplying itself, would have been regarded as a mere natural occurrence, if He had not explained the reference which it had to the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The mere natural uses of the vine would alone have been regarded if He had not shown its higher use as the shadow of Himself. What innumerable lessons regarding the Kingdom of Heaven would have been lost to us if He had not revealed in His parables its connection with the objects of nature and of human economy. Seated beside Jacob's well He pointed to the living water; in the presence of bodily disease He manifested Himself as the spiritual Physician; at the grave of

Lazarus He revealed Himself as the resurrection and the life. He imparted to us the blessed "second sight," enabling us to recognise under the masks of earth the angels of heaven. Every object in nature became in His hands significant of eternal truth. He showed that all the objects of creation were but uttering one mighty prophecy—all were but one united type of Him Who is the Firstborn of every creature, for He is before all things, and in Him all things consist. And it is a solemn thought that through toil and struggle, loss and death, this clearer and fuller revelation comes to us. The flame that burns in the candlestick is maintained at the expense of the wasting oil and the consuming wick. Through similar waste and consuming of heart, and brain, and life, comes the higher knowledge of the things that belong to our peace. The true light streams out to us through the rent veil of Christ's flesh. Only by passing through the thick darkness of the Cross can we enter into the light inaccessible in which God dwells everlastingly. No more by merely stretching forth our hand can we pluck the fruit of life from the trees of the garden; it is now the stern rule of Heaven that—

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.

And now we come to the last point of contrast between the revelation of Eden and the revelation of Patmos, viz., the transitory nature of the one and the permanence of the other. God appeared to our first parents walking among the trees of the garden. These trees were in their very nature evanescent. What a tender and fragile growth is the grass! How short-lived is the goodness of the flower of the field! How fleeting the life of the largest and oldest patriarch of the forest, whose age has bridged across almost the whole of human history! The dirge of the revelation of nature is "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away." And it is so evanescent because nature is the mere scaffolding of grace; and its decays and deaths, its toils and struggles, are only for the strengthening and unfolding of the spiritual and immortal, the falling away of the fragile, beautiful petals, that the enduring fruit may be fully formed and manifested.

But, on the other hand, God in Christ appeared to the beloved disciple in Patmos in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; and these candlesticks were the symbols of the Word of the Lord which endureth for ever, the Word which, by the Gospel, is preached unto us. The form and substance of these candlesticks indicated the imperishable nature of the revelation which they symbolised. They were all beaten out of solid gold—the most enduring of all earthly materials—the very pavement of

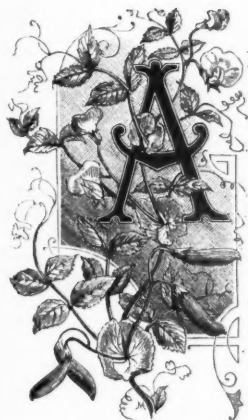
heaven itself. They were carved with the figures of flowers and fruits, preserving the exquisite loveliness of the fading flowers and fruits of earth in an imperishable form. Thus they are appropriate emblems of the beauty and glory of the new creation of God, a creation, though new, yet founded as it were on the ruins of the old, fashioned of lasting and unfading materials, and yet combining all the beauty and glory of that which shall pass away. The trees of nature speak of fading leaves and falling blossoms, and decaying fruits. The candlesticks of grace, made in the form of a tree, and carved with blossoms and fruits, speak of leaves that shall never fade, of flowers that shall never die, and of fruits unto holiness, whose end is everlasting life. And the fact that the candlesticks preserve the form of the trees and the flowers of nature, indicates that nothing good shall be lost, but only restored in a higher form; that the things of this world are all meant to prepare for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. What is most precious and vital in this transitory state of things has an enduring existence. The form perisheth, but the essence remaineth. The teaching, the enlargement of heart and mind, the purification and ennobling of the nature, the beauty and the glory, which the discipline and education have formed, remain and become the possession of the immortal soul for evermore.

And the light, too, of the candlesticks, which shines on these imperishable trees, and brings out the full beauty and glory of these unfading flowers and unwasting fruits, is an appropriate symbol of the crowning dispensation of God. Light was the first thing that was created. It is the principle of order and beauty. By means of it, chaos assumed shape and was clothed with varied hues. It is the essential element of life, health, growth, energy. Beyond its influence death and silence reign supreme. And as it thus preceded and forms all the things of earth, so it shall outlast them all. The forms of tree and flower in which the sunlight temporarily manifests itself, disappear, but the sunlight itself survives; so all that in religion is merely instrumental—the knowledge of Scripture, the use of sacraments, the exercise of self-denial and prayer, even faith in Christ—nay, the very truths themselves in which the heart believeth unto righteousness, the manifestation of God in the flesh, the Redeemer's life and death and satisfaction for sin—all these, which are but means, shall vanish, and the glorious end shall be the beatific vision of the Lamb in the midst of the Throne, as the great everlasting Light of heaven. "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

LITTLE ONES THAT CANNOT BE CURED.

BY ANNE BEALE.

"And they may enter manhood's ripe condition,
Or even reach the mellowed state of age,
Yet never leave the endless repetition
Of childhood's innocent but wearying page."



ABOUT ten years ago a small house was taken in Maida Vale as a Home for Incurable Children. This was at No. 33, and stood at the bottom of a strip of garden, noticeable only for certain perambulators and invalid locomotives which had their abode therein. Those who paused to drop a coin into the box affixed to the railing might have seen pale

faces at the windows; and if they further invaded the house, would have found that it contained twelve such faces, the major portion of which could not even glance from the casement. Numerous were the appeals for admission to this small house, but it could only hold the round dozen which it was prepared to receive; nor, indeed, could its founders and friends afford to support more. However, as time went on, and funds increased with the applications, a larger dwelling was secured, and now at 2, Maida Vale, W., there is a charming Home, capable of receiving thirty little ones who cannot be cured, twenty-four of whom already tenant it.

"Cannot be cured!" The sentence is sad when the doomed patient is far advanced in life; it seems sadder when pronounced at life's beginning. Yet the surroundings of these suffering children are very cheerful, and all is done that Christian love can do to alleviate their apparently irrevocable destiny. In place of the small cottage in a row of somewhat shabby-looking houses, they have a detached and handsome abode, surrounded by a garden, a lawn, and breezy trees. The rooms are lofty and airy, the nurses young and bright, the pictured walls and illuminated dados calculated to amuse and attract children. But, alas! here are children, many of whom cannot be even amused; not all, happily, but some whose existence is worse than animal, for the animals rejoice in life. But they can be, and are, made comfortable, and kept clean, and in all cases their condition is improved when possible. But most of these tender lambs have been paralysed, and the spine so affected that the sensitive brain, in

sympathy, refuses to act. Maybe this is a merciful dispensation, since knowledge of loss brings pain. Still, as we contemplate these afflicted younglings, we naturally ask, what has caused this prostration of bodily or mental power?

The answer is given in a few cases, as in that of the lovely little girl who lies always seemingly unconscious in one of the small beds. Her life-long malady was caused by carelessness. Thrown out of a perambulator when an infant, her spine was permanently injured, and she was paralysed, body and mind. The perambulator was allowed to run down-hill alone, and the result was thus fatal. We have more than once witnessed similar feats, and parents, rich and poor, should take warning, for it is well known that jarring kerb-stones, or an unexpected upset, may ruin a child for life. This one lies fair as a broken snowdrop. If she opens her dark eyes, there is no smile in them; if she turns her white face, it is not in answer to your voice. She is six or seven years old, yet her mind is like an unstrung instrument. There are two bead rings on the thin white hands that lie outside the coverlet, and these have been placed on her finger by some of the other children, who "think she likes them, and understands what they say to her."

All the children have bead rings, some necklaces, and there is a busy little maiden in another cot, who not only strings them, but earns an honest penny by manufacturing small articles of handicraft. Before her is her little table, adorned with pretty ornaments, and surmounted by the photograph of her dear friend, the young lady who devotes one day of the seven to seeking to amuse and teach the few who are amiable and teachable. Other kind ladies also do this philanthropic work. "I mustn't eat sweets," says the little sempstress, as we offer her that *open sesame* to the juvenile heart, a sugar-plum; but she may receive pence to aid in purchasing "the material" for her small workshop. Her name is Rhoda, and by her cot-side are two deaf and dumb paralytics, seated on low stools, who "may eat sweets," and hold out their hands for them. The elder of these was very troublesome when first she came, and, being Irish, would not wear shoes and stockings. She still manages to hide them, and rarely has on anything but odd ones. Rhoda is teaching her to make outline pictures on a slate, for she has the use of hands and eyes,

though tongue be mute, ears stopped, and body decrepit.

Rhoda is not the only capable one of this bed-ridden party. We have the milliner of the establishment, Jenny, whose laughter makes the sad air cheerful. She is surrounded by dolls dressed by her tiny fingers, and although she has had one leg amputated, appears to look brightly on life from her really mirthful black eyes. Here is no mental deficiency. Neither is there in one of her neighbours, little Sally, who is too ill for laughter, yet too brave for tears. She is gradually dying of consumption, having been weighted overmuch by the baby and other household cares at home during her brief eight years of life. How she longs for that baby, who has preceded her to heaven! Her mother, who has been twice widowed, informed her the other day, with many sobs, "Yes, my dear, your *two pas* is in heaven, and the baby's in heaven, and you will soon join 'em." It is to be hoped that this strange prophecy may be fulfilled. Meanwhile Sally displays a patience so wonderful that it edifies all who witness it. Has the book she is reading so diligently anything to do with it? It is happily possible that her childlike faith may be so perfected in her weakness as to enable her to see beyond the veil of the flesh. It is a consolation to know that when these dear children are "taken home," they usually pass peacefully from earth to heaven; and the imbecile falls asleep often painlessly, to awake with quickened senses in His Father's Kingdom.

Here two or three little girls are playing aimlessly with bricks, seated at the table and fastened into their chairs, but even these have the sense of taste, and would consume showers of sugar-plums could they be rained down upon them. Why are the girls sharper than the boys? Our twelve small females are decidedly more precocious than our males. We find only one of the latter with a gleam of sense, and he has a head big enough to contain the brains of a Dr. Johnson—a head thirty-three inches round, and high in proportion. It is certainly abnormal, yet holds a few grains of worldly wisdom. He takes advantage of being the genius of the ward; calls himself, or is called by the doctors, Admiral Thomas of the Red, White, and Blue; informs us that his nurse has just carried him down to the garden—no easy task; and displays two carnations fastened into his scarlet jacket. This young nurse tries to convince us that all her charges are not imbeciles. In proof of this, she places a cage of birds at the foot of the hammock of the Admiral's next neighbour. "Dickey! dickey!" he cries, points to the cage, wriggles with delight, and strives to reach the sole objects that give him pleasure, and the name of which he has learnt to enunciate. Such delight we have rarely witnessed.

"Four or five of them take notice, and they

sing, and are fond of music," pleads their friend. "Sing 'Slap Bang,' Admiral," she continues, persuasively.

The Admiral leads, and "Slap Bang" is taken up by a poor fellow with a head almost as big as his own, but empty of all save a curious power of cracking endless private jokes, at which he explodes with laughter, but the jest of which he keeps to himself—jesters paralysed as they are born, like their originator.

"Slap Bang" does not succeed so well in public as in private life, and is overpowered by the prospect of sugar-plums. Happily brains and competitive examinations are not needed to secure these small boons, and mouths are more readily opened for them than for song. One little fellow who is blind receives his in faith, and sucks them down contentedly. He is fastened into a chair, and makes apparent efforts at release as we touch him. The kind nurse releases him, takes his hands, and we are surprised to see him jump vigorously. This is all he can do, for being dumb as well as blind, it is impossible to ascertain what latent powers he may possess. It is not certain that hearing as well as speech is paralysed, and as we leave him, holding by the arm of a chair and jumping still, we wonder if he could not be taught. If so, doubtless some of the good ladies who have volunteered to come daily and instruct such as are capable of instruction will discover the road to his intelligence, if road there be.

It is hopeful as well as refreshing to descend from the bright rooms where these involuntary prisoners abide, to the lawn in front of the house. Here, under a spreading shunach tree, are gathered the few capable of leaving their "upper chambers." These are three girls in chairs, who are not incompetent, and but partially paralysed; one purblind little girl, whose case appears hopeful; a boy on crutches, who is fond of natural history, and hops about as general messenger; two on all fours, who move on hands and knees, and run races on the same; and another little fellow, who makes wonderful efforts to speak and spell, but the muscles of whose paralysed tongue refuse to aid him. This were a case for one of those marvellous teachers of the deaf and dumb, and is a case for the kind ladies before mentioned; for Bertie is learning to read, and already spells c-a-t and d-o-g with marvellous gulps at the letters; Lizzie, Louie, and Fanny are also learning many things. One can work and write with her left hand, and all are doing their best.

We inquire whether they are not delighted with the beautiful new house and walled garden, and learn that they are "beginning to like it." Such as had been some years in the old house loved it dearly, and thought they should never be reconciled to the new.

"We used to have such nice tea-parties, and dolls' dinner-parties, and Christmas-trees, and bran pies, and it was so cosy," they explained.

Moreover they could look out of the windows and hear the itinerant musicians, who, seeing on the entrance gate "Home for Incurable Children," now pass on, fearing to enter the enclosure lest their music should trouble the little ones. They

blind" should be smitten with the Jebusites—(2 Samuel v.). Following the precepts and example of our Divine Master, Jesus Christ, we would fain gather together "the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind," and succour them, if we cannot miraculously heal them, as He did.

A kitten suddenly appears amongst our little group. Bertie tries to clap his distorted hands;



UNDER THE SHUMACH TREE.

are, however, heartily invited to come in, for all like music.

Although it is now early autumn, it will be winter when this sketch is published, and the treats of Christmas will have reconciled the children to their new surroundings. They will also, we hope, open the hearts of our readers to aid in this work of mercy. London is not Jerusalem, and the religion of Jesus is not that of the Jebusites, who said to David, "Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither;" neither is it the creed of the king of Israel who gave orders that the "lame and the

the hand-and-knee boys make a rush at it; the lame boy chases it in and out of the flower-beds, and finally catches it. The pleasure and excitement are contagious, and no one makes a comparison between the agility of the joyous animal and the helplessness of the human element in the garden; still it occurs to us, as we watch two active serving-maidens lay hold of the chair on which one of the paralysed girls is placed, and carry her up-stairs. She is now fourteen, and her term of residence in the Home will expire in two years—sixteen being the limit of age. What will become of her when she leaves No. 2, Maida Vale?

"You must see our dolls' house," cries one, as we find that it will soon be tea-time, and we consider it discreet to take our leave.

We had not realised the infirmities of our young friends until we strive to shake hands with them. As to poor little Bertie, his seem scarcely hands at all—they are so distorted. However, they all do their best, and we sigh as we leave them and proceed to inspect the dolls' house. This, too, is a Home for Incurable and Invalid Dolls. Genius imagines: talent reproduces. Here is talent. A miniature copy of the girls' ward greets us. The house has two floors, the upper of which is furnished with cofts covered with scarlet counterpanes, and containing dolls in various stages of indisposition; the lower is a chamber of horrors. A doll is laid on a table, having just lost a leg by amputation; doctors and nurses are in attendance, and all the accessories are complete. Jenny, the milliner, must have had a hand in this, or the copy could scarcely so well have followed the original. Still, we suppose that poor Jenny's leg must have left her

when she was under the influence of chloroform, and wonder if she *saw* but *felt* not. It is almost a relief to enter a large empty room. This airy apartment will, however, soon be converted into another ward, to contain six more children; and, when this is accomplished, the Home will be full. It is impossible to appreciate the self-denial and patience of the Lady Superintendent and nurses of this establishment. It seems almost incredible that they can cheerfully devote themselves to work such as this. At first sight it appears so sadly hopeless. Yet it is not so. They see gleams of encouragement where the casual visitor sees only darkness, and it is by contact with suffering that we best learn how to treat and alleviate it. Let us be thankful for the progress of philanthropy and Christian charity in this our wonder-working nineteenth century; and let each of us help it on with heart, head, and hand; and with this alliterative and suggestive triad of monosyllables, we leave the Home of these, our youthful fellow-creatures, whom we have seen so mysteriously afflicted.

SUNDAY IN HUDSON'S BAY.



ONCE a year, and once only, a couple of sailing vessels leave the West India Docks, and, after skirting the east coast of Britain and calling at the Orkney Isles, strike across the Atlantic, and enter Hudson's Bay. Here they part company: one crosses the Bay to York Factory, a port at the mouth of Nelson River; the other proceeds down the Bay to Moose Factory, a settlement at its most southerly point. An interest other than mercantile attaches to these two vessels, for not only do they carry the supplies needed by all the settlements in the Bay—including the mission stations—but they are almost invariably used by any missionaries passing to and fro between those ports and Europe.

Let us imagine ourselves on board the vessel bound for Moose Factory. We have proceeded down the Bay as far as the depth of water will allow, and have dropped anchor in the wide estuary of the river Moose. Here we must leave the vessel for a small schooner that plies between us and the settlement which is still nine miles off. We now ascend the river, which is as wide as the Thames at Gravesend, but apparently much narrower, owing to its course being interrupted by several large islands. For seven months in the year this river is securely ice-bound, but now, in the middle of summer, its blue wavelets are flashing in the sunshine, and

breaking against the green willows and rank grass that fringe its banks. Presently the schooner rounds a point, and we have before us the large island on which the settlement we are to visit stands.

The houses, not more than twenty-five or thirty in number, are so scattered as to extend along the river bank for nearly a mile; and, being all painted white, form conspicuous objects against their dark background of pine woods. On stepping ashore at the landing-stage we find ourselves at the foot of a flag-staff indicating the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom, indeed, the whole settlement owes its existence, the entire resident population—except the mission staff—being composed of their officers and *employés*. Round this centre are grouped the residences of the officer in charge and his subordinates, and also one or two large warehouses. Beyond these stretch away to the right the cottages of the Company's labourers. Every building on the island is of wood, suitable stone not being easily procurable. In shape and size, however, the dwelling-houses are not unlike those of an English country village, except that only the larger houses have any upper storey.

Taking now a path to the left, and following the bank, we make our way towards the mission station—easily recognised even at a distance by the flag which floats over it, bearing the letters C.M.S., this being a station of the Church Missionary Society. On our way thither we pass

the mission church, a modest little structure of wood surmounted with a steeple, and capable of accommodating about three hundred persons. Leaving this, we soon reach the mission buildings, which, besides the school, include the residences of the Bishop of Moosonee (this station being the head-quarters of the diocese), one European clergyman, and a native catechist. Between the Bishop's house and the water is a grassy slope on which the Indians erect their tents during their stay. The resident population, the bulk of whom are half-castes, number, together with the few Europeans and Indians, about one hundred and fifty souls; while the Indians who visit the place only during the summer are estimated at between four and five hundred.

We will now see how Sunday is spent in this little community. As both English-speaking people and natives have to be provided for, the services are begun early enough in the day to allow of four being held in all—two in each language. At 6.30 a.m., therefore, the church bell sounds, and soon a stream of Indians (mostly men at this early hour) winds its way to the church door. Let us take up our stand here, and observe them as they enter. At the outlying settlements the Indians dress almost entirely in one style; but here at headquarters, where they come a good deal in contact with Europeans, they adopt something of the variety of European dress. Some of the well-to-do Indians (*i.e.*, the most skilful hunters) appear in black cloth suits, and coloured neckties, and a few even wear English boots, though the majority seem to prefer the soft deerskin shoes usually worn in the country. The women naturally allow themselves still greater freedom, and not unfrequently adorn themselves in a dress of glaring hue, with a striped shawl or beaded jacket equally conspicuous, and the whole surmounted (but this not often) with a straw hat and coloured feather.

The interior of the little church presents a pleasing appearance when the service begins. The majority handle their books with ease, and join heartily in the singing and responses, even to reading aloud alternate verses in the Psalms. The first part of the service is conducted by the assistant clergyman, the native catechist reading the lessons, and the bishop preaching. Thirty years' experience has enabled him to speak the vernacular as fluently as a native, and seldom does he fail to keep the attention of his dusky audience throughout the sermon.

The service at 11 A.M. is in English, and is attended by the European residents and English-speaking half-castes. It is highly encouraging to observe how regularly all these people, from the

chief officer downwards, fill their places in the House of God Sunday by Sunday, and thus, unlike some others of our countrymen abroad, lend their influence to the furtherance of religion among those who look up to them for an example. And here it may be remarked that the Hudson's Bay Company throughout their vast territories do not merely countenance, but very materially assist, the cause of missions amongst the native population. Besides allowing great facilities to the missionaries while travelling, they annually contribute a considerable sum towards the mission expenses, and at nearly every settlement of any size have erected at their own cost a mission church or school-house.

At 2 P.M. the children assemble for Sunday-school, the English-speaking children meeting in the church, and the Indians in the schoolroom. This lasts one hour, and is immediately followed by the second Indian service. This is usually very largely attended, as most of the women and children make a point of being present. Indeed, it is no uncommon occurrence for some twenty or thirty to remain standing around the porch unable to find room inside. The singing at this service is sustained very vigorously, for several of the Indian women have excellent voices. The Holy Communion, when administered, usually follows this service, as being the most convenient time for the majority, and then some fifty or sixty Indians of both sexes may be seen approaching the table of their Lord.

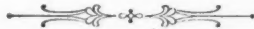
The English service which follows in the evening, concludes the public worship for the day.

One cannot fail to be struck with the good order that prevails about the settlement after service hours. The European residents spend the intervals in strolling through the neighbouring woods, or sitting chatting at their doors. The Indian men sit about in groups on the grass while their wives and daughters exchange visits among the surrounding tents, some occasionally paddling across the river to overhaul their fishing-nets, on which they largely depend for their daily food.

Thus Sunday passes among these primitive people pleasantly and—those can add with confidence who best know their inmost hearts—profitably. Several of the families are in the habit of closing each day with family prayer. About nine o'clock the sound of praise may be heard arising from one after another of the tents, and one recognises the well-known evening hymn. When this ceases, a man's voice is distinguishable, first reading a portion of Scripture, and then leading the rest in prayer.

May He who has bidden us pray to Him listen to those simple petitions!

J. H. K.





BESIDE THE SEA.

UPON the idle summer day we lie,
And see the vessels passing to and fro,
Unknowing whence they came or where they
go—

And linger, till against the darkening sky
The lighthouse lamp comes forth—a star drawn
nigh.

Who is the watcher there? In leisure hours
Loves he the summer lanes and wildling flowers?
Chose he his lonely lot? Or asks he "Why?"
Scarce knows he what he does. When storm and
mirk

Closing around, blot sea and ships from sight,
Unseen but faithful, stands he by his work!
So the great ships go safely on their way,
And, in the nearing of a brighter day,
Men thank God for his beacon in the night.

I. F. M.

THE WORLD AND CHRIST.

SIN AND GOD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"What have we to do with Thee, Jesus?"—MARK V. 7.



Other miracle, and hardly any passage of Scripture, sets before us so clearly as this does the various relationships between the mighty and stupendous facts of existence. It is in Christ's dealings with these that we may best understand how to treat them ourselves, and I propose in these papers to examine both those relationships and that treatment.

In this paper our subject is *sin's action in the presence of God*.

The mind is indeed puzzled to conceive how it should stand there at all. Milton's sublime argument can at the best but "justify the ways of God to man," and when he attempts to describe the birth of sin and its operation, he can only seize the common theories of his age, and constitute two rival kingdoms of good and evil, each with its regnant or its subject heroes.

The difficulties which he felt have puzzled every man of thought since man first felt the pinch of woe. "Whence comest thou?" is the query which he addresses to sin, and which sin has never answered. "Why dost Thou permit its existence?" is the question (also unanswered) with which he turns to God. In the profound silence of both worlds man attempts to reason for himself, and still his difficulties remain unsolved. But out of the darkness and the stillness two distinct voices speak, and assure him that sin ought not to be, and that God must be; and these two conclusions—the "ought not" and the "must"—embrace every conclusion of Holy Writ. It is thus that human thought becomes the sister and the nurse of Divine revelation; and thus that, after many an estrangement and many an act of ungenerous rivalry, the two clasp hands, and in heart and voice are wedded into one.

Those two questions stand in the dusky shade behind, and these twin answers in the glowing light before the enacted miracle.

Let us see, then, Satan's own account.

1. He denies the existence of any relationship between Him and God. Absolutely taken, this is true enough. "Circles touch, but never mingle," and into the shrine of the Divine Being Satan dare not intrude. It is true likewise so far as the victim is concerned, for until he is purged he cannot dwell where the Eternal is. But it is false if it supposes that God tolerates sin. Two poles of a battery—two clouds (the inky battery of heaven)—are at peace so long as

they are distant. But as they roll to the same quarter of the sky, their artillery thunders out, and the earth shakes in awe beneath their conflict. Israel must not enter into the land of the uncircumcised in peace. Sin's battlements tremble and come down like the walls of Jericho. Babylon—alike the material and the mystical—must fall; the man of sin and every mark of the beast must disappear before the celestial city is built.

And that conflict without—in the struggles of the battle-field and the last agonies of ruined men—is but the manifest picture of another reality which is always going on within every one of the sons of God. "The Kingdom of God is within you," said Christ; and the moment that Kingdom is established, the strife that knows no respite begins. There is no mercy there for any fault, nor any doubt there as to the issue. The temptation which gathers again its broken forces, the besetting sin which lurks along our life-path, the habit which, like a false friend, clings around us in wearying constancy, are God's enemies, and must die.

Satan was wrong; sin *is* related to God, but the relationship is that of death.

2. Satan pleads with God. In the first place, he pleads for *time*. "Art Thou come to torment us before the time?"

The consciousness of coming torment was haunting him, then. It was not annihilation which he deprecated. It was the final grip, when God should seize him, and hurl him hence. It is the same dread which men now are at the sorriest pains to shake away from them. Not the dread of the unexplored unknown, but of that certain fact—known, explained, and recognised—that sin has torment. It is perhaps to godless men that fact of life which presses most on their attention. To rid themselves of its presence, they have hunted the universe for theories and the earth for anæsthetics. Fortunes have been squandered to purchase forgetfulness; energy and enthusiasm, the enterprise of youth and the perseverance of manhood, have been placed under the yoke to plough out a field of peace. If one-fiftieth part of the title of this were spent in the pursuit of God, and if, like the wandering sheep, we only suffered the Shepherd to take and bear us upon His shoulders, the consciousness of woe, the ghostly horror of punishment, would vanish quicker than any morning dew. The devil makes bad bargains, and he knows it.

And this plea displays his real character. "Be-

fore the time," means "the time when this man shall come along with us into the gulph, and the time when every slave shall share his tyrant's fate!" In old stories, the despot gathers his array of men for slaughter. The villainies of barbarism slay their hundreds when a dusky monarch dies. But these stayed their stroke at the thither side of the grave. Here, however, is one who knows his future, because he interprets his present and remembers his past; who is cognisant of the ill-planned methods by which he deceives, and the unintelligible stupidity by which he disappoints. And yet he traverses the path of his victim's immortality, and blots and ruins his endless soul.

When, then, will man glare out this truth from the eyes of profound conviction, and speak it out—loud-tongued, articulate—to devils and to their brothers, that they will be deceived no longer? They know the falsehood both of plea and of intention; they know, again, the unfaltering truth that rests within the being and beams in the countenance of Jesus; and all that the Eternal demands is simply this—to act as they believe. For though underneath our easy and careless habit of ungodly life there rest the soft assurance that the present, as it lingers, is a day of safety and peace, another present may come into its dishonoured place, when the sun will fall and the twilight close under the terrible menace of the Judge, that the soul will be required in the night.

Satan's second plea is for *place*—"Leave us in this country." And a fitting place might we have conceived this Gergasa to be. Great though it had been once, magnificent in situation, and blest with the fostering care of kings, the shock and stroke of war had fallen upon its defences and the blight upon it glory, and when our Saviour looked, He saw but the shattered arch,

the dismantled pillar, and the grassy mound, which proclaimed the havoc worked alike by the passion of man and the ravages of time. The wild hills closed around, as they close now, and opened their limestone caves to receive the dead, and to offer a refuge for the maniac and possessed. "Let us stay."

There was a prophetic foresight in the permission Jesus gave; for all Christ's life is the fulfilment of prophecies that are old, and the opening of prophecies that are always new.

1. He saw what the Gergasenes would do in regard to Himself. They were not yet ready for the wild spirits to leave them. Did not their swine feed among those hills, and grow fat and bring them wealth? Why, then, comes this wanderer? And so there rose the question between the herds and Jesus—in fact, between the devils and Him. He saw what the answer would be, and He said, "Stay."

2. He saw, and He shadowed to the discerning mind, the destiny in the long run both of Satan himself, and of every unsanctified pursuit. There was no room for Christ in the hearts, and therefore none in the coasts of those hapless Gadarenes. And Jesus—asserting that Kingship which He afterwards assumed—struck hard and finally at the cause and the result. "Let us stay;" and He answered, "Stay: but stay among the swinish herd: stay where they shall stay, not on the safe and guarded hill, but down in the bottom of the sea."

Are there not houses and men in England among whom the legions revel yet? Does Jesus not come over the sea to survey them, and with His manifested presence to invite them into higher, purer, nobler living? Do not we, too, sometimes look upon the solemn, suffering Face, and cry, "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus?"

FAITH.

"DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA."

WHEN the shades of coming sorrow
Deepen into starless night,
Faith's bright rays illumine my darkness,
With her motto:—"GOD THY LIGHT."

Yea, my LIGHT—though all around me
Groping seek to walk by sight,
Let me follow where Thou leadest,
God of Love, and Light of Light!

If by paths unknown, untrodden,
Through deep gorge, o'er dizzy height,
Guide my feet, uphold my goings—
Thou, Thou only, art my Light.

Then, though warring creeds be claiming
Old prerogative and right,

This my creed—and none more holy—
"In Thy Light behold we Light!"

Such the faith of those, our loved ones,
Standing now in robes washed white,
Now they know how all life's shadows
Brought them nearer to Thy Light.

On the shield of Faith borne homeward,
Rest they from the hard-won fight,
And no more can powers of darkness
Dim their vision of Thy Light.

Grant me power, dear Lord, to witness
How pure Faith gleams ever bright—
Thine the cloud and Thine the sunshine,
Thou my Lord, my Life, my Light!

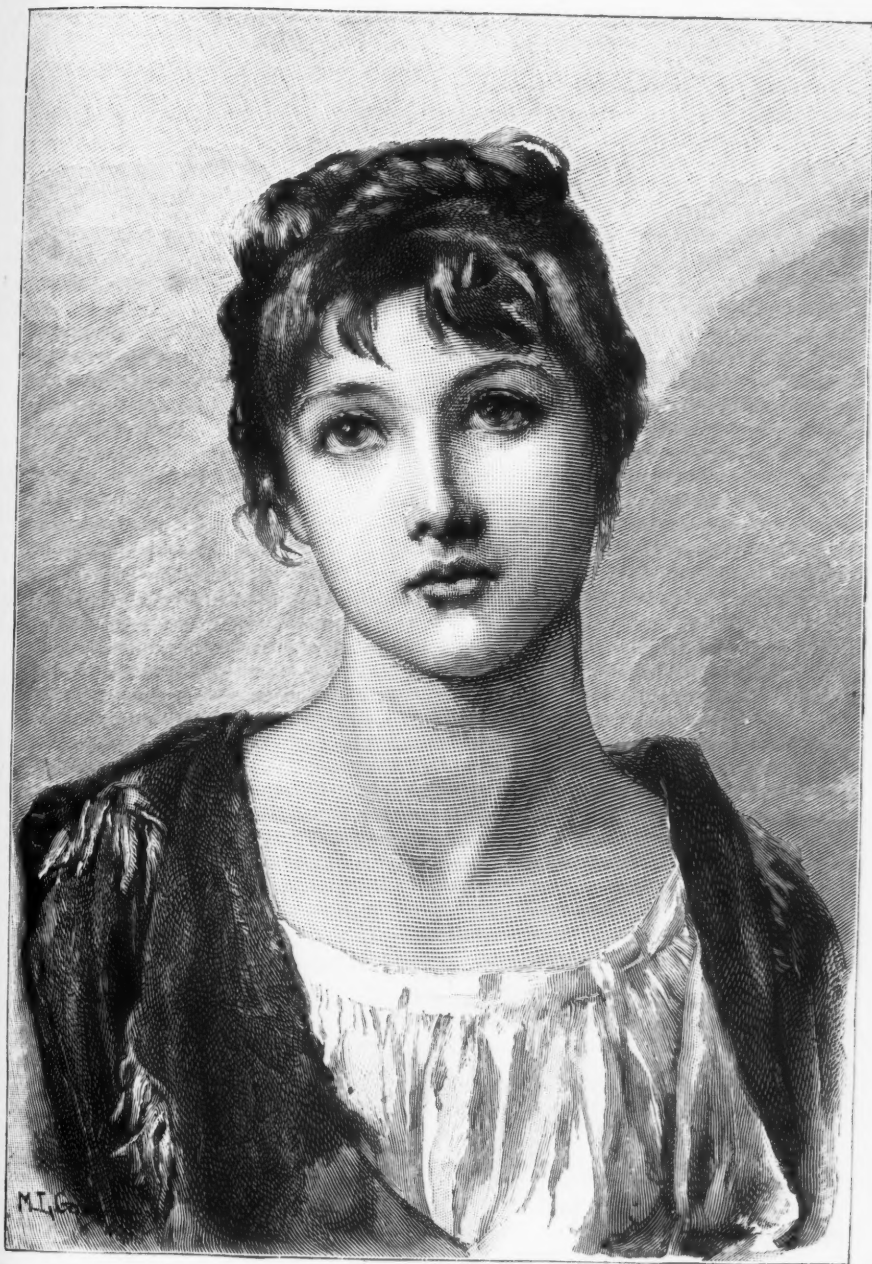
CECIL MOORE, M.A.

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"Let me follow where Thou leadest,
God of Love and Light of Light."

"FAITH."—p. 162.



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A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—"UNCLE BERTIE."



BY the half-past ten train the next morning Bertie West arrived, and soon appeared at "The Silent Woman," followed by a porter carrying sundry large light packages in pasteboard boxes. There was a pretty brown costume and jersey—the latter suggested by a thoughtful young saleswoman—a sealskin jacket and

muff, and a pretty brown beaver hat and feather to match; there were gloves too, and pocket-handkerchiefs, and evening shoes, and a fan—Frank forgot nothing. In fact, he had gone to the shop, made his purchases, and taken them in a cab to Waterloo Station before he went home. He found Bertie very comfortable with a book, and to him he explained the reason of his coming up to town.

"Could not you get a train back to-night?" asked Bertie, putting his hand out mechanically in search of the time-table. "Madge will be dreadfully lonely."

"Oh, she'll be all right for one night," the Doctor replied, a little impatiently. "In fact, Bert, I want you to run down with the toggery in the morning and see how they are getting along. I want to go up West again to see Tayler about one or two important matters; and I must see old Davies too, about paying that money; in fact, I have a thousand things to do," he continued, fretfully, "not to mention that it looks very badly for a medical man to be taking holidays at this time of year, when every one is sick, or ought to be. In fact, Bert, I may as well be honest with you. I don't want that pretentious fool Leyland to know I haven't got any patients."

"Of course," Bert replied, after a few minutes' consideration; "I never thought of that!"

"Neither did I, or I shouldn't have gone!"

"Well, old fellow, what would you have me to do?" Bert asked, seeing an unspoken request on Frank's face.

"Go down and stay with them. Rosie will be delighted to have her Uncle Bertie; and tell Madge I have a lot of things to see to about the West End business. You will find plenty to amuse you, and no doubt Miss Churchill will include you in her invitation to Fairburn Park."

"On the understanding that I am Rosie's uncle!"

"On any understanding you like," the Doctor said,

with an uneasy laugh. "She's a very lovely girl, Bert, and just as nice as she's pretty; I hope that fellow Leyland won't manage to marry her!"

"You seem to hate that man, Frank," Bert remarked.

"I do!"

"Why?"

"I don't know. A case of 'Dr. Fell' I suppose—"

"The reason why, I cannot tell;
But one thing I know right well—
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Will you go down in the morning, Bertie?"

"Yes, if you wish it I'll go."

Both men were silent for a long time after that, each too busy with his own thoughts to notice the other's preoccupation. Bertie was thinking how far he ought to take Frank Boyd into his confidence. Frank was equally busy wondering how far Bertie suspected anything being wrong. Again, Bertie thought could he pass himself off as Rosie's uncle without a very gross deception? If he could it would simplify his relations with Fairburn Park immensely. The child always called him uncle; would Miss Churchill take the trouble to inquire if he really was a relation? and if so, would Madge consent to give an evasive answer?

"Better ask her to adopt me for a brother in love and faith and confidence," Bertie mused. "I'll tell her I have a particular reason for it, but even if I had not I should consider the relationship the greatest pleasure and honour of my life. If she is asked direct I'll tell her to say that I am her brother in love and esteem. That will not be a positive falsehood, yet it will not be positive truth either. Oh, dear, I wish Frank had not asked me to go down to 'The Silent Woman.' I have a presentiment trouble will come of it. Still, I'll see her once again; speak to her, touch her hand perhaps. Heigho! a poor miserable fellow like me can't expect enjoyments of that kind without paying for them dearly in some shape or other!"

From these revealed musings of Mr. Bertie West, it may be inferred that he was as much struck with Miss May Churchill, and thought quite as much about her, as she thought about him; he was as anxious to go down to Wynfield as Frank Boyd was to have him go, but he had a very decided feeling that he oughtn't to go; that any acquaintance with the beautiful heiress of Fairburn Park could not possibly be for his good, but would in all probability result in sorrow, disappointment, and heartache. Still, he longed to go; even against his better judgment, and, "doubly armed" with boxes and packages for Mrs. Boyd, and a huge bag of "goodies" for Rosie, go he did.

"See, I've brought your sewing-machine. Frank thought you might want it, Madge," he said, laying

down a heavy wooden box. "Do go and try on all the finery while I empty my pockets for Miss Rosie."

"Did 'oo bring my dollie, Uncle Bertie?" that young lady asked, as she dived into bags of sugared almonds and macaroons.

Bertie was forced to admit that he had forgotten Miss Dollie, and thought that was a good opportunity of broaching the matter that was uppermost in his mind to Mrs. Boyd.

"Madge," he said, in a low voice, drawing near her as she stood admiring the pretty hat at the window, "Madge, do you mind Rosie calling me Uncle Bertie?"

"No; why should I? Why do you ask?"

"Because—— Would you mind if it caused people to think we were related—brother and sister, in fact? You know I consider Frank more than my brother, if such a relationship be possible. If I had a brother he could never be dearer to me than Frank, and I have longed so often for a sister. When Rosie calls me uncle, I feel happy in having some one to love me, and I want to keep up the illusion."

"If ever you want a sister, you may rely on me, Bertie," Madge replied earnestly; "Frank's dear familiar friend must always be mine!"

"Then, my sister, you must never call me Mr. West again. I'm Uncle Bertie now to the end of the chapter, and that being the case, you will not mind my often coming down here; Frank fears you will be very dull alone, and not go out enough. He asked me to run down as Rosie's Uncle Bertie!"

"And Rosie's Uncle Bertie will be very welcome to come as often as he likes," she said, with a gay little smile; "only he had better make up his mind to be useful, and take the young lady off for a walk immediately while I try on my finery."

She was glad enough to have him near her; she dreaded a return of the intolerable loneliness she had felt the evening before. Bertie was to all intents and purposes one of the family, and Rosie was very fond of him; therefore, in Frank's absence he would be very useful, and her one idea now was to keep Frank away until the day of his appointment with Mr. Churchill. With regard to Bertie's request—that he might be considered in the light of a relation—she never gave the matter a second thought, nor reflected what complications might arise out of it; not even when Rosie entered the room radiant and triumphant, leading Miss Churchill by the hand, and calling loudly to Uncle Bertie to follow.

"Rosie has performed the ceremony of introducing me to Miss Churchill, Madge, according to her lights," he said, with his frank smile; "perhaps you will supplement her statement, that I'm 'Uncle Bertie, that brings her 'goodies' and 'makes horses.'"

Madge performed the introduction, and Miss Churchill bowed ceremoniously, though her eyes were sparkling with fun, and Bertie also looked very sedate.

"I want you to come for a little drive, Mrs.

Boyd, and then have luncheon with me," Miss Churchill said, after a few minutes' desultory chat. "I suppose the Doctor is not here?"

"No, unfortunately. My husband was compelled to return to London, and we're at the mercy of Uncle Bertie," Madge replied. "I shall be very pleased to go for a drive with you, but I fear I must ask you to excuse me going to luncheon."

"Oh, you must come. I want to show Rosie the gardens and conservatories; besides, I've quite set my heart on your coming, if"—with a demure little smile—"Mr. West does not object."

"The Grand Mogul is in a gracious mood to-day, and is pleased to give his consent to Mrs. Boyd lunching with Miss Churchill at Fairburn Park," Bertie said, in a very solemn voice, and then they all laughed because Rosie did, and while Mrs. Boyd was putting on her things Bertie and Miss Churchill became very good friends. Without seeming to talk much of himself, he gave her to understand that he was a poor and hitherto unsuccessful artist, but devoted to his art, with no friends or relatives except the Boyds, and May felt quite interested in the handsome blue-eyed young painter, whose smile was so frank and voice so musical.

"I'm sorry I can't ask you to join us in our drive," May said shyly, when Mrs. Boyd joined them, "but even were I to dispossess my very tiny groom, I'm afraid you would not fit; however, I dare say you will find your way to the Park; and we lunch at two."

Bertie's heart gave a great bound; he did not even know till then that he was included in the invitation, but from Miss Churchill's manner he saw that she took it as a matter of course that he was to accompany Mrs. Boyd; in fact, he knew she would not be guilty of the rudeness of excluding him, though he had not felt quite certain that she had thought of him in the matter at all.

So far, everything had gone better than Bertie had dared to imagine or hope. He was for several reasons very anxious to pay a visit to Fairburn Park, and now chance had brought him the desired opportunity in a way he had never even dreamed of. Therefore, when Miss Churchill appeared on the avenue driving her pretty pair of black ponies, with Mrs. Boyd beside her and Rosie at her feet, and he pulled up and waited for the phaeton to pass, with uplifted hat, he was scarcely prepared for the pleasant smile and friendly little nod with which Miss Churchill greeted him. The fact was, Madge had been enlarging on his virtues, talents, and the certainty of his becoming a very famous artist some day, and the praise was pleasant to May's ears. Pulling up Jack and Jill, she tossed the reins to the very small groom, and proposed their all walking up to the house together.

"I ought to explain, I suppose, that there is no one to do the honours, except Aunt Adelaide and myself," May said, as they approached the house. "Uncle Edgar, as you know, is an invalid, and never leaves

his own quarters; Dr. Leyland is usually with us, but—but he's gone away for a few days," and she flushed and stammered a little. "In fact, Mrs. Boyd, Aunt Addie and I are glad to have a little

"Yes, please—tell me his exact words."

"He said 'I'd like to see Dr. Boyd's wife; he's a sensible, honest man; depend on it she's a good woman!' Uncle Edgar is so very, very plain-spoken!"



"Rosie entered the room radiant and triumphant, leading Miss Churchill by the hand."—p. 161.

holiday now and again. Dr. Leyland keeps us all in order very severely. Oh, I quite forgot to give you a message from Uncle Edgar. He wants to know if you will go up and see him. He likes Dr. Boyd so much, and when I told him you were staying in the neighbourhood he said—may I tell you exactly what he said, Mrs. Boyd?" And May blushed more prettily than ever.

It was Madge's turn to colour and look confused, but just then they reached the house. May opened the glass door—the outer oaken iron-clamped portal stood hospitably open all day long—and ushered her visitors into the wide hall, where two huge fires were burning (cheery fires were a strong point at Fairburn, and from that into a cosy morning-room where an old lady sat knitting placidly before another blazing fire,

"Aunt Addie, let me introduce Mrs. Boyd," May said in the low, distinct voice one must use to deaf people if one wants them to hear. "Mrs. Doctor Boyd, darling, and Rosie, the dear little pet" (a hug), "and," very soberly, "Mr. West."

"No, Uncle Bertie," Rosie supplemented in her dear childish voice; "he brings me *chocolat seems*."

The old lady bowed, smiled, nodded her snowy head with its elaborately arranged flaxen curls, and then turned to Rosie, and, after the fashion of grandmothers, began to make friends with her. "Come here, darling, and tell me your name and how old you are, and where you live, and lots of things," the old lady said holding out her hand, and Rosie advanced confidently. At that moment the butler threw open the door and announced that "luncheon was served," and just behind him, smiling, amiable, faultlessly dressed, stood Dr. Leyland.

For a single moment an expression of blank dismay fell on them all; Mrs. Wyndham, the old lady, frowned and shrugged her shoulders, May turned very pale, then as suddenly became crimson, as she performed the necessary introductions, and indicated that the Doctor might take Mrs. Boyd in to luncheon, while Bertie offered his arm to Aunt Addie, and May and Rosie followed, trying to be very gay and merry, but it was very evident both to Madge and Bertie that the presence of Dr. Leyland caused a painful feeling of restraint both to Mrs. Wyndham and Miss Churchill, and for them at least spoiled the luncheon that promised to be so pleasant. Even Rosie was very subdued, and regarded the unexpected addition to their party with solemn, wide-open eyes that disconcerted him considerably. But when they left the table, and May smilingly said her Uncle Edgar was ready to receive them, the face of Dr. Leyland became an unpleasant study.

CHAPTER VIII.—SWORN FRIENDS.

"MUST you really go back to town to-morrow, Mrs. Boyd?"

"Yes, indeed, May. I have already overstayed my time four days, and my husband is becoming impatient," Mrs. Boyd replied, as she and May paced up and down the south terrace at the Park, a few steps behind Mr. Churchill's bath chair.

Frank had come down on Tuesday, and found Mr. Churchill better, but not nearly so well as he expected, for the windows had been again closed, and the huge fires renewed, by Dr. Leyland's orders. He declared he caught a violent cold by sitting in the room, and got up such an exasperating cough that Mr. Churchill began to cough too, and fancy he had a fresh attack of bronchitis. But a day or two before Dr. Boyd's second visit, Mr. Leyland had been ignominiously dismissed from Fairburn Park.

That the medical attendant had been surprised by the presence of Mrs. Boyd and Rosie at the Park was quite natural. It was the presence of the handsome

young artist that most disconcerted him. Before the luncheon was over, he saw that May Churchill was almost unconsciously much interested in him, and he still more interested in her: that was a state of things Dr. Leyland could not and would not permit.

He was coldly polite to Mrs. Boyd, positively rude to Bertie, and spoke in grave, reproachful tones to May, gently telling her that he was afraid she had been rather imprudent during his absence, and abused the liberty he had, with the utmost difficulty, procured for her. But it was not till the ladies left the room to go to Mr. Churchill that his temper fully overcame him, and then he asked angrily by what right he found Mr. West a visitor at Fairburn Park.

"By the best of all rights—Miss Churchill's invitation, and another right I would rather not mention," Bertie replied, with icy politeness.

"I invite the guests to the house, or at least have the right of inquiring who they are, during Mr. Churchill's illness. Now, I know nothing whatever about you."

"And I am in an equally happy state of ignorance about you," Bertie replied, easily; "with just this difference—you seem to be curious about me; I have not the least pleasure in conjecturing who you are."

"My position is above conjecture," the Doctor said, angrily.

"And mine, I hope, above suspicion," Bertie replied easily.

"Mr. Churchill allows no visitors here in my absence."

"I was not aware of your absence or presence, else I should have respected Mr. Churchill's wishes, though how far you are the true representative of them I do not know. Fairburn used to be noted for its hospitality, and never wanting in courtesy to strangers."

At that moment May, Rosie, and Mrs. Boyd entered the dining-room ready for a walk, and by a glance invited Bertie to join them.

"Uncle Edgar wants you at once, Dr. Leyland," May said, hardly able to repress her delight that the Doctor would not be able to join their party. Ten days ago she had no positive objection to Dr. Leyland; she had, in fact, been rather grateful to him for many little pleasures and privileges he had obtained for her. But his absence gave her a curious sense of freedom, and his sudden return that day of the luncheon party gave her an equally curious sensation of uneasiness, amounting almost to *surveillance*. It was the first time for many months that Mr. Churchill had asked to see a visitor of any kind, and May felt intuitively that the introduction of Mrs. Boyd would be unpleasant to Dr. Leyland; therefore she felt sincerely glad that her uncle had consented, and wished the fact of the introduction to be accomplished before the interference of the family doctor. Old Mr. Churchill received Mrs. Boyd kindly, and Rosie even affectionately, allowing the child to scramble on to his high bed and stroke his poor, thin bands. The windows were open, the sun shone in

brightly, and May declared her uncle looked ten years younger since Dr. Boyd's visit. Mr. Churchill admitted that he felt better, and requested Mrs. Boyd and Rosie to take up their quarters at the Park during their stay in the neighbourhood, an invitation Mrs. Boyd gently but firmly declined. However, she promised to spend as much as possible of her spare time with May, mentioning at the same time that Uncle Bertie frequently came to see her, and usually joined them in their walks, being Rosie's inseparable companion.

Therefore, when Dr. Leyland went up after luncheon with the intelligence that a young gentleman seemed to have gained a very friendly footing at Fairburn during his absence, Mr. Churchill rather astonished him by saying he was quite aware of the fact that Mr. Bertie accompanied Mrs. Boyd and Miss Churchill in their walks.

The fact is, the old squire was not too thankful for the voluntary information. Though he was kept intimately acquainted with everything that happened in his establishment, he hated and scorned tale-bearers and time-servers; even while paying them to be spies, he openly despised them.

Day after day, Mrs. Boyd, May, Rosie, and Bertie, when able to run down in the morning, either walked or drove, lunched or dined at Fairburn Park, and old Mr. Churchill somewhat maliciously kept Dr. Leyland in constant attendance. Still he kept close watch over the party, and heard, with secret rage, that Mr. Bertie (so he had come to be called in the house somehow) was singing duets with Miss May, was correcting Miss May's drawings, was walking on the terrace with Miss May after dining, though it was the end of November, and the nights clear, cold, and frosty. There was a full moon, too, and no doubt it was very pleasant; but though Mrs. Boyd invariably made a third in the promenades, the Doctor never thought it necessary to mention that fact when giving Mr. Churchill his report.

One day, the Monday before the expected visit of Dr. Boyd, Dr. Leyland, deceived by Mr. Churchill's manner, ventured to suggest that May was falling in love with that Bertie—a fellow no one knew anything whatever about, and that no doubt it was a conspiracy got up between Dr. Boyd and his wife, knowing Miss May to be an heiress.

Mr. Churchill listened with seeming interest, then suddenly turned his keen eyes on the Doctor, and scanned his face curiously. It was a very handsome face, as far as mere feature and colouring went; but the dark eyes were shifty and uneasy, and seldom looked any one fairly in the face. Though he felt Mr. Churchill's scrutiny, he did not return it, and after a few moments the old man said gently—

"You seem to take a great interest in my grand-niece; perhaps you are in love with her yourself, Leyland?"

"How could one live in the same house with May and not love her?" the Doctor replied softly. "It's one of the things one positively can't help."

"Ah! perhaps you would like to marry her?"

"It's the dream, the desire, the ambition of my life; but, believe me, I would not have given my thoughts words now, had you not asked me," the Doctor said humbly; "still, I am glad, since you do not entirely disapprove of my suit."

"Who said I did not entirely disapprove of your suit?" the old man thundered, sitting up in bed, and gazing with fiery eyes straight at his companion. "I tell you I do disapprove most entirely—Miss Churchill and Fairburn Park for an ignorant quack! Yes, I repeat, an ignorant, and, what's worse, a malicious, quack. You've shut me up here, tried to stifle me, persuaded me, actually me, that I was dangerously ill, and that I should make my will, which you would probably burn, and produce another making yourself May's sole guardian and my sole executor. Bah! Dr. Leyland, I see through you. I'm not so stupid, and wrapped up in my imaginary ailments, as you fancy. I've watched you from the first, because it's my nature to be suspicious, and because I am a good judge of character. Now you have but one standpoint; you judge human nature by yourself, therefore, everybody is by instinct a scheming, lying, plotting, designing knave, in your eyes!—Peter!"

In a moment the ghost-like valet moved from the foot to the head of the bed in solemn silence. He had listened to the whole conversation without showing, by the movement of a single muscle, that he either heard or understood a single word of it, though he, like his master, had seen the Doctor's little game from the first. "Peter," Mr. Churchill repeated, "give me my cheque-book."

Peter, still silent, unlocked a large safe that stood near the bed, and placed the book, pen, and ink on the writing table. With blazing eyes and steady fingers Mr. Churchill filled in a cheque for a year's salary, and handed it to Dr. Leyland, whose face had grown positively livid under the old squire's scrutiny and scathing irony. "Take that, and go! I must have spies and tale-bearers about me, but I will not have them in the guise of gentlemen. Go, and never presume to enter the gates of Fairburn Park again! Marry my niece, indeed! marry Fairburn!—pon my word, not at all a bad idea for a pauper sawbones!"

"He is at least as respectable in the eyes of the world as a pauper artist," the Doctor said angrily, as he placed the cheque in his pocket-book, wondering at the amount of it considering the squire's rage. "Some day, Mr. Churchill, you will be sorry for this; you will be sorry that you did not mind my friendly warning, when you find your grand-niece has followed the example of your daughter, and eloped with a beggarly drawing-master!"

That was Dr. Leyland's "parting shaft" as he left the room, and its effect on Mr. Churchill was terrible. For a few moments he was simply dumb with rage, and when he found a voice, only old Peter could chronicle his utterances; they were too fast and furious for any other living being to comprehend.

At last, when he had raged and stormed for an hour, he turned to the silent but sympathetic sentinel at the foot of his bed, and said, "Peter, see if he's gone, and bring the child here. He meant to poison me, slowly but surely, and terrify that poor child into a marriage with him. How fortunate we have found him out in time! Open the windows, and bring the child."

Dr. Leyland left Fairburn Park, muttering "curses not loud but deep," and yet he had every reason to be grateful. He had a cheque for £500, and "the world before him, where to choose." Had he any common-sense or prudence he would have left the neighbourhood of Fairburn Park immediately, and invested his money—a larger sum than he had ever possessed before in his life—in some profitable manner: bought a share of a practice, emigrated, started doctoring on his own account; instead of which he took up his quarters at "The Silent Woman," and resolved to closely watch Mrs. Boyd and Mr. Bertie, at the same time watch May Churchill, and if possible have his revenge for the indignity put upon him by the squire. Not that he gave up the intention of winning May; far from it. She was young, inexperienced, easily influenced, and a little afraid of him—that was half the battle. He would watch her, waylay her, persecute her, threaten her, if need be, till she consented to be his wife, and then snap his fingers at the haughty, overhearing old squire. But one circumstance occurred that gave Dr. Leyland some uneasiness, and cried "Check" to his last move. On the day Dr. Boyd was expected at Fairburn Park, the visitors, Mrs. Boyd, Rosie, and Uncle Bertie, went up to luncheon as usual, but they did not return to "The Silent Woman." Mr. Churchill insisted on their changing their quarters when he learned that Dr. Leyland was staying there, and he added his commands to May's entreaties that Mrs. Boyd should remain for a few days her guest before returning to town. Mr. Churchill was unusually taken with little Rosie; he liked to have the child near him, and never seemed tired of listening to her merry prattle. Perhaps she reminded him of his own only child, so long dead, and dead unforgiven. Blanche Churchill when a child had the same clear, truthful blue eyes; the same delicate features; the same golden curls clustering over her temples and waving in soft, informal tresses down her back; and it was partly the old man's interest in Rosie that induced Mrs. Boyd to remain four days at Fairburn Park after her husband's return to town. Bertie returned with Dr. Boyd. Mr. Churchill's invitation certainly included him, and for many reasons he was sorely tempted to remain, but he felt that it would not be either wise or prudent; in fact, that ultimately any prolonged intimacy with May Churchill could only result in prolonged misery for himself; so with sad eyes and light smiles, an aching breast and pleasant words, he said good-bye. Would May forget him? Would she miss him? He considered the question as he sat beside Frank Boyd in

the carriage that conveyed them to the station, and he could not determine.

"His very fears belied his hopes,
His hopes his fears belied!"

For sometimes in May's beautiful face he seemed to read profound pity and interest; then he grew cold and distant, and her expression changed to proud indifference.

"Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?" he said, half aloud. "No; not quite so mad as to forget that Miss Churchill is heiress of Fairburn Park and eight thousand a year, and I am Bertie West, artist, 'a youth to fortune and to fame unknown.' If I had only the good luck to be a painter and glazier, how much better in every sense of the word it might have been for me! And yet—" There was a world of unfulfilled prophecy in those two last words.

Meantime Dr. Boyd was equally busy with his own thoughts. He had found Mr. Churchill decidedly better, was overjoyed at the way he had received his wife and child, and heartily glad to find Dr. Leyland dismissed from Fairburn. He had secured the West End practice—even got the house partially into order; still, he was not happy. The fraud, the deception, the complications, were growing every day, and it seemed to him as if there was really no way out of the difficulty—no loophole of escape. Mr. Churchill had given him another large cheque, and insisted on his calling again in a week. Surely no man ever had "greatness thrust upon him" so resolutely, and felt so thoroughly miserable while undergoing the process.

Meantime, Madeline and May Churchill were thoroughly enjoying themselves at the Park. They both missed Bertie; but Rosie, with the selfishness of childhood, had readily adapted herself to her new friends, and never in all the few brief and happy years of her life had she enjoyed anything like her visit to Fairburn.

The supply of "chookies" and other sweetmeats was simply inexhaustible; the cream-cakes and bon-bons something hitherto undreamt of in her philosophy; and every one in the house petted and spoiled her, from the grim old squire down to the precocious page-boy. But, for some reason or other unexplained, Mrs. Boyd and May never rambled beyond the precincts of the grounds, where they were perfectly happy, and had the good-fortune never to encounter Dr. Leyland, who wandered about the lanes, looking almost like an evil spirit in his rage and disappointment. But at last the sad day came for saying farewell, and Madeline and May parted sworn friends, with a double promise, sanctioned by Mr. Churchill—namely, that May should spend a fortnight with Mrs. Boyd in town somewhere about April or May, and that Mrs. Boyd and Rosie would spend September at Fairburn Park; and with that understanding Madeline returned to London, feeling as if she had known May Churchill all her life.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW HOME.

DR. BOYD and Bertie West met Madeline and Rosie at Waterloo, and it was with a strange thrill of pleasure that she observed the cab turn westward

if so, would it be because the chances of being "found out" might be fewer? Madeline was forced to admit that it was certainly on that account she was so glad to get away from her old home, where the few happy



"Oh, how lovely!" Madge cried."—p. 170.

instead of eastward. She was going straight to her new home in Brook Street, and would perhaps lose in it the oppressive remembrance of the secret of the old house: forget that all the good-fortune, all the enjoyment, the first glimpse she ever had of real life and real luxury, were owing to a mean and despicable fraud, for so in her heart Mrs. Boyd deemed it. Would she be able to forget it in her new house, and,

years of her married life had been spent—for happy they had been, in spite of trials, disappointments, and poverty. Could a palace ever have the tender memory for her that the shabby old parlour in Brook Street possessed? Could any music in the world equal the tread of Frank's footsteps in the echoing oil-clothed little passage when he returned from his unsuccessful rounds in those first months of their

married life, before little Rosie came to cheer and occupy her? But once safely established in Brook Street, W., Madge thought, with a good position, a good old practice, and a good name, the mistake of the telegram would seem the most natural thing in the world.

Such were her thoughts as the cab rattled over the noisy pavements and through the busy, frequented streets. It was a foggy afternoon, and the lamps were already lit, the shop windows beginning to show their Christmas gaiety. All was life, light, bustle, excitement. Frank Boyd laughed as he described the chaos of the new home, Bertie chattered incessantly to Rosie, and amongst them Madeline's silence and thoughtfulness passed unquestioned, if not unnoticed. When the cab stopped at the door of the corner house, and Madeline glanced at the new and shining brass plate, with "Dr. Frank Boyd," engraved in neat letters, her heart gave a great throb. Here was security, safety, peace from those torturing fears and internal reproaches! She ran up the steps lightly; Bertie followed, with Rosie in his arms; a moment more, and Frank joined them in the dining-room; and then they all congratulated each other on their good-fortune, individually and collectively. Madeline laughed, nearly cried, talked incessantly, and at last, while tea was being prepared, the Doctor proposed making a tour of the house.

"This is to be my consulting-room," leading the way to another apartment; "and this the ante-room; they want brightening up a bit—a few pictures and flowers and a bracket, with a blue teapot, etc. This three-cornered little den is to be turned into a study and general snuggery, and this cosy little room looking out on the garden—it's just about the size of the dinner-table—you can do what you like with."

"I'll make it a breakfast-room," Madge said, decidedly; "it will spare the dining-room carpet."

"Economical to the last, Madge," the Doctor laughed; "now let us go up-stairs. The next floor seems to have been devoted exclusively to drawing-rooms. There are four of them, all opening one into the other, and it appears to me it would require a whole fortune to furnish them according to the ideas of Tayler when he had them papered and painted."

"Oh, how lovely!" Madge cried when she entered the largest room and glanced at the delicate pale-green painted walls and elaborately decorated ceiling. "This room is perfection, Frank, and it's half furnished already."

"It seems to me there's something wanting still," Frank replied, with an air of conical dismay. "A carpet, for instance, and mirrors, chairs, tables, couches, upholstery in sage green plush, turned up with peacock blue; rare cabinets full of useless china, Japanese fans, curtains, *portières*, etc., etc. Madge, the half of your uncle's legacy will be little enough for the drawing-rooms. I am glad I brought some of the useful, if unornamental, furniture from the Grays Inn Road."

"Don't be silly," Madge laughed. "I'll just have

a square of Brussels carpet, and a suite of cheap, very cheap, but comfortable furniture, covered in a real pretty French chintz. Just you leave this room and the next to me and Bertie, and give us, say, £50; the other two rooms I think we will shut up for the present. Now how about the rooms above?"

"The best in the house, I think," the Doctor replied. "Certainly they are in the best order. I have got them quite ship-shape, Madge."

"Oh!" with a comprehensive glance round; "they are certainly pleasant rooms—large, light, and airy; but they want just a trifle toning down, Frank. The furniture, for instance, is apt to run into straight lines."

"Now," put in Bertie, "you have explored sufficiently for one day. There is an unknown number of rooms overhead, and several secret chambers capable of accommodating any number of skeletons, dark openings in the wall, closets concealed on the upper staircase—in fact, the resources of an old-fashioned London house are well-nigh inexhaustible."

"Yes, but unfortunately, being a new family, we have neither ghosts nor skeletons to occupy the comfortable quarters you describe," the Doctor said, gaily, feeling at the same time that he would be truly grateful if he could safely lock up the secret that worried him in the most inaccessible of all the closets; for, unlike Madge, the Doctor was beginning to fancy that discovery would be much more probable in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, than in Brook Street, Gray's Inn Road. However, there was no use worrying about the matter; that first night they would be merry and enjoy themselves; for, after all, things had wonderfully improved in the course of a few short weeks. There was a fine house, a fashionable practice, a balance at the banker's, and what were a few conscientious scruples, a few sharp mental starts—what was even a certain amount of actual self-contempt, compared with the solid and tangible benefits fortune had laid at the feet of Dr. Frank Boyd? Conscience might whisper her worst, and whisper it all day long, with regard to that wretched telegram, so long as she breathed no word in Madge's ear, so long as no shadow clouded for a moment her happiness in her new home. Better lose fame, fortune, everything than her esteem. "If she once doubted me, if she once suspected me of doing a dishonourable action, I could never look in her dear face again, Heaven bless her! How true is it that 'one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,' or at least feel like one," he said to himself, as he ran lightly down-stairs and led the way to the dining-room, where a tempting tea was waiting. "From this moment I shall begin to forget, and look into the future rather than the past."

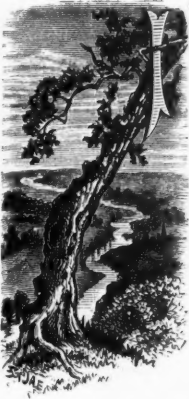
Easier said than done, Doctor. The past claims and owns us, however boastfully we may prate of the future, and the effort to forget is generally the surest way to remember.

(To be continued.)

SCOTLAND IN 1684-5.

(BICENTENARY GLIMPSSES.)

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.



It is anything but a bright view of Scotland we get in our journey backward of two hundred years. A very different country we find, indeed, from that which greets the young tourist of to-day with the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lord of the Isles" in his knapsack; or the sportsman when he exchanges the sultry atmosphere of the town for the bracing air of the moor and the mountain, and the snug comforts of his shooting-box; or

Queen Victoria when her spirits become exuberant in some heather glen, in "the proudest, dearest country" she ever knew; or the earnest Christian, as he makes for the Perth Conference, or other Christian gathering, to mingle in holy fellowship with like-minded workers from England and other lands, and join with them in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

The years 1684-5 were, perhaps, the darkest that Scotland ever knew. Historians who have no favour for the Covenanters, and who think of them as little better than fanatics and ruffians, frankly own that the treatment which they received in these years was most barbarous and brutal. The cruelties of the period, it has been remarked, "were savage, worthy of cannibals; they were refined, worthy of fiends." The names of some who ruled the country are to this day dark with infamous memories, such as Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate, and Graham of Claverhouse, with his troop of dragoons. It is pre-eminently to the events of these years we are to refer that beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth's:—

"When Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry.
The majesty of England interposed,
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O sister realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by compatriot-Protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant."

How did it happen that the furnace was heated

sevenfold at this particular time? For one thing, the Duke of York had come several times to Scotland, to be out of the way while the English Parliament was discussing the Bill of Exclusion, which was designed to shut him out from the succession to the English throne. Bent as he was on the restoration of popery in Scotland as well as in England, he saw instinctively that it was essential for his purpose to crush out the Puritanism of the country.* It was remarked of the Duke that he was not only signally callous at the sight of pain, but that he seemed to take pleasure in it, and that when judges would leave the chamber, sick and horrified, during the infliction of torture, the Duke would look on with all the coolness and interest of a practised Inquisitor. It was under his auspices that an order of Council was passed, introducing "a new invention and engine, called the thumbkins," to be used along with the old torture of the "boots." The representative of the King, and heir to the crown, was bent on a policy of stamping out; and neither he nor his myrmidons were troubled with any qualms either of conscience or of pity at the horrid measures which that policy demanded.

Hackston of Rathillet, a gentleman of education and property, who had been present at the death of Archbishop Sharp, though he had taken no part in it, was sentenced to death, and on the scaffold had first one hand cut off, then the other; he was then drawn up by the hangman to the top of the gallows with a pulley, and when choked a little let down alive within reach of the hangman, who then opened his breast with a knife and tore out his heart.

Other strong passions were let loose against those who would not accept "the test"—a concession of rights to the King which many could not conscientiously make. Many of them were men of property, and enormous fines were inflicted on them. Nominally the fines belonged to the crown; but part would often find its way to the informer, and perhaps a large share to the judge. Sometimes a whole estate would fall to one or other of these worthies. It is amusing to find at one time an order from Charles II., who was always in need of money, looking after his dues by enforcing payment of the fines: and at another a case tried in court to determine whether husbands were bound to pay the fines levied on their puritanic wives. The decision was that if they

* Bishop Burnet says that Scotland was so entirely in the Duke's hands that the King would seldom ask what the papers imported that were brought by the Duke for his signature.

were consenting parties they were to pay ; but if attending the conventicle was an act of disobedience to her lord on the part of the wife, she alone was to answer for the fine !

The "cloud of witnesses" who were hanged at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, the Gallowlea, the Rood of Greenside, and other places, were most of them men of humble birth and calling, sometimes including matrons and maidens, for neither age nor sex raised any pity ; but at other times men of mark were selected for punishment, just as victims for the guillotine were selected in France a century later, to inspire the community

all could not disturb the serenity of his faith nor cloud the conviction that rose to ecstasy, that the horrid death through which he was to pass would be the entrance for him into the eternal glory. "Thus," says Burnet, "a learned and a worthy gentleman, after twenty months' hard usage, was brought to such a death, in a way so full in all the steps of it of the spirit and practice of the courts of the Inquisition, that one is tempted to think that the methods taken in it were suggested by one well studied, if not practised in them." The man who thus suffered as a criminal at the Cross of Edinburgh was the lineal ancestor of many



PERTH.

with terror. Among the landed gentry of the country none bore a higher character than Robert Baillie of Jerviswood ; distinguished for piety and accomplishments, for loyalty to the crown, and a gentle and amiable bearing to all, he seemed in those rough times to exemplify a type of character of which any wise king might have been proud. But Baillie had been friendly to ousted ministers, or, as it was expressed, he had inter-communed with rebels. He was thrown into prison, where his health failed. When brought to trial he looked like a dying man, and had to be supported by cordials while the trial went on. He was accused by Mackenzie most unjustly of being involved in the Rye House Plot, and on the 24th December, 1684, he was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, between two and four o'clock of the same day. It was a grim way of keeping Christmas Eve. "My lords," said Baillie, "the time is short, the sentence is sharp ; but I thank my God Who hath made me as fit to die as ye are to live." The sentence, in its fiendish barbarity, doomed the good man's body to be quartered, and the parts sent here and there and exposed ; but

existing families of distinction, including those of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Haddington, and Lord Polwarth. It is a singular fact that when Lord Aberdeen proceeds to St. Giles' Church as Her Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly, he alights from his carriage at a few yards' distance from the spot where his ancestor was hanged, drawn and quartered, and under the shadow of the very cross at which the gallows was reared.

To the widow and nine children of Jerviswood the event of that Christmas Eve must have carried an anguish beyond our conception. Their temporal fortunes were ruined. George, the eldest son, escaped to Holland, and afterwards returned with the Prince of Orange, who restored to him the family estate. In the course of time George Baillie married Grisell Hume, the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, a like-minded friend of Robert Baillie, who had contrived to escape from prison. The story of Grisell, or Lady Grisell, as she used to be called, is so well known that we need hardly rehearse it. She contrived to hide her father for a month in a vault under the church of Polwarth, and to carry

provisions to him night after night, unknown to all but one faithful domestic. To get the necessary provisions unsuspected she had sometimes to tumble them off her plate into her lap, creating no little astonishment among her brothers and sisters at her marvellous appetite, and the extraordinary rapidity with which she made the food disappear. Sir Patrick contrived to escape out of the country, and after the Revolution was created Earl of Marchmont and Chancellor of Scotland. What an inestimable relief it must have been to such men when James was declared to have abdicated the throne! "When the Lord brought again the captivity of Zion, we were like men that dream."

We must not let our bicentenary glimpse be one of horrors only. The ordinary histories of the country dwell on nothing else, and it is only by going outside the usual circle of history that we come on scenes of a different kind. A somewhat remarkable event occurred in 1684, in the history of the University of Edinburgh. That institution had been in existence for a hundred years before a single chair in medicine was instituted in it. It was now that Sir Robert Sibbald, famous as a naturalist and an antiquarian, was appointed professor of the healing art. The medical faculty in the University, which had so humble a beginning, has grown with wonderful rapidity; for it has now some sixteen professors, and more than seventeen hundred students. In another department of science several members of a Scottish family were making the name of Gregory known in diverse parts of the world. It is remarkable that in different Universities three brothers held chairs of mathematics. Their father is said to have been the first owner of a barometer in Scotland, and being able to foretell the weather, made a narrow escape of being prosecuted for witchcraft. One of the sons was the inventor of the reflecting telescope, which gave him a familiarity with the stars unknown to professional astrologers. His birth-place was the old manse of Drumoak, on the banks of the Dee, a few miles above Aberdeen; but little could he have dreamed, as he sported in his boyhood with the bright and rapid river, that two hundred years afterwards, far up among the mountains, and beyond what were then the outskirts of civilisation, the Queen of England would build a castle on its banks, and woo in these remote wilds the calm domestic life which eluded her grasp in the older palaces of the empire. Strange to tell, a man who had made so remarkable a use of his eyes was struck with blindness while observing the satellites of Jupiter, at the early age of thirty-seven, and died a few days afterwards. His sad lot reminds us of Beethoven and his deafness. Down through son and grandson passed the hereditary talent for

science, and the hereditary claim to professorships. Our minds are carried back to Sir Isaac Newton and the foundations he was laying so firmly of the empire of physical science, which has grown so wonderfully since his day. Some may be disposed to contrast the calm pursuit of science, as followed by these men, with the heated conflicts of the religious world. But the philosophers were not always so calm, after all. One of the Gregorys who had a philosophical dispute with Huygens, showed no small heat in maintaining his ground. And as for the Church, the blame of the strife was no more to be laid to her charge than, in the Apocalyptic vision, the blame of the commotion that followed the birth of her child was to be laid to the charge of the woman at whose side stood the great red dragon, ready to devour her child as soon as it should be born.

One other bicentenary glimpse. The scene of it is laid in England, but the actor was an eminent Scotchman. It is well known that the saintly Robert Leighton, who, after doing his best in an episcopal office to restore quiet times to Scotland, had to abandon the task in despair, resigned his archbishopric in 1673, and retired to a sister's house in Gloucestershire, where he spent the remaining years of his life in absolute privacy. Out of this seclusion his old friend Bishop Burnet tempted him on a characteristic errand. Lord Perth, who had once given promise of better things, but who had, through ambition, been seduced to a life of wickedness, on receiving the appointment of Lord Chancellor, went to London. It occurred to Burnet that if Leighton could only be got to speak to him, some smouldering spark of a better spirit might be kindled into activity. Leighton emerged from his solitude and went to London. He looked so well, and, with his black hair and lively gestures, so young, that Burnet congratulated him on his wonderful resistance to the effects of years. Leighton told him it was otherwise—he was near his end. Whether he ever spoke to Lord Perth does not appear; probably he did not. Next day he was seized with severe cold, which turned to pleurisy; on the day following he was prostrated, and in a few hours more he passed away. From Burnet's brief remarks it is evident that he was greatly discouraged at the aspect of affairs. His heart was still in Scotland, and all the persecutions that had fallen on his countrymen impressed him the more with the depth of their piety. He died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, thus realising his own idea, that for a Christian—a stranger and pilgrim on this earth—an inn was the most suitable place to die in. Two very different souls passed into eternity when Robert Leighton died on 26th June, 1684, and Charles Stuart, King of England, on 6th February, 1684-5.

THE MOUNT OF FORGIVENESS.

(SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS. THE THIRTY-SECOND PSALM.)

BY THE REV. M. GUY PEARSE.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."



HIS is the second *blessed*. Thank God that there are two. The first blessed tells of the man who keeps out of sin—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly: nor standeth in the way of sinners: nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." The blessed man stands up on the sunny heights, up where birds sing, and the sweet scent of flowers fills the air; and he is looking down into the black bed of the river, over the steep precipices and jagged rocks, and past black hollows down into the oozy river bed. And he shudders as he thinks of that depth and peril. "Blessed is the man who is far up above that in safety and gladness," saith he. If there were but one blessed, then must we despair. There is another; listen to its music—"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." This is the other height of the river. He stands and looks down into the black and dreadful depth—"I had gone down there, down in its peril; but lo! Thou hast taken me up out of the horrible pit, and the miry clay, and Thou hast set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and Thou hast put a new song into my mouth, even of praise and thanksgiving." These two heights stand on either side of sin, like the Law and the Gospel—Sinai and Calvary.

Come, my brother, if the first blessedness cannot be ours—the blessedness of those who have kept the Law—thank God, the second may. We may get up there, up into the sunlight and the golden glory and the singing of birds. This is the whole meaning of the Gospel. The very heart and essence of all that God has done for us in the gift of the Lord Jesus Christ is this—To restore us who have fallen, to the blessedness of this great deliverance, to the joy of a full salvation.

Here are three things for us to look at:

The man who sits here.

The way he got here.

The blessedness he found here.

1. *The man who sits here.* Those who do not know, sometimes think this blessedness is for good people who have always been good—people who call themselves sinners as a matter of course, because it sounds religious and is the proper thing to say, but they really have never done any harm—gentle and loving and pure souls, who seem not

to be plagued with ill-tempers and foul sins like others are. Ah! look well at this man. Why, his soul is all notched and scarred with the wounds of many a fierce fight. He has sunk down into the black depths of sin as very few have ever done. He has sinned against light, and amidst opportunities and advantages such as very few have ever had. Here is a man in whom sin burned like a fire of hell, and set his soul in a blaze. A man who to the fierceness of his passion added a cool, calculating, cold-blooded, murderous arrangement for his crime, that aggravated its horror a thousand times.

No man, this, of gentle angel spirit, from whom you turn half-angry and half-envious—"One of your saints. He does not know how I feel." Here is a man who has gone down as low into sin as any could go, and into sins as black and foul; and yet this is he who sits on this sunny height and sings of the blessedness of those whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sin is covered. Blessed be God! if this man has got there, none need despair.

And does somebody begin to think—"Just so; here is one of your dreadful sinners whose life of sin has blinded him to the horribleness of sin, and now, scarcely able to discern between right and wrong, with no standard above his own life, lightly forgetting what has been, he can rush in untroubled where angels fear to tread, and boast aloud of all kinds of privileges and possessions." No, indeed. Come near and listen to him. He knows not the sweets of forgiveness who has never known a bitter sorrow for sin. See how David heaps up words to tell what he thinks of it—*It is a transgression*—a going out of the way. *It is sin*—a mistake, a missing the mark. *It is iniquity*—an injustice, a wrong. *It is a guile*—a cheating, a lie. Here on the height of forgiveness, right under the Cross, he sees sin thus—he looks back and sees sin as a going out of the way. He stepped over the boundary—it was only a step—he thought he could easily come back again; he would not go far—only just to see what was over there. So it began, and so it went on. Day after day thoughts growing into acts, acts into habits, habits growing stronger daily. Then some day the man wakes up. Where is he? Clinging to the face of the precipice—he looks up. Oh, how different that way of the Lord appears now! He used to think of it as a restriction, a being too particular. But now, he wakes up to find innocence lost, all that

might have been left behind, and the man who was going to be free the slave of his own sin. And he cannot get back—cannot get up again. Oh, what memories crowd about him! Thoughts in which God's way appears a way of pleasantness, and all His paths as peace. Oh, how many a man, how many a woman hanging over this precipice, unable to get back, afraid to go forward, looks up to that first height of blessedness, and recalls the quiet of the happy home, the mother's face lit up with peaceful joy, the father's calm hope and trust, hushing every fear, filling the life and looks with a sweet contentment. Oh, the dewy freshness of that life—the blessed safety, the bright hopes, the good purposes! A man cannot go far in sin without finding that he has gone out of his way. And he cannot get back again; he cannot climb up; and down below there is that dreadful darkness and destruction.

So sin *misses the mark*. The man thought this way led to happiness. Ah! hell itself seems to laugh out its hideous mockery at him. Happiness—hanging here on this giddy height, and down there that awful darkness!

And here he sees sin as an iniquity, a wrong, a robbery. God has created me, fitted and fashioned me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him. Life, reason, every faculty, the air I breathe is His, the light I see by, the earth I tread upon; then has my whole life been a robbery? I have set myself—myself who am His, to be my own lord and master. I have used these things as if they were mine—a wrong added to immensely by the great love of our God towards us, by His generous purposes concerning us. *Sin is a robbery*.—It is a hard word, but it is true. We rob God of His own. We rob the earth of the good example and influence that we were sent to give it. We rob God and man of love and truth and all things blessed. We turn the very faculties and gifts which He has given into the weapons with which we sin against Him. Oh, sin is a hateful thing, and must have an awful ending somewhere. Nor is this all. *Sin is a guile*. It is a cheating, a lie. It is not only itself a deceiver, it is a deception.

And yet, thank God, this is the man who comes to sit on this sunny height and sing of the blessedness of sin forgiven.

II. *How he got here.*

He had tried to get up to this height by the wrong path, and failed.

He had tried to hush up and cover his sins. *I kept silence*, he says. He tried to put on a jaunty indifference, as if it were nothing at all. He was no worse than others. If there was any blame, it was not his. Blame his nature if you will, in which such fiery passions slept—he could not help that. Blame occasion and temptation; these were answerable for what happened, not himself. But underneath that silence his

very bones roared. No, he could not get rid of sin by denying it. There it was, in all its hideous nakedness, standing out glaring in the light of God. Memories met him and whispered at his ear. Faces rose up, and came near and looked at him, dumbly clamouring against him. Fingers pointed at him. Nature seemed allied with conscience, and as he passed there came strange voices, looks, hints, whispers, evil omens, as if all the world knew all about it and shrunk from this dreadful man. He knew within himself that he was another man, fallen, degraded, as if the Hand that tamed the evil things within him had been taken off. Above him was a God Whom he feared to face. Beneath him was a blackness which he shuddered to think of—for in every man's heart sin means hell—assuredly it can mean nothing else. No, he could not bury his sin—as in that weird and tragic story in which the poet tells of the man who tried to bury his crime. But the black pool would not hide the secret, and there, in the dried-up riverbed, lay the victim. The winds swept away the leaves and flung him again into sight. We have no power to undo the past. We cannot hush it up. Its voices go on and on for ever clamouring against us. We cannot bury it. It rises and pursues us. This height of blessedness cannot be reached by this path. "When I kept silence my bones waxed old through my roaring."

And yet you ask, perhaps—Does sin always mean that, anguish, and fear, and remorse? No, not always—not always. Only as long as the light of God is within the soul, and the voice of God speaks to the man. That light may be put out. That voice may be silenced. And then a man shall come to laugh a wild, untroubled laugh at these things. Right and wrong have ceased to mean anything. Love is lust, and truth is but a name; and purity is but a hypocrite who wears a white robe; and friendship is only the disguise of selfishness. Oh, better a thousand times the madness that raves at the memory of sin than that. The eye that sees the truth is put out, the ear that hears the voice of God is stopped. Then the soul can go untroubled, unburdened. There is a life on earth so dark, so cold, so dead, so unconscious, so incapable of any moral sense, that I would sooner crave the very fires of hell to create within me some sense of right and wrong, than sink into that worst of deaths, that deepest of damnations. No, no indeed, *that* path cannot lead up to this blessedness.

And now he points out to us the path by which he got up here. "*I acknowledged my sin unto Thee; I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.*" There was the starting-point, and much more than that—*He gave right in to God*. That is everything. *Giving right in*. Throwing off all excuses and honestly and earnestly going

to God and telling Him all about it. That is the first step, and a long way up towards this blessedness. Why, David had worn his very religion as a cloak to cover up his sin. Throughout one dreadful year David came and went to the Temple services; he knelt and confessed sin in formal words, and with the rest of the congregation; he stood and saw the sacrifice offered, he watched the priest as he bare the blood within the veil, he waited as the priest came forth again and spake the word of absolution; but underneath the cloak of his religion he carried the guilty secret; all his soul was parched and consumed with a desert heat. No dew of blessing fell on him, no balm soothed his wounded spirit. God can do nothing with us when we come and go thus before Him. We must give right in. Have you noticed it in the story of Ahab? There was none like Ahab—saith the story—who did sell himself to commit wickedness. But once frightened by the threatening of the Lord, alarmed by the tone and manner of the prophet of fire, he put on sackcloth,

and went in before the Lord and walked humbly, Swift and glad then came the words from the Lord—"Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself? The evil shall not come in his time." When we cast away excuses, explanations, apologies, falling at His feet with the cry, "I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son"—then God, our gracious and loving Father, can let the fulness of His love flow forth to us; then He can fall upon the neck, and bring us home with rejoicing; then all the great preparation and provision of His mercy is our own.

This is more than the first step; it is everything; if we thus give in to God, He will teach us and lead us in the way we should go. He will unfold to us the mystery of repentance. He will lift up the hand of our faith. He will reveal to us the great love of Calvary. He will bring us up to this height of blessedness, until we too sit and sing in adoring wonder and joy, compassed about with songs of deliverance.

MISTAKEN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.



WHY, mother darling, who sent it? When did it come?"

Phyllis spoke in accents of intense, delighted astonishment, for there, looking quite at home in its new position, stood the piano which she had certainly not thought to see again.

Trouble had come to the Bartons. Mrs. Barton wore widow's weeds, and the late vicar of Southmere lay in the quiet churchyard. Poor Luke's illness had been the beginning of a terrible epidemic, which raged without intermission during the summer months. The vicar had caught it and then recovered. Feeling that both before and during his own illness, his curate had worked almost beyond his strength, he urged him to take a holiday. Mr. Hilton had not been gone many hours, before a fatal accident happened to one of the parishioners; the vicar was sent for, and did not return till past midnight. On his way home he caught a cold, which ended in inflammation of the lungs, from which his scarcely convalescent state he was unable to rally.

After the funeral the best part of the furniture had been sold by the advice of Mr. Barton's brother-in-law, the bereaved family had come to London, and had taken apartments in a quiet part of Kensington, where Phyllis was trying to get together a middle-class school. The loss of her instrument had been a serious obstacle to her success, and she was obliged to supplement her morning's work by giving music

lessons at the houses of her pupils. This would now be spared her if— A sudden doubt struck a cold chill of disappointment to her heart.

"Who sent it?" she reiterated.

"All that I can learn is that it came by rail from Downton," replied Mrs. Barton, her pale, sad face glowing with gratitude to their unknown friend.

"Oh, mamma darling," said Phyllis, with a deep flush, which, as it faded, left her face very white and determined, "I must know."

"Why, Phyllis?"

"Because if it comes from—from Mr. Forsyth, it is impossible for me to—you will not accept it?"

"It certainly is sent to 'Miss Barton;' but, my darling, do you think Albert Forsyth is the kind of man? I could not help thinking of Stanley."

"Why, you know Stanley is in the north! And, mamma, I think I ought to tell you something. Then I hope—I hope you will feel as I do about it."

"My brave Phyllis," said her mother, when the girl's story was ended, "I fear my grief has made me sadly selfish, that I guessed nothing of all this. You must write to Dacre's. Mr. Hilton told me they had bought it; probably they were commissioned to do so. Downton is the most convenient distance from Southmere; and then if you are right, you shall send it back."

Poor Mrs. Barton finished with a heavy sigh which was divided between regret for the possible loss of the instrument and sorrow for Phyllis, who immediately sat down to write her letter of inquiry.

While she is thus occupied, we must relate the story which had induced her mother to advise that step.

Albert had not effected the purpose with which he had visited the Vicarage on the evening that he had brought news of Luke's illness. That he had meant to do so Phyllis had felt convinced, but in leading up to the all-important avowal, he had made some remarks which had awakened her resentment. In

posals, consistent with maidenly feeling. He never did so. At first she attributed this silence to a delicacy of feeling which would not allow him to obtrude his sentiments on her notice at a time when they were feeling so much anxiety about her father. But as the days went on, and the knowledge came to her of the terrible trouble that must soon fall upon them, she began to think that he must avoid coming to



"My brave Phyllis!" said her mother, when the girl's story was ended."—p. 176.

speaking of her visits to the poor, he had declared that he should not "allow sister or wife of his to visit any one who was not decent and respectable," and had even hinted that he considered the Vicar remiss in doing so. Phyllis had not attempted to conceal her displeasure at the tone and manner of this speech, and he had left her in anger. This anger, however, was short-lived. He renewed his attentions, and just before her father's second and fatal attack spoke openly to her of his love. But the former interview had opened her eyes a little. She hardly knew what made her do so, but she asked for a week to think over her answer. The week passed; she gave him every opportunity of renewing his pro-

posals, not altogether from delicacy of feeling, but from a selfish distaste to the "house of mourning," which, it caused her infinite pain to believe, was a fault belonging to his gay, pleasure-loving disposition. Even yet her eyes were closed to the extent of his selfishness, for she knew he did love her, so far as his shallow nature and selfish heart were capable of loving any one. Yet when he ascertained what a slender provision had been left to the bereaved family, he determined to ignore the question which still remained unanswered. Phyllis the daughter of a man comfortably off, was in a very different position from Phyllis in that she now occupied. For Mrs. Barton had told him they would have to add to

their income by their own exertions for the future. Instead of being any help, they would be a drag upon him, he considered. So when he paid his farewell visit, though speaking a great deal of his regret that their friendship should be interrupted, he did not speak the words which would have prevented what he pretended to deplore.

Too proud to seek an explanation of his conduct, Phyllis tried to account for it by thinking that he had been hurt by her refusal to answer him at once. He was proud, passionate, exacting in his affection, and perhaps when his anger and soreness had lessened, would make up their unspoken quarrel. Stanley never would have chosen to show displeasure in so cruel a manner, and at such a time, Phyllis knew; but then he was graver, cooler, and quieter in his feelings than Albie, who had been just a little spoiled by his popularity.

Surely trouble must have strangely dimmed her perceptions, that she could thus strive to excuse this cowardly selfishness, that she could wilfully remain blind to the true character of the man she had once exalted into a kind of hero. How she suffered in her efforts not to depose him from the place he had held in her esteem! When the piano arrived, her idea was that it was meant as a peace offering, or—a less pleasant thought would intrude—if he did not mean to resume the old relations between them, he might have sent it as a kind of salve to his own conscience, which must be telling him how cruelly he had treated her. The question was soon

to be answered, as Phyllis thought, most conclusively. In reply to her letter, she received one from Dacre's manager, informing her that the purchaser of the piano was a tall, fair gentleman, of whose name they were ignorant, who had driven into Downton with Dr. Gregory, and had commissioned them to send it on to the address from which she wrote.

There was no one else in Southmere answering this description, who knew their present address, and who was so likely to have driven in with Dr. Gregory, as Albie. So Phyllis sat down, and after many failures succeeded in writing a letter to him which almost satisfied her; it ran as follows:—

DEAR MR. FORSYTH,—As I am told that you were the purchaser of our piano, and that you ordered it to be sent to us here, you will not be surprised that I find it impossible, under the circumstances, to accept so costly a present. Thank you for your kind intention.—Yours truly,

PHYLLIS BARTON.

"This must bring an answer which will decide one way or the other," thought poor Phyllis; and for the next twenty-four hours she was restless, excited, and miserable, longing for yet dreading to hear the postman's knock. When the answer arrived it did indeed settle all her doubts.

DEAR MISS BARTON [he wrote].—Your informant labours under a most incomprehensible mistake, and I cannot conceive why I should be credited with an act of generosity in which I could not possibly afford to indulge. I must congratulate you on the possession of a friend so much more fortunate than myself. With kindest regards to Mrs. Barton and the boys,—I am very sincerely yours,

ALBERT FORSYTH.

(To be concluded.)

"OUR FATHER."

A TENDER father hears the cries
Of his own little child—
With soothing words and mild
In his strong arms he clasps him to his breast;
There he securely lies,
And soon the sob subsides into a sleep,
Peaceful and calm and deep—
He is at rest.

So we, God's little children, cry
Sometimes in pain and fear,
Not knowing He is near,
Till with sweet words of comfort to His breast

He takes us—there we lie;
Feeling the strong protection of His arm,
And free from all alarm,
We are at rest.

So, when our work on earth is done,
When 'mid the battle's roar
We sink to rise no more,
Dreading the raging foe, and sore distress,
He shows the victory won,
And bears us from the field to home and love,
All troubles far above,
To endless rest. J. HUIE.

A BIBLE GIANT STORY.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC., ETC.

THE Jews seem to have been a very discontented people. Over and over again they murmured against God as He led them through the wilderness; and even after they had settled in the Promised Land, and might have

been happy enough, they began to grumble about the condition in which they were placed, and to wish to have it altered.

And what do you suppose they wanted? Why, they wanted a king. But had they not got a

king already? Of course they had. *God was their King.* And one would think that to be ruled over by Jehovah Himself, to be guided by His wisdom, and to be protected by His care, would have been enough for any nation, and that the Jews would have been thankful to have it so. However, they were not thankful, and they asked for a change. The heathen tribes round them had each of them a king—a tall, strong, powerful, brave man, who went out at the head of their armies, and led them to battle; and the Jews believed it would be much better for them to have such a man to rely upon than to have to confide in a God Whom they could not see. And they asked for a king.

Well, God gave them a king, who was both a big man and a brave soldier, and they rejoiced when they got him. For now (they thought), if any enemies attack us, we shall be easily able to beat them off by the help of one who is so strong and valiant as our monarch is.

But what if a bigger and a stronger man than this monarch should come against them? What then? The Jews had not thought of that; and the bigger man did come.

King Saul was large, for he stood a head and shoulders above all his people, and was broad and strong in proportion; but one day there appeared before the Israelite tents a soldier to whom Saul was little more than a pigmy. This man, whose name was Goliath, and who was a Philistine, was between ten and eleven feet high—he was a trained soldier, and was clothed in complete armour—and he stood and challenged the Israelites to send out one of their number to fight with him, if they had the courage to do so; but none would dare to face him. When the giant came stalking before their entrenchments, the Israelite army ran away, and hid themselves in their tents.

And now let me tell you what happened, and how the Israelites were taught *that it was better, after all, to trust in God than to put any confidence in man*—a lesson which you and I, dear children, have to learn, and which I hope we are trying to learn better the longer we live.

Nearly six weeks had passed, and every day this huge mountain of a man, his weapons glittering in the sun, and his armour-bearer carrying a shield before him, had presented himself in front of the camp of Israel. His boastful challenge had rung out loud in the morning air, but no one had had the courage to accept it, when, at the end of that time, David, the shepherd-lad, of whom you have heard before, came down from feeding his flocks at Bethlehem to bring a message to his brothers. He saw the Philistine, and heard the insulting words of his challenge; and his blood boiled within him to think that a heathen like Goliath should have the audacity to defy the armies of the living God. The people

(though I daresay they were a little astonished at the lad's indignation) brought him to Saul, and David obtained permission to go and fight with the Philistine. At first he was induced to put on the king's armour, but it did not fit him: Saul, as you know, was a much bigger man than David; so he put it off, and determined to go out to battle in his simple shepherd's dress and with the sling, of which he had learnt the use in his father's fields.

Now let us notice the difference between these two antagonists. First as to their appearance, and then as to their feelings.

I. As to their *appearance*. Goliath, as I have told you, was upwards of ten feet high—indeed, nearer eleven feet than ten. Think of that! You never saw, and probably never will see, a man so tall as he was. Then he was not thin and slender, but broad-chested and sinewy—a man of muscle; nimble, too, in his movements, for he was a trained soldier, and accustomed to fighting from his youth upward. Then look at his armour! His whole huge body is sheathed in brass; nothing but his face and forehead are exposed. And then notice that cruel-looking spear, and that long sword, with its bright blade and keen edge. Who can hope to stand against this man in battle? Certainly not the stripling who is running up there so boldly to meet him. David is active enough, it is true; he can take a spring like a panther, and his arms are strong, and he understands the use of the sling; but then—he is not much more than half the height of his opponent, and he is young and untrained. Why, the very wind of the giant's sword will be enough to fell him to the earth; and if Goliath can only put his foot upon him, he will crush him as you do an insect crawling on the ground. "Ah!" you are half inclined to say, "how very foolish of David to undertake to fight with such a monster as that! There is not the slightest hope of his escaping with his life. He *must* be killed. What could induce him to run such a risk?" And I daresay most of the soldiers in both armies thought the same thing. He was a brave lad, they said, to go out and fight against such odds; but, of course, he had no chance.

Ay! And he would have had no chance if God had not been on his side.

II. Now let us compare the *feelings* of the two men.

What is Goliath trusting in? His sword, his spear, his armour, his size, his strength, his activity, his long experience as a fighting man. And really he has a good deal to depend upon. One hardly wonders at his being so vaunting and boastful when we think of all his advantages, and when we measure his great superiority to David. There seems to be good reason, does there not, for his crying out, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field?"

But how different is the tone and manner of the young shepherd! How modest he is; how self-distrustful! His confidence is not in his own skill and strength, but in the help of the Lord his God; and inasmuch as he stands there as the champion of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom Goliath has defied, he is quite sure that he will win the victory; or rather, as I ought to say, he is quite sure *that God will give it him*. God has a lesson to teach both Philistines and Israelites—ay, to all mankind—and that is that success in war, and in everything else, depends upon His sovereign will, and that He bestows it as He judges best—"All the earth shall know that there is a God in Israel."

And so the two close in battle. The soldiers on both sides hold their breath, whilst Goliath, furious with rage, quickens his pace, and David runs on to meet him, whirling his sling round his head. Oh! it all depends upon that one stone! Let it miss its mark; let it light on the breast-plate, or on the helmet, or on the shield, or on any place but on that one exposed spot in the forehead, and David will be done for; he will have no opportunity of using his sling a second time, but will lie a crushed and bleeding mass at the giant's feet. But, no! The stone flies true; it reaches its destination; it crashes in through the bones of the skull; and the huge giant, toppling like an undermined tower, falls prostrate to the ground, his armour clattering and rattling round him, and David, rushing up and standing upon his body, takes the giant's own sword, and finishes his victory by cutting off his head. And when it was all over, I fancy that the people of Israel felt, if they did not say it—"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man."

III. Now, this is a very interesting story, my dear children, but what lesson are we to gather from it for ourselves? Let us consider.

I think we have, all of us, giants to fight with and to overcome; and we have to overcome them as David overcame Goliath—by the help of God. For instance. Are there any of us who are inclined at times to be sulky, or obstinate, or morose, or perhaps, if we take offence, to blaze out into a fury? or, it even may be, to be revengeful, if we fancy that any one has wronged or injured us? Is this the case with any of us? Well, then, our giant is TEMPER.

Or are we sluggish? Is it difficult to get us up in the morning, even after we have had a good night's rest? Are we unwilling to make any effort, or to put ourselves to any trouble when our lessons have to be learnt, or when any other duty is to be performed? Are we always lounging about, doing nothing briskly and actively, and as if we cared for the doing of it? Then our giant is SLOTH.

Or, again: Have we got into the bad habit of

putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day? It is a very bad habit, and a dangerous one. Felix, the wicked Roman governor, was very much impressed with St. Paul's discourse when he reasoned before him of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," and seemed on the point of repenting and becoming a good man. But he determined to wait for another day; and when that other day arrived, and the Apostle preached to him again, the impression had passed away. All St. Paul's arguments produced no effect whatever upon his mind. Perhaps—I do not know—that delay cost Felix his soul. At all events, delays are dangerous, especially in things which relate to our duty to God. And you and I must be on our guard against the giant PROCRASTINATION.

Yet again, we may be always looking out for self, trying to secure the largest slice of the cake, and the rosier apple in the dish, and the best place at a show, or the nearest corner to the fire in winter-time, and not caring how others are served so long as we get what we want. Is this the case with any of us? Then our giant is SELFISHNESS.

And, once more, there is a giant whom we will call COWARDICE. This giant tries to persuade boys and girls—ay, and men and women too—to be ashamed of doing what is right; ashamed of reading their Bible; ashamed of praying in the dormitory when other children are there; and he is so plausible in his talk, and has so many reasons to give, that he often gets us to listen to him when we know we should not.

And there are other giants, all of whose names I cannot think of at this moment, such as PRIDE and VANITY, and so on. Now, which is your giant, my dear children? Each of you must learn to find out, and then set yourself in good earnest to overcome him; for, as it was with David and Goliath, so it is with you—if you do not kill *him*, he will kill *you*. But how is the thing to be done? How are you and I to overcome one who is so tall and strong, and so maliciously set upon our destruction? Well, I will tell you how *not* to do it! Trust to yourself, and then you will be sure to fail. Say, "I have got a will of my own; I have got a strong mind and a firm resolution; and all I have to do is to be determined, and I shall win the victory for myself." Believe me, my dear children, *you will do nothing of the kind*. That is the way to fail. If you would succeed, you must do as David did, and trust in the help of God Himself. He is always ready to give it. So when you feel that the giant is rushing on to attack you, cling to the arm of the Lord Jesus Christ; run to Him in prayer; entreat His help; cry—"I am Thine—save me;" and then you will see the giant, crushed and powerless, lying under your feet, and you will sing, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

IN WYCLIFFE'S LAND.

ON the 29th of December, 1384, died John Wycliffe: his bones were a few years later disinterred by the Bishop of Lincoln, and burned and cast into the Swift, which conveyed them to the Avon, and, says Fuller, "by the Avon to the Severn, by the Severn to the narrow seas, and thence to the main ocean. Thus," says that quaint writer, "the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world

of the sixth in succession of these Wycliffes. It is averred that his eldest brother was knighted after the battle of Cressy; that the descendants of this brother inherited the Wycliffe estate until the last heir-apparent male died in 1606, and his sisters became joint-heiresses, and ultimately the name there died out. Local tradition supports the belief that long ago a village named Spreswell existed near Wycliffe, and thus all that is known



WYCLIFFE CHURCH.

over." The story of his life and death have in the quincentenary year (1884) been often told, but it may be of interest to glance for a few moments at the scene of the beginning of the eventful life of the Reformer. The exact place of his birth is disputed. Leland declares that he was born at "Spreswel, a poor village, a good mile from Richmond," and other places in the adjoining county have had the honour conferred upon them by other writers. But the name, the pedigree of an ancient family, and other proofs, give ground for the belief that near to the little village of Wycliffe, on the Yorkshire side of the river Tees, the "herald of the Reformation" was born.

For many generations the Wycliffe family were lords of that little village; and the pedigree just referred to, shows that Wycliffe was the youngest son

and much that is believed points to the southern bank of the Tees, a few miles below Barnard Castle, as being "Wycliffe's Land."

It is "a good land," but, unlike neighbouring regions, its stones are not "of iron," and thus it rests in its peaceful shade near where the iron regions are alternately in the fierce blaze of prosperity and the depression of adversity, and none of the smirch or the smoke from the coal and coke domains across the Tees reaches it. It is a region that changes only with the seasons; and even the dialect has not materially altered for years. Raine, in the "Lives of the Archbishops of York," says that his father was born within a mile of the village of Wycliffe, "and I have often heard him say that at the beginning of the present century the dialect of the neighbourhood

was so identical with the language of the Reformer's version of the New Testament, that he would undertake to read any chapter of it to an old person, and it would be understood thoroughly with the exception of a word or two."

The population is sparse in the whole region, Barnard Castle being on the one hand the market town, growing in extent and of late in architectural pretensions, with its noble museum and its imposing county school; whilst on the other hand, nearing Darlington, we come into the commercial and manufacturing centres of the county of Durham. But the little retired nook lower down the Tees than Barnard Castle is embalmed in associations. This is the region of Rokeby; here is that "fair scene" that Scott pictured, where the "Greta flows to meet the Tees;" "Bertram's Cave" is here, and here the farmhouse that was Mortham Tower; whilst the surroundings of the whole scene form that landscape that is photographed by Scott.

Two miles east of Rokeby is the hamlet of Wycliffe. Its ancient church, on a green hillock, looked down upon the river; "near it, spreading meadows bordered with trees, the old mill-race, half concealed by bending willows, winding its course among them. The clack of the mill mingles with the cawing of the rooks and the music of the river, and everything breathes of peace and tranquillity." And the partial restoration of the church, since this was written, has left untouched the peaceful and

tranquil surroundings. In the little rectory near, is a portrait of John Wycliffe. It is painted on panel, and is believed to have been copied by Sir Antonio More from an older painting. An inscription states that Dr. Zouche (or Zach), rector of Wycliffe, gives to his successors, the rectors of Wycliffe, the picture of "the great man John Wycliffe, a native of this parish," as an "heirloom to the Rectory House."

Near to the Tees is also Wycliffe Hall, long the residence of the family; then passing ultimately to Sir Talbot Constable, one of its descendants, and now the residence of Mr. F. Raine, an enthusiastic admirer of the Reformer, whose zeal procured a memorable commemoration of his death in the parish where he was probably born, in the church he is believed to have been baptised in, and near to the hall that was long the residence of his family. The traditions of that family are dying out in the rural district we have called Wycliffe's Land—a land that presents the same landscape as it did five centuries ago, whose river "wages war" over the same stony channel; whose deep lanes renew the same race of trees; whose population knows little of change in numbers, and long retains old customs; and which land is girt around figuratively with past memories, and actually with the domains of the families that retain Raby and others of the castles and parks and halls that Scott has catalogued and described.

THE MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.

"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."—GAL. vi. 17.



Old soldier's scars are his most honourable medals, far above those of gold or silver.

It was the *enemy*, no doubt, that had hung them around him. It was the sword of those who sought his life that conferred these life-long tokens of distinction upon him, these reminiscences of daring and danger.

But not the less are they marks of noble service and inscriptions which record faithful and self-denying devotedness to the commander or the king under whose banner he fought.

To have come out of many battle-fields unhurt is something to speak of in after years, when miraculous escapes are the theme of conversation; but to be able to point to the maimed limb or the cicatrice on the forehead is something more, especially when each of these wounds has some

history, of which its owner has no reason to be ashamed, some reminiscence of the successful charge or the hand-to-hand combat.

That brave old warrior, General Colin Mackenzie, who died some three years ago in Edinburgh, and whose dust lies in the Grange Cemetery, by the side of his fellow-soldier, Sir Hope Grant, was scarred all over, from foot to head, with wounds received in Indian battle, and could have said, as he pointed them out—at least a score in number—"These are my Queen's medals, badges of nobility more precious and more eloquent than any of the costliest gems."

So was it with the writer of our Epistle, the old warrior of Tarsus, the hero of a hundred fights, when he said, pointing to his bruised and battered frame, "I bear in my *body* the marks of the Lord Jesus." At another time he could say, "My *bodily* presence is *weak*, but here it is *strong*." If at other times his speech was contemptible,

here it is eloquent, eloquent all over. His body has found a tongue with which to silence the Galatian gainsayers. They will not believe his words; let them believe his wounds.

The Christian man's body is the Divine temple, the habitation of God. "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy (ghost)?" (1 Cor. vi. 19.) No wonder, then, that God has taught us in so many ways to honour a fabric that contains so great a guest, to respect the place where it is laid at death, to count the scattered dust precious, and to anticipate with gladness the resurrection of the just; for "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." (Rev. xx. 6.)

The Christian man's body is a member of Christ. "What, know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" (1 Cor. vi. 15.) They bear the same relation to Him that the hand, or the foot, or the eye, or the tongue bear to His personal self. Hence the care about its honourable sepulture exhibited in the history of patriarchs—Abraham and Jacob; and hence the national testimony to this in the embalming of Joseph's body in Egypt and then carrying it in its coffin, as if it had been some military trophy, through the desert for forty years, till it was reverently deposited in Joseph's own tribal territory. Hence also the brightness connected with that coming day when this "vile body" (literally "body of humiliation") shall be made "like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21), and "death be swallowed up in victory."

The body of a Christian man is that by which Christ is "magnified," as we read, "So now Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." (Phil. i. 20.) As God, then, does not undervalue the body either in life or in death, shall we not count it precious, though it be but crumbling dust, looking for the time when, though sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power?

The Christian man's body is that in which the Apostle says he bore the marks of the Lord Jesus; and shall we not duly honour that frame, though it be but of flesh and blood, which the Lord so highly honours as to fix on it those peculiar "marks" by which it is to be recognised as His, or at least as belonging to one who had served Him here through good report and through bad report, toiled for Him, fought for Him, suffered for Him, till it was covered over with honourable wounds received in His blessed service? When this toil-worn soldier drew near his end, and was saying, not boastfully, but thankfully, and with all humility, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith," he could point to his furrowed and discoloured body and say, "Here are the marks of the chain, here of the stones, here of the stripes, here of the rods, here of the robbers, here of the

shipwreck, here of the weariness and painfulness, here of the watchings often, the fastings often, the hunger and thirst, the cold and nakedness (2 Cor. xi. 26, 27); this mark tells of Philippi, this of Derbe, this of Lystra, this of Ephesus, this of Rome." It may be that resurrection will efface all these traces of earthly toil and suffering, leaving nothing but the beauty of the glorified body; or it may be that the warrior's scars will for ever bear witness, even before angels, to his battles on earth. But still, to the end of our course here, the toils and hardships, the sorrows and disappointments of ministerial life leave deep-cut traces of faithful service for the Master.

John Berridge—that wonderful apostle of the last century in England, whose preaching of Christ gathered in thousands, as he rode from village to village, with the old Gospel on his lips—thus touchingly refers to the wonders, and surprises, and joys of the great meeting-day, when the parted labourers of the Church of God shall look each other in the face once more. "What" (says he, writing to a fellow-sufferer of the Cross) "if such a poor, weak, weather-beaten, and almost shipwrecked vessel such as I should land at last safely on the shore of everlasting rest? Sure you would strike up a new song to see me harbour in the heavenly port, if you are there before me! And what if such a poor, weak stripling as I should come off conqueror over an armada of enemies—sin, death, and hell? And what if you should meet me in the peaceful realms above, with my robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and a palm of victory in my hand? *Perhaps you may know me by my scars.* But even every one of these will be a set-off to the freeness, sovereignty, and unchangeableness of the love of God, the worth of the Redeemer's merits, and the power of the Almighty Spirit." These scars, which are to be found, more or less, in some shape or other, on every faithful minister of Christ, are not things to be ashamed of, nor blemishes which one would like to see effaced. They are "the marks of the Lord Jesus," traces of wounds received in His service here, to be recognised by Himself hereafter, in the day of His appearing, with the "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But these scars are not all of them distinctly visible or external. There are hidden wounds, scars of the spirit, which tell in many ways upon the outward frame, though undiscoverable by the common eye. The features get sharp too soon; the eye gets too early dim by reason of the inner tears, which have got no vent; the hair gets grey before its time because of sorrow that cannot be told; the lines upon the cheek and forehead deepen into furrows by means of stroke upon stroke of bereavement, or continuous pain; there

comes too quickly the brow of shaded thought, the fruit of mental perplexity or spiritual conflict, or sore disappointment in those who once promised well, or sense of pain from the ingratitude of desertion such as that of which the Apostle wrote when with a deep sigh (no doubt) he said, "Demas hath forsaken me;" these are the internal scars, the silent wounds, bleeding inwardly, which tell upon the finer tissues both of body and of mind; imperceptibly wearing down the bravest spirit. The vicissitudes of ministerial life, with all their griefs and hardships, would require a separate history, annals of their own, such as the world could not understand, and which could only be sympathised with by kindred hearts.

Yet no wound has been in vain; I do not mean as to the stroke inflicted upon the enemy by the wounded warrior, but as to its effects upon himself—humbling, moulding, mellowing. It was received in honourable battle, under the banner of the ever-victorious Captain; and it was part of the mysterious process by which strength is drawn out of weakness.

"I thank Thee for these scars;
Not one, not one in vain.
I thank Thee for these hours
Of profitable pain:
Each wound a monument
Of superhuman war;
A coronet no angel wears,
A never-setting star."

If we want to know more precisely how and when these "marks of the Lord Jesus" were received, we may turn to that strange enumeration of martyr deeds and sufferings which our Apostle gives us at the close of his grand catalogue of confessors, in the eleventh of the Hebrews:—"Tortured, not accepting deliverance, cruel mockings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonment; . . . stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword; . . . wandered in sheepskins and goatskins, destitute, afflicted, tormented; . . . wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth." From a picture like this we may learn what are the "marks of the Lord Jesus," and how they are received. From this brief but faithful photography of the ancient Church we see that these marks were nothing new in the days of Paul, and that what the first-century Christians endured was simply the continuation of the Church's sufferings and the Church's martyr honours.

Has Christendom since then exhibited these marks? Could the successors of the Apostles, when upbraided, as Paul was, with false pretensions to office, and insufficient claims as professed ambassadors for Christ, point to their bruises and disfigurements in order to silence the scoffer, and say, "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"?

The history of Christendom, even when most flatteringly told, is not one of true ministerial grandeur. Rome's apostolical succession has been not merely an irony, but a mockery and a lie. Out of all the millions of "priests" during these ages past, how few have had the "marks of the Lord Jesus!" Ministry has not been a thing of suffering or shame, but self-ambition, and dignity, and pomp. They who have really taken a crucified Lord for their model, have found themselves lonely men. Even outside a corrupt Church, ministry has too often been a failure. The "marks of the Lord Jesus" have been of little account with many who have assumed the ministerial name. Position, title, wealth, greatness, personal ease and comfort, not wounds nor scars, not hardship and suffering and poverty, have been the "marks" of office, the credentials of a "successful" pastorate, and the memorials of a "consecrated" life.

Invisible as are many of these scars (whether of toil or battle) to the general eye—nay, perhaps to the eye of him whose body bears them—they are not unseen nor unacknowledged by Him Who notes and recompenses the poorest amount of earthly service, and the slenderest marks of pain incurred in following Him. Perhaps on some sharp winter night you were called out to visit one of His poor in some miserable garret, and caught a malady that remained with you through life. You thought little of that visit. It was but an ordinary occurrence; yet it left upon you an apostolic scar—one of the "marks of the Lord Jesus." For it is not by the sword, nor the rack, nor the prison, that these traces are imprinted. It is not by great deeds nor terrible endurances that you are thus sealed for the Master. The little pains, and privations, and wearinesses leave His seal behind quite as distinctly to His eye as the sharper and deeper wounds of confessorship or martyrdom. He despises not the least. Learn this for your comfort. Learn it also to nerve and stimulate yourself for daily service, however feeble or commonplace that service may be. The cup of cold water carried to refresh the lips of some dying saint; the soothing word of heavenly love spoken to some poor child; the little bit of self-denial exercised to purchase some needful gift for the helpless; the confession of the name of Christ in trying circumstances; these did not cost you much, and you thought no more about them; but they have left an indelible mark which the gracious Master will own in the day of His appearing. "Ye are they who have continued with Me in My temptations; and I appoint unto you a Kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me." (Luke xxii. 28.)

These scars are apostolic imprints, which, in Paul's case, settled the question of ministry. They are more significant and authoritative and durable than the seal of royalty, or the stamp

of office, or the Queen's broad arrow, or the very signature of majesty itself. To each faithful servant of the Lord, each ambassador of Christ, each Gospel minister, however obscure, these credentials belong. They authenticate himself, and they verify his ministry. When outsiders read the memorials of faithful service, they ask, perhaps, Whose is this image and superscription? and they get the ready answer, "Christ's." Yes, they are His handwriting, His autograph. He is not ashamed to own these as the impressions of His signet, insignificant as some of them may be in themselves. The worn-out minister who has seen half a century of sore service—in body, soul, and spirit having been spent to exhaustion—may feel assured that he has the genuine stamp which the Master will own and honour, though neither the sword nor the stone nor the scourge may have left their impress on his body.

Superstition has, no doubt, invented marks of its own. But self-made scars, like the "stigmata" of the mystics and recluses, are only monuments of religious ostentation and human pride. Like the fastings of the Pharisees, they give reputation to the pretender, and "verily, they have their reward." But that reward is but man's applause. The Master is silent. No "Well done!" of His greets them, or recognises the spurious "marks" by which they hoped to prove their claim to recompense.

There have always been some too ready to accept these "marks" for themselves. Seeing them where no one else could detect them, and pointing to their deeds of kindness, they say to themselves, if not to others, what once we heard

a man of energetic benevolence say of his medical practice among the poor:—"I have a long account against the Master." They carry this delusion to the Great White Throne. For when the King says, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not," they are amazed and affronted at the non-recognition of their doings. "When saw we Thee in prison and did not minister to Thee?"

On the other hand, the quiet workers, notable chiefly by their modest self-suppression, are amazed when their poor names are named, in the day of the Great Confession, before men and angels, as having ministered to the hunger and thirst of their beloved Lord. They know not the value of their visitations. They had perhaps forgotten all about them—at least, they had forgotten their own hardships in the work. What they did they knew that they did to their Master; but they did not know the full meaning of their doings, nor had they calculated the real value of their benevolences. They had not learned till then, when the bright truth burst upon them, announced by the Master's own lips, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." They had been visiting the King Himself in prison, and they knew it not. The service which they rendered was so small that they never thought of it as done expressly to Him, nor realised that *He* was the prisoner Whom they visited, the hungry Man Whom they fed, the thirsty Man to Whom they gave the cup of cold water, the sick Man at Whose bedside they sat ministering to His daily wants. What a surprise to them! And as glorious as it was unexpected.

A STARLIGHT STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODDLEKINS."

PART I.—THE STAR DOWN-STAIRS.



BITTERLY cold! Grey sky outside the dismal library windows; opposite, the black railings of a London square, with trees as barren and as black, and dead leaves flying against the windows in the cutting frosty wind.

The fire had turned to ashes while old John Parchworth was buried in his reading; the sharp cold roused him.

The old man stood up in the darkness and cold, and stretched his arms, and clasped his hands across the front of his shaggy white hair. Sometimes, between daylight and lamplight, he was seized with a heart-pang of loneliness, just as we all at times awake from sleep, and in the dark stillness are grasped by the startling facts of existence—that life is short and death is sure, and we are farther on

the way than we have hitherto realised. When the old man among the wilderness of books awoke from the pages, and when his age and his loneliness smote him to the heart, in heaven or earth he had no comfort; he could only get into book-world again.

The frost can drive in the most solitary of animals to the door of the homestead and to domestic ways. Sheerly frost-driven, John Parchworth, for the first time, mounted to the rooms of the artist who tenanted the floor above his own more spacious lodging.

A pretty young woman, with fair hair, was embroidering in a bright, warm room. She welcomed the white-haired stranger, and poked up the blazing fire for him. Her husband was out, she said, but she longed for him to be home again, it was so bitterly cold. Would Mr. Parchworth like to look at drawings? There was a block that was just finished. Her little niece had been staying with them to sit as

a model. The child had been dressed in white furniture covers to sit for four of the children. She was dark, with good features—Dr. Westering's child. The artist's wife, as she talked by the fire, showed the old man a block ready to pass on to the engraver. It had been ordered as an illustration for the scene of the blessing and caressing of the little children.

"Ah! thank you, yes. Very good. But my views preclude my sympathy from that particular episode. The interest in children is an instinct in a woman—a necessary instinct! But to a reflecting man they are undeveloped beings. What is the use of them?"

"They grow up."

"Quite true. At maturity they are worthy of rational interest. They have become useful."

"But don't you enjoy the dear little things?"

"Enjoy them! My dear madam, in the irremediable misery of this black world there are times when one must regard them as a mistake—the progeny of a doomed and miserable race."

The quiet blue eyes regarded him with scarcely concealed pity and wonder.

When poor old John Parchworth had borrowed half-an-hour's heat, he went down-stairs again. Utter darkness! His nearest relationship to human kind lay in his bargain with his landlady. She had forgotten his fire; she had sent no one to light the gas. Suddenly the sense of age and uncared-for existence caught his heart unawares, and forced from him the plaint:—"Alone—and seventy-two to-day; and poor—how poor! What's the good of *my* bank account? Worse off than the beggars—they have somebody! Mrs. Blake," jerking the bell-handle, and calling towards a footstep at the door, "light! I want light. And don't tread on my books; they are all over the floor there." Then he sank deep into his thoughts.

The voice was not the voice of Mrs. Blake. It said sweetly, with abrupt simplicity, "Please may I come in and look for Tummas?"

"Death, poverty, ignorance, crime." The old sage was thinking aloud, working out some bookish plan, and counting the horrors on his fingers. "There was a fifth curse of mankind somewhere—there ought to be a fifth. Then thrown into chapter six, 'The Coming Man.' And chapter seven, that most maddening consideration," raising the thin, tired voice in dramatic horror, "Is there to be a Coming Man at all? Or is not the whole machinery of this world grinding, corrupting, degrading the race from bad to worse? Oh! what a dread consideration, what an awful question!"

"Please may I come in for Tummas?" A wail in the little voice reached the old pessimist's ear.

"What's that? Who's that?"

"Only me!"

"Now," with irritated sharpness, "what definite idea can *me* convey, you illogical being?"

"Tummas."

The landlady came with a lighted taper for the

gas. Old John Parchworth beheld in the doorway a dark-eyed, dimpled little mortal, with round face and glossy, tumbled hair. A babyish neck and fat arms were showing out of the puffs and colours of a quaintly flowered silken gown. Even his unaccustomed eyes could not resist the fascination of such a small compound of gravity and dimples.

"This is Mr. Parchworth's room," whispered Mrs. Blake. "Run away, duckie, up-stairs to your aunt."

"No, no. Let her come in. Now that this natural curiosity has come in my way, I prefer to investigate it. When we think of the multitudes and the miseries of this world, the progeny of the race are a melancholy sight. As a whole I hate them—I hate to see them."

"The generality doesn't, sir," said the landlady, lighting the four central gas-jets and the reading lamp on the writing table, and hurrying to rekindle the fire with her own hands, rather than leave him cold in that vast vault of book-lined walls. "But I know, sir, your feelings isn't the generality's feelings, and I told you true there's no children here"—with the hidden sigh of a hard-worked, childless widow, "This one is only——"

"Oh! there's the Tummas!" The progeny of a doomed and miserable race ran in, all dimples and no gravity: trotted across live and dead languages: jumped over a whole system of philosophy, and snatched up a cat out of the fireside corner where he had been sitting behind an upright open quarto, ensconced as in a box.

The philosopher lapsed into unphilosophic language, when he saw her running among his books. But he refused to have her taken away. He wanted to investigate her. Would Mrs. Blake kindly leave that fire now, and shut the door after her? For there was a draught. No: he did *not* want a cup of tea—it spoiled one's dinner. No: the fire did *not* want stirring again. Mrs. Blake slowly went away, with vague suspicions of an ogre's den.

Instantly there was a rush after her. "Oh! I forgot—the worm—the worm! Don't leave me."

"What is it?" from Mrs. Blake.

"The worm is somewhere here. The big worm. Uncle Tom said a big worm with legs and eyes lived in this room; but I forgot, when Tummas got in from me."

"Nonsense, child!" said the landlady; "that was only a sort of fairy tale, like."

"Oh! no. Uncle Tom said a bookworm lived here. And I asked all about it, and he said it was very big—with legs and eyes!"

She squeezed herself past Mrs. Blake in the doorway, and the landlady shut the door with alacrity, to put oak between Mr. Parchworth and such an inconvenient chatterbox. But the door had not closed before that "little pitcher with long ears" heard an angry exclamation within, and then the cry of a weary, broken voice:—"Poor! poor! how poor I am! And all alone!"

The unfortunate mention of the bookworm was

duly reported up-stairs, when Tom Westering came home.

"Poor old man!" said the child's aunt gently. "He looked so ill, when he came up-stairs after his fire went out."

"He is quite ill," Mrs. Blake said, "only I think it's his mind more than what the doctors can cure. He took no dinner, and he has his furred coat about him, huddled up by the fire. All the 'ologies that man pores over are enough to kill him! and his thoughts are not the generality's thoughts, and enough to make anybody ill."

At this point a pair of dark, soft eyes were so wet and red, and a dimpled mouth was becoming so long at the corners, that there would have been an uproar of sorrow in half a minute more, if Tom Westering had not assured the child that it would never do to cry over a little mistake in natural history.

An hour later the library door was unceremoniously opened, and the gravity and dimples appeared.

"Come here, little girl!" said the old man, raising his white head and putting a heavy book off his knees, with the magnifier laid on its pages.

Stella gravely approached. The cat was softly hugged on her fat arms, with a little bell, some kittenish toy, between its soft paws. The dark eyes, with a liquid light, raised their fringes to look up into the wrinkled hollow eyes; and the dimpled lips trembled nervously.

"I'm sorry—about the worm!"

The old man for a moment could have hugged her to his heart. But he only knew book-world, not child-world; and he thought the impulse too unceremonious. So, instead, he blinked his own dim eyes, and said, "Pray don't mention it."

She may not have precisely understood the answer, but a gravely sweet contentment came into her face again. As it was clearly not the child's fault to have tortured his vanity an hour ago, it occurred to the old philosopher that now was his time for examining a specimen of "the doomed progeny." He took a notebook and a pencil. The name would be the first point in ascertaining the span of an immature mind.

"What do they call you?"

She treated him to a handsome wide-eyed stare, till her wits brightened up. "They call me duckie, and darling."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense! What is your name?"

"Stella; and this is Tummas," tickling the cat's chin, till the purring nose was pointed at the philosopher's notebook. "Uncle Tom said the pussy-cat oughtn't have the same name as himself, and he says Tummas is an agstocattie way of saying Tom."

"That is beside the subject. You pronounce with lamentable indistinctness. I must note that: undeveloped—vocal—organs."

PART II.—SHINING.

"TUMMAS is an aristogattie way of saying Tom," repeated little Stella Westering, with all the strength of a fine young throat, and with a child's persist-

ence in getting a hearing. Old John Parchworth regarded her through gold-rimmed spectacles newly put on; to his domestic ignorance, she might have been any age from two to sixteen. Little Stella Westering must have thought the thin old man with the gold glasses was badly in want of something to talk about, as he was finding nothing to say; she turned the tables on the investigator.

"What's yours?"

"My what? What's my what?"

"Your name."

"Oh!" as if he was shot in the chest by a football. "My name is Parchworth; you may see it in the contents of the Encyclopedia of—"

"Do you like singing?"

A smile began to steal over his face, as if a parchment book-cover were breaking out into unwonted wrinkles. "Perhaps you can sing a song," he said more gently, beginning to understand child-nature a little better.

"Yes; I can sing 'Twinkle, twinkle, little 'tar.'"

"Let me hear it."

She looked at him with perplexed, regretful eyes, and with a finger pulling down her lip from the little white teeth. "I sing too loud."

"Oh!" as if shot again. "The opposite difficulty is more usual."

"Are you lonely?"

"Yes; why?" rather abruptly, as if it was vexatious to be found out.

Stella opened her mouth very wide, and, instead of answering, set up 'Twinkle, twinkle.' It was a shout aimed vaguely at the notes, and for infantile noise, it threatened to bring down the ceiling. John Parchworth put a finger in his ear, and promptly drew a line through his note of "undeveloped vocal organs."

When the song was over, she sat down contentedly on a little stack of printed learning, hugged the grey cat between silk and fat arms, and inflicted a kiss on its thankless brown nose.

All at once, in stirring, there was a noise as of glass bottles elbowing each other. She sprang up, held Tummas struggling under one arm, and pulled out of her pocket—safe and sound, apparently to her exceeding great relief—two bottles of the ordinary medicine size.

"What have you got there, you extraordinary being?"

The chubby little comforter was breathing audibly after the hurry and effort. Without noticing his question, she asked—

"Is your medicine nasty? What colour is it?"

He stared, polished his glasses, stared again.

"They said you were very ill," chattered on the little voice. "Daddah at home makes nasty medicine—colour of mud-pies, quite. I often make nice medicine in bottles. Have you got to take nasty bottles when you're ill? I made nice for you d'reckly after Uncle Tom's dinner."

"Where is it, child?" in bewildered interest.



"GRAVITY AND DIMPLES"

"Just take Tummas while I pull out the cork."

"Whish! get away! My knees, my knees! The beast has claws!"

"Didn't you know? All pussies have"—after checking a shriek of sorrow, and rescuing her pet. "This medicine is made of sherbet and jam." She held it out to the fire admiringly; it shone like a red danger-lamp, though it must have been most innocuous stuff.

"And how much am I to take at a time?"

"Not more than two tea-spoonsful."

"Why?"

"Because, if you take more, it makes you sorry."

"Makes one sorry!"

"Yes; you get to the end of it."

"And what's that in the other bottle?" The dried-up old sage was beginning to laugh and to warm into life. He felt younger than seventy-two.

"Good gracious! bless my heart! Tell me, doctor, what's that extraordinary object in the other bottle?"

"This is scent. You might like scent." The little comforter laid Tummas down to wander before

the fire. She solemnly uncorked the second bottle, and handed it to him. "I put in all the things that smell nice. Flowers, and lavender, and apple-pie sauce, and new toy-box, all smell lovely. I couldn't put toy-box in, but I put in one of the men out of my ark. See—there he is, with his arms straight down and his yellow hat; he just slipped in through the neck."

The old man, with his face all bright at last, was sniffing at the awful compound, when a tap came to the door, and a voice asked was Stella there. She would be tiresome. She should come away. It was nearly her bed-time.

His face saddened. He stood up to bow to the fair-haired lady. "May not the child remain with me? It is my birthday, madam; I am seventy-two to-day. It has been a cold and dreary day; and somehow we have had a laugh together. I seldom laugh; I live alone."

"With all pleasure—let her stay," Mrs. Westering said in no small wonder. "But when you find the winter dull, my husband and I would be only too glad of your company, if you happen to have none better than ours."

"Thank you." The old student drew himself up with a sudden return to cold and proud isolation. "You are kind; but by new friends an old man's tastes are but too likely to be misunderstood. I have always the company of the great of all ages." And he waved his hand towards the books.

"It was that unfortunate worm," thought Mrs. Westering; but she gently repeated the invitation, and withdrew.

At the bright fireside up-stairs the reason of Stella's visit to the library had been guessed and made known by Mrs. Blake. The soft little heart, with all its winning ways, had warmed with pity for the "bookworm" when she took his plaint literally, and thought he was not only ill, but lonely and very poor.

It was late when the little home star, with winking, sleepy eyes, came climbing up the stairs. Down below in the library John Parchworth was leaning back in his chair with happier thoughts. One solitary star was gently shining into his benighted life.

A few evenings after, white hair looked in at the artist's doorway.

"Perhaps I ought not to have declined an invitation made in kindness. I am an old man, and melancholy steals upon us all. Is the child Stella still with you?"

"Yes; pray sit down."

"Thank you, Mr. Westering; but you are busy and so am I. I am carrying on some indexing for my own use. But as a favour to a dull old bookworm," with a sharp look at the artist from under the shaggy eyebrows, "send down my little star, if you don't

want her. She brightened me up somehow; I began to wish for some such voice just now, when the rain was beating against the windows."

Down came the little star again to sit on her stack of quartos on the hearthrug. The vacant room, the dismal shelves of colourless dark books, the shuttered windows where the rain and wind beat in vain—all brightened for her coming. The child, against the background of book-strewn floor and crowded shelves, made in the firelight a radiant little figure, the one happy atom of life, the one bit of colour. The chubby face and peach-like cheek caught the firelight glow, and the dark, innocent eyes sparkled, and the light came full upon her little gown of a hundred roses.

Evening after evening small Stella Westering was thus to be seen throned, sweetly unlearned among so much learning.

"Tell me," she said rubbing a small finger up and down her own smooth cheek, "had you always lines everywhere?"

"No, my little star; and I must now have fewer than I had. Tell Uncle Tom I am growing younger, and I shall come up-stairs to-morrow evening and dine with him, as he wishes."

"Are you ill?"

"No, my star," with a thin hand on her glossy head. "Your medicine makes me well."

"Are you lonely? Would you like 'Twinkle, twinkle?'"

"Oh! no, no; quite unnecessary," with a nervous plugging of his ear with one finger, till he was sure she understood.

"Are you poor now?"

"No, child!" with a shudder at her childlike unintentional bluntness; "I am getting rich, like Uncle Tom and other folks. When one has nobody, one is poor indeed." She was looking up at him, puzzled. "I am rich, little star; rich!" stroking back the glossy locks, that fell forward again from under the tender touch of his hand.

It takes more than a day to dispel dark views of life, formed under the cloudy accumulated thoughts of many years. But before another winter, light was shining steadily on old John Parchworth's way. He was the friend of the Westerings, and no longer isolated from the healthy warmth of friendship and home. He had given up planning the treatise that was to bring in with due order the Four Curses of Mankind, and a Fifth if possible. He had discovered that the manifold sorrows of this world are the strong foundation which is everywhere and for ever tapestried over, as with gold and gems and many colours, by sympathy, and charity, and mutual help—by all that good which God has put somewhere, however hidden, in every human heart.

SHORT ARROWS.

A BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

PHILADELPHIA is the centre of a system which we believe does much in cementing the sympathies of Sunday-school teachers, and uniting them heart to heart. We refer to the Bible Correspondence School, which last year numbered 5,300 members, and consists of a union of local schools (each conducted by its own president), with Philadelphia as the "pulse of the machine." Monthly pamphlets are issued, with a view to the encouragement of Bible study and the thorough training of teachers; the most practical Sabbath-school methods are discussed, and certificates and prizes are awarded for the best examination-papers. We are thankful that such stress is laid on acquaintance with the Word of God, which is the one text-book referred to.

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

Blind from birth—blind for seventy-one years—blind from a fall, sunstroke, paralysis, and the ever-recurring trouble of cataract; as we glance down the list of pensioners of the Christian Blind Relief Society, the words strike us almost painfully. We are thankful that to the homes of the blind this Society brings relief, so that the blessing of family life may still be theirs rather than the necessary routine of an institution. Nearly forty years ago the Society was started, owing its birth to the affliction of a gentleman who lost his sight in 1837, and who died not long ago at an advanced age, comforted by knowing that his long trial had been overruled for good to very many. The pensioners number 145, and are in all parts of the United Kingdom; thirty-five needy and deserving ones are waiting till the Society is able to help them. Lord Shaftesbury earnestly advocates the work of the association, and spoke, at the annual meeting held at the Mansion House, of the time when the blind seemed quite disregarded, being stowed into back rooms or cold, damp cellars—left in the darkness because they were blind. Now a brighter, tenderer era is theirs, and instead of being a burden they are becoming helpful to themselves and to the State. The conditions of the Society's help are twofold—that the blind candidate be *needy* and of *good character*. The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Clarke, 59, Burdett Road, Bow, E.

"GOODWILL TOWARD MEN."

The Christmas Letter Mission began in 1871, by distributing a few packets of letters to one or two hospitals. Last year more than *five hundred thousand* (in ten languages) were scattered over various parts of the world, finding their way to hospitals, work-houses, policemen, postmen, fire brigades, tram and omnibus-drivers, young women in business, little children, etc. We read with interest of the men

of the Scots Guards, seven hundred strong, springing up from their hammocks to receive the letters brought to their barracks in the Tower. "In not a few rooms," says the narrator, "we were permitted to read, to speak, and even to pray; while, without exception, from first to last, our gift was taken, and as one of the men said, 'It'll be read, sir; nae doot o' that.'" An old, bed-ridden workhouse woman wept as she tried to tell of the comfort of her Christmas letter. "I was sair stricken at being sent here," she said, but her whole face brightened as she told how God had never forgotten her. A country rector writes:—"I was delighted to have appropriate letters for the sick and aged, who could not join us in public worship; the letters assured them of communion with us, and invited to communion with our incarnate Lord." We thank Him Who put such thoughts of love into the hearts of His people, as we hear of messages reaching those who feel themselves too low down to be cared for, and among other cases of a girl saved from darkness and in a good situation, who said, "*It was all that letter as did it!*" A lady who is working among military prisoners writes:—"In the name of the men, I thank you. Last week, at the class, earnest attention seemed to say that the Spirit of God is sending the message home to their hearts." We would fain dwell longer on the work of this Mission, but conclude with a few pathetic words from the chaplain of a lunatic asylum:—"The influence of the letters on the recipients is *fascinating*; they regard them almost, as it were, from heaven, and the gratification can scarcely be expressed. With patients just recovering from insanity, some mysterious chord seems to be struck, and the music is simply marvellous." The organising secretary of the movement is Miss E. S. Elliott, 66, Mildmay Park, N.

CAST UPON THE WATERS.

We who have possessed Bibles so long can scarcely realise how many of our fellow-creatures are still without them, needing the prayerful efforts put forth by societies like the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures (hon. sec., Mrs. A. E. Robertson, 1, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.). Into many a distant land, this society has sent the Word of God, for which countless souls are hungering, and in the last great day it will surely be found that myriads afar off have thus been led to Him of Whom the Scriptures testify. "At Christmas," says a Christian worker, "we discovered that nearly all the children engaged at the Marylebone theatre were without Bibles, and we supplied ten to them. Your Association, in helping us thus, is doing much for the 'home heathen' of the metropolis." From France we hear of a student declaring that the Bible could not withstand five minutes' examination, it

being full of "puerile pages;" a copy was left with him, and he and his sister are now feeding on the Word of Life; from Italy we hear of an architect whose daughter carried a Testament hidden for three months in her bosom, and who, in his dying hour, was pointed heavenward by her who had so treasured the glad tidings. From Beyrout comes the message, "There is a true thirsting for the water of life, and I shall feel most grateful if you will fill our empty pitchers, and enable us to renew the invitation, 'Come ye to the waters—without money and without price!'" A friend, writing of the distribution in India, says:—"It would be strange to expect heathen idolaters to buy the books; they must be freely given, and offered to those who do not apply for them." So the blessed seed is sown in faith beside all waters; what shall the Harvest be?

ASKED OUT TO TEA.

We are glad to hear that wealthy and beautiful homes have received the working-girls of London for an evening's entertainment; we know that those were memorable occasions indeed, when young eyes, perhaps too early a little over-tired, looked at fair pictures, bright drawing-rooms, and elegant surroundings, and, best of all, into kindly, loving faces that reflected for the Master's sake His smile of tender welcome. Are there no rooms that once in a way we can open to our toiling sisters through the long dark evenings? no joys around us in which perhaps on some future Bank Holiday we can ask them to share? A cup of tea, a few thoughtful acts of hospitality, a little music and singing—these will not cost us much, nor could our guests repay us if they did; but what does the Master say? "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, and thou shalt be blessed." There are several London Homes for working-girls, some of which we have noticed in these columns. All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Director, Mr. John Shrimpton, 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

TRAINING HOMES FOR NURSES.

The Nightingale Fund (of which mention was made last year) continues its useful and practical work of training sick-nurses. The "Nightingale Home" at St. Thomas's Hospital stands to the honour of her, who, being presented with a testimonial of £50,000, asked that the money might be invested in the names of trustees for the above important purpose. The system of training probationer-nurses is as follows:—They assist in the wards, they receive definite teaching in nursing duties, and their progress is weekly noted; they attend first-class lectures, and a very necessary course of cookery lessons. A most sensible test is their being asked once a month, without previous notice, to furnish an account of their day's work, such as nursing critical cases, dressings, ventilation, washing the helpless, etc. Miss Florence Nightingale says,

in her letter to the Council of the Fund, "Let us hail, too, the successes of other training-schools, sprung up, thank God, so fast and well in latter years." There is increased accommodation in connection with Westminster Hospital, St. Mary's, Paddington, and St. Marylebone Workhouse Infirmary, and the authorities of St. Bartholomew's have arranged to take, on payment, for not less than three months, ladies who would like to learn sick-nursing experimentally. Those of us who remember the sick-nurse of bygone days, and under rare circumstances still extant, will rejoice that so many gentle-hearted ones are accepting, for the benefit of the public or the family, the nurse's blessed part—to perform and to endure.

GOSPEL WORK IN CANADA.

The Toronto Mission Union (connected with the Willard Tract Repository) was organised last April, when arrangements were made to lease premises for its use; later on a building was erected for the purpose of holding religious services on every week-day evening, and at such hours on Sunday as will not interfere with attendance at regular places of worship. There are in the city more than 4,000 families utterly destitute of Church privileges, and to be reached only by missionary research and effort; hence the need of this newly formed society, which we are glad to note is already prominent among Canadian agencies for good. The friends desire to dispense with collectors, and it is evident that the condition of the Christless forms an earnest appeal to the hearts of His people, for without any difficulty an annual income of sixteen hundred dollars has been secured. The Hon. S. H. Blake, of Toronto (well known to American Sunday-school workers), is a director of this Mission.

"HIS STAR IN THE EAST."

The Turkish Missions Aid Society (7, Adam Street, Strand, London) exists to promote the knowledge of and the spread of education throughout the countries which may be called "Bible-lands," stretching from the Adriatic into Persia, and from the Black Sea to the Soudan, by rendering substantial help to the agencies at work and to the missionary brethren, British or American, who are labouring there. The Mohammedans, though divided among themselves, are one in their bitter opposition to Christianity; but the Moslem children taught by Christians in so many places are certain as they grow up to exert important influence; and as an encouraging instance of the respect that is being won by the Word of God, we may mention that a leading Moslem of Oroomiah, addressing a large audience in one of the chief mosques, said, "If a Moslem is entering a drinking-shop, pull him away, but if you find him searching the Old and New Testaments for light and truth, let him alone." A teacher who trained forty scholars in Western Turkey has been the instrument of bringing 1,600 children within sound of the glad tidings,

for each of the forty is training at an average forty more. The Druses, who occupy the southern part of the Lebanon, are seeking instruction for their little ones, and Christian labourers are toiling and praying. Among the Ansaryieh—the pagans of the Ottoman Empire—the outlook of the society is a wide one indeed—across the eastern harvest-fields whereon the Star of Bethlehem is shining with beauty that benighted ones are owning now. Miss Whately says, "To rouse the torpid and unexercised mind of a Moslem woman is wonderful, for they are sunk in ignorance and degradation; but while I was reading to one of them a few weeks ago, she exclaimed, 'Why, it is just as if I were out yonder in the dark, and you held a lamp to me, that I might see my way!'"

A "SELF-HELP" AGENCY.*

Many a lady, once surrounded by every comfort, has suddenly and unexpectedly found herself (it may be through the death or losses of some near and dear one) reduced to want and distress. The Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institution (15, Baker Street, Portman Square) comes to the aid of such, receiving for sale their needlework, paintings, etc., and handing them the amount realised, free of any commission. There is a registry for teachers and companions, free medical advice is given in a considerable number of

cases, numerous parcels of clothing are distributed, and ladies have been sent away for change to the country and seaside. Gifts of money have been made in time of pressing need; any contributions for this purpose will be gladly acknowledged by the committee (secretary, Miss M. G. Lupton), and the method of disposal will be specified. A lady, with an invalid mother, thus writes to acknowledge a gift of coals:—"Many, many thanks for your kind present of a ton of coals. It is indeed good of you, for warmth is the chief thing necessary for my dear mother." Another, whose sister was ill, and to whom some money had been forwarded, says, "It has taken a great load off me, for I shall now be able to get my poor sister what she needs; how true is it God will not forsake His own, nor will He lay upon us more than we are able to bear! Thank you again for your kindness, which I can never repay."

"QUIVER" LIFEBOAT FUND.

The following contributions have been received since the publication of the last list:—C. Close, St. John's Wood, 7s.; E. Pleasants, Mulbarton, 10s. 6d.; M. C. H., Dublin, 6s. 7d.; J. Chorley, Congressbury, 10s. 1d.; the late Captain Burney, Torquay, £2 5s.; Miss Bodkin, Highgate, £1; Mrs. Mannis, Cork, £1. Total, £723 0s. 10d.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

23. What was one of the objects of St. Paul's last visit to Jerusalem?
24. What two things were forbidden to be used in preparing a meat-offering?
25. What peculiar custom had the Assyrians when they conquered any nation?
26. Quote a passage from the prophecy of Micah which shows the low social condition of the Jews at that time.
27. Mention two passages in which the Philistines are called Cherethites, and explain the probable meaning of the name.
28. What three cities were built by the Israelites for Pharaoh?
29. What two attempts were made upon St. Paul's life directly after his conversion?
30. Who were the Sabæans?
31. In what manner did the children of Israel in Egypt differ from slaves?
32. What act of Moses made it necessary for him to flee away from Egypt?
33. In what words did God express to Moses His great love towards the children of Israel?
34. What was the difference in age between Aaron and Moses?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS PAGE 128.

13. It was with Mnason that St. Paul lodged during his last stay in Jerusalem. (Acts xxi. 16.)
14. It is said to have been a city of "three days' journey," that is, about sixty miles in circumference. (Jonah iii. 3.)
15. Bozrah, in the country of Bashan, east of the river Jordan. (Micah iii. 12.)
16. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."—"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree." (Micah iv. 3, 4.)
17. We learn from history that the great defeat of the army of Nineveh took place "when the king and his whole army were negligent and drunken." (Nahum i. 10.)
18. The Libyans and Nubians. (Nahum iii. 9.)
19. God declared that the children of Israel should serve Him upon that mountain where Moses then stood. (Exod. iii. 12.)
20. From the Greeks. (Acts vi. 5.)
21. St. Stephen says, "Ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Baal, figures which ye made to worship them." (Acts vii. 43.)
22. Of Cornelius, a Roman centurion at Caesarea. (Acts x. 4.)

CHURCH WORK IN SOUTH LONDON.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



IF I could persuade my readers to go with me to the middle of the Thames Embankment, and from the base of the Egyptian obelisk to look across to the southern bank of the river, Wordsworth's famous sonnet, composed upon Westminster Bridge some eighty years ago, would hardly commend itself as accurately describing what we should now be looking at. Many things some at least of us might feel to have seen more "fair" and more "touching" in their "majesty." Yet, would it not be a poor and even stupid soul that could be quite unconscious of, and indifferent to, the manifold pulsations of life and joy and woe and purpose moving in the "mighty heart" of the myriads that toil there? Certainly it would be a shallow and an ignorant one not to be somewhat stirred by pondering the silent changes, and almost vast revolutions, that the rolling years have brought. The south bank of the Thames from Woolwich to Putney, and from London Bridge to the Crystal Palace glittering on the Sydenham heights, contains at least a million and a quarter of human souls, which each year is increased by twenty-five thousand.

No one would call the prospect exhilarating or particularly impressive. Lofty chimneys, busy but somewhat squalid warehouses, a brewery, dingy wharves for the riverside traffic, hardly attract artists or stir poets. Yet it is not an unbroken picture of wretchedness; for here and there a lofty spire mounts into heaven, to soothe "the deep sighing of the poor" with thoughts of home and rest; and the two consoling features in that almost unique prospect (though consoling, it may be, to very different classes of minds) are, I suppose, the picturesque blocks of St. Thomas's Hospital and the towers of Lambeth Palace. The hospital is an eloquent epistle in brick and stone of the Divine Healer of Mankind, Who "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed, for God was with Him." The Palace of Lambeth proclaims the continuity of the life and authority and influence and responsibility of the Church of England; that Church which, whatever other of her claims may be denied and rejected, is without dispute the historical Church in this ancient realm; a Church also which, notwithstanding great difficulties and discouragements, was never in all her history (no doubt with occasional exceptions) more active or more useful in South London than now; and which

only needs the cordial of a little kindly sympathy, and the pleasant assurance that she is neither forgotten nor despised, to be stirred to fresh activities, and to be animated with a new courage to spread the Kingdom of her Lord.

But before we look round, or look forward, we will look back.

What Mr. Richard Green has aptly called "the Making of England" has had its full place and share in this southern quarter of riparian London, now, as some would call it, so squalid and commonplace—as others have been tempted somewhat bitterly to say about it, so neglected and forlorn. Men and women have lived there, who have shone as luminaries in the firmament of the nation's heroes. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Southwark vies even with Westminster in the wealth of its associations, if not quite in the splendour of its history. When the Saxons conquered England, Battersea, Lambeth, Newington, Kennington, Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe formed one vast lagoon, "broken only by little rises which became the 'eyes' and 'hithes,' the islands and 'landing rises' of later settlements. From the Dulwich hills to the river was unbroken forest and morass. One of the most laborious works of the Roman settlers was probably the embankment of the lower channel of the Thames and the Lea. It was (as Mr. Green suggests) on ground thus gained from the swamp across the river at Southwark that dwellings clustered, whose number and wealth leave hardly a doubt that they were already linked by a bridge with the mother city, preceded, perhaps, by a rope or chain ferry. Five centuries pass, and in the great struggle between Godwin and Edward the Confessor, Godwin and his sons lie at Southwark, presently to be driven from it. Twenty-five years later, and William of Normandy, flushed with his victory at Hastings, gives Southwark to the flames in his march on London. Southwark rises from its ashes, and for centuries to come is the highway of all the traffic from Europe to the metropolis. Kings and queens, great princes and haughty ambassadors, warriors on their way to battle, pilgrims on their errands of devotion, brides for royal espousals, bishops for the trials which were presently to send them to the stake, have alternately made Southwark splendid, gloomy, and famous. On the river bank, the Bishops of both Winchester and Rochester once had their great town houses, the sites now covered—hardly ornamented—by warehouses and markets. At Bermondsey rose the

walls of a stately abbey. St. Mary Ouvry (better known by its modern name of St. Saviour, Southwark), under whose roof sleeps all that is mortal of Lancelot Andrewes, still rears her graceful beauty, silently but earnestly appealing to the Churchmen of our modern time to make her once more the nursing mother of the toiling thousands, and to restore to her her old beauty, if she cannot recover her collegiate dignity and her despoiled wealth. Chaucer, Gower, and Shakespeare; the Black Prince and Henry the Sixth; Sir Thomas Wyatt and Jack Cade; Gardiner and Ridley, with a host of lesser names, redeem London south of the Thames from the baseness of an obscure past. If it has interest for the antiquarian and the scholar, may not it also find favour with the philanthropist and the Christian? At once with him who feels that a human soul is the most precious thing under the sun, for God Himself has taken flesh to redeem it; also that the greater the task, and the harder the hardness of doing it, so much the nobler should it seem to be, to a chivalrous Christianity, the worthier of instant help from all to whom Christ and men are dear.

The task before me is to give a brief account of Church work in South London. This necessitates a rapid survey of the teeming localities which her servants must sow with the seed of life, as well as of the special organisation which is to her hand for the purpose, the machinery needful for making that organisation effective, and the resources out of which it is supplied. If I do not pause to notice the various and manifold evangelistic agencies of the other religious bodies, it is because that subject, of which I have of course no personal official knowledge, is outside the scope of this paper, not because I am ignorant of their existence, or indifferent to the admirable diligence which in so many cases characterises them. The time is past—let us hope, for ever past—when it can fairly be charged against the Nonconformist communions, that their only solicitude is for opulent middle-class neighbourhoods, which can pay seat rents and be a power in politics, and that it is their selfish wisdom to leave the poor and the helpless to themselves. The conscience of the entire Christian community is now stirred to its depths with a real sense of the responsibility of all true Christian people for the welfare of the masses; and there are congregations I could name, if it seemed expedient to mention any names at all, which are real missionary centres of light and goodness for the worst parts of South London, and from whose sagacious and diligent activities all of us in turn may be glad to borrow and learn.

All this, nevertheless, does not by one iota diminish the responsibility of a parochial clergyman for every one within his boundary who seeks his aid. To be at the call of every one who

wants her is the *raison d'être* of a National Church. A permanent organisation, moreover, like that of the Church of England, cannot abandon a post merely because it has become costly and difficult to maintain it. She must hold it tenaciously and cheerfully, however much the fabric may have become too large for the church-going people, or the local resources dried up through the removal of the wealthy residents elsewhere. The poorer a neighbourhood, the greater is the need of a resident active clergyman, with all the civilising and Christian amenities of his home. The pastoral work is in some respects of even more importance than the preaching. Thousands of working men who never go near a church have a quiet and grateful respect for the clergy, who care for their schools, visit their homes in sickness, interest themselves in their daily and material welfare, are kind to their little children, and have some hidden motive and source of power, which they do not themselves understand, but which has an irresistible virtue of its own.

Now for South London, with its circumstances and necessities, its fields white unto the harvest, and the pathos of the silent trouble of its thousands who have no helper.

Deptford let us begin with, where Peter the Great learned the work of a shipwright, and which, with its increasing population, its abundant public-houses, its serious poverty, and its inheritance of accumulated duty, is one of the most anxious centres of the diocese. Included in the Greenwich district, which numbered in 1881 131,264 souls, it is happily near enough to Blackheath to receive personal aid from some of its residents. A new church has just been erected, entirely at the charge of my Ten Churches Fund, accommodating 700 people, with a district taken out of the mother parish of St. Paul. It is free and unappropriated, with its doors open all day for private prayer, and it is already amply filled with an attentive and united congregation.

Lewisham—hard by Deptford, numbering, with its close neighbour Hatcham, a total population of 73,514, is rapidly peopling its waste spaces—is also not inadequately setting itself to anticipate the spiritual needs being created thereby. Out of Hatcham a portion of St. James's parish is about to be taken, in conjunction with a district out of Christ Church, Camberwell, on the edge of the Surrey Canal, and for this important district a mission building has already been built, and a new church will be almost immediately erected, largely aided by a grant of £4,000 from the Ten Churches Fund. For two years the clergyman's stipend has been paid by a munificent layman. The Diocesan Society will pay it now.

Rotherhithe, immediately contiguous to Deptford, also on the bank of the river, with its great commercial docks, its riverside and nautical

population, and population of 36,000, growing rapidly, if one of the most interesting corners of the urban part of the Rochester diocese, is not the least laborious. It has a strong sense of locality, with a distinct idiosyncrasy of its own, and much self-respect. The London merchant just named before, has for two years supplied the stipend of a missionary clergyman here as well. The result is that within twenty months a congregation gathered and ministered to by the indefatigable young missionary sent there to break up what was in every sense fallow ground, is now housed in a new and commodious church, towards which £4,000 was contributed by my Ten Churches Fund, the remainder mostly made up by the Kent village of Chislehurst. The people are coming in so fast that the church and district are but an instalment of the task before us! Here, however, at any rate, is an instance where the Church has not lagged behind until other bodies put her to shame by their more eager diligence.

Bermondsey, which makes its presence felt to a sensitive traveller as he approaches London Bridge, once contained the spot called "Jacob's Island," where Mr. William Sikes (as we read in "Oliver Twist") terminated his inauspicious career, contains it no longer, but much of what is a great deal better in its place. It does not appeal so much by the squalor or poverty of its people (though no doubt such features are recognisable in certain parts of it), but by the growth of the population, now over 86,000, and the vast burdens of the clergy. Indeed, what I personally know of the working class in Bermondsey gives me a strong impression of their industry and independence. Within the last ten years two new churches have been consecrated; one of them endowed and much helped in its funds by a gallant soldier, who has similarly helped the Church in South Lambeth. Another church is now rising to relieve the rector of Bermondsey and the vicar of St. James' of their enormous populations, towards which £4,000 is contributed by the Ten Churches Fund.

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FEMINE FEARS.



"SHE must have slipped on a loose stone," said Elfleda, when her cousin raised Miss Asdon, who had fallen on her face. "There was nothing else—there could be nothing else to cause her fall."

But Percival spoke less confidently.

"I am afraid she is seriously hurt."

Some one fired in this direction. I heard a bullet whistle past just before Miss Asdon dropped."

Elfleda uttered an incredulous exclamation.

"Fired at us because we are trespassers! Who would dare?"

But she looked uneasily around, and her cousin hastened to reassure her.

"It was accidental, of course, and if we could carry Miss Asdon behind this thicket we should be out of the line of fire. Will you not speak to her? I do not think she is insensible now."

"Where is she hurt?" asked Elfleda, still casting apprehensive glances on either side.

It was Miss Asdon herself who faintly responded.

"It is my arm that pains me most. I think it is broken, and my life seems to be ebbing away. I cannot move; I can scarcely speak. Am I dying?"

As Elfleda was too much terrified, and Percy too ignorant of the extent of her injuries, to answer this, neither of them spoke; and Miss Asdon, taking fresh alarm from their silence, began to moan and writhe, sobbing out the most heartrending wails.

"Ah! don't let me die! Do something for me! Fetch a doctor! I *must* live; my life is too precious to be laid down now; and I am so young, so young; it was only reasonable to hope that I might be healthy and strong for years to come. Oh! save me—save me!"

Percival was in a grave dilemma. Miss Asdon was clinging to him wildly, even while she bade him go in search of medical help; and Elfleda's face, seen through the gathering twilight, was so ghastly that it was evident her self-possession was not to be relied on.

The night, too, was coming on rapidly, and the hill lay between him and the aid without which he would never get one, at all events, of his companions back to the Lodge.

He addressed himself to Elfleda.

"Have you the courage to stay here while I go in search of assistance?"

"Is it necessary?" she asked, hesitatingly. "This place is horribly lonely, and——"

She did not finish her sentence, for, to her relief as well as Percival's, footsteps were heard. Both remembered at the same moment the figures they had seen on the hill-top. Judging by the direction in which they came, it must be those persons who were approaching; but when, one after another, they sprang lightly down the steep track, what a disappointment to see that they were only a couple of slight, slender girls, who might commiserate them on their awkward plight, but could do little more!

However, Miss Asdon ceased to distress them with her miserable wailing when one of the newcomers knelt down beside her inquiring where she was hurt; and Elfreda addressed herself to the other.

"My good girl, will you run to the village and bid the people there bring a medical man and a stretcher, and the police? We ought to have the police, Percival, that they may arrest the vile wretches who have attacked us."

"You should not have been here," said the young girl, composedly. "You are on the ranges of the volunteers. My sister and I were doing our best to induce you to come back, but you did not take any notice of our signals."

"We are strangers," said Percival.

"Assuredly," she assented, with a little movement of her hand, and uplifting of her eyebrows, which signified that none but persons ignorant of the locality would have exposed themselves to such risks.

"There must be inexcusable carelessness on the part of the volunteers, or proper danger signals would be erected," added Elfreda.

"There are red flags on the side nearest to the village," she was told. "No one has any right here unless they come from the Lodge, and, as long as Colonel Mason lived there, a union jack was run up the staff on the hill whenever the men were practising."

"If by this you imply that no one has been to blame but ourselves, I cannot agree with you," replied Elfreda, touchily; "but you see how we are situated. Pray go on my errand without any more delay!"

"Dr. Jones is not at home. I saw him ride by an hour ago, and the villagers would not know what I meant by a stretcher. Is your friend very much hurt?"

"No," said the other sister, cheerfully, as she looked up from under her shady brown hat. She had, with a promptitude and quiet good sense which many a professional nurse might have envied her, set to work directly to ascertain what injuries the sobbing, nerveless woman had received. "The bullet has not entered the arm, only grazed it. If someone will lend me a handkerchief to tie over the

wound—thanks—and another to form a sling, it will soon cease bleeding."

On hearing this Miss Asdon contrived to sit up; but her teeth were still chattering, her limbs trembling violently.

"You are sure, quite sure, that I shall not die? You are not saying these things merely to calm me?" she asked in such piteous tones that both sisters were eager to comfort her, though Elfreda Balfour looked somewhat disgusted.

"Really, Miss Asdon, you might testify a little consideration for your companions in misfortune!" she cried, impatiently. "If you will not exert yourself, how shall we get home? My aunt will be very much alarmed at our long absence."

This sharp speech had the desired effect. Miss Asdon struggled to her feet, but she could not stand without support, and was certainly not in a condition to climb the rough track leading to the summit of the hill.

Even Elfreda saw this, and asked what was to be done?

The sisters looked at each other and rapidly interchanged a few words.

"Have you far to go?" one of them queried.

"If I tell you from whence we come," Percy replied, "you may be able to answer that question better than we can. There is a house on the farther side of this hill——"

"There are two; but you would mean 'No man's house.'"

"Nay, Claire," interposed the other girl. "Colonel Mason has gone away; so these ladies must have come from Endley, half a mile beyond the Lodge!"

"Why, Lucie, did not Mollie hear that the house has fresh tenants already? But how we chatter! and as it is impossible that Miss Asdon—I think you called your friend—can walk so far just at present, we shall be happy to take her to our own home at the hill-foot. A night's rest will calm and restore her."

"Ah!" said Elfreda confidently, "you are the curate's daughters. I thought as much."

The fairer of the girls smiled, amused at the guess; but the other winced, and reddened all the more painfully that she was conscious of Percival's invidious regard.

"We have not the honour of being related to the curate," she said stiffly. "We are called Claire and Lucie—Eldridge."

"Why," Percy asked himself, "did her crimson cheek suddenly grow pale? What story was attached to her name that made her pronounce it with an effort?"

Less interested in the children Manon had brought to Glenwood than Lance Balfour had been, other events had driven all recollection of them from his memory, and of what befell them after Manon's death he had never heard at all.

To him Claire was simply a resident in the village, whom some fortuitous circumstance had led to the

spot so opportunely both for himself and Miss Asdon. Yet the changes of colour, the hesitation with which she spoke, and the sorrowful inflection her voice was taking, appealed to all that was sympathetic in his

are you sure your friends can accommodate Miss Asdon? Perhaps if she made an effort she could walk; if not, we must leave her with you, and hasten to relieve my aunt's anxiety."



"Where would he find a more lovely bride?"—p. 199.

nature. Nor did he fail to notice that when Claire's tones faltered Lucie slipped a hand into hers with a mute gesture of clinging tenderness.

They had a history, these girls. Ah! little did he know how closely interwoven it would be with his own. Already his curiosity—or could it be some deeper feeling?—was awakening, and he listened breathlessly when Elleda questioned them.

"You live near here? That is fortunate; but

"Yes, we must hasten to my mother," Percival said; yet he did not stir. He knew Mrs. Glenwood too well to think she would be content to hear that her companion had been handed over to strangers and left; but this was not the only reason why he decided on accompanying these young girls to the home of which they spoke. Claire was his motive; Lucie was charming; he longed that his mother should know this graceful, refined young creature; but Claire

had made so strong an impression upon him that he rebelled against it, and marvelled at his own foolishness. Why was he so strangely eager to know more of a girl seen only for a few minutes, and in the twilight?

He reminded himself of Elfedra's claims upon him, and though he persisted in giving Miss Asdon his arm as far as the resting-place so kindly offered to her, he became silent and embarrassed.

Not so his cousin. When Miss Asdon, with many apologies for the trouble she was giving, described how her faintness had engendered a fear that she was bleeding to death, she was sharply snubbed.

"Why persist in recalling your sensations?" Miss Balfour demanded. "The adventure was an alarming one, but—shades of Portia and Arria!—how we maidens of the nineteenth century must have degenerated if we are learning to dread with such unreasoning dread the moment that comes to all."

"Your examples are not well chosen, are they?" asked Claire, who had felt Miss Asdon wince, and always constituted herself the champion of those who could not defend themselves. "Neither of those Roman dames acted as Christian women would have done, and I do not think any one need feel ashamed of dreading a sudden and violent death."

"We must lodge a complaint against these careless volunteers," said Elfedra, disdaining to enter into a discussion with the childish little creature who presumed to take her to task—a remark to which no one replying, silence fell once more on the little party. But not for long; the hill skirted, a plank bridge over a brook led them into a small meadow, quickly crossed. And now they found themselves in a lane, and a white gate was visible, at which stood a young woman whose white coif and apron made her conspicuous in the gathering darkness.

"Is that my pretties?" she asked. "I wer joost a lookin' for 'ee. The damp be risin' terrible fast, and ye maunt stop out in it and get cold."

One of the girls sprang forward to whisper some directions that made the young woman run into the house that could now be seen between the tall and spreading pear-trees on either side the gate; while the other, with old-fashioned courtesy, bade the guests welcome to the Red House.

"*Ma tante*—I should say, Miss Eldridge—is too infirm to leave her room. Will you let me take you to her?"

Percival Glenwood said something about the intrusion upon an elderly lady at so late an hour being almost inexcusable, but he was heard with smiling assurances that no apologies were needed.

"*Ma tante* will tell us what to do for Miss Asdon's arm; she has the best of remedies at her fingers' ends; and she is always pleased to see her neighbours. We may speak of you as neighbours, may we not? You purpose to make some stay at the Lodge?"

"Undoubtedly!" said Elfedra, speaking for her cousin. "My own visit will be a brief one, but my relatives will reside here for the future. This

gentleman is Mr. Glenwood, the owner of the Lodge."

They were entering the wide, old-fashioned porch as she spoke, and Mollie stood on the threshold—a quaint figure in short skirts and jacket of some dark stuff, large bibbed apron, and picturesque muslin coif of the fifteenth century—an old brass lamp held above her head, to light the new-comers.

Lucie was engrossed in Miss Asdon, whose exhaustion was now extreme; but Claire, who had darted to her assistance, and was also supporting the faltering steps, had contrived to look over her shoulder, and listen with smiling nods to Miss Balfour's explanations.

Yet her smiles vanished as soon as Percival's name was heard. The bright, arch face on which the lamp was gleaming became not only grave, but cold; and an imperative sign was made to Mollie not to unclosethe door towards which she was leading the way.

"I do not think *ma tante* will feel equal to receiving Mr. Glenwood to-night. Is there any one in Miss Lottie's parlour, Mollie?"

"I'd like to catch anybody there after you said it was to be kept' nice against her coming home," responded Mollie, importantly. "It be clean as a new pin, cep' where Miss Sue spilt her oilscolors on the carpet—and they won't wash out."

Into Miss Lottie's parlour Lucie had led Miss Asdon before Mollie was half through her speech; but Claire made a very decided pause, and though her colour rose as if she disliked appearing inhospitable, her voice never wavered.

"My sister and I will take good care of your friend until the morning. As we think it advisable that she should go to bed as soon as possible, may I ask you to leave us at once?"

"How shall we find our way to the Lodge?" queried Elfedra, affronted at the change in her manner. "I thought, when we came here, something was said about procuring a fly from the village."

"I will go there directly," said Percival, eager to quit a house where his presence was so evidently not desired.

But now Claire gave signs of relenting a little.

"It is doubtful whether you will be able to get anything but a cart. I *could* take you into the gardens of the Lodge by a route that would bring you to the house in ten minutes."

"Then pray do so!" cried the young lady. "I am tired to death."

But Claire looked oddly at Percival Glenwood, and addressed herself to him.

"If I do this you will not draw any unjust conclusions? It is to be without prejudice, as the lawyers say."

"I do not understand you," he replied; "but I am sure I shall be too grateful, both for my mother's and Miss Balfour's sake, to say or think anything that could displease you."

Claire looked down and meditated, then whispered a word to Mollie, who brought her a lantern.

"It is like scrambling after a will-o'-the-wisp,"

muttered Elfleda, as, in obedience to her signal, they followed her from the house into the garden, and thence to the orchard, where all Percy's vigilance was required to prevent his cousin striking herself against the long boughs of the apple-trees.

There was a loose pale in the high, close fence at the bottom, which Claire held back for them to pass through. As she did not follow, Elfleda crossly demanded what was next to be done.

"Mr. Glenwood is now in his own grounds," she was informed. "Beyond this belt of larch firs you will find the kitchen garden, across which there must be plenty of paths to the house. You can have the lanthorn!"

But as, with the briefest of good-nights, she would have let the pale drop back into its place, Percy Glenwood prevented it by laying his hand on hers.

"Let me thank you before you leave us. In what way have I offended you? I could almost fancy that you repent your kindness!"

"To Miss Asdon? Oh, no!"

"Have I seemed ungrateful? Tell me frankly what offence I have given——"

But Claire was gone, to rush back to the house, and appear before her sister, frowning and panting.

"He was quiet and gentlemanly," said Lucie, as they were undressing.

"He was detestable! He was presuming, and I hate him!" was the vehement reply Claire made, as she plunged the hand Percy had touched into a basin of cold water.

He, meanwhile, had escorted Elfleda to the Lodge, where his mother was awaiting them quite as anxiously as he had foreboded.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. GLENWOOD GOES TO THE RED HOUSE.

WHEN Mrs. Glenwood came down-stairs on the morrow, she cast a vexed look at the clock in the hall. She had overslept herself, which was an unusual occurrence, and all the more provoking as she was really uneasy respecting Miss Asdon.

No one dependent on her kindness ever found it lacking, and she would not feel satisfied with herself till she had reclaimed the poor girl, and received convincing proof from the nearest surgeon that she was not more seriously hurt than her son had asserted.

She saw that the cousins were on the lawn, Percy filling Fleda's hands with spring flowers, which she seemed more ready to dissect than admire.

What a handsome couple they were! When the laughing youth made some quizzical remark, and brought a tinge of colour into the well-rounded cheek that was almost too coldly fair, his mother smiled also, and was well satisfied.

"Where would he find a more lovely bride than Elfleda Balfour? Rich not only in personal charms, but in mental attractions; a woman who could in all intellectual pursuits be the companion of her

husband, and, if he aspired to become famous, aid him by her own talents."

But they saw her; they were coming towards her; and remembering that in Miss Asdon's absence the duty of pouring out the coffee would devolve on herself, she entered the breakfast parlour.

It was a pleasant surprise to find Miss Asdon seated there awaiting her, looking very pale, and with her arm still in its sling, but able to declare herself almost recovered from the shock her nerves had sustained.

"I hope you have forgiven me," Percy said to her. "On my conscience lies a load of self-reproach. I was not justified in letting you or my cousin climb that hill-till I had ascertained what lay beyond it."

"But if we were wilful and would not be gainsayed?" asked Elfleda, rebelling against the merest suspicion of being coerced.

"Percy is right," interposed his mother. "Do not try, my dear, to take the blame on yourself that is justly his. Our first day here might have ended in a terrible tragedy if Providence had not watched over the heedless children who promised to come back to me in an hour at farthest, and yet went their own way."

Mrs. Glenwood never spoke sharply or sternly, but her words always made a deep impression. Miss Asdon's eyes filled, Fleda frowned—whether in regret for her wilfulness or in impatience of the lecture, no one knew—and her cousin kissed the hand his mother had laid on his shoulder.

"You shall not have to complain of me again, mother mine. I am glad Lance is coming to us; I shall take lessons of him."

"My brother deserting his smoky furnaces to come here! Is it possible? What can he teach you?—he, who knows so little himself!" asked Fleda, with a touch of contemptuous surprise levelled at the absent one.

Percival coloured and laughed, but he answered frankly—

"I am not so blind to my own shortcomings as not to know that old Lance is a better fellow than I am."

"My dear cousin, this is humility run mad! I have seen poor papa driven to desperation by Lancelot's blunders. His Latin was positively atrocious!"

"Do not ask me how much of mine was done without the aid of cribs, for fear my answer should shock you," responded Percy, who loved to see the dark-grey eyes dilate, and the finely arched brows contract in perplexed, and not always good-humoured inquiry—for Fleda did not comprehend the merry persiflage in which her cousin delighted. "But do not look so startled. I will not forget that you are the daughter of the head-master, or that what is fun to the schoolboy would be treasonable in your sight."

"I am afraid Lance did not uphold papa's au-

thority as he ought to have done," said the young lady meditatively.

"Dr. Balfour could always take care of his own dignity," was the careless reply; "and we boys considered that Lance made up for all his shortcomings in lessons by his *bon camaraderie* in the playground. There were no small boys kicked and thumped while he was king; and what jolly games he used to invent; and what forts he taught us to build one snowy winter!"

"First at play, and last at work," said Elfreda, drily. "That was his motto, I suppose."

"No! in saying that you are not doing him justice. He used to make a woful hash of his verses, and throw us into fits of laughter with his French translations; but those subjects he liked he learned thoroughly."

"And only those; yet presumes to play the instructor to you, whom papa often quotes as one of the most intelligent of his pupils."

Mrs. Glenwood looked pleased, and Percy coloured as he answered—

"Dr. Balfour's praise is very agreeable. I hope I deserve it, but I must adhere to my confession: his son Lance is a better fellow than I am. My mother knows why I say so."

And Percival turned on Mrs. Glenwood a look, half-shame, half-amusement, which made her shake her head, though she smiled at him lovingly.

Elfreda was mystified. To hear that brother exalted whom she regarded as the black sheep of the family, the *bête noir* who was the cause of all the deep lines on her father's brow, and the tears she had sometimes caught her mother shedding in secret, was inexplicable.

"Will papa approve of your inviting Lance here?" she inquired, in a low voice, of her cousin.

But Percival did not hear the question. He was leaning forward to listen for the reply of Miss Asdon, whom his mother was now gently reproaching for having exerted herself unnecessarily.

"I had not forgotten you, my dear. I intended driving to the village as soon as the carriage could be brought round, and bringing you home myself."

"Perhaps Miss Asdon's hostesses were in as great a hurry to be rid of her this morning," observed Elfreda, "as they were to drive Percival and my poor weary self away last night."

"I do not think so," Miss Asdon replied. "It was at my own wish I left them so early. I had no desire to play the invalid longer than I could help, or put Mrs. Glenwood to inconvenience by my absence."

"They seemed to be most eccentric young women," was Miss Balfour's next remark. "Can they be fair specimens of the aborigines of Glenwood? If so, I pity you, dear aunt, and hope you'll not find yourself compelled to associate with them. Why do you not settle near us at Mincester, where you could enjoy more intellectual society than you are likely to get here?"

"My dear, I shall have my children," said Mrs. Glenwood, "and my duties; and my neighbours may not prove as uninteresting as you seem to think."

And now Miss Asdon made her thin, wavering voice heard.

"No one could be more kindly treated than I have been. Those young girls took it in turns to bathe my arm till it ceased to throb so painfully, and then one of them insisted on sitting by my bed, and reading to me till I was able to get some sleep."

"Poor child, your looks prove that you have suffered a great deal of pain," said Mrs. Glenwood, compassionately. "Surely you did not walk here this morning?"

"No, indeed; I was driven to the gate by one of the sisters." Not for worlds would Miss Asdon have acknowledged before Elfreda that it was in the most primitive of donkey chaises, behind an animal so stubborn that he had to be coaxed along with some clover held close to his nose.

"Were you introduced to the mysterious aunt whom we were not permitted to see?"

The tone of Elfreda's questions was such an unpleasant one that Miss Asdon had made all her replies as brief as courtesy to her employer admitted; but now she hesitated as if very much tempted not to reply at all.

"I saw Miss or Mrs. Eldridge; I do not know which she is styled."

"Yes! is this all? you are making us more curious than we were before. There is some mystery attached to this person who is either Miss or Mrs., is there not?"

"Miss Asdon stammers and reddens," Elfreda added, triumphantly; "convincing proofs that I am right. Are we on the verge of a sensation? Is there a ghost at the Red House, and is it Miss or Mrs. Eldridge's peculiar property?"

"Aren't we drifting into nonsense?" queried her aunt. "Miss Asdon has told us that she was very well treated at the Red House, and that is all we wish to know. I shall still carry out my intention of driving there that I may personally thank Mrs. Eldridge and her nieces for their neighbourly kindness."

"Oh, I would not do that if I were you!" Miss Asdon exclaimed, looking distressed as soon as she had spoken, for she saw the eyes of all three of her companions regarding her with astonishment. In much confusion, she attempted to apologise.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I spoke too hastily. It was to spare you annoyance. I am afraid your visit would not be received in the friendly spirit that dictated it."

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Glenwood, wonderingly, while her son compressed his lips, indignant at the hint that a slight might be offered to his mother. As for Elfreda, she drew up her imposing figure, and surveyed the poor shrinking lady-help with no little scorn of her nervous tremors. "I do not understand."

"Neither do I," Miss Asdon plucked up spirit to reply. "I was very much surprised, when asked if I were related in any degree to the family at the Lodge, and still more astonished when told that as I was not a Glenwood I could stay at the Red House as long as it suited me."

"What can have prejudiced Miss Eldridge against us?" said Mrs. Glenwood, as she rose from the table.

"Go and ask her, mother," Percival responded.

"Intrude myself where I am not wanted? My dear boy, I could not do that!"

"But this old lady is one of our tenants. The purchase of the Red House was the last piece of business my dear father was able to attend to. She may have some harshness, or fancied harshness, on the part of the agent to complain of, and a word from you may relieve her mind. Do go, dear mother! Miss Eldridge's nieces will not treat you rudely, I am sure."

Mrs. Glenwood appealed to her niece.

"What say you, Ellfeda? Shall we drive that way this morning? Will you join me in holding out the olive branch and risking a chilling reception?"

Ellfeda curved her finely chiselled lip.

"Is it not making these people of too much consequence? But go, dear aunt, if you wish it; only I must beg you to excuse me. I have a couple of proofs to correct for papa, and as mamma will expect a letter to-day, I am sure you would not have me disappoint her."

So Mrs. Glenwood, having insisted that Miss Asdon should confine herself to the sofa till luncheon, went for her drive in solitary state, and at the gate of the Red House garden was received by Mollie.

The round, vacant face was crimson, the staring eyes rolling with awe of the "carriage lady" she was sent to interview, and Mollie's wooden figure jerked up and down in continual curtseys, but she repeated her message with as much precision as could be drilled into her.

"Miss Eldridge comperments, and her couldn't see no visitors."

For an aged and infirm woman to object to receive a stranger was reasonable enough, so Mrs. Glenwood altered the form of her request.

"Will you ask the nieces of your mistress to come and speak a few words with me?"

Mollie stared more than ever.

"Who be they?"

"The young ladies who live here."

Mollie reflected.

"Our ladies be all old. Miss Sue thinks she's young still, but she isn't; and, what's more, she's gone to London with her sister, so you can't speak with neither of 'em."

"Gone to town with her sister?" Mrs. Glenwood repeated. "Then I will call another time. When do you expect Miss Sue home again?"

But as this question evidently posed Mollie, it was

not pressed. Pencilling on one of her cards a few words of regret that she had not been able to thank those who had received Miss Asdon so hospitably, she bade Miss Eldridge's maid carry it to her mistress; and then, after giving a few orders to the village tradesmen, drove home again.

Percival was busy with his steady old bailiff, who had managed the estate during his minority, and indeed even since; but Ellfeda, pen in hand, came out of the morning-room to meet her aunt.

"You have had a pleasant drive? You have solved the mysteries of the Red House?"

"I thought not," she went on to say, when Mrs. Glenwood confessed that she had been refused admission. "Let me congratulate you on your non-success!"

"My dear Ellfeda!"

But Miss Balfour waved her pen triumphantly, and repeated what she had said.

"Yes, I congratulate you on your non-success. The Red House is a private lunatic asylum, nothing less; Miss Eldridge is the owner and manager, and the young girls, who, by their airs of consequence, deceived us into the belief that they were her relatives, are merely hired attendants."

"Are you sure of this?"

"My informant is. They were left here in their childhood—foundlings, whom a half-witted servant girl took under her protection, and are known in consequence as 'Mollie's Maidens.'"

Could this be true?

Already Mrs. Glenwood's thoughts were reverting to an old letter received from her sister, which contained a distinct assurance that the forlorn little creatures in whom she would have interested herself had been carried away by their gipsy relatives.

"My dear aunt," Ellfeda said, responding to her look of perplexity, "I learned all I am telling you from one of your own servants, who has lived in the village all her life. Imagine those girls having the cool audacity to palm themselves upon us as our neighbours and equals!"

Mrs. Glenwood regarded the animated speaker thoughtfully. Naturally diminutive, she was dwarfed into positive insignificance by the majestic proportions and imposing presence of her niece; yet it was the latter who appeared to disadvantage when she was quietly addressed.

"You have corrected the proofs for your father—written to your mother—and yet found time to listen to all the gossip an ignorant woman has detailed to you. My dear, you must have had a very busy morning of it, if not altogether a profitable one."

"Was ever a home-thrust more keenly aimed or more softly?" cried Ellfeda, laughing to hide her discomfiture. "I shall be positively afraid of you, auntie, if you scold me after this fashion, because you leave me without defence."

"Dear child, nothing was further from my thoughts than lecturing. Aren't you my Mary's only daughter, and——"

"At some not far distant day to be my own?" she might have added, but that prudence forbade it. That Percy was fascinated by his beautiful cousin she had no doubt, but he must not be biassed in his choice by her wishes, nor compromised by too frank a confession of them.

Elfreda stooped to meet her kiss, but it was rather condescendingly.

"If I have made my peace, I will go and finish my neglected letter. I shall tell mamma that the aunt Mildred, held up to me from childhood as a pattern of meekness and gentleness, is developing phases of character hitherto unsuspected. How amused she will be!"

She went back to her desk, and Mrs. Glenwood, conscious that she was not entirely forgiven, did not follow her, but was still standing by the window, thoughtfully recalling what she had heard, when Percy came in, eager to know what success she had had.

"None, and I am a little worried by some old recollections, for they bring with them a fear that, by neglecting a promise, I have helped to place two young creatures in a very unpleasant position."

"Is it possible that you are alluding to Claire and Lucie Eldridge?"

"Yes, I am told that the Red House is a lunatic asylum. When I think of girls of seventeen or eighteen—they cannot be older—being condemned to pass their days amongst persons afflicted with one of the most terrible of maladies, I shudder and reproach myself."

"You, mother! In what way could you have prevented it?"

Mrs. Glenwood explained, dwelling all the more eloquently on her interest in the forlorn children because her son proved himself such an attentive listener. The most unsuspecting of women, how could she divine that while she thought of Claire and Lucie as they were in their childhood, he was dwelling on the arch and glowing features seen by lamplight in the hall at Miss Eldridge's, and telling himself that one, at all events, of "Mollie's Maidens" was a thousand times more attractive now than she could have been in the years gone by.

"You will be good to these girls, mother? You will ascertain in what way they could be helped most efficiently?"

And it was not till she had uttered a ready assent that either Mrs. Glenwood or her son remembered how positively Claire and Lucie had repelled their advances.

CHAPTER XII.

A RESCUE.

EVER since Lancelot Balfour had been out of favour at home and thrown on his own resources, one of his few, very few, gratifications was found in the letters of his cousin Percival.

Not that these were frequent. Young, handsome, lively, and well supplied with funds, Percy Glen-

wood made friends wherever he went, and by his fellow-students at Bonn he had been too frequently tempted to take part in pleasure excursions, tours to the Tyrol or the Black Forest, or some favourite Spa, to be a punctual correspondent.

Still his heart was in the right place. He never wholly forgot the kinsman who had defended him from many a rough thump when, all unused to the boy world, he was first launched on the troubled sea of a public school; and whenever things went wrong, as they will with the most fortunate, his thoughts were wont to turn to his tried and trusty comrade and cousin, old Lance.

Their very uncertainty made his letters doubly acceptable.

They came as agreeable surprises, and were never tame or commonplace. Percy wrote as he talked; not always wisely, yet always well. Frequently his epistles were written after a journey, but the writer's fatigue never communicated itself to his pen. They were full of the most vivid descriptions of the places he visited and the persons he met; sometimes elaborated like a Flemish picture, or with every detail set before the eye in a few vigorous touches.

Percy had a keen sense of humour, but, to his credit be it said, his fun never degenerated into vulgar satire, although it was so irresistibly comic as to elicit many a hearty laugh from the reader.

While Lance toiled in the workshop he had fitted up, he would often pin one of Percy's letters where he could occasionally read a few lines, lingering longest on such as by their allusions to earlier days would bring before his eyes the faces of his aunt and the younger boys, with whom cousin Lance had always been a prime favourite.

These were home-like visions, far sweeter to the heart of man than all Percy's pictures of foreign lands; and when Lance learned that the Glenwoods were actually in England and eager to see him, his grave face looked brighter than it had done since his last parting with his mother.

"Will I go and see them at the Lodge?" Of course I will. My head is stupid and my limbs aching for want of a rest, and I suppose my looks betray it, for Mr. Hindley has twice told me I can have a few days' holiday before the foreign orders are put in hand. I'll take him at his word, and be off to-morrow. Three years spent in the smoke and whirl of a great manufactory give one such a longing for green fields and southern breezes that I think I must have given way to it even if I had not had this invitation."

But when Lance examined the state of his finances he looked dubious. Too independent to accept the money his mother would have sent him secretly, he had served a long and hard apprenticeship to the work he loved, and was not yet reaping the advantage of it.

Expensive tools, and nothing less, would serve one who was never satisfied till his tasks were finished off with exquisite nicety. Books on engineering, and

a beautiful lathe in which to turn the screws and cranks of the models he made in his leisure time, swallowed up the greater part of what was left when he had paid—which he did punctually—for his very bare lodging and simple fare.

Then there were calls upon him to which he never turned a deaf ear. The men amongst whom he worked often met with accidents, or sickness would attack their children, and Lance when appealed to would give of his little ungrudgingly.

But in living so solitary a life—for he could not afford to seek society—there was danger of his becoming boorish and selfish, and nothing could be better for his morals or his mind than such a change as this visit to the Lodge proffered. How provoking, then, to find that it would be impossible to eke out the sum required to pay his railway fare!

Lance took out his watch, but dropped it back into his pocket. It had been the first gift of any importance from the father he loved dearly even while disappointing him, and he could not bring himself to part with it.

There was the ring he never wore now his hands were roughened with labour, but that was given to him by the dear mother so long unseen, and was even more sacred.

"I'll ride as far as I can, and then walk," he decided. "With all the beauties of spring around me, the roads will not seem very long; and though I shall not have much time with Percy and the rest, it will be something to have shaken their hands and heard them say that they don't think much the worse of me for earning my bread in a different way from what my father has done before me."

Lance having made his plans, and obtained leave of absence, started at once. A cheap train carried him the first hundred miles; a young farmer to whom, during their chat in the third-class carriage, he had given some useful ideas respecting a threshing-machine in which he had invested, took him home to dinner, and then drove him another twenty behind a famous trotting pony.

After this he plunged deeper and deeper into sylvan England; avoiding the towns, and by the short cuts a good map enabled him to find, making in a straight line for Glenwood.

The weather was propitious, and, oh, the beauty of the woods where the buds of oak and the ash were bursting and struggling for supremacy, or the larch hung her tasselled fringes from every bough! Oh, the fresh fragrance of the lanes, where the bluebells and primroses grew profusely on every bank, and the speedwell blossoms were as blue as the sky above! And how sweet the meadows that were daily growing a deeper and more emerald green, save where the daisy dotted them with her pink-edged buds, or here and there a solitary cowslip gave promise of a golden harvest of scented blossoms by-and-by.

Burdened with no more luggage than was contained in a knapsack, a stout stick for his sole companion, and drawing in draughts of health and strength with

every breath he took, the young man found his tramp so enjoyable that he felt a little regret when it drew to a close.

After all, it was fortunate, for the weather showed signs of changing. Heavy clouds came scudding by, and he saw that his efforts to reach the Lodge before the storm broke would prove unsuccessful.

Not caring to present himself to his relatives drenched and muddy, he looked for a place of shelter. The field path he was following was high above one of those hollow lanes we are said to owe to our Saxon forefathers, and it struck him that beneath the overhanging bank he should find the shelter he sought.

Swinging himself over it, he dropped into the lane just where the earth had slipped away from the roots of a tree, leaving a cave-like hollow in the bank quite large enough for his purpose. But it was already occupied. Seated on a large stone, with a basket at her feet, he saw a young girl whom the rain had driven there some minutes earlier.

At first her basket attracted him more than herself. It was a large flat one, filled with tastefully arranged bunches of blue and white violets; and so delicious was their scent that he bent over the wee flowers to inhale it.

The girl had been startled by his sudden appearance, and would have risen to depart, but his absorption in her flowers reassured her, and the hail that now swept past in one tempestuous gust was an additional reason for remaining where she was.

But when Lance did glance at her, the flush on her cheek, and the shrinking modesty of her attitude, made him raise his hat and courteously apologise for his sudden appearance. A bow was her only response; she betook herself to watching the weather anxiously, and he did the same.

Yet both contrived to take stolen peeps at each other. The blue eyes, modestly veiled beneath deeply fringed lids, may not have found anything attractive in the felt hat and dusty garments of Lance, nor in features that while in repose were singularly impassive; but they rested more than once on the ungloved hand that grasped his walking-stick. Was it because there were strength and power in the long, supple fingers that wielding the hammer could not wholly rob of their symmetry?

Lance, on his part, felt more commiseration for the shabbiness of the young girl's garments than interest in her beauty. She was small and fair, and his ideal of female loveliness just then was a Juno he had seen at a Yorkshire exhibition—a glowing, dazzling creature, with the figure of his sister Elfleda, and the complexion of an Oriental.

This insignificant damsel was wrapped in a cloth cloak that years ago might have been a sufficient protection from the weather; but now it had become so threadbare and moth-eaten as to be useless; and he fancied he saw her shiver, poor child, when the March winds dashed some large drops of water upon her.

But she was going. Although it still rained and blew tempestuously, she had picked up her basket, and after a little hesitation deliberately took off her cloak and laid it lightly over the violets. Having

"Can you not do it in less than a quarter of an hour?" and Lance held his watch towards her.

She admitted that she could, and was content to



"Pencilling on one of her cards a few words of regret."—p. 201.

thus secured them from the weather, she would have slipped out into the lane if the voice of Lance had not arrested her.

"Do you want to catch your death of cold? Why not wait a few minutes longer? The clouds are breaking, the shower will soon be over."

"But the carrier passes the top of the lane precisely at twelve o'clock," she answered; "and I must be there in time,"

wait a few minutes longer, but when a gleam of sunshine became visible she sprang away, and Lance, who was in no such haste, saw her hurrying up the steep lane at a pace that must soon render her breathless.

Shouldering his knapsack, he prepared to continue his journey. From inquiries made on the road he knew that he was within a mile of his destination,

But a broken strap detained him, and once again his swift glance travelled in the direction the young girl had taken. She had nearly reached a point at which a curve of the lane would hide her from his view, but she had stopped; she was standing in the middle of the road, and in spite of the distance Lance fancied that he could detect trouble of some kind in her manner.

"She is too late, and must carry her violets home unsold," was the first thought of the watcher, and with a kindly "Poor little girl!" he would have walked away if he had not discovered another cause for her strange behaviour.

There was a field gate about fifty paces above where she stood, and over this gate a man was

leaning, an uncouth and tattered object, who by his gestures appeared to be threatening her.

To leave a defenceless girl at the mercy of some skulking vagabond was not to be thought of. Slipping off his knapsack, and taking a firmer grip of his stick, Lance went to the rescue.

But just as he started, the girl with a shriek dropped her basket, and came flying down the lane. The vagrant had leaped the gate, and was shambling towards her, the strange jargon he mouthed and his repulsive aspect overwhelming her with terror, all the greater that she believed herself to be too far away from any other human being to cherish a hope of being protected from his angry violence.

(To be continued.)

RESTFUL TALKS IN THE RUSH OF LIFE.

II.—"THIS IS THE REST." BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



IN our quiet hours, when the tired frame has time to revive its freshness and strength, and when Nature spreads her couch of heather for our repose, and stretches the green branches over us to protect us from the heat, and lets us hear the silvery whisper of the burn to remind us

that the sweet water is near at hand, and when we take up some favourite volume to quicken our thought, we begin to feel that this is rest. It may be, and indeed is, in some sort rest—needful rest—but all that depends not upon *where* we are, but upon *what* we are! We may have been worn, worried, over-worked, and it is true that Nature, with her soft, sweet summer air, and her soothing silence, will do much to refresh our spirit and recruit our strength. Yes, much, but not *all*. We want a rest that nothing can disturb; a peace that can reign supreme even in tribulation; and at such a time we call to mind the pathetic question in the Book of Job, "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

Who indeed! It is a deep question, reaching to the secret bosom of human experience. The lake of the heart is seldom without some ripples. Every day we weep and tremble under some experience of sin and suffering. The blue heavens still bend over a world of grief. Saddest fact of all, sorrow lives on, amidst all earthly palliatives! The smiling scenes of Nature, the soft comforts of home, the inspirations of friendship, these may mitigate grief, but they cannot give quietness! Deep-seated indeed must sorrow be when earth's ministries cannot cool its brow or comfort its heart. Grief has many names, even

as the ocean, which is often called after the shores on which it touches. Sorrow has swept the same sad music from the weary hearts of a thousand generations. But God our Saviour has never left earth without ministries of mercy; for Abraham found friendship with God in the far-away land, and Jacob rested at eventide, and Enoch felt the spell of heaven's own peace as he walked with God.

Still more blessed are we. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," said Christ. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." It is implied, however, in Job's question that if God does not give quietness we are never secure—all worldly peace may be broken in upon. The breath of any sudden storm may upset the best-manned boat upon the lake.

In quiet hours, then, we make question concerning some supposed givers of rest. Quietness seems to be connected with competency. Is it so? we ask.

Who has not at some time or other heard the whispered words, "This is the rest?" We have cherished visions of a green and beautiful old age; a time of slackened effort; a restful evening; and, supposing life to have been spent prudently and laboriously, there is a fitness and beauty then in well-earned repose. But competency is not of necessity tranquillity, even though it be enjoyed in far-reaching pastures or by the restful sea! "Who then can give trouble?" we ask. Memory may be laden with the breath of evil reminiscences, and the rising water-floods of guilt may overwhelm an unforgiven heart. Conscience may assert its native vigour and integrity, and become a very Samson in its strength! Children may bring sorrow through the reproach of our own hearts over parental neglect, and

the worldly influences of our own hearts and lives. Death, holding his hour-glass in the distance, may detranquillise at any moment. Eternity, too, is present to the thought, with its broad, long, solemn vista! "Who, then, can give trouble?" All of these can. We think too little of the impotence of man to keep out the agonies of remorse, and shame, and sin. Competency is well, beautiful, desirable, good. It is a sad thing to read of those silent tragedies of loss which bring the good estate to the workhouse in life's evening—very. But that is better than a solitude in the heart; better than a soul without pardon, peace, and God.

Quietness seems to be connected with tranquillity of place. Is it so? we ask. Again, "This is the rest," we say. But here, too, is a sophism often cherished by the heart in the heat and bustle of business—viz., that tranquillity can be secured by silence and seclusion! Some have found, too late, that the cloister and the convent fail to shut the world out of the heart. For the empire of grief is everywhere. She hides in valleys; she sits on the beetling cliffs with the lordliest castles. Swifter than the courier, sorrow awaits you on the foreign shore to which you speed; for we carry *ourselves* with us, and it takes long to know what disruptive forces there are within our hearts. We tried to tame our passions; but until Christ lives and reigns within there is no real peace there. What matters it how beautiful the plains around, how bright the sky above, if, *within*, the Vesuvius of the heart is casting up its lava! There are the destructive elements of disruption and death in every worldly heart. We cannot extinguish the fire of evil—nothing but the waters of Calvary can quench that! We cannot dethrone the Empire of Sin; nothing but the sceptre of a Risen Saviour can dominate the inner being. At times it is blessed to retire to the hush of Nature from the hurry of the world, to allay the feverishness of the flesh by the medicaments of mountain and stream. We understand our better selves at such times, and feel the monarchy of the soul. But only as we leave our burdens at the Cross do we "rest in the Lord." We cannot, in the most secret pavilions of Nature, secure the perfect peace.

Quietness seems to be connected with honourable reputation. Is it so? we ask. Perhaps "This is the rest," we say; but no! It is perhaps the least assailable of the positions we can take. Admitted that the man of gross appetites and flagrant vices cannot escape the Nemesis of his deeds, yet the man of blameless reputation, of kind and generous demeanour, respected and honoured by all, must surely enjoy repose? Who can make trouble here? Alas! answers are not far to find! If reputation is his only refuge and rest, one breath of unjust suspicion, one word of calumny, and you have taken from that man's heart

its chief support and glory! He rests not on the central pillars of the universe, but on his own frail staff. Look at him in the light of the Gospel, without a Saviour, and you reveal him cold, shivering, and naked, proud of the garland which earthly hands have woven for his brow, and of the self-dependence which is his seeming strength. If he is trying to do without a Saviour, we can soon answer who shall bring trouble. Envy starts up from its dark retreat, and with its keen rapier pierces the armour of his self-confidence. Jealousy exercises its malign power, and embitters his cup of joy. Like Solomon, he knows not who shall come after him, and how the family name and fame may be tarnished. Nay, more! the hollowness of worldly applause will affect his anxious heart, especially when he finds that honour is too often given for what a man *has* than for what he *is*. Trouble! No human barrier can check *that* tide. Nor when it overwhelms the heart can any power, save the presence of a living Saviour, give strength to endure. Of course, you must not press the Christian ideal of rest to an unfair degree. It would not be true to say the Christian sees no trouble. But in all considerations as concerning the soul itself the words are true, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

This, then, is the triumph of quietness. Yes! It is not ease. It is not absence of disturbing force. It is a triumph over all. Have we not seen the masterly hand guiding turbulent horses? The calm captain, with no quickened pulse, directing the vessel during the furious gale? And the Gospel gives reserves of quiet power. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." We have seen these triumphs of quietness in pain, and family distress, and dangerous illness, and difficult endurances. Beneath the outward life there was a Saviour, with divine and gracious power, steadying and sustaining the soul. "Will He remove the trouble?" asks Job. "No; but He will put strength in me," is the reply. We are not to be hard, and cast off trouble as the rock casts aside the billows which break into spray over its rugged brow; or as the adamant casts back the arrow. No; but there will be peace within. The promise will be fulfilled—"Peace I leave with you."

In Christ there is the image of this quietness. Galilee's lake in its stillest hour was never so restful as the heart of Jesus. This is the more wonderful when we remember all our Lord's surrounding agitations. The trials of poverty, the malignity of false accusers, and the hatred of the Jews, all encompassed Him. Yet, look at Him! Behold the Man! Calm and subdued, not alone in the still retreats of peaceful Olivet, but calm in the Judgment Hall, and on the way from the Prætorium to Calvary. Oh! why will Art show the

weakness of its genius by putting the nimbus around the head of Jesus as He walks there? If the ideal of Divine power and patience is not in the face itself, no meretricious aids of mediævalism will ever give it. His glory was *not* a circling of light from *without*, but a glow of light from *within*. This is the face we want to see. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again." "He was led as a Lamb to the slaughter." "He was taken from prison and judgment, yet He opened not His mouth." It is *this* quietness which has touched the world's deepest heart; the quiet confidence that the cross of humiliation was to be a throne of conquest.

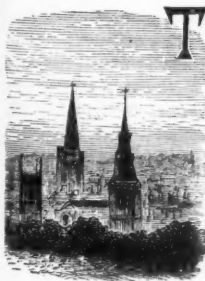
And is it not beautiful that Christ should have made the very means of redemption an occasion of bestowing life like His own on His disciples? We are not only crucified with Christ to the world, but in Gethsemane and Calvary we find the portrayal of our own most perfect life. *There* in our Lord's quietness we have learnt to see the image of all that is most precious in Christian life! Multitudes since then have taken their cup of tribulation, and meekly said, "The cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"

It was true of our Saviour that He did possess a rest, a peace, a joy, such as the sons of earth

and time have never known, and having manifested these on earth, He left us as His own dying legacy, what He calls, "My joy," "My peace."

We know full well that the undisturbed quiet is reached in the last sleep. What quiet on the features of the dead! The busy hand, the nervous eye, the foreboding heart—all are still! Concerning all powers of harm, we may say, then, they "have no more that they can do." The powers of persecution may sheath their swords in the Huguenot breast; the fetters of tyrannous power cannot bind the soul that rests with God. But what a stately majesty there is in death! Have we never looked on features where pain has left no trace? Where love has sent the last tender message to the far-away boy? Where the brave womanly hand has made the last garment for the fatherless ones, and then, weary, has folded the arms in the sleep that leaves them motherless as well? Then "no more fatigue, no more distress." Beautiful words—the last sleep. Dig up, if you will, the bones of martyr, patriot, or saint, and cast them to the winds; you cannot touch the heroic souls themselves, for "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" Christ is our Rest in life, in death, and in the great "Beyond." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they REST."

SOME SINGULAR STEEPLES.



THERE can be little doubt, we should imagine, as to the origin of church steeples, notwithstanding much that has been written on the subject.

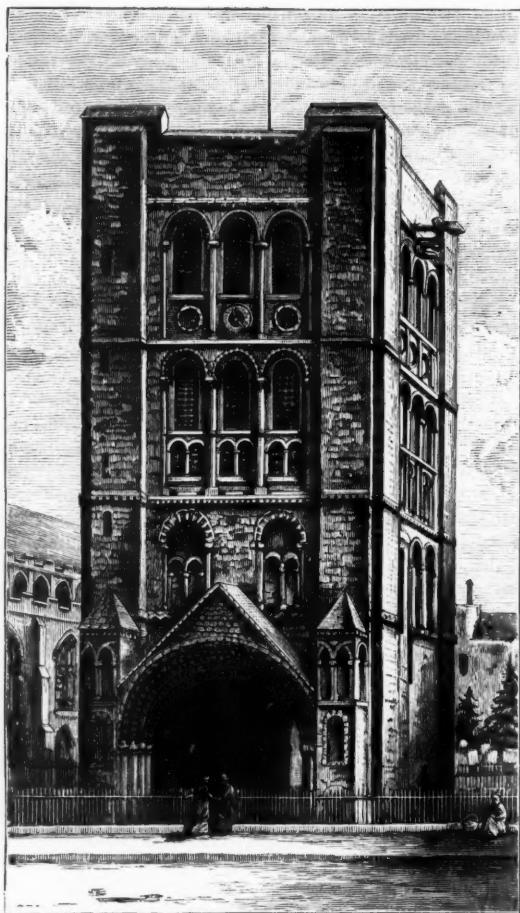
For various reasons it was thought necessary that the inhabitants of a parish should hear their church bells, and to such as lived at a distance from them, this desideratum could only be supplied by placing the bells

at a considerable elevation; hence necessity in this, as in so many other instances, became the mother of invention, and the bell-cot or steeple sprang into existence. In what country or in what age they were first constructed it is not our present purpose to inquire.

In England we are told by the Venerable Bede that all churches were originally built of wood, and a church of this material may yet be found at Greensted, in Essex. A modern tower has been added at the west end, and may certainly be classed amongst singular steeples if only from its ugliness.

At Margareting and Stock churches, in the same county, there are ancient towers, constructed entirely of wood; the interior of the former is composed of noble balks of oak, darkened by age, and arranged in the form of Gothic arches of the highly pointed style, with angular braces and flying buttresses. A second series of timber framework supports the bells, and the whole is surmounted by a spire. Suckling, in his account of the parish, describes this as a piece of "very superior geometrical carpentry."

In the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk round steeples are of frequent occurrence, and have a remarkable family likeness. In the former county alone there are upwards of a hundred, and nearly all bear traces of the Norman style of architecture. Towers built in a circular form are undoubtedly of great strength—an evidence of which may be seen at Eccles, a parish on the coast of Norfolk, where church and tower were for many years enveloped in the cliffs, or, as they are locally termed, "Marram-hills." A violent storm about thirty years ago completely cleared the ruins of the accumulations of sand, and the church at low tide now stands on the beach midway between the cliffs and the ocean. While the



THE NORMAN TOWER, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

walls of the church itself are nearly all gone, the round steeple remains almost intact, defying the ravages of time and tide alike.

Although authorities are unable to agree why round steeples are numerous in certain districts, the country folk have no difficulty in explaining the cause. They have been told, and many of them actually believe, that *before the Flood* these towers were wells, and that after the subsidence of the waters, and also, it seems, of the land, their economic ancestors hit upon the happy expedient of utilising the wells as steeples to their parish churches!

At Caistor, near Great Yarmouth, the roof of a lofty square steeple is pitched in such a manner as to be visible above the parapet, and this peculiarity has probably given rise to the generally accepted notion in the village that a tomb exists on the top of the tower.

Being on the coast, a large stretch of sea may be seen from the summit, and tradition tells how an unfortunate maiden having climbed thither to watch the fate of her lover, saw his craft perish, and how she herself, overcome with violent grief, and unable to effect a descent, died on the roof of the church steeple, and was there buried. "If you look up as you pass the church," the villagers will tell you, "you may see her tomb."

Singular in its construction and daring in its conception is the tower of Cartmel, in Lancashire. It stands in the centre of a church, cruciform in plan, and in architecture partly of Norman and partly of Early English style. A central massive square tower, rising but slightly above the roof, is no uncommon feature in Norman churches, but in this case a second tower, also square, is placed diagonally upon it, the angles being pierced to form a passage from side to side of the lower tower. There is said to be a similarly constructed steeple at Rheims, but no other of the kind in this country.

At Dearham, in Cumberland, the ancient church tower has an open belfry, apparently coeval with the structure, on its summit. This, again, is a unique feature as far as English steeples are concerned; a similar arrangement, however, exists at Llanerchymedd, in Anglesea, and at St. Giles', in the High Street, Edinburgh.

Looking at the principal purpose for which, as we have already noticed, steeples were erected, it seems strange that open belfries are not more common. The modern louvre boards which are usually fixed in the sound-holes of church steeples must to some extent prevent the bells from being heard as clearly as they would otherwise be. If any of our readers should doubt the necessity of fixing bells at an elevation, in order to render them of the greatest service, we would advise them to visit Southburgh, a small place in the centre of Norfolk, where the two bells hang in a shed in the churchyard, and can be heard but a very short distance.

In speaking of the usefulness of church steeples, we would not have it understood that their *only* use has been in connection with the bells. Along the coast there can be no doubt that they were often used as beacons before the introduction of lighthouses. At Happisburgh, in Norfolk, a lofty steeple—alas! too near the ever-

grasping waves—has had its steps well-nigh worn away by the continual traffic to its summit. We all know, too, how "broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane," when the country became alarmed at the approach of the Spanish Armada. Nowadays our steeples are made to serve more utilitarian purposes, in carrying vanes, weathercocks, and flagstuffs. Although very rarely indeed met with in the churches themselves, ancient fireplaces are by no means uncommon in steeples. They are usually on the first floor, and have flues going to the top in the thickness of the wall. It has never been satisfactorily proved for whose use these could have been intended. Some have supposed that such towers as have them must at some time or other have been watch-towers; but in remote inland districts it seems more reasonable to suppose that recluses dwelt in such places.

With bare walls and narrow loopholes, they must have been at all times wretched habitations; but picture, if you can, such an abode on a windy night. The gloomy surroundings, the howl of the blast, the perpetual whistling in the turret-staircase, the creaking of tree-tops, a sense of loneliness in the midst of all this uproar. Can any situation be more conducive to madness? But nowadays we mount our steeples only to repair the bell-gear or to hoist the flag.

Crooked spires and leaning towers have long exercised the minds and, in some cases, won the admiration of modern architects. They are doubtless always the result of accidents from insecure foundations. One of the most singular of leaning towers is that of Weston Church, in the fens of Lincolnshire, which leans very perceptibly to the west, and has done so for many years. Many spires are merely frames of timber covered with lead, and the natural warping of the wood causes their distortion. Here again, however, village traditions step in, and assign a variety of reasons for the deflection.

Steeple built upon piers, and with passages beneath,

are occasionally met with. Three examples occur to us—those of St. John, Maddermarket, and St. Peter, Mancroft, in Norwich, and of St. Mary in Hull. The first-named of these was so erected because the builders were unable to stop up the footway at the immediate west end of the nave of the church. The present perpendicular tower in this instance is not the original steeple of the church, which stood at the north-east corner of the nave, and of which (although not mentioned, as far as we are aware, in any account of the building) remains may yet be traced. It would have been equally impracticable to have placed this church further to the eastward, in order to make room for a steeple, because the king's highway runs immediately beneath the east window, and there is consequently no chancel.



THE TOWER OF ST. MARY'S, HULL.

Among singular steeples may be reckoned those which are detached from their churches. These may be divided into two classes, viz., those which are of anterior date to the present churches, and those of a later period.

The former are in most instances the steeples belonging to ancient fabrics which have gone to decay and been replaced by others on different foundations. For the latter it is more difficult to account, as in two which we most readily call to mind—at East Dereham in Norfolk, and Beccles in Suffolk—there appears no plain reason why they should not have been erected contiguous to the churches.

The very remarkable tower which now serves as the steeple of St. James's Church, at Bury St. Edmunds, is another example of a detached steeple, but it is known to have been originally attached to a demolished abbey church. "It consists of four stages, the lowest pierced with an archway, the remainder enriched with semi-circular arches of considerable size." Considering that it dates from the Norman era, it must be regarded as being in a wonderful state of preservation. Some years ago the accumulation of earth was excavated around this tower to the original level, a depth of nearly six feet, so as to show the long-hidden proportions of the building. It is 86 feet in height, and 36 feet square. The walls, which are nearly six feet in thickness, are faced with an ashlar of Barnack stone. The upper storey now contains a peal of ten bells. Some authorities have claimed for this tower the distinction of being the finest of its kind in Europe.

A plain little steeple, which has seen more vicissitudes of fortune than some of its more imposing brethren, is that of Panxworth, in Norfolk. Forty years ago, and for centuries before, it was a roofless ruin ploughed up to its four walls. It has recently had a second church

attached to it, been repaired, re-roofed, and once more made the receptacle of a bell. It would be curious to learn if any other instance has occurred of a modern church being built on to an ancient steeple. The more usual course appears to have been to take down the ruined walls and to use the materials for mending the roads, a thoughtless act of vandalism, yet truly a more desirable consummation than the fulfilment of the atheist's pet project of "turning our churches into barns, and their steeples into windmills." In our nursery days we were never quite able to divine the dire offence imputed to "the wicked people who sold the bells to mend the steeple." But it was surely wiser to repair in time a tower which might otherwise have fallen, and probably never have been rebuilt because of the great outlay required, whereas in the matter of bells, a parish could very well afford to wait until a turn in the tide of its affairs should render it possible to purchase others.

In these days of church restoration, it is usual to commence operations upon the chancels, then the naves, and last of all upon the steeples. To this arrangement we would offer no objection. No one can deny the propriety of first attending to those portions of the sacred edifice which are of the greatest utility; but we would venture to record a mild protest against altogether neglecting the steeples. They undoubtedly add a dignity to the fabric itself, and to our mind there is no more pleasing feature in an English landscape than the steeple of the village church. "Yon ivy-mantled tower" is as dear to us to-day as it was to the poet a century ago, and as an eloquent writer has said, it may well be regarded as "an emblem of religious hope, ascending from amidst the gloom of earth-born cares, and bearing with it up to brighter realms and better worlds the warmest aspirations of the troubled heart."



BOODLE'S DOCTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRETCHEN," "WHAT SHE COULD," ETC.



E shall not require you on Monday, Miss Ralph; here is your money. Now, Miss Smith; this way, if you please!" And the bustling forewoman motioned to Gwenellen Ralph to make room for the throng of machinists waiting to be paid.

"But—but—am I to have no more work?" stammered Gwenellen, flushing painfully, whilst those around her looked

on curiously, and many a girlish face grew subdued and pitiful.

"No; Mr. Roberts says you are not quick enough," answered Mrs. Flyte; "you don't get through as much as we expect, and there are plenty of women asking for work. I think if you could get nursed up a bit——" And she looked up doubtfully from her books to the tall, slender girl in black, whose movements had of late become so feeble as to excite the disapprobation of the manager. "If you could take plenty of broth and such-like, you would feel stronger. Couldn't you get a letter to some hospital?"

There was no reply. Gwenellen put her last earnings in her pocket, and turned half-dazed into the busy streets, where the crowd of pleasure-seekers and anxious toilers brushed hastily past, and where, looking round at their strange, heedless faces, and up at the leaden skies, the girl for a moment cried out in spirit that God had forgotten her. Only for a moment; her troubles had brought her too near to Him for her heart to rebel against the unchanging Friend, or to question the mercy of His will. She knew that her Father in heaven was able to strengthen her weakness, to give her employment again, to make the darkness light, and the crooked places plain. Yet her scanty pittance would soon be spent; the clothiers' stores were besieged by women anxious for machine-work or for sewing at home. At first Gwenellen had been allowed to take home some needlework, but the complaint arose very soon, "Not quick enough; very neat and careful, but not nearly quick enough," and then she had to go to and fro daily as a machinist. The long walks in all weathers, the confinement, and the insufficient nourishment she could afford, had enfeebled the frame accustomed to so different a life, and she had little heart to recommence the round of searching for work. What should she do when she had changed her last shilling? What would become of her if her health broke down?

"Lavender—sweet lavender! Buy my sweet lavender!" cried a boy's clear voice through the busy throng. Gwenellen turned with a smile to the little

ragged fellow standing by the church, and drew near to him, drinking in the breath of the scented burden that reminded her of the lavender fields around her early home.

The child's face lighted up as he caught sight of her. She seemed to him as an angel, this sweet-voiced lady who had won the little street-tumbler from his idle livelihood of begging amongst the wheels of various conveyances, and who in her scanty leisure was teaching him to read, so that he might not be "shamed," as he termed it, when he entered the ragged-school. No one but Gwenellen could have drawn him in his ignorance to entertain the idea of school, but she was so utterly different from all that his daily life had known before, that her gentleness held over him a sweet and blessed influence; and when she told him of the Shepherd, whose fold was open for every stray shelterless lamb, little Boodle asked wonderingly—with no thought of irreverence—if God had eyes like hers. Love that touched *him*, that taught him, that again and again had fed him and paid for his lodging in their alley—that took to its heart the orphan acrobat (nameless, save for the strange title that somehow or other had attached itself to him), seemed to his dim ideas to be surely connected with the Eternal Goodness of which she spoke. Boodle dimpled up at her now, and held out a bunch of his choicest sprays.

"I was a-saving them for you, Miss Gwennie," he said, using the familiar name of the past, by which she had taught him to call her. "I helped a man unload his cart in the market, and he give me all this lavender; you smell it—ain't it prime? He got it somewhere down Croydon way, he told me; I've sold some, Miss Gwennie—I've got twopence." And Boodle pulled out the coppers with a grin of delight.

Gwenellen's heart went out to the child, knowing nothing of storehouse or barn, unconscious from day to day how his wants would be supplied, yet without a cloud or care; *his* was a more real faith than her own—he simply *accepted* the comfort she was teaching him to spell out of the Bible, and not a sparrow in all London took the day's sunshine and rain more cheerfully than did curly-haired Boodle.

She held the lavender tenderly; did it not bear her a sweet message of heavenly care that had stooped to remember the needs of its life?

"Can I come to you when I've sold the rest?" asked Boodle wistfully; "you ain't too tired, are you, Miss Gwennie?"

Even his boyish eyes noticed the pallor of her face; yes, she *was* tired—scarcely equal, in her weariness, to the task of teaching him, but she could not bear to disappoint him, for he was growing so anxious for "schooling."

"Yes, come round to me, Boodle dear," she said, her thin hand touching his sunburnt face, "and when we have finished lessons I will tell you your favourite story—how, in the midst of a terrible storm, the Lord Jesus said, 'Peace, be still!'"

She went on her way to a darker, poorer quarter of the town, cheered by the thought that she had been used to help the friendless child whose cry of "Sweet lavender!" was ringing now from street to street.

Gwenellen had prayed again and again for a deeper faith, and her prayer was answered through the dim, bitter weeks succeeding. That night her cup seemed full, for she learnt that little Boodle, in his eagerness to reach her attic, had rushed too hastily across a busy road, and had been knocked down by a horse—his arm was broken, and he had been carried to the Children's Hospital. Gwenellen sorrowed for the little fellow, ill among strangers; she missed him sorely, for his love and brightness had often caused her to forget her trials, but she had neither strength nor money to go to him; she could only commit him to the tenderest Keeping of all, and she was able to do this restfully, certain that in the care of the Master the child was safe. And she was calm through the continual disappointments that met her search for employment. "In God's own time," she thought, "the clouds will clear. Meanwhile, He never leaves me, never forsakes me."

One day, when, with trembling fingers, she was counting the few small coins obtained by the sale of her jacket, there was a familiar knock at the door of her room, and little Boodle, clean, rosy, and clad in a neat suit of coarse serge, came running in.

"Oh, Miss Gwennie—my doctor, my doctor! he give me these fine clothes, so as I shouldn't get cold; oh, just see! and he give me *boots* too, my doctor did, and *stockings*, Miss Gwennie."

Gwenellen kissed his excited face, and answered, "They are beautiful clothes indeed, Boodle, and you look as if you had been well looked after in the hospital."

"Oh, I did have nice things to eat, and flowers, and pictures, and cards, and my doctor give me a top 'cause I were brave when they pulled at my arm. Here's my top—a boy give me this bit of string; but, Miss Gwennie, ain't you well? You does look dreadful thin."

"I have a headache, Boodle dear; come, tell me some more about the hospital," and she stroked the hand that held the top.

"You did ought to see my doctor," said Boodle, anxiously; "*he'd* make you well, he would."

"Who is your doctor?" she asked, wishing to divert his mind from her own ill-health.

"I don't know his name, but he's tall, he is, and ever so kind, and he's got whiskers down the side of his face, and he's got a watch and chain: he's coming to see me one day—oh, I does love him, Miss Gwennie! I'd like to shine his boots for him, I would."

He says as how if I behaves myself he might take me some day for to work for him."

"I am very thankful, dear, that you have found such a friend," said Gwenellen. Here was another answer to prayer; in her failing health she had been greatly concerned as to what would become of Boodle, with no one to care about his active, affectionate nature, or be interested in his boyish longings.

She had often begged for him employment at the little coffee-shop at the corner of their court, where she knew he would try hard to be useful in many ways: now his greatly improved appearance induced the shop-keeper to give him a trial, and Boodle entered upon a training which seemed to his delighted vision to draw him near to the summit of his ambition—namely, perfection of skill to produce a "shine" upon the boots of his doctor!

One Wednesday evening, when the church-bells were ringing for the week-day service, and the voices of little children rose up merrily from the court, Gwenellen began to realise that she had power to struggle no longer. For some time she had been sitting alone, memory going back yearningly to all she had lost, her contrite heart repenting of the pride that had put away from her life earth's dearest joy. The heiress of a wealthy banker, she had been on the eve of a purely love-match, for her intended husband was only a young physician, whose hard earnings supported himself and his widowed mother; he had known Gwenellen Tudor from childhood, and as his manly tenderness was far above the idea of being considered a fortune-hunter, he told her one day very simply and earnestly of his love. Mr. Tudor held Dr. Devon's character in high respect, and as for Gwenellen, life grew golden for her now. Her visions for "Frank" were fondly ambitious, her money grew valuable to her because it could ease his life, strengthen his hands in their charitable ministrations, buy him a West End practice, and provide him with "a carriage, and elegancies, and everything a doctor ought to have."

"Too much indulgence has made me selfish," she said; "I am not good, like you; but, Frank, you shall teach me to care about poor sick people, and we shall help them with plenty of money."

"They need *sympathy* as much, or more," he answered; but *he* also dreamed of the time when her fair face should bend over the couch of need, and they two, husband and wife together, should follow in the steps of Him who went about doing good.

But there came a terrible commercial panic, against which even Mr. Tudor could not stand; all he possessed was given up to the demands surrounding him, and Gwenellen surrendered her jewels and her more expensive dresses. The plainer ones were gradually sold to meet the needs of her sick father, whose pride induced him to adopt his second name of Ralph, and to try to hide their poverty from former friends in an obscure part of East London.

As soon as Gwenellen understood their ruin, she

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"I can try no more, I can do no more!"

"BOODLE'S DOCTOR."—p. 213.

wrote a hasty, impulsive letter to Mr. Devon (who was then in Switzerland), decisively cancelling her engagement, and giving no clue to her future destination. "Mr. Ralph" obtained a little copying, and Gwenellen earned what she could by sewing, but it was not very long before rest and quiet came to the poor old father whom she so dearly loved. Gwenellen did not know how anxiously Dr. Devon had been seeking her; she had never seen his appeals to "G. T." in the papers, but she knew by her own heart that her pride must have brought him suffering.

"I was only thinking of *myself* when I wrote that letter," she said penitently now, drooping her head on her hand; "Frank would have cared for me, rich or poor. I wonder where he is now?"

She managed to make some tea (very weak and watery, for her last quarter-pound was ebbing away), but she had no power to swallow it.

"I am so tired—tired in every limb," she murmured. "I can try no more, I can do more. Oh, Lord, help me—help—forgive—"

Voice failed her then, but the dying sunlight crept close, and made a glory in the attic like the benediction of the all-pitying God.

Little Boodle, with a sticky piece of hardbake (bought and saved for Miss Gwennie at the cost of severest self-denial), came rushing up-stairs, and knocked again and again without receiving any answer.

"It's me! it's Boodle!" he called at last. "Ain't you at home, Miss Gwennie?"

"If she *ain't*," he meditated, "I'll just leave the toffee on her table for a surprise."

He fingered the hardbake with tender hesitation, but finally pushed open the door, and then started back with a cry of fright. Gwenellen was unconscious of his presence—white and helpless, with closed eyes and parched lips parted; she had fainted away.

Boodle was thoroughly alarmed; his chest began to heave, and the hardbake rolled forgotten to the floor. He ran trembling from room to room, but the weather was fine, and the other lodgers were out of doors, with the exception of a tiny girl diligently guarding a baby. In his haste to obtain help Boodle hurried into the road, stumbling against a gentleman who was looking uncertainly from house to house.

"Well, my boy, I have found you out at last! I have been out of town, or I should long before this have paid a visit to the court you named. Now, Boodle, tell me how you are getting on!"

"Oh, please, sir—please, doctor!" cried Boodle, huskily, "won't you come up to her? I think she's dead."

"What is the matter?" asked the bewildered doctor.

"Miss Gwennie, please, sir—she's as good as an angel, and now she won't never teach me no more!" and Boodle was beginning to sob, when the doctor said quickly, "Where is this sick person, Boodle? Perhaps I can do her some good."

"I know as my doctor will be good to Miss Gwennie; she'll be all right now," he thought, leading the way up the high, steep stairs.

But his prophetic soul grew considerably astonished when Dr. Devon, with a sudden exclamation, took Gwenellen tenderly into his arms, and bathing the unconscious brow, murmured words which Boodle could not understand, but which with reverence he supposed to be of medical import.

Gwenellen stirred a little as the loving hand put back her damp, fair hair.

"Is it you?" she asked, moving feebly, as if in a dream, "Frank—Boodle—"

"Yes, it's me!" cried the boy joyfully. "She knows me now, don't she? And it's him, my doctor, Miss Gwennie—she *ain't* dead, is she, sir?"

Gwenellen tried to rouse herself, and looked at Dr. Devon, trembling and bewildered.

"You fainted," he explained, bending nearer to her, "and little Boodle brought me to your room. Now, Gwennie, keep very quiet whilst Boodle takes this paper to a chemist for me. Boodle, bring me the medicine that the chemist gives you, and then go for a cab."

Gwenellen made no protest; her exhaustion was such that for a time she could only lie wearily back against the shoulder that had been her rest of old, and the clasp of his arm showed her that he never meant to lose her again.

"My mother will nurse you back to strength, my darling," he said, in rather broken tones; "we have tried so hard to find you, Gwennie. I see you are left alone," and he glanced at the bit of crape, rusty and brown, on the black hat hanging on the door; "but your troubles are over, please Heaven."

"How good God is!" she murmured, lifting her face to the gleam of sunlight. Her lips were quivering still, but no longer with pain; the new sweet gladness seemed a powerful restorative. Frank Devon made no verbal reply, but he, too, gazed out from the attic to the shining sky, and prayed in his heart that God would tune his life to thanksgiving for this dear one given back to him.

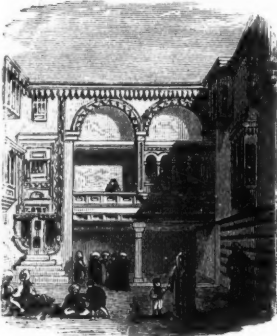
The West End practice exists not yet, but the name of Dr. Devon is widely honoured as that of a Christian physician, whose persistent efforts have resulted in improved surroundings, sanitary and philanthropic, for the poor, amongst whom he so earnestly labours. His house is small and quiet; he has not even a brougham, but his mother thinks it would be difficult to find a truer *home*—more blest by God and beloved by man—than that wherein Gwenellen has bloomed to radiant wifehood (making such heart-rest for her husband that he has never thought of lamenting the "elegancies" she promised him once), and where Boodle, though hard at lessons for a certain part of every day, runs errands, cleans boots, and polishes knives with an energetic devotion that renders him assuredly the very prince of "Buttous."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

No. I. ISHMAEL.

To be read—Gen. xvii., xxi. (parts).



TO THE TEACHER. It is proposed to give a course of lessons on the Children of the Bible, to occupy six months. The lives will be taken in regular order, but only those scenes will be noticed which occur in the childhood of the different characters.

As a rule, the incidents in the lives will form the first part of the lesson, and the practical lessons the second; but teachers can, if preferred, take the two together. As the number of "children" is somewhat limited, the lessons will include some of older growth.

I. ISHMAEL AT HOME. (Read Gen. xvii. 20—27.) Picture the family and surroundings. Abraham a great chief—rich in cattle, silver, and gold (xvii. 2)—held in high esteem—won a great victory over the kings of the Plain of Sodom—honoured by Melchizedek (xiv. 19)—but one great sorrow—no heir. One been promised, but not yet born, though Abraham a hundred years old. Meanwhile had taken a second wife—Hagar, a bond-servant. Ishmael her child. What does God say about him? (verse 20). Showed that Abraham had (a) *Prayed for him*. The prayers of a righteous man avail much—happy child for whom his father daily prays! More than that, he (b) *Dedicated him* to God by rite of circumcision. So far, all went well. Ishmael lived happy life at home.

II. ISHMAEL CAST OUT. (Read xxi. 1—21.) A change in the home. Sarah's child born at last. He to be the heir. Must be honoured as such. A great feast held when Isaac weaned. All must come and rejoice. But what does Ishmael do? He now seventeen years old—perhaps amused at his name Isaac (laughter.) Perhaps scornful at the honour done to the little baby. No wonder Sarah angry. What does she insist on Abraham's doing? Ishmael must leave home. Yes—but goes away under God's protection and with his father's blessing. No real harm can come to him.

So Hagar and Ishmael leave their home in Canaan—travel down south towards Egypt. But trouble soon comes. Water spent—no wells near—journey long and tedious—sun scorching. What does

Hagar do? Gives way to despair (verse 16). What does Ishmael do? He prays, for "God heard the voice of the lad." See the effect of early training, of being taught to pray. He called on the Lord in trouble, and was delivered. (Ps. xxxiv. 15.) Water was found—both were saved—Ishmael grew up a famous man—head of great race still living in Arabia.

III. LESSONS. (1) *Sin brings suffering.* Lesson to elder brothers and sisters as to treatment of younger ones. Must set example of kindness instead of teasing, etc. (2) *Prayer brings relief.* Children often have to suffer—insufficient food, clothing, etc.—sickness, trouble of various kinds. Let them early learn to pray. None ever called on God in vain.

TEXT. *When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.*

No. 2. ISAAC.

To be read—Genesis xvii., xxi. (parts).

I. ISAAC PROMISED. (Read xvii. 1—8.) Spoke of Abraham in last lesson. Had been called from his own country to live in Canaan (xii. 1—4). Had moved with large number of herdsmen, etc.—crossed the great river Euphrates—hence called the "Heber" or "Hebrew," meaning the "man who crossed over." Now living in Canaan—settled peaceably among the inhabitants—but as yet no possession in the land. (Acts vii. 5.) Now God appears to him. What does Abraham do? *He worships*—falls on his face. *He listens.* What does God promise him? A large family—he is to be father of many nations; also God's special blessing. *He believes.* Is kept waiting for Isaac's birth—his seed does not enter Canaan till 400 years passed—but his faith never fails.

II. ISAAC SACRIFICED. (Read xxi. 1—18.) Isaac now the only son at home—about twenty-four years old—last heard of when Ishmael sent away. Been the comfort of his father and mother in their old age (verse 2), and devoted to his mother (see xxiv. 67). Now Abraham's faith is "tempted," i.e., tested or tried. Question on the familiar story. See what it teaches about Isaac. He has been trained by his parents in three things—(a) *Worship.* What does Abraham say to the servants? (verse 5). Probably he and Isaac had often worshipped together before. Find Abraham, wherever he went, always building altars and worshipping. (See xiii. 18; xxi. 33.) Prayer, praise, and sacrifice for sin would be their worship. (b) *Faith.* What question did Isaac ask? Abraham tells him that God will provide the lamb. Isaac believes, and asks no more. So all through the story—his faith is strong—a worthy son of the "Father of the Faithful." (c) *Obedience.* Faith without works is dead. Isaac shows his trust in God, and trust in his father, by patient

submission. How easy for strong young man to resist aged father. But lets himself be bound without a murmur—lets Abraham raise his hand and draw the knife without a word or movement! Had his reward—was himself blessed by God—had long, happy, useful life, died in good old age.

III. LESSONS. Isaac's life a long example of happiness of early training. Was brought up in fear of God. Children may learn two lessons—(1) *Duty of prayer*. Happy home when children taught to pray. Prayer should be regular and earnest, both for selves and others. (2) *Duty of obedience*. To parents—not questioning commands—not arguing if do not understand. To teachers, as those in place of parents. All to be done as a duty to God.

TEXT. *Happy is the man that feareth the Lord.*

NO. 3. JOSEPH.

To be read—Gen. xxvii. —xxix. (parts).

I. JOSEPH LOVED. (Read xxvii. 1—3.) Last lesson about Isaac. Who were his sons? Esau and Jacob, been separated for more than twenty years by a quarrel—now reconciled—had together buried their father (xxxv. 29). Where is Jacob living? Have a picture of family life of a great chief or sheikh. Many tents—probably each of Jacob's four wives a separate tent for her family. Many flocks and herds, with their herdsmen. But not altogether happy family—quarrels and jealousies arise—partly owing to the father. Whom does he favour most? Joseph, the youngest child but one—perhaps brighter and more winning. How is he specially favoured? His brothers wear the short, coarse clothes of shepherds—but he wears the long fringed tunic of a boy or girl of royal rank. (See 2 Sam. xiii. 18.)

II. JOSEPH HATED. (Read 4—11.) A father's petted child often disliked by brothers and sisters. Joseph specially so. Why? Because of (a) *Jacob's partiality*—loving him best—giving him the princely coat, as if above them. (b) *His two dreams*. What were they? (c) *His telling of his brothers' misdeeds*. He must not be thought of as a "tell-tale." Children ought to tell parents if know of wrongdoing, but should warn the brother or sister first; must tell in a kind spirit.

What did their feelings of *envy* lead them on to? From *envy* to *hatred*, bearing him ill-will—from hatred to *malice*—plotting against him—from malice to *cruelty*—selling him as a slave—disregarding his anguish (see xlii. 21)—then to *deceit* (verse 32). So easy are the steps in sin.

III. JOSEPH AT WORK. (Read xxxix. 1—6.) The long journey over—Egypt reached at last. Who bought Joseph? Potiphar, captain of high rank—accustomed to command—soon sees what sort of servant Joseph is. He finds him (a) *Industrious*. Fond of his work, and doing it well. (b) *Trustworthy*. Joseph feared God, and did his work as to Him. Therefore could be trusted to do it well.

IV. LESSONS. (1) *The sin of envy*. Hardly any sin so common or so little thought of. But see what it leads to! (2) *The way to bear troubles*. Not moaning over them, but being patient, cheerful, setting to work, doing all as in God's sight.

TEXT. *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

NO. 4. BENJAMIN.

To be read—Gen. xliii. xliv. xlv. (parts).

I. THE JOURNEY. (Read xliii. 1—15.) Have here the busy preparations for a journey. One of Jacob's children leaving home for first time. Who is he? Benjamin had sad life so far. His mother Rachel died at his birth—had lost his own brother Joseph when quite a child—had grown up among rough shepherds. Why is he to leave home now? Listen to Judah telling the tale (xliii. 3—14). At last Jacob yields. But what preparations are made? Shows the same caution so often seen in his life. So a present is packed for the lord of the country, after Eastern custom. Is that all? Jacob gives them his blessing, and prays God to take care of them. Can picture the old patriarch laying his hand upon Benjamin very solemnly, and then turning away to conceal his tears. All boys must leave home sooner or later. What can they learn from this story? (a) *Prudence*. Make all arrangements first, so that may begin well. (b) *Prayer*. How happy to leave home with father's prayers and blessing! Such a start, sure to go on well.

II. THE WELCOME. (Read xlv. 1—15.) Question the children on the result of the journey. Their reception by Joseph—his making them a feast—seating them by age—placing his cup in Benjamin's sack—his being accused—the brothers' return. Judah's piteous appeal for Benjamin. At last Joseph makes himself known. How loving and forgiving he was—they must not grieve—it was all God's doing. All has turned out well. They must fetch their father and come back and settle in Egypt; and now at last he approaches Benjamin—his loving eyes had found out first who Joseph was (verse 12)—the two brothers—long parted—kiss and weep, and weep and kiss again. What a happy ending to a journey!

III. THE LESSONS. (a) *Unselfishness*. Why did Benjamin leave home? To save his father and brothers. Gladly left his father's side to go long journey for good of others. Who greater than he did the same? (b) *God's overruling providence*. What seemed less likely to happen than the issue of this journey? How could they possibly have imagined who the ruler would turn out to be! God had ordered all things to work together for good. He does so still. We cannot see His workings—like intricate machinery—can only trust and not be afraid.

TEXT. *All things work together for good to them that love God.*



THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

THE scent of a flower is a wonderful thing!
It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of
spring;

So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power,
No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odours so blend with past happier years
They move us like melodies breathing through tears;
For they bring back the faces and forms that are
cold,
And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know,
(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago),
When tastes were more simple, and purer our pleasures,
And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One eve, when the dew on the
leaves glittered bright,
He proffered the prize with a
tender "Good-night;"
And my spirit grew faint with
ecstatic emotion,
For I felt in that flower lay a
lifelong devotion.

He is gone—yet the scent of that delicate flower
Still holds me with all the old passionate power ;
And oft my sick heart would lie down in despair
But that mercy Divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

"Consider the lilies." Lord, grant us to be
By the field and the garden brought nearer to Thee ;
To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power,
And an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

A WORD ABOUT THE AMALEKITES.

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, DEAN OF DENVER, COLORADO.



AFTER all, nations are only aggregates of individuals, and the action of nations is but the resultant action of numberless minds. As therefore the characteristics of the human heart are the same at all points of the world's history, it is but reasonable to conclude that in some sort the nation means the individual, and the individual the nation.

The bulk of the Bible is concerned with the histories of men and peoples, to illustrate in action those great principles which "accompany salvation." The only nation whose history is traced beyond almost casual mention is that of the Jews. Almighty God undertook to associate Himself with their progress in the most intimate manner. He dealt with them as He does with an individual. He threw Himself into the national consciousness just as His Spirit abides in the inmost dwelling of the inner man, and with the children of Israel He strove just as He now strives with any heart He is intent on leading from its native grossness to the light and liberty of His Kingdom. The difference in the two cases is chiefly this—that whereas in the individual there may be, and probably are, peculiarities of character which are capable of masking the inward motions of the Holy Spirit, or of hiding, by an appearance of outward calm, the violent risings of the old nature, in the nation these peculiarities are overruled by the ordinary conditions of spiritual life. In the nation the ordinary and universal must tend to establish the national character, which in the individual may be extraordinary. Thus it comes to pass that the history of the children of Israel is the history of the great mass of those persons who pass from the bondage of the world, led by the right hand of God's deliverance to the land of His promise.

The moment the deliverance from their masters had been effected, and a clean severance made between their former life, its laws and its procedure—so utterly had they renounced their past that the sea was between it and them, and through its waters, as through the haven of

regeneration, they had passed to a new life—the moment they fairly were out of Egypt and were actually upon the road to the land of God's promise, the water of life was found to be bitter. There was a difficulty, a nausea in the very essential of that existence which belonged alike to the old and the new life. This offered a test to the new principles. Now could they trust the great Power which had worked so great a miracle as their deliverance?—the miracle, to translate it into present language, of Justification. They murmur; and the leader is shown a mode of healing the waters of Marah. They do not seem to have deserved it, but "He deals not with us after our sins, nor rewards us according to our iniquities;" they are permitted to reach Elim, a place of wells and grateful shade. It is so with life, an alternation of light and gloom, a chequered path, so that every element of the character may in turn have its opportunity for exercise. But the one is ever preparatory to the other. The bitter waters make the fresh water more thankfully received; the gloom by very contrast enhances the light; sickness adds zest to recovered health; and the enforced retirement tends to cultivate that humility which will support with propriety the gifts of prosperity.

Leaving Elim they encamp before the rocks of Horeb, and scarcely had they pitched their camp before they found here and there upon the outskirts black tents being pitched. It was not as though bands in compact bodies and under the orders of a chieftain came with definite intention, but, like "Clan Alpine's warriors true," the very earth seemed to bring them forth; and where there were none when the sun went down there in the morning was a cluster of black tents. Their owners were the swarthy sons of the desert—the Amalekites. They represent, in this sacred diorama, Sin—that which opposes the progress of God's people in going from earth to heaven. And the history of the intercourse of Israel with Amalek is the exact history which repeats itself in every individual in his struggle with the sin inherent in every child of Adam. Here are to be discerned the laws of the war with sin, and here is read in surety the final outcome.

These Amalekites were of the same family as the Israelites; the same blood ran in the veins of

each people; Esau was their father. He might have bestowed upon his descendants the blessing and spiritual headship of his family, but "for one morsel of meat he sold his birthright," and his reckless sinfulness passed down with the life he bequeathed to his posterity. He then put himself into opposition to what he knew was the will of God concerning him, and here are his children doing what their father had done.

They saw a chance of present gain; doubtless the report had spread—and lost nothing in the spreading—how that the people of Jacob had, by some extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, freed themselves from Pharaoh and escaped across the sea; having "spoiled the Egyptians," they were laden with riches. Here was an opportunity for these Bedouins, "whose hand was against every man." Therefore was it the word had passed from encampment to encampment, and the children of Israel found themselves surrounded by black tents innumerable. The battle is imminent—to-day it is to be fought—the battle between the children of God and the allies of evil—between holiness and sin. With the first light of the dawn four men, followed by a company of others, men of consideration, princes of the people, leave the enclosure of the "Tent of Witness." They turn sharp to the right and pass through the rows of tents towards the mountain. Already the camp is astir. Men, women, and children are all around gathering the daily supply of the daily manna, but the men pursue their way. Then three of them part with the rest at the foot of the hill, and the one of the four separated from the rest returns to the encampment.

About the same time as the three on the hill appear against the sky line, sharply defined by the light of the breaking dawn behind them, the sound of the trumpet is heard through every avenue of the camp, and in obedience the men, armed with every assortment of weapon, gather about the standards of the tribes. At the given signal, and in the regular order of the march, one after another the regiments of the tribes file out into the desert to meet the vast array of the Amalekites, who, after their manner, were not massed in phalanxes, but formed an unbroken *cordon*, completely cutting off the Israelites from the desert, and hemming them in between the mountains. The battle soon joined, but it was a conflict of innumerable hand-to-hand combats. How true the parallel! every man struggles with his own sin. It is a hand-to-hand fight, and even at the very gates of heaven the Amalekite archers lie in wait to hit him. Joshua is everywhere urging his men, the white-robed priests are stationed all along the line putting heart into the struggling Israelites by the urgings of the brazen blasts. So the battle raged, and oft and again the result seemed dubious; sometimes the men of Israel pushed back the line

of Amalek, and it seemed as if they were about to break and in headlong speed seek safety in the desert fastnesses, and again they would gather renewed strength, and foot by foot force the men of Joshua backward nearer their camp—their camp, wherein were all they held most dear, their riches, their wives, their little ones. The onlooker could not account for the alternations of success, but there was a cause. When Moses with his two companions, Aaron his brother and Hur his brother-in-law, Miriam's husband, reached the top of the hill, he gave the preconcerted signal for Joshua to give the command to attack. He lifted up the rod of God, and the battle commenced—the rod of supplication, the rod of remembrance, the rod storied with history. As long as Moses pleaded, so long Israel gained advantage. The victory that day was the combined result of faith and works, of prayer and resistance. So has God ordained that sin shall be overcome by prayer and effort. Neither the one nor the other singly will succeed; it is ever a conjoint undertaking. Not only is it so in the case of an individual, but the rule is applicable to the general process of the advance of the work of God in the world of Sin and Satan. The Master has divided the work between the men on the hill and the men on the plain.

The prayers and the workers! How often does it appear to one whom sickness or other cause has taken from the activities of life that, as they are apt to express it, they are "laid aside," as if no longer were they capable of doing anything for the work of God here on earth; whereas the hand which led them from the *mêlée* on the plain drew them to the hill-top, away from the scuffling into the solitary quiet, where the din of the fray alone could reach them, and here they were placed in order that they might aid the great cause with more effect. Theirs, too, is the harder work; for who grew weary first, Moses or Joshua? It was the arms of the man of prayer which first fell.

But so essential was prayer to the success of the Church, that they sat him on a stone, and Aaron on the one side and Hur on the other upheld his tired arms; which means to say that we frail mortals, even when our dearest hopes are at stake, when even the question being debated is the very existence of all we love, and our own lives, moreover—for had those Amalekites broken through the soldiers of Joshua, where would have been the women and children of Israel? where would Moses himself have fled for escape?—that even in such a crisis as this prayer flags, the soul's burden seems too great, and it is crushed down to the earth. Therefore to buoy it up recourse must be had to priestly service, the offices of the Church, the strengthening of the Sacrament, the help of the gathering of the congregation, and on the other hand to the Godly

counsel and Christian fellowship of brethren in the Lord, the Communion of Saints.

So Moses interceded, and therefore Joshua gained the victory. The Day will reveal the true sources of strength. How many a man now honoured by God as doing great things for His cause will that day find that the victory, which in his own weak moments he may have thought his own arm had gotten him, was really due to the prayers of some bed-ridden parishioner, some one whom God had shut up in Israel, and who was doing the greater work, fighting the battle upon the hill. So many that are last shall that day prove to be first.

And Moses built an altar and called it Jehovah-nissi, "the Lord my banner." For it was under that that they fought and conquered Amalek.

That day there was issued a comfortable edict. The Lord swore that He would have war with Amalek from generation to generation—that He would make no quarter with sin, but that sin could and should be annihilated.

And how did it happen?

Israel crossed the Jordan, and entered upon the possession of cities they had not builded and vineyards they had not planted. With prosperity came ease, with ease lack of vigilance, with lack of vigilance the "roaring lion" closed in upon them, and again and again they were torn by the great adversary.

As often as chastisement awoke them, as often they cried, and as often the Lord delivered them by the hand of a Judge. Then came their cry for a king; and, as ever, their cry was heard, and the holy oil was poured upon the head of the son of Kish.

For the first time since Joshua, their united power is in the grasp of one man. This is no sooner the case than God remembers His war with Amalek, and Saul is charged to use first his gotten power to destroy Amalek. He is to root them out branch and stem—His instructions are explicit—exterminate the Amalekites. He gathers together the hosts of the Lord. Nothing stands before his onset. Apparently with ease the victory is gotten, and Amalek was at his complete mercy. But he spared the best of the sheep and the oxen, and he kept Agag the king alive, and no doubt he preserved some of his nobility, or at least the members of the royal family.

He spared his darling sin!

But the danger—the folly—the rebellion of his act is roundly denounced by Samuel. What a sight for those who tamper with sin is this:—To see the old prophet call for a sword, and then, in the presence of mighty Saul and his warriors, he strode up to the defenceless Agag—in whom he recognised the embodiment of sin—and he hewed him in pieces before the Lord. But no

man can save his brother's soul. A man's own hand must cut off the offending hand, or pluck out the offending eye; none can do it for him with effect. And so it came to pass that Saul's sin came back to wreak vengeance upon Saul himself.

It is the last day of his life—the last hour. The battle of Gilboa—his last battle—has been fought and lost. He has seen Israel flee, and the Philistines are their conquerors. He is desperate; the Lord had forsaken him, for he had long ago forsaken the Lord. Last night he spent in a witch's hovel, and had seen an apparition, whose prophecy he felt now was sure of fulfilment. But at least he will not suffer the mockings and the cruel tortures of his savage enemies. So putting the haft of his two-edged sword against the ground, and the point against his own breast, he falls with his whole weight upon it, and it pierces through his body; he falls dying, but not dead. The spoilers of the dead are out upon the battle-field. One is close; he sees the royal circlet upon the brow of Saul, and the golden armlets upon the giant arms, and with breathless haste to seize such a booty, he comes panting up the mountain side. The dying man half turns, and well knowing his intent, he asks, "Who art thou?" How the answer must have sounded the very knell of an undone eternity in the ears of the lost king!—

"I am an Amalekite." So Saul at last was killed by a man who never would have been in existence if he had only done his duty years ago, and used for its proper purpose the power with which he had then been specially equipped. How many a man is finally slain by sin it once was in his power to have curbed and to have eradicated! I pass by the speaking fact that David, the "better than he," the man after God's own heart, did slay that young Amalekite, to follow further the strange and fascinating history.

There are who wonder why the Book of Esther has a place in the canon of Scripture. God's name even does not occur in the book. But its existence is here—if for no other purpose—to tell of the endless war the Lord hath with Amalek.

The interest of the narration turns upon the near escape the Jewish people had from utter destruction. It was in the times of the Captivity—all Israel were in a foreign land. A series of events of true Eastern character place a Jewess at the head of the harem of the Persian monarch.

Her guardian, Mordecai, knowing the prime minister Haman to be a rascal, refuses that homage to a king's favourite which in the East it is found judicious to render. This fly spoils the apothecary's ointment, and although Haman is the next in power to a very king of kings, yet the evident snubbing he daily receives from a man of supposed insignificance is too much for his equilibrium, and he determines to wipe this spot off the disc of his

sun, and impale the audacious Jew upon a mast which towered in his garden far above the pinnacles of his palace. Nay, so dire should be his vengeance, that, with true Eastern grandeur, he will sweep off with the man who has insulted him the ten thousand of his people. Now who is this grandee Haman, and who this Jew Mordecai? Haman is a descendant of Agag the king of Amalek, and Mordecai came of the family of Kish!

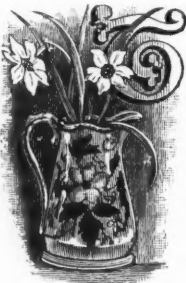
So here, again, five hundred years after the battle of Gilboa, Saul and the Amalekite are face to face,

and had it not been for the interposition of the Divine arm, the old opponents of the Lord's people would have followed out their bent and exterminated their natural foes. But the Lord did interfere, for "the will of God is our sanctification," and He did deliver His people from the bondage of sin. For it is written in the book of the wars of the Lord, that He will have war with Amalek from generation to generation, until sin and Satan be bruised under our feet. "They called His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins!"

MISTAKEN.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.



THAT memorable day on which Phyllis had been surprised by the arrival of her piano, seemed to be the harbinger of happier times for the Bartons. Who had sent the instrument remained a mystery. Mrs. Barton's thoughts recurred persistently to Stanley, but then there was the contradictory fact that he was dark, and certainly not above middle height, while

the purchaser was described as tall and fair. Dr. Gregory had been written to, but declared himself unable to solve the question, suggesting, at the same time, that their unknown friend must have wished to keep his incognito.

"We must show our appreciation of the gift by making the best use of it," Mrs. Barton had said; and the donor must indeed have been difficult to please if he had not felt satisfied at the manner in which this sentiment was carried out.

Phyllis determined to enter more seriously into the study and practice of music than she had hitherto done. The evenings she devoted to theory, and before the year was over held a certificate. As soon as this became known the number of her pupils increased so rapidly, that she was obliged to relinquish her morning school to her mother, and give all her time to music alone.

Some of her pupils preferred that she should visit them for their lessons, and she was glad to do so now, for in the change and exercise and greater occupation that it gave, she hoped to find the antidote for a heart-ache which at first was very hard to bear.

"That was not the man I loved," she told herself, when thinking of Albert's treachery. No! she had loved an ideal hero, and, allowing her fancy to be

captivated by Albert's fascinations of manner and person, had insisted on investing him with those estimable qualities, which she had failed to value at their true worth when recognising them in the grave, quiet, and apparently more ordinary Stanley. Where was he? Why had he not written? For not a line had they received since the letter of condolence, which arrived from the North shortly after the Vicar's death. Would he never renew the old friendship? It seemed not, for when last Phyllis heard of him he was in London and had never come. The girl's heart gave her strange pain at the thought that even now it might be too painful an ordeal for him to meet her. Her brother Dick had seen and spoken to him. Would he again?

"Next time I see him I shall bring him home with me," the boy had declared.

Phyllis said nothing, but Dick's movements had an added interest for her from that day.

One day he came in in a state of great excitement, exclaiming, "Mother, Phyllis! I've got him!"

"Got him!" ejaculated Phyllis, with pink cheeks. "Got whom, you silly boy?"

"Why, the fellow that sent the piano last year."

"Oh!" returned his sister, with languid interest. "Who was it?"

"Stanley. At least, when I told him about it, he turned very red, and wouldn't say no. I asked him. I could not get him to come home with me. I met him again to-day, and he's going back directly, into the North, I think, and then— Why, Phyllis, I do believe you're going to—"

"Give you a good scolding," interrupted Mrs. Barton, with unusual vexation in her tone, while Phyllis smiled miserably, and tried to blink her tears away.

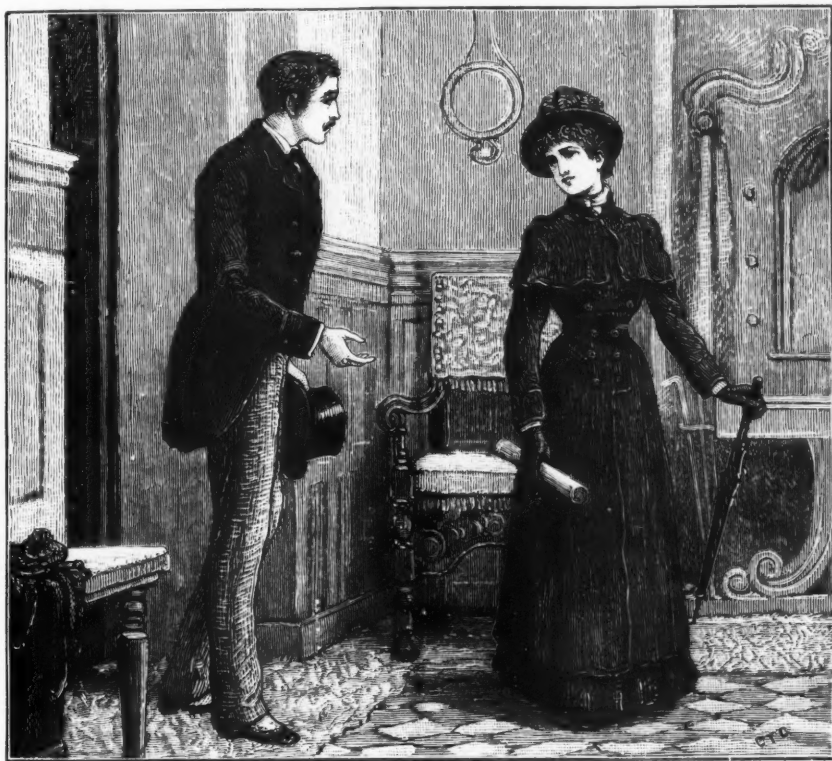
"You might have known," continued his mother, "that the idea of being thanked for any kindness would frighten him away. But are you sure it was he who sent it?"

"Why, yes, mother; it never struck me till I

noticed how funny he looked when I told him that Phyllis thought it was Mr. Forsyth. He wrote to a friend of his that was on a visit to Dr. Gregory—of course, anybody could do it for him—but you never thought of that. I got it all out of him, though."

"I never should have thought of any one but Stanley if it had not been for that misleading description," said Mrs. Barton.

wakeful night, having come to the conclusion that, as for her neither love nor friendship was ever to turn out happily, duty—and that, after all, is the truest love for God and others—should engross every energy, and fill her life, even more thoroughly than it had hitherto done. The duties of the following morning dragged sadly, nevertheless; and when they were over, she felt strongly tempted to send an excuse to



"As she came into the hall, Stanley came out of the study."—p. 222.

"Well, it's all settled and done with now," said Phyllis rather impatiently. But was it? She knew better. "She had not so many real true friends that she could afford to lose or be forgotten by this one," she thought. "No doubt, Dick had managed to give an altogether erroneous impression; he must believe that she still cherished her old foolish fancy for Albert," and this idea humiliated her terribly. Had there been any open engagement between them, afterwards broken, it would have been bad enough; but now Stanley would probably think of her as the victim of an unrequited affection, born of nothing but her own vanity and mistaken folly. Phyllis passed a

the pupil who expected her in the afternoon, for her head ached, and she felt tired and languid. But, happily for her, she felt that she could not afford to neglect her work, and conquered her treacherous inclinations to indulge in an hour's quiet self-pity. When she arrived at her destination, on being shown into the drawing-room, she was startled to perceive, standing with his face to the window, a familiar figure. He turned as she entered, and she recognised Stanley; but how altered! She had never seen him since the day he had asked her to be his wife. His face looked pale and worn now, as he came forward, without any great demon-

stration of surprise beyond the low-toned exclamation

"Phyllis!"

"Stanley!—Mr. Paton!—how strange to meet you here!" she exclaimed. Then her pupil came in, accompanied by her mother, who, after a few words of conversation, took her guest away with her.

"Oh, Miss Barton!" said the child, "how strange you should know Mr. Paton! Papa knew his grandfather, and he used to be, oh, ever so rich!"

"Used to be?" echoed Phyllis, surprised.

"Yes; but he's lost a lot of money. Papa says that must be what makes him look so down in the mouth. Aren't you sorry? I am. He's so nice and kind. He must be very poor, for I heard him tell mamma he meant to work hard."

"Most people work hard sometimes," replied Phyllis, "and so ought you to do at your music just now;" and she struggled to interest herself and her pupil in the sonata before her. But it was a very divided attention that it received. Stanley poor and sad, and she might never see him again! If she could only tell him how sorry she was!—if she could help him in any way! But she must bear patiently the punishment that her blind folly so well merited, for, of course, he would never seek her again. Had he not told her so? And there was no chance of his ever knowing how much she admired and loved him now. Loved him? Yes, she knew it now that it was too late. At last her task was over, and she was free to return home. As she came into the hall, Stanley came out of the study.

"Are you going home now?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, wondering whether he had waited for her.

"May I come?" he asked, when they were in the street.

"Of course," replied Phyllis impulsively. "And, oh, Stanley," she continued, excitedly, "I have heard about your losses—and I was going to say I am so sorry—but I don't think I am very sorry, at least——"

"Why?" he asked, looking curiously down at her.

"Because, perhaps you will let me—let us help you—to bear it—it is so hard to feel alone—I know that—and there are so many fair-weather friends!"

"Poor child! then you heard? I was afraid you would!"

"Heard what?" asked Phyllis, puzzled.

"Of Forsyth's marriage—and you wondered I did not come to you. Phyllis, it was selfish; but I could not trust myself."

"Whom has he married?" asked Phyllis, indifferently.

"Miss Karlake!"

"Ah! she is an heiress; but why did you say you 'feared I should hear it'?"

"I—I thought——" began Stanley, stammering painfully.

"Then don't think so any longer, Stanley," she

replied quickly, "but tell me of yourself. You will not be too proud to let us help you, if you can, in any way. You have helped us, you know, so often."

"There is only one way in which you could help me," he returned, and his tone was so quiet that she did not at first understand the full meaning of his words.

"And that is——" she began eagerly.

"Perhaps I had better tell you later; may I?"

"If you like," replied Phyllis, with a sudden heart-throb.

But when, after having spent the evening with them, he bade them farewell, and said it would be some little time before he saw them again, she looked at him with brimming eyes and flushed cheeks, as she asked hurriedly—

"Stanley, won't you tell me first how I can help you?"

"Don't you know?" he asked, in agitated tones. "Can't you guess, Phyllis?"

"Oh, yes! I think—I hope so," she sobbed, "and I am ready, Stanley, if you will forgive."

"Forgive!" he echoed, with a radiant face, and that word required so much explanation that when Mrs. Barton returned to the room, after a by no means short absence, they were still busily engaged in discussing it.

"I think I have something to forgive, too," Phyllis was saying. "I never should have let you guess so much if I had not thought you were poor and——"

"Thank God for that mistake," he answered, gravely and fervently. "Yes, Mrs. Barton, I did lose some money, but it was comparatively speaking a small sum, and I would lose double without a sigh now I have found you all again, and won Phyllis for my wife."

"But Cissy said you would have to work hard now," persisted Phyllis; "she heard you say so, she said."

"Ah, I had been thinking what a blessing work is sometimes; it takes one out of their own troubles," replied Stanley; "but," he continued, "now that we are happy, we must not let that prevent us from working for others."

"Then I shall be able to help you, after all," answered Phyllis gladly.

"Indeed you will. Perhaps all the better," he whispered, mischievously, "because I am not a fascinating fellow, with my fortune yet to make, and all my faults seen through a halo of interesting poverty. As they are plainly visible you will help me to mend them, won't you?"

"Stanley, how can you?" murmured Phyllis, tearfully; and looking at the true, steadfast face of her future husband, she thinks with intense conviction, that the trouble and pain her own blind folly had caused her, were well worth bearing; for she has learnt through past suffering, that a love founded on esteem is the only feeling worthy of the name.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN VENICE.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so."



A CORNER OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

MANY years ago, one sunny morning, we sat in the southern transept of St. Mark's, reading the Gospel written by him whose name is given to that mysterious edifice. In the ninth century, relics, said to be those of the second Evangelist, were brought from Alexandria to the Island City, and he was proclaimed to be its patron saint. A winged lion, his chosen symbol, was stamped on the coins and painted on the standards of the municipal republic, and an open book, held by that strange animal, exhibits on its leaves the famous epigraph

—"Peace to thee, Mark, my Evangelist." Everywhere, as you tread the marble pavement of that dreamlike abode of Italian life, you discover mementos of the inspired author who records the Saviour's words and deeds; and of the legendary stories associated with his memory, you have magnificent pictures amongst the works of art which are the proudest possessions of the Adriatic Queen. Hence, the wonderful memoir which proceeded from St. Mark's pen must ever be connected with Venice, and we must confess to having felt a peculiar charm attaching to the book, as we perused it, page after page, in the dim light of the Duomo, which is an everlasting monument of St. Mark the Evangelist.

Other Scriptural associations gather round the place. An earlier city, the prototype of Venice, cannot but be called to mind by the traveller favoured to visit the enchanting spot which is the subject of our present paper; to study what we find in the old Testament Scriptures touching ancient Tyre, and to compare the pro-

phesies of Isaiah and Ezekiel on that subject with the facts of Venetian history, is an appropriate employment for a tourist privileged to spend a Sunday under the shadow of the Ducal Palace and the Temple of St. Mark.

Three different episodes pertain to each of these memorable cities.

I. The first relates to their rise and progress, exhibiting industry and art employed in Divine service. "Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God," says Ezekiel in his lamentation upon the King of Tyrus; "every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee." (Ezekiel xxviii. 11-15.) Thus the opening of the Tyrian story is "a morning without clouds." All was bright and fair. Indeed, a halo of holiness encircles the brow of the noble city on the Phœnician shore. She really appears as an angel of God, bowing in His secret presence like one of the mysterious forms overshadowing the Mercy Seat of old. An alliance between Hiram, King of Tyre, and David and Solomon, Kings of Judah and Israel, is the first notice of a particular incident in the annals of the former, and the alliance comes out in what we are told of the building of the Temple in Jerusalem. Hiram, or Huram, the Tyrian monarch, sent workmen and materials to Jerusalem, first for David's palace and then for Solomon's sanctuary. The alliance between Hiram and Solomon is celebrated by Josephus, and their correspondence with each other is particularly recorded in the Books of Kings and the Books of Chronicles.* Religious sympathy, as well as commercial reciprocation, is implied in these old letters, and taken together with Ezekiel's significant words, they point to a favourable peculiarity in the early days of Phœnician history. "The Jewish Judge and King," says an authority, "was an expounder and representative of the law of right and wrong." This was the great and glorious distinction of the Hebrew—the lock of hair with which when he parted he became

* 1 Kings v.; 2 Chron. ii.

weak as other men. He was the unconscious means of communicating to other tribes notions of law and order, which raised them above the condition of savages. "Of such notions the Tyrians seem to have had some glimpse." So thought the remarkable thinker just quoted. Be the case in this respect as it may, Scripture gives special honour amongst the countries outside the chosen people to Israel's maritime ally, as co-worker in building God's Holy House. Industry and art were employed by Tyre in divine service.

When we turn to look at Venice, we find a counterpart to the story of Tyre. Its earliest days were its best, its most beautiful. "The first period of nine hundred years presents the most interesting spectacle of a people struggling out of anarchy into order and power, and then governed for the most part by the worthiest and noblest man they could find among them"—the best, the very best, *un ottimo solo*," says the Venetian historian Sansovino. "We find a deep and constant tone of individual religion characterising the lives of the citizens of Venice in her greatness—we find this spirit influencing them in all the familiar and immediate concerns of life, giving a peculiarity to the conduct even of their commercial transactions, and confessed by them with a simplicity of faith that may well put to shame the hesitation with which a man of the world at present admits (even if it be so in reality) that religious feeling has any influence over the minor branches of his conduct."† So writes the most distinguished modern author respecting Venice; and, toning down a little his deep-voiced eulogium, we feel constrained to admit the truth of it taken as a whole. Venice in her minority was very different from Venice in her majority; and thus she resembles her elder sister in the family of nations. Her industry had in it a moral spirit which was lost amidst the gorgeous and extravagant splendour of after years. Her rulers possessed heroic, and patriotic, and religious principles, which disappeared in the life and rule of later Doges. What a contrast occurs in the fourteenth century! How different was Andrea Dandolo (1343—1354), the high-minded prince, from the traitor Falieri, who immediately succeeded him! The architecture, the sculpture, and the painting of Venetians, down to the beginning of the fifteenth century, compared with the monuments of art belonging to a subsequent period, how emphatically do they tell the same story! Then pass from the solemn grandeur of St. Mark's to the gaudy display of Renaissance palaces lining the canals, and you must feel the deep distance of the transition. Look at the simple sarcophagi, and the Gothic tombs with recumbent worthies sleeping the sleep

of death, with hands as if joined for prayer, in the Frari and the Church of St. John and St. Paul, and then glance at the elaborately chiselled monuments, crowded with perplexing displays of personified virtues, to which the lives of the commemorated gave a most distinct lie, and you must be conscious of a decided shock. Then, further, the impression received from Bellini's pictures of St. Mark at Alexandria is the very opposite from that made by Tintoretto's paintings of soldiers in the battle-field, and of Doges in their glory.

II. The second episode relates to Venice and Tyre in the zenith of their prosperity, where we see prosperity abused for self ends.

There are four distinct points brought out by Ezekiel in his description of the royal Phœnician city. 1. Naval pre-eminence (xxvii. 3—9). "Tyros, thou hast said I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir; they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim [Cyprus]. Fine linen with brodered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah [Æolians settled in various parts of Greece] was that which covered thee. The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners; thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots. The ancients of Gebal [a maritime town in Phœnicia] and the wise men thereof were thy calkers; all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise."

2. Upon this stately song there follows a picture of commercial wealth (xxvii. 12—25):—

"Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead they traded in thy fairs. Javan, Tubal, and Meshech, they were thy merchants; they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy market. They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses and horsemen and mules. The men of Dedan were thy merchants; many isles were the merchandise of thine hand; they brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony. Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making; they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and brodered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate. Judah, and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants; they traded in thy market wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm. Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making; for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool. Dan also and Javan going to and fro occupied in thy fairs: bright iron, cassia, and calamus, were in thy market,

* Ruskin, "Stones of Venice" (last edition), I. 5.

† Ibid. 12.

Dedan was thy merchant in precious clothes for chariots. Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats: in these were they thy merchants. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah, they were thy merchants: they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones, and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, the merchants of Sheba, Ashshur, and Chilmad, were thy merchants. These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broidered work, and in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market: and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas."

3. Amidst all this we recognise glimpses of colonial and foreign dominion — and to the ships of Tarshish, with their loud sea songs, crowding into port, we may add "the flowery Sidon dwelling by the streams of the graceful Bostrenus" — with its silk and cotton trade. Next we think of Carthage, founded in the fourth century before Christ, a colony of Tyre, in one sense independent of her mother, yet maintaining a daughter's relationship. In a commercial treaty with Rome, Carthage and Tyre are coupled, and what was the end of Carthage everybody knows.

4. The home luxury of Tyre is apparent in the pictorial details of the prophet. The horns of ivory and ebony, the precious stones and fine linen, the oil and the balm, the wine and the wool, the spices and chariot cloths, the broidered work and chests of apparel, they all point to the costly and self-indulgent civilisation of the merchant princes in their high estate.

And how like to all these descriptions is what we read of Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Naval pre-eminence, commercial wealth,

colonial and foreign dominion, and home luxury; these are the distinctive attributes of the city in its palmy days. Indeed, the prophet's words read like a description of ships sailing from the chief Adriatic port, and the gondolas rowed along the

palace-bordered canals; of the riches which freighted home-bound fleets, and the busy bartering which went on over the crowded quays and in well-ordered counting-houses; of the colonial and other relations maintained with Greece, Africa, and the East; and of dazzling displays witnessed in the halls and chambers of Doges and senators, as richly dressed members of noble families congregated there — not to speak of the crowning pageant year by year, when the Doge in his barge went forth to wed the Adriatic with a golden ring.

III. The last episode in the connected histories is very sad — pride going before destruction — a haughty spirit before a fall.

The prophecy of destruction is what may well make the ears of every one hearing it to tingle (Ezekiel xxvii. 26—32; xxvi. 1—7):—

"Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas. Thy

riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin. The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots. And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land; and shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly, and shall cast up dust upon their heads; they shall wallow themselves in the ashes; and they shall make themselves utterly bald for thee, and gird them



TINTORETTO'S HOUSE, VENICE.

with sackcloth, and they shall weep for thee with bitterness of heart and bitter wailing. And in their wailing they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea?"

The history of Tyre in the days of Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great places before us the fulfilment of the prophecy. Siege succeeded siege. A new Tyre rose from the ruins of the old one, and under the Romans Tyre became prosperous a second time; but it sank into decay in the sixteenth century, and Maundrell, the traveller, then found there not one entire house. Since then it has rallied. Dr. Robinson speaks of its having 3,000 inhabitants; but columns of red and grey granite are the only remains of the proud city described by Isaiah and Ezekiel. Alexander's Causeway is a sandbank; and where once rich navies rode in the offings, rocks on the seashore are "a place to spread nets upon."

The present condition of Venice is very far different from the destruction of Tyre. It is still a great and important city—artistically one of the most beautiful in the world. But of its decay and decline—of what is commonly designated "its fall," there can be no denial. Its naval, its commercial, its colonial, its political, and as to productive power, its artistic glory, is gone. "Ichabod" is written on the walls. The place is rich in monuments, in memorials, in remains—none richer, or so rich. They proclaim past magnificence; but as to present achievements, present power, present prosperity, present nobleness, there is silence—like that which the stranger feels when he has reached the summit of the Campanile, and listens in vain for such sounds as rise from the streets of other cities.

One from whom we have already quoted, Mr. Ruskin, in the first chapter of his "Stones of Venice," observes:—"Since first the dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones of mark beyond all others have been set upon its sands—the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains; of the second the ruin; the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction." True, most true; and we cannot forbear adding to the quotation the following words as to the second throne—"A ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her fair reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city and which was the shadow."

What we have written and quoted suggests obvious lessons to every reader.

We see how the fulfilment of prophecy has been wrought out, by providential law, through the operation of secondary causes originating in

the conduct of men one towards another. Earthquake, pestilence, and famine have a place in the history of the world, and have contributed in a few exceptional instances to the overthrow and depopulation of cities, to the calamities and adversities of nations. But the general law is that the decline and decay of social prosperity arise from the conduct of a people—they bring reverse and ruin on themselves. Thus judgments are accomplished in the experience of the judged by means of the misconduct, the vices and crimes with which the sufferers are chargeable. The overthrow of Tyre, as predicted by the prophets, is attributed to the sins of the inhabitants. There did not befall a misfortune for which they were to be pitied, but there existed faults for which they were responsible. They might have prevented what came, if they had been good and wise. This solemn truth ought to be laid to heart by every one of us. Our destinies are, under God, in our own keeping. If we imitate Tyre and Venice in their habits, we shall resemble them in their doom. In musing upon the subject of this paper, there is plenty of room for sentimentalism; but excitement of that sort is not what we desire. Our object is simply practical. It is a personal warning and appeal which arise out of our reflections.

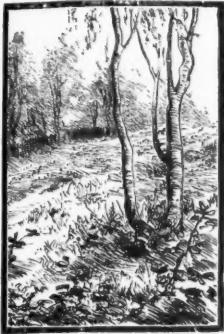
We learn that the greatness and glory of England cannot be preserved by a merely material prosperity. Yet upon ships, and trade, and what is called British empire, how many rest their dependence and hope for the future of their country! But prosperity in time to come must spring, not out of any or all of these things, but out of moral worth and religious service—out of an individual discharge of duty, out of faith and trust in the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords.

What can *we* do in this momentous matter? some reader may ask. Realise personal responsibility in relation to it, is our answer. Look at public questions not only in a social and political, but in a moral and religious light. Let every one inquire of himself, "What will improve national character? What will advance national virtue, and put down national vice?" Let every one ask in reference to public measures, are they intrinsically, and judged of by a Divine standard, right and just? God's law, not expediency, is to be our royal rule. Aim, so far as influence goes, at making politics, education, art, and literature thoroughly Christian. In the social and domestic circle, seek to purify the atmosphere by an inspiration of noble sentiments. Manifest in daily life, and enforce by both example and precept, obedience to God, Who speaks to us in the history of Tyre and Venice—indeed, in all history from the beginning of the world. Let every Englishman lay such lessons to heart. Then it may be said to England, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting Light."

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—A VISITOR AT BROOK STREET.



A FASHION-ABLE practice in the West End of London is not always the sinecure medical men in less favoured localities imagine it to be, especially if it has been for a long time very much neglected. The patients very often are more traditional than real, and those who have any existence are generally people

with imaginary ailments, who send for the doctor more for the sake of a gossip about their neighbours than because they really require his assistance. Hundred-guinea fees are like angels' visits, few and far between. Regular patients pay their doctors' bills at long intervals, and casual callers not infrequently expect to be advised by a great and rich man for nothing. At least, such was Dr. Boyd's experience in Brook Street. Dr. Tayler had kept a sort of free hospital for all his artist friends and acquaintances. His regular patients consisted chiefly of old maids and elderly gentlemen, who had him simply because they had his father before him, and hated change of any sort; partly, too, because Dr. Jimmy Tayler could talk gossip and drink tea with the most indefatigable of them if he chanced to be in the mood. But new patients seldom called at the gloomy house in Brook Street, and if they called once, they seldom did so a second time; and before many weeks passed by Frank Boyd found himself in a rather difficult position. The old supporters of the Tayler family fought shy of him because they did not know who he was, Dr. Jimmy's recommendation not carrying as much weight as might be expected; strangers also passed the well-known corner house when in search of medical assistance, for it was almost a standing joke in the neighbourhood that Dr. Tayler was never at home, and, consequently, there was no use asking for him. It very soon dawned on the Doctor that, if he was to have any work to do, he must begin at the bottom and work up, attend any one who chanced to call him out, and run the risk of being paid; and the chances were just as much against him in the West End as in the East. True, the improved aspect of the house, the clean windows, snowy curtains, and neat blinds attracted the notice of the neighbours. Mrs. Boyd and Rosie were stared at when they went for a walk in the Park; the Doctor him-

self, with his light, quick step and cheery smile, created a favourable impression. Still patients passed on by the corner house to another corner house at a more westerly end of the street, and stopped at the brown stone mansion of another Dr. Boyd, whose carriage rolled along so easily, whose light hansom seemed ever in waiting, ready at a moment's notice to carry him hither and thither, and still the patients crowded his ante-room and besieged his hall door incessantly; for Dr. Felix Boyd was a great man, patronised by the high and mighty of the land, skilful in all manner of diseases, wealthy, portly, respectable, and highly respected. What chance had the unknown successor of an erratic genius against such a rival? How could a doctor who walked, who compounded his own medicine, and often, in a case of emergency, opened the door himself, expect to compete with such a perfectly irreproachable gentleman as Dr. Felix Boyd? It did not seem easy, yet, in the densely populated streets eastward, there were many suffering who might have benefited by the treatment of a skilful doctor. Still Frank Boyd did not despair, though sometimes he felt a strange chilly feeling steal down his back as he thought of the expenses of the house—the rent, rates, taxes, gas, and other etceteras; their improved style of living, improved style of dress, and gradually diminishing balance; while the patients that were to bring fame and money held aloof. Then there was the £250 still owing to Dr. Tayler. Against those real difficulties the Doctor tried to set off his still excellent patient at Fairburn Park; his position, and the prospect of someday doing better; above all, the improved position he would be in should the story of the telegram ever chance to come to the front. Still the thought would come sometimes, "How much better it would have been if I had never gone to Fairburn; Madge's legacy would have made us rich in our old home, and I could have worked on; the people at least loved and respected me. Here I can see our neighbours despise us because we seem poor, while we know we are living out of all proportion to our means. But then if I had not gone should I ever have seen that advertisement? should we ever have heard of the thousand pounds? and if we had not, what would have become of us?"

Not very profitable musings by any means, and yet for hours sometimes Frank Boyd would go over all the circumstances with an uneasy conscience, trying to dismiss the matter once and for all from his mind, and only dwelling on it all the more closely. However, he had one comfort—Madge seemed more happy and cheerful, looked more like her bright, beautiful self than she had seemed since the early months of their marriage, before trouble overtook them. She

took pride in her new home, and worked untiringly to get it into order; and a very few weeks made such a change that Dr. Tayler, when he called one day, declared he failed to recognise the drawing-room at

soothe rather than distract the attention. But amid her labours there was one thing Madge had forgotten, and that was to inquire about the old man who had brought the news of her uncle's death and



"'Yes, I am John Meadows!' he said, his glance swiftly following hers."— p. 229.

all, and the dining-room he only remembered as a hazy dream. Artistic taste and little womanly, dainty trifles effected the alteration rather than costly furniture, but the result was undeniable. Mrs. Boyd's drawing-room was a lady's room, a woman's room, and consequently a pretty, pleasant, restful place, with enough furniture for comfort, and enough ornament to please without wearying the eye, to

legacy, and who had been his friend and companion for so many years in the Australian bush. But Mr. Davies, the lawyer, had said he was old, poor, and rather eccentric; that meant, perhaps, that he was only shy, sensitive, and proud, and did not care to seem an intruder; not a desirable companion or acquaintance by any means, but all the more need then had he of friendship and kindness. It was only

on Christmas Eve, when most of her house-work was completed, and the never-failing decorations all up, that she remembered Mr. Meadows, and then she sat down at once and wrote a note to Mr. Davies, asking him for the old man's address. "Frank must call on him to-night, and ask him to spend Christmas with us. Poor old man, how dull and lonely he must be in a great city like London, without friends, or perhaps even enough money to keep him comfortable this cold weather, and Christmas-time, too! Oh, dear! how selfish I have been—so wrapped up in my own comforts that I have never even bestowed a thought on the person that indirectly bestowed them upon me. Madeline Boyd, you're growing a selfish, inconsiderate little wretch! Prosperity has spoiled you. When you lived in the neighbourhood of the Gray's Inn Road, you would not 'scamp' your friends in that fashion!" Madge had stood up from her writing table, where the note addressed to Reuben Davies lay still wet, and regarding herself gravely in a little mirror that hung over it, delivered her estimate of herself with her forefinger tapping her chest to give it emphasis, and a pretty frown puckering both her brows and mouth, entirely unaware that there was a listener and observer within a few yards of her. This was none other than the very person she had been thinking about—old John Meadows, her uncle's friend, a tall, wiry old man, with straight features, keen, piercing, deep-set dark eyes under grizzled brows of enormous proportions, a cynical mouth, and square, firm chin; altogether a very remarkable looking old man; commanding respect even despite his shabby, almost threadbare brown coat, cut in the fashion of fifty years ago, and well-worn beaver hat; not, as Reuben Davies said, a desirable friend or acquaintance by any means, nor the sort of person you would care to present to your friends, for there was the possibility of unknown disagreeableness in his smile, of unexpected wrath or rage in his keen, swift glance; but a remarkable man certainly, one not to be overlooked though he were clad in rags, and suing for a crust, but, at the same time, one that would not in all probability take patronage kindly. He had entered the drawing-room unannounced, at his own request, and though Martha wondered, she did not dare to gainsay him. As she afterwards declared (not very lucidly), "He looked as if he could have eaten me up with his eyes." Perhaps he expected that, had he sent up his name, this Mrs. Boyd, his old friend's niece and only relative, who was enjoying some of the hard-earned nuggets, and blossoming out into a great lady on the strength of a thousand pounds, would refuse to see him; perhaps he wished to take her by surprise, and judge what manner of person she really was. Whatever the reason, he chose to enter the room unannounced, and found Madge standing before the little mirror, railing at herself in good set terms. The moment she saw him she glanced at the letter on her desk, and then back at the stranger standing a few feet from her,

his hat in his hand, his whole aspect one of proud, defiant humility—that is, the humility was assumed—the pride and defiance smouldered underneath.

"Yes, I am John Meadows!" he said, his glance swiftly following hers, and catching the address of the letter; "Reuben Davies may have mentioned my name to you."

"Yes, and I am so sorry, Mr. Meadows, to have neglected you so long," Madge said, holding out her hand cordially. "But I have been very, very busy, and, in setting up my new home, I seem to forget everything else;" and then a sudden rush of colour dyed her cheek for a moment, as she remembered one thing neither business nor pleasure ever caused her to forget. "I was just scolding myself for my selfishness when you entered, and, see, I have just written to Mr. Davies for your address. We want you to spend Christmas with us," and she placed the note in his hand. "You will come, please, Mr. Meadows, will you not, and try to forgive me for not having thought of it sooner? If you only knew what a distracting thing it is to grow suddenly rich, I am sure you would forgive me."

"Yes, I can forgive money much!" the old man said, with a half-sneer; "its duties, pleasures, distractions are engrossing. I am glad to find, by this, that you have not entirely forgotten me; but are you sincere in your request that I should become your visitor? You know nothing whatever about me."

"You were my dear uncle's friend; you brought good fortune to us; indeed, Mr. Meadows, you are truly welcome. Frank, my husband, will say so too, and little Rosie even knows your name. Surely you do not think I am asking you only out of courtesy? I want you to come."

"Why?"

Madge coloured painfully, stammered, hesitated; but there was no escaping the keen, searching glance fixed on her. "Why do you want me to come?" The old man seemed to grow suddenly tall and erect as he repeated the question. "Answer me truly."

"Because Mr. Davies told us you were old and friendless in London, and," with a little flush, "not very rich; because you were kind to my uncle Ernest, and knew him all his life; and now, because I think I like you to come for your own sake," and Madge met the keen eyes unflinchingly with a look of frank liking and cordial welcome. "Will you be our guest, Mr. Meadows, and stay with us as long as you like?"

"Are you aware of all your invitation implies, Mrs. Boyd? I am a stranger to you; my habits are fixed; my manners peculiar. I have lived my life away from civilisation, and from what I have seen since my return to England, I am not inclined to alter my ways in favour of your customs. I always say what I think, and do as I like. It's a luxury I can afford," he added, almost fiercely, "since I have nothing to lose and nothing to gain."

"We will not in any way interfere with you, Mr.

Meadows, and will do all we can to make you happy. Will you believe that?" Madge said gently.

"I shall be better able to judge after I have been your guest," was the ungracious reply. "Do you quite understand that I am a poor, friendless, soured old man, full of jealousy and suspicion, with more offences at my back than I have skill to utter them or tongue to give them names? That I am never likely to repay your hospitality, except with what the world calls ingratitude? Do you realise all that, and still ask me to be your guest?"

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Meadows, but I hope I shall very soon, and I certainly repeat my sincere wish that you should stay with us," Madeline replied earnestly. "You must let me find out your faults for myself."

"It will not take you long. Will you introduce me, such as I am, to your friends?" Mr. Meadows said, looking at her curiously.

"I would with pleasure if I had any, but as it happens Frank and I have but one friend, and few acquaintances; but that one is a host in himself, as you will admit when you see him, for he too is going to spend the Christmas with us. His name is Bertie West, and he is an artist."

"Successful! Famous! A lion?" Mr. Meadows said, sneeringly.

"No, indeed; poor and unsuccessful as even the most misanthropic person in the world could wish; still the best, dearest, cleverest fellow in the world. You will like him, I am sure, as we all do. He is quite one of the family. And now, can I send anywhere for your things? For I hope you are going to remain with us to-night?"

"What will your husband say to such indiscriminate hospitality?"

"Just what I say," Madge replied, with her bright, genial smile—"that it was dreadfully shabby and selfish of us not to have remembered you sooner, but you must let the sincerity of our welcome now atone for what may have seemed coldness or ingratitude, but in reality was only silly delight in our new wealth and new home. There's Frank now—excuse me a moment;" and Madge ran down-stairs, leaving John Meadows grinning sarcastically, scowling fiercely, and folding the brim of his hat in a half-savage fashion.

"Gammon, mere gammon! What could a lovely young woman like that see in an old 'crow' like me to make me welcome in her home? There's a motive at the bottom of it. Yes, most certainly a motive, and I'll stay if only to find it out."

At that moment Mrs. Boyd returned, accompanied by her husband, who greeted the old man cordially, and gave him a warm invitation to make his house "home" while he remained in London. John Meadows accepted, with a sort of terrible sardonic politeness, muttering to himself—

"They're either born fools, or a pair of the greatest and deepest plotters in London; but in either case John Meadows is the man to find them out."

CHAPTER XL.—THE CIRCLE WIDENS.

It did not take Mr. John Meadows very long to find out that Dr. Boyd and his wife were neither fools nor schemers, but simply two very kindly, well-meaning people, with a good deal of sentiment, and very little sentimentality; and also a large stock of two old-fashioned, indeed almost obsolete, qualities—sympathy and gratitude. They pitied him for his loneliness; Madge especially would sometimes smother a sigh as she thought of him; old, poor, friendless, soured by many misfortunes and disappointments; cast, as it were, on the charity of strangers for kindness and companionship. It seemed to her such a terrible thing to be alone, without any one to love you, or worse still, any one to love; and the old man's life seemed almost intolerable to her in its dreary isolation, and pitiful in its proud, fierce independence. John Meadows had never learned to accept favours gratefully; they chafed and irritated him, and in exact proportion as people tried to be kind to him, he grew rude and ungracious. But both Madge and Frank were sympathetic enough to recognise the cause of his surliness, and both admitted that they owed him a debt of gratitude, and were more than willing to pay it. So the old bushman became a sort of inhabitant of the big house in Brook Street. He had a large room on the top floor, commanding a wide prospect of chimney pots. He came and went just as he pleased, always having his frugal breakfast in his room, and rarely joining the family at dinner. The greater part of his time he spent out of doors, wandering about London in search of friends or relations, Madge said; haunting the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, Bertie West declared, for he had seen him there; and the Doctor thought it was probable the old habit of speculation should still be strong on him, though he had lost the means of speculating. Of course every opinion they hazarded about John Meadows was purely conjectural. All they knew were the few bare facts mentioned to Mrs. Boyd—that he was a poor, friendless, ill-tempered old man, who had known and worked with and for her uncle; and that was quite enough for sympathetic people, who, not being unacquainted with misfortune themselves, had learned how to pity the wretched. But in spite of his reticence, John Meadows was keenly observant, and saw how things were going on in Brook Street much more clearly than any one else. The practice was not exactly a fraud, but it threatened in Frank Boyd's hands to prove a failure, not for want of energy or skill, but perhaps from a superabundance of both. If he had shut himself up in his study, people might have sought him; as it was, old patients fell off; new ones did not come; and the expenses of the big house were beginning to tell on the balance at the bank. As the spring advanced matters looked a little better. Two old ladies in Bayswater, who made it a rule to feel ill every spring, sent for Dr. Boyd, and from

them he learned more in a quarter of an hour of the sort of practice Dr. Tayler had than he ever knew before. They were not really ill beyond feeling a little out of sorts from east winds and sudden changes of temperature, but it pleased them to think so. They liked to be made a fuss of—have the doctor's carriage outside the door for an hour; have cards of condolence from their friends come pouring in. It was one of their whims, and the Miss Hyde Parkers could afford to pay for it, as for any other luxury. But, unfortunately, Frank Boyd was not a man to minister to whims and crotchets. As in the case of Mr. Churchill, he spoke his mind plainly—advised fresh air, exercise, cheerful society, and a slight tonic, and Miss Jane and Miss Selina Hyde Parker listened in blank astonishment. They had never been prescribed for in that way before, and at the end of a short visit the Doctor felt he had lost two of the best patients on his books. They looked coldly at him, bowed him stiffly out of the drawing-room, each having the unspoken resolution in her face not to have him again. But though eccentric and whimsical, the old ladies were not quite fools, and when a few weeks later Miss Selina was taken seriously ill, Miss Jane sent for Dr. Boyd again, and had no fault to find either with his skill or the amount of attention he bestowed on his patient. It was only in cases of serious illness that his real character came out. He had no patience with imaginary ailments, and Miss Hyde Parker was too just, having discovered that virtue, not to give him full credit for it. In fact, the old ladies quite got over their prejudice, and took a singular fancy to the Doctor; and an invitation to dinner elicited the fact that he was a married man, and seldom or never left his wife in the evening, except on urgent professional business. The old ladies immediately expressed their intention of calling on Mrs. Boyd, and the very next day found their ponderous yellow carriage at Brook Street. Madge received them with easy politeness, and the old ladies took to her at once. In a very few minutes they knew almost her whole history—that is, how they had come to Brook Street, and how Dr. Tayler's practice had not proved very satisfactory.

"It's such a pity, I think," Madge said, simply; "Frank is so clever!"

"It's not a pity, my dear; it's a conspiracy," Miss Selina said sharply. "Jane, my love, don't you think so?"

"I'm convinced of it, Selina dear; and the man at the other end of the street is at the bottom of it. Has Mrs. Boyd—by the way, Selina, has it struck you that it's the same name? We always thought of your husband as Dr. Tayler—we're so accustomed to that name. Has the great Mrs. Boyd called on you?"

"No, indeed; no one has called upon us. You are my first visitors," Madge replied, smiling, in spite of herself, at the eager excitement of the old ladies, who sniffed and bridled with pleasure at the mere idea of a little scandal, or even mild gossip.

"I thought so," Miss Jane cried triumphantly; "there has been a conspiracy, and he's at the bottom of it; but we're not going to allow it, are we, Selina? No one shall slight our medical man with impunity. There has been a party made up against your husband, my dear, and we must break it down. I assure you that other man is capable of anything. He refused to come and see our poor dear Selina when he was dying of congestion of the lungs."

"Pneumonia, dear," Miss Selina corrected, gently.

"Yes, dear, it was pneumonia. Well, Dr. Boyd refused to come—sent a rude message too, though we heard that he had gone down to the country a few days before to see a relative of ours, an unpleasant old man named Churchill, who has the worst temper in the world, and never forgave his only daughter—"

"And it was such a slight to Dr. Tayler, too," Miss Selina remarked, by way of calling Miss Jane back to the question. "It was he advised us to call in Dr. Boyd, as he was the best authority on diseases of the chest; we were deeply affronted at his not coming."

"And we quite feel that poor dear Selina lost his life through the inattention," Miss Jane added; "we never lose sight of that, Selina, do we? A more beautiful creature you never beheld," she continued, turning to Madge, who was listening in a confused way. "He bore his sufferings so patiently, and died in my arms; but you will see him when you come to visit us. We had him stuffed, and he lies in his basket by the drawing-room fire just as he used to do."

"But he will never purr us a welcome again, poor dear," Miss Selina said, sentimentally; "and, strange to say, both Jane and I feel as if we never could endure another Persian to take Selina's place."

"Was the gentleman a foreigner, then?" Madge asked, feeling she was expected to say something, although she failed entirely to keep track of the duet between the Miss Hyde Parkers, with the exception of the main fact that they bore some sort of malice against the "man" at the other end of the street.

"Of course, my dear; all Persian cats are foreign," Miss Selina replied, not noticing Madge's perplexity; "and he really was the most gentlemanly creature. You divined his character accurately."

"Yet he went down to Fairburn Park to see that unpleasant old man; and our grand-niece, May Churchill, tells us she's coming on a visit to his wife in a few weeks, and hopes to see us very often."

"Which will be quite impossible, after what has taken place," Miss Jane said, drawing herself up; "but I should like you to meet our young relative; she's a sweet creature, and her fortune will be immense—heiress of Fairburn Park, all through the unnatural conduct of an old man never forgiving his own child!"

"Did I understand you to say that you know Miss May Churchill—that she is a relative of yours?" Madge asked, faintly turning very white.

"Yes; do you know her?" both old ladies cried,

leaning forward in their chairs, their eyes sparkling with curiosity.

"My husband has attended Mr. Churchill, and I was fortunate enough to make May's acquaintance. I spent a few days at Fairburn in November, and May promised to spend a little time with me in April." Madge spoke slowly, unwillingly even; there seemed a sudden tightness about her throat, and her fingers twitched nervously.

"Dear me, how very remarkable!" both ladies exclaimed. "May said distinctly that Dr. Boyd, of Brook Street, visited her uncle, and that she was coming to town on a visit to his wife!"

"My husband is Dr. Boyd, of Brook Street, and Miss Churchill is coming to see me," Madge said, with a sudden accession of spirit and colour. "I do not see anything remarkable in either circumstance, Miss Hyde Parker."

"Of course not, my dear; but we do, you see, because we never thought of any one but the other Dr. Boyd—that is, we quite understand now; but naturally we thought of that other man at first. On the whole I am very glad my niece is not going to stay there, because though he did not go to Fairburn, it does not alter his treatment of us, does it, Jane?"

"Not in the slightest degree, Selina;" and then both ladies rose to depart, and pressed Madge to name an early day to dine with them; but in spite of their cordiality, Madge could see that they were a little puzzled to know how Dr. Tayler's successor found his way to Fairburn, and that May at least was under a false impression with regard to the fame, skill, and speciality of Dr. Boyd.

"When will it end, I wonder?" Madge cried, pressing both her hands to her temples, when she was alone; "it's just like the pebble in the pool—the circle keeps widening. Oh! why did I ever let him go? Where will the deception end, I wonder? Those two old women will chatter everywhere, write to Mr. Churchill and May, and then Frank will find out; and how am I to tell him carelessly that those Miss Hyde Parkers are related to Mr. Churchill without mentioning that they were under the impression that it was what they call the great doctor who went to Fairburn? Oh, dear, and then to be angry with him for not going to see a cat!" and Madge laughed hysterically.

"I must treat the whole affair as a joke, and tell them at dinner. Bertie will enjoy it immensely. Oh, Frank! Frank! if you only knew all the misery that wretched telegram has cost me! And it seems as if we are only in the beginning of our troubles yet."

Yes! the circle seemed to widen every day.

CHAPTER XII.—AN UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

THE Doctor and Bertie West did not enjoy the details of the Miss Hyde Parkers' visit quite as much as Mrs. Boyd expected. Perhaps it was something in her way of repeating the conversation that jarred

upon them. They were both somewhat astonished at her flippant way of mocking the two amiable, even if absurd, old women, who had called on her out of kindness; nor did Frank seem to appreciate the joke about the Persian. In fact, both men were a little startled. To Frank Boyd the connection between his eccentric patients in Bayswater, and the still more eccentric one at Fairburn Park, was somewhat more than a coincidence. To Bertie West an acquaintance with the Miss Hyde Parkers might have a serious effect on his whole future. So busy were both men with their own reflections, that Madge felt her would-be humorous descriptions were a complete failure, for Bertie laughed in a very half-hearted way, and Frank did not laugh at all, but took to outlining the table-cloth pattern with his dessert-fork.

"When is Miss Churchill coming to see you, Madge?" he asked, suddenly, without looking up.

"Next week, I think; you must help me to amuse her, Bertie, or she will find it very dull here."

"Certainly," Bertie replied. "I'll be very pleased to be of use;" though at that moment he was meditating how many miles he could place between himself and Brook Street before the arrival of May Churchill.

"I fear it was rash of me to ask her," Mrs. Boyd continued thoughtfully. "I forgot that I had no friends or acquaintances to entertain her—no chance of taking her to concerts or parties, no carriage to drive about with her, no horse for her to ride. I suppose I had a hazy idea that once we came to live at the West End the necessities of fashionable life would spring up about us as if by magic. I believe I fancied you had found a sort of Aladdin's lamp, Frank!"

"So I have, darling," Frank cried, starting from the table. "We cannot compel our neighbours to call on us, or invite us to dinners or parties; but we can find enough pleasant sights in London to satisfy and occupy a young lady for a couple of weeks. I think I could make out a very pretty programme for twelve days, and the same number of evenings; but it will never do for a medical man to be a squire of dames, so I must rely on you, Bert. First morning: idleness, gossip, chatter, luncheon, a little shopping; afternoon tea, a turn in the park, dinner, concert at St. James's Hall. Second day: drive to Crystal Palace, luncheon, organ recital, drive home, tea, early dinner, and so on. Shall I make out the programme, Bert, or leave it to you?"

"Better leave it to chance, Frank," Madge cried; "it would spoil all our pleasure if we knew every day exactly what we were going to do." Later that evening, when Bertie West had left them, Frank returned to the subject. "We must launch into a little extravagance, Madge, while Miss Churchill is here. We owe her too many favours to be churlish; besides, a little gaiety will do you good. You have worked too hard, and been moped to death since we came here; actually you had more roses in Gray's Inn Road. I'm very glad those old ladies called

to-day. It will be a surprise to Miss May to find you know her relatives, and I think, dear, in spite of their oddity, they are kind-hearted. I should like you to be friends with them. They were Tayler's

bed. I must work for an hour or two; and, remember, I want you to look your best when Miss Churchill comes."

Mrs. Boyd went up-stairs to her room a little



"'This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Boyd,' he said."—p. 234.

best patients, and I can't afford to lose them, can I?"

"No, indeed, Frank; only I hope they will not want you to prescribe for or visit another Persian," Madge replied, with an attempt at gaiety. "I'll certainly call on them very soon."

"Thanks, dear; I'm beginning to think I must get you to help me in my practice. Now get off to

sadly. In the old days, that seemed gone for ever, she had always shared Frank's work; he never wanted to be left alone one moment. If she could not actually help him, she could at least sit by his side and cheer him by a sense of companionship. Now he frequently wished to be alone, and seemed positively to dread one of those long confidential chats that had been the greatest comfort of their

lives in their poor days. For, strange to say, Madge never seemed to think that they were in reality just as poor then as they had ever been, for they were living beyond, far beyond, their income, and that alone constitutes poverty in the true sense of the word. The poor labourer who *lives* on his shilling a day, though he may lack all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life, is rich compared with the prince who lives beyond his millions to the extent of a sixpence. Madge almost fancied the legacy of her uncle could never come quite to an end, and then Frank was getting on—slowly, she was forced to admit; but still he was making progress, and a little extravagance on May Churchill's account would be perfectly justifiable. So during the next few days she was busy, beautifying May's room, making up new frocks and dainty pinafores for Rosie, adding a few pretty trifles to the drawing-room, and filling all the windows with fresh flowers. Frank burst out into still greater extravagance. Hampers and cases arrived from the grocer's and wine-merchant's. Madge's quaint dessert service that had belonged to her great-grandmother was replaced by some modern plates and dishes beautifully painted; new glass, delicate as cobweb, and clear as crystal, replaced the heavy, somewhat muddy, cut-glass decanters and tumblers of a hundred years before; and several other unconsidered trifles in the sombre dining-room made it look quite cheerful. Then the Doctor's final extravagance was to hire a carriage and pair of horses for a month. Madge really exclaimed at that, though her eyes sparkled and danced with pleasure.

It would be pleasant to meet May at the station in the pretty, comfortable landau, and drive home with her in easy luxury instead of bundling into a dismal four-wheeler. It would be delightful, too, to drive in the park every morning; to go shopping under such delightful circumstances. Best of all, it would be so nice not to have to return the Miss Hyde Parkers' call on foot.

Altogether, Madge was as pleased as Rosie at the idea, even while she deplored spending so much money on mere luxury. She had not the remotest idea how much it cost, and as old John Meadows watched her drive away to make her first fashionable call, he smiled bitterly.

"Poor fools! They think a thousand pounds will last for ever at that rate," he muttered; "they fancy they can keep open house, entertain any number of visitors, indulge in every luxury and extravagance on a thousand pounds! Truly, money is hard to get, but it is harder to keep!"

But having a carriage did not make Madge any prouder, and the very next day, greatly to his own astonishment, she persuaded old Mr. Meadows to accompany her and Rosie for a drive in the park. Not a few persons stared at them curiously—the grim, erect old man, with his shabby coat and hat and scornful smile; the fair, flushed, beautiful face of Madge looking eagerly from side to side, enjoying

the novelty and beauty of the scene, and the freshness of the spring morning; and the golden-haired little maiden sitting demurely opposite, with wondering, wide-open eyes, and folded hands; not an ordinary family party by any means, and so thought several gentlemen who stared steadily if not rudely—not so much at Mrs. Boyd as at Mr. Meadows. If he had had any friends or acquaintances, Madge would have thought he met them that day, so many people seemed inclined to bow to him; but he looked sternly unconscious, only his frown seemed darker than usual, and his eyes fairly blazed with suppressed scorn. Just as they were leaving the Park by Grosvenor Gate, Madge chanced to look up, and saw a face she recognised. Standing on the footpath, regarding her steadily, was Dr. Leyland, and as she bowed somewhat distantly, he raised his hat and approached the carriage, which was at that moment blocked, owing to the overturning of a heavy dray.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Boyd," he said, in his softest voice. "I have been intending to call on Dr. Boyd, but, strange to say, I forgot the address."

"Fifty-nine, Brook Street, corner of Britton Street," Madge replied quietly. "I am sure my husband will be very pleased to see you;" and then the carriage drove on, leaving Dr. Leyland bowing and smiling on the footpath, but the expression of his eyes was not in keeping with his beaming countenance. "Glad to see me! will he, I wonder?" he muttered; "not much, when I tell him of my interview this morning with Dr. Felix Boyd. Brook Street, corner of Britton Street; where can that be, I wonder? And, by the way, if what the Doctor said to-day be true, how comes Mrs. Boyd to be driving about in a carriage and pair? There's a screw loose somewhere, I have no doubt; perhaps my interview with the high and mighty quack, who passed himself off so cleverly for a celebrated physician, may elucidate the mystery. I'll make my way to Brook Street, corner of Britton Street, without further delay!"

Hailing the hansom, he gave the man the address, and in a very few minutes was set down at Frank Boyd's door. The carriage was just driving away, and Madge was standing in the hall, telling her husband that she had just met Dr. Leyland, when a loud knock, followed by an impatient ring, echoed through the house. Another cab, with a mountain of luggage, stopped at the door, and just as it was opened May Churchill, followed by her maid, ran up the steps, to the amazement of Mrs. Boyd, who was still standing in the hall talking to her husband.

"Dear Mrs. Boyd, I hope you will not mind my coming nearly a week sooner than I intended," she cried, as Madge kissed her heartily. "Did you get my telegram? Uncle was coming up, and I persuaded him to let me come with him; but he made me promise, if I inconvenienced you in the least, I

was to go to his hotel. I did so want to come, and here I am!"

"And not a moment too soon, dear," Madge replied cordially. "Come up-stairs at once; Frank will see to the luggage and the cabman."

May turned round for a moment to give some directions to her maid, and at that instant Dr. Leyland's hansom drove up to the door. He started when he saw her, and an instantaneous change passed over his face; his evil, malicious smile gave place to an expression of genial friendliness, and he greeted Dr. Boyd cordially. In a single moment all his plans and intentions changed. He had come resolved to make the "quack," as he mentally termed him, not only eat humble-pie, but disgorge some of his ill-gotten gains, on pain of exposure and punishment. He left after a few moments, with smiles and compliments and repeated assurances of the pleasure it gave him to renew his acquaintance with Dr. Boyd.

"I will not detain you," he said, "as I see you are just going out; but I wish you would dine with me to-night; it's so dull at an hotel by oneself. Do, please, take compassion on me!"

And Frank Boyd's good-nature overcoming his aversion, and forgetting for the moment that May Churchill was his guest, invited Dr. Leyland to dine

with him instead; an invitation that was accepted with many expressions of gratitude.

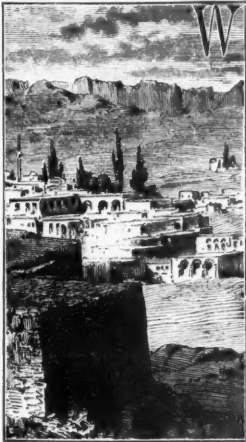
But in spite of all his external amiability, Frank Boyd felt instinctively that Leyland came as an enemy rather than a friend. He would have felt still more uneasy had he known Dr. Leyland's thoughts as he left the house, and been aware of how much of his past history he had made himself acquainted with. But the matter that troubled him most was that Miss Churchill should have chosen that day of all others to pay her visit, and arrive at Brook Street at such an unfortunate moment. Instinctively Frank felt that her appearance on the scene had altered Dr. Leyland's plans in some way; but the real motive of his visit, he felt sure, would be disclosed sooner or later. Meanwhile they would have to try to make the best of the inevitable, though it was with sundry misgivings that he went slowly up-stairs to tell Madge of the unexpected addition to their dinner-party. Still he was scarcely prepared for the expression of blank dismay, amounting almost to terror, that passed over her face; nor for the sudden pallor of May Churchill, and the swift look of anger that darkened her eyes for a moment.

Apparently Dr. Leyland would not be a very welcome guest at Brook Street that evening.

(To be continued.)

THE GROWTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE VENERABLE ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON OF MACCLESFIELD. SECOND PAPER.



greatly extended her borders. In the same year Tiberius Caesar died, and Caius, best known as Caligula, a madman of infinite profligacy and cruelty, assumed the purple. In the same year also Nero was born. Names of evil omen, these,

WE shall now hasten on to the contents of our Sacred Volume. To arrive at the earliest of them, we must remain in St. Paul's company. Let us make some notes of time. Saul, the persecutor, was converted about the year 37 of the Christian era, seven years after our Lord's Ascension. During these years the Mother Church of Jerusalem had prospered, but had not

Any student of Tacitus knows, or any reader of early Church history may see for himself, how cruelty raged, how lust held her shameful orgies in those terrible days. A recent authority very properly insists on the importance of remembering how the world and the Jewish nation, and, in time, the infant Christian Church, were scourged by the unspeakable cruelties of those wicked men and their accomplices; how throughout the empire, but more particularly in Rome, a reign of terror was established, the most hideous the world ever saw; how the common informer was everywhere doing his hateful work; how men were obliged to speak with bated breath, and how, if they would touch on the miseries of the human race at all, they must speak and write, if they dared to write, under mystic symbols and ciphers not understood save by the initiated.

But we are as yet only at the date of St. Paul's conversion. Some sixteen years have to elapse before he shall write the words which are the first in order of time in the New Testament. And what eventful years for St. Paul, and, through him, for the Church! We see him, immediately after his conversion, shrinking away from the

haunts of men, retiring into Arabia to be alone with his Lord, and from Him to receive the Revelation of the Grace of God. We see him returning to Damascus, strengthened, preaching Jesus in the synagogues, proving that this is very Christ. The terrors with which he had persecuted others, threaten himself; but we have already evidence that he had laid some hold on the people, in the fact that the Governor found it necessary to keep the city with a garrison when he was desirous to apprehend him. He was delivered, and at the end of three years* he is in Jerusalem for a little time, whence driven by persecution he passes by Cæsarea to Tarsus, his native city. Meanwhile, the Church had taken a new departure. Through the conversion of Cornelius and his friends, the door of the Faith had been opened to the Gentiles. Those, too, who had been scattered abroad after the death of Ste-

phen had traversed Phœnicia, passing up as far as Antioch, that famous "third city" of the Empire, after Rome and Alexandria, which was to become the Mother of Gentile Christianity. While the first and chief preaching of these earliest missionaries was to Jews, some of them would seem to have proclaimed the Gospel to the Greeks, or Gentiles, also at Antioch. (Acts xi. 20, Revised Version.) Tidings of these things reached Jerusalem. Barnabas was sent forth; he recalled Saul from Tarsus to Antioch, and a whole year they assembled themselves with the Church, and taught much people. We have now, probably, reached the year 43 of our era, thirteen years after the Ascension. A further time elapsed, during which Barnabas and Saul are sent from Antioch with relief for the poor brethren who dwelt in Judæa; and having, perhaps, witnessed the death of James the Apostle, and tarried in Jerusalem during the imprisonment of Peter, when the Church assembled at the house

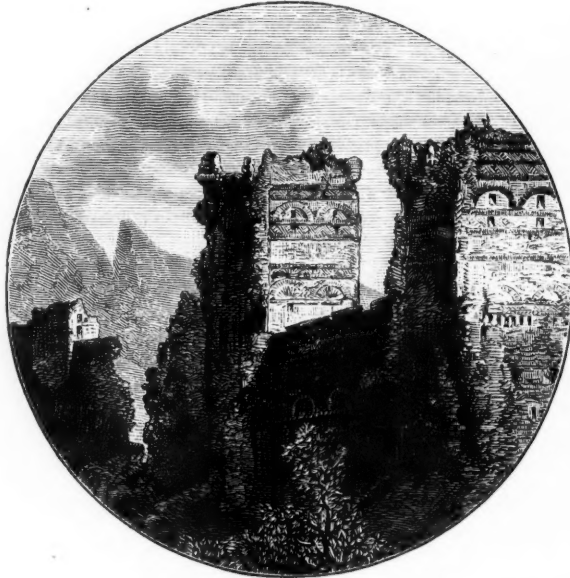
of Mary, they returned to Antioch, bringing with them the nephew of Barnabas, Mary's son John, whose surname was Mark.*

Once again we have to note a new departure, and now the greatest of all, resulting from the command of the Holy Ghost to separate Barnabas and Saul for their great missionary calling. We watch their journey. They pass through Cyprus, winning over to the faith the Roman Proconsul,

Sergius Paulus. They cross over to Pamphylia, and wind through the highlands of the Taurus range by Antioch up to Iconium, on the central plain of Asia Minor. They preach the Gospel to the Jews first, and also to the Greeks. Envious of their success among the Gentiles, the Jews persecute them from city to city. At last, what seems to be the fatal moment comes. They stoned Paul and dragged him out of the city of Lystra, and left him for dead.

"Once was I stoned;" "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Did this cruel and ignominious treatment coincide in time, as some have thought, with the rapture into Paradise and the third heaven? After his miraculous recovery they return to Antioch in Syria, and the first missionary journey is at an end.

At Antioch they abode a considerable time, and now a new phase of what may be called the Jewish controversy was developed. Not merely were the unconverted Jews jealous of St. Paul's acceptance with the Gentiles, but in the Church itself there was a schism; the Jewish Christians became jealous of the liberties claimed for the Gentile Christians. "Except ye be circumcised," they said, "after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." They would impose upon them the yoke which neither themselves nor their fathers had been able to bear. This oppression Paul and Barnabas resisted; but who were they that they should contend against men who had come down



RUINS OF THE CITY WALLS OF ANTIOCH.

* A.D. 39 or 40.

* Acts xi. 30; xii. 25.

from the Apostles at Jerusalem? Well, then, Paul and Barnabas must go up to Jerusalem; so they determined, and Paul had a Revelation from the Lord confirming the determination. Fourteen years, according to Jewish reckoning, had passed since his previous visit, seventeen years, or, as we reckon, fifteen years, since his conversion; for the Jews included both the year of starting and of arrival. We have come to the year A.D. 51, the twenty-first after our Lord's Ascension. In that year the great Council of Jerusalem was held, and the decision was arrived at by the Apostles and Elders, not without the Holy Ghost, which settled the destinies—in fact, which made possible the life—of the Christian Church. The yoke of Jewish bondage was broken for ever. Paul, too, had had his private conference with James, Cephas, and John, the Pillars of the Church: had received their right hand of fellowship, their assurance that his Gospel was not in vain, and their full and cordial recognition of his mission to the Gentiles.

Returning to Antioch, Paul and Barnabas remained there some days, and during this period occurred that visit of St. Peter, when, fearing "them of the circumcision," he shrank from eating with the Gentiles, and was openly rebuked by St. Paul. Thus, at last, was the perfect brotherhood of the Gentiles completely vindicated.

We see, then, that questions of first-rate importance were decided before our Christian Scriptures began to be written; questions which came gradually on the consciousness of the Church, which required time even for their statement, and which found their solution only through the progress of events; that progress, however, being made under the manifest guiding of the Holy Ghost. And how can we help seeing that His Divine Wisdom was as fully exercised in restraining His servants at the first, as it was in prompting and directing them afterwards? It is only too easy to understand how serious might have been the divergences even concerning doctrines of vital importance, if the Epistles of St. Paul on the one hand, and those of St. James, St. Peter, and St. John, on the other, had been written ten years before their actual dates. Now, when once the Council of Jerusalem had been held, the freedom with which Christ had made us free was established, and was confessed by all; and whatever the vacillations of individuals might be, the doctrine of the Church—not simply of St. Paul, but of the Church—was that by the deeds of the Law of Moses should no man be justified.

We will now accompany St. Paul rapidly on his second journey. Parted from Barnabas, he first revisited and confirmed in their liberty the Churches which he had founded in the south-east of Asia Minor, and then, turning westward, he passed through what is called the Phrygian and Galatian country, possibly because the original

Phrygians had been obliged to receive the brave and impetuous, but fickle, Galatians as their conquerors. St. Paul was in no mood to delay in this land; yet he was delayed. He makes a touching reference to the cause of his detention, after the Galatians had revolted from him. "You know," he said, "that it was through an infirmity in my flesh that I first preached to you." To that thorn in the flesh, that messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, that mysterious affliction which was at once humiliating and depressing—to that they owed the proclamation of the Crucified Saviour, and to that we owe the Epistle to the Galatians, of which it is not yet time to speak. After his recovery, St. Paul passed on, his way hedged in by Spiritual control, turning neither to the right into Bithynia, nor to the left into the region near Ephesus, until he gained the sea at Troas, and looked across the narrow waters to Europe. Then came his call into Macedonia, and his evil treatment at Philippi. "Thrice," he wrote afterwards, "I was beaten with rods;" one of these beatings was at Philippi. From Philippi to Thessalonica, whence he was driven by the Jews, but not before a great multitude of devout Greeks had believed. There was founded an almost exclusively Gentile Church. From Thessalonica to Berea. From Berea—the hostility of his own countrymen continuing with relentless cruelty—to Athens. At Athens alone. Full of thoughts; full of anxieties. Had not the man of Macedonia beckoned him over into Europe? Yes, and had not dear friends been given to him, in spite of, perhaps in consequence of, his persecution in Philippi—friends who had already once and again ministered to him in Macedonia? And had not a great multitude become obedient in Thessalonica? But he was driven from them; who would care for them? Who would teach, who would even shield them? He had no rest in his spirit. He sent back his young disciple Timothy, lest his labour should be in vain. And now alone in Athens—Athens, the eye of Greece, and still the literary Queen of the World. Here the acutest intellects discussed the subtlest questions, and yet Athens was wholly given up to idolatry. To what purpose his polished and pathetic address to the Areopagites? There were few to win for Christ at Athens. He departed and came to Corinth, and there he found at least a temporary home and rest with a certain Jew of Pontus, named Aquila, who had been driven from Rome by a decree of the weak Emperor Claudius.

It is worth noticing that more than ten years had elapsed since the insane Caligula had perished. Claudius, his successor, was a man of some literary taste, who might have passed as above the average of men if he had lived in privacy, but whose shyness and timidity made him the mere tool of those who surrounded him, and who used his name and authority for the perpetration of cruelties which

left his reign scarcely distinguished from that of his blood-stained predecessor. The hour was now quickly coming when he too should meet a violent death, and when Nero, the Monster, should be called to the throne.

In the last days of Claudius—A.D. 52, or early in A.D. 53—the first words of our New Testament were written by St. Paul from Corinth to the Thessalonians.

Wonderfully touching words they are, when read in their historical context.* Written by the hand of that poor man whose body had been crushed with heavy stones at Lystra, who had endured that stake in the flesh in Galatia, who had been shamefully entreated by the Roman rods at Philippi, the first words of the New Testament are heart-words; words of love from a friend to friends; full of pathetic sorrow, yet not for himself, only for his children beloved in Christ; but full also of buoyant hope and encouragement, such as a brave man will address in days of trial to his disciples or his soldiers. The Epistle has a thousand of those personal references which bind hearts in closest union; but, beyond and above these, it kindles one grand beacon-fire to light the Thessalonian Christians through all darkness and distress—the beacon which is lighted up with the glory of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all His saints. For the present, they would indeed require the “patience of hope;” yea, some of them should fall on sleep—the sleep of death—but the day would come when the Lord Himself should descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God. The dead in Christ should rise, the living should be caught up to meet their Lord, and thus, all their sorrows past, should be reunited one to another and to Him for ever.

This is the theme of the Epistle. He and they would bear all present suffering in prospect of that quickly coming eternal joy.

Alas! that comfortable words like these should be perverted from their proper use. Yet so it happened. No doubt it was to be expected that among “a great multitude” of Gentiles,* suddenly turned from their idols, some should be found unstable and unlearned in the things of God. In Thessalonica appeared disorderly persons, working not at all, but busybodies, who quoted St. Paul’s letter to excuse their idleness and neglect of social order, under the pretext that the Lord was at hand,† and that therefore the concerns of this life were not worth attending to.

Tidings of these disorders very soon came to the ears of St. Paul while still in Corinth. They caused him sorrow. We may be permitted to rejoice that they led to the writing of his second Epistle, which was separated from the first by an interval of no more than months.

In this second letter, without losing anything of his tenderness of heart or courtesy of manner, St. Paul exhibits other qualities no less essential to greatness—the qualities of practical wisdom and strong common sense.‡ He shows himself utterly opposed to all vapouring and idle sentimentality. He will have men work with quietness, and eat their own bread. They are to mind their own business, and if any chose not to obey his commandment, then the brethren must keep no company with him until he came to his proper mind.

We have reached the beginning of our book, and we have seen that its earliest words were not written with any purpose of making a book. We have only two short letters, loving and wise, written to meet present exigencies, to comfort and to exhort one Church among the many, the care of which rested upon the Apostle daily. Yet it was not the mind or thought of the writer that his words should perish. “I charge you by the Lord,” he writes, “that this Epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.”§ And he knew that he had the Spirit of God.||

* The Gentile character of the Church is indicated by the absence of any reference whatever to the Old Testament.

† 2 Thess. ii. 2.

‡ Read the Epistle.

§ 1 Thess. v. 27.

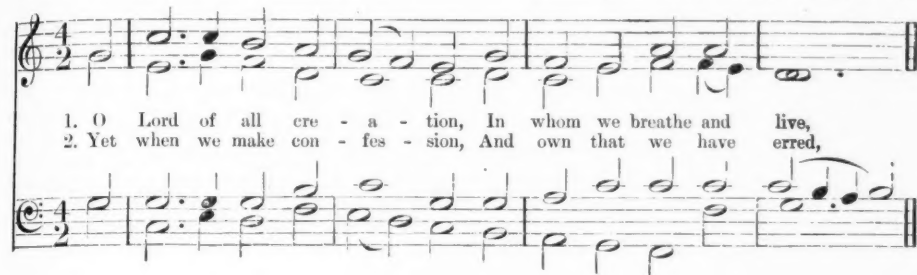
|| 1 Cor. vii. 40.



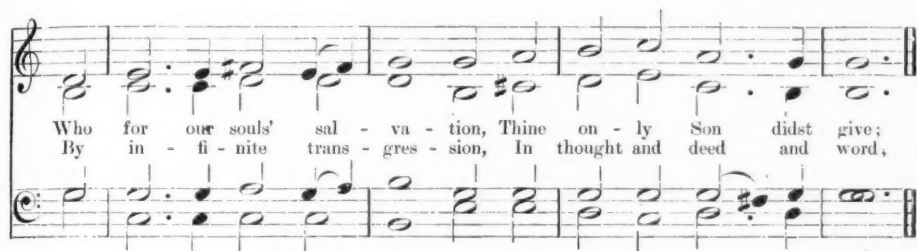
O Lord of all Creation.

Words by the REV. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

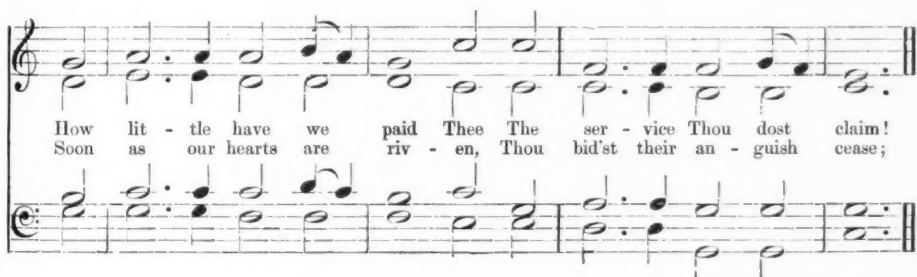
Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.



1. O Lord of all cre - a - tion, In whom we breathe and live,
2. Yet when we make con - fes - sion, And own that we have erred,



Who for our souls' sal - va - tion, Thine on - ly Son didst give;
By in - fi - nite trans - gres - sion, In thought and deed and word,



How lit - tle have we paid Thee The ser - vice Thou dost claim!
Soon as our hearts are riv - en, Thou bid'st their an - guish cease;

Slower.



How oft de - nied, be - trayed Thee, And put to o - pen shame!
We lift our heads for - giv - en, And rise, and go in peace.

3. But if some heart beside us
Hath wrought us spite or ill,
Hath grieved us, or denied us,
Or balked our wayward will;
Although he come repenting,
And our forgiveness pray,
Unmoved, and unrelenting,
We frown his suit away.

4. Whene'er in wrath we harden,
O Father, bring to mind
Our trespass, and Thy pardon
So infinitely kind;
Our hearts toward each other
Shall turn in pity thus,
And each forgive his brother,
As Thou forgivest us.

SOME OF THE KING'S SERVANTS.

I.—THE CALL OF SAMUEL.



THE night has laid her dark mantle on Tabernacle and tent, on hill and river and plain; the stars are shining with resplendent light in the deep blue Eastern sky; the soft west wind, laden with odorous balsam, is blowing up in fitful airs from the Mediterranean Sea.

Within the Tabernacle itself the evening lamp still burns, and the air is heavy with incense. The faintly flickering light falls on purple curtains, on polished pillars and burnished rings and cherubim of gold. And here in the Holiest Place, where the feet of the high priest only have a right to enter, a child is lying asleep—innocence and holiness are hand in hand. Suddenly the sleeper stirs in his sleep, and, hearing a voice, he answers, "Here am I." It was the voice of Eli the priest, and the child was Samuel. But Eli avers he did not call, and thinking the child had been dreaming, sends him back to rest. Again the child slumbers. The rustling of the fringe of the Tabernacle as it waves in the wind is all that breaks the stillness. Again the sleep is broken; again the child hastens to Eli; again Eli denies having called; again the child lies down. The morning is drawing near, the dawn is nigh at hand. Samuel sleeps again, and hears the voice once more. Then Eli, perceiving that the Lord had called the child, said to Samuel, "Go, lie down; and it shall be if He call thee thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

And once more, in the solemn hush of the darkest hour—the hour before dawn—"the Lord came and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. And Samuel answered, Speak, for Thy servant heareth." He has risen, and is standing in the Eastern attitude of reverence. His head is bent, his hands are folded, and he waits with all humility to hear what the Lord would say unto him. Then, while every word falls like a blow upon the heart of him who listens, the Lord tells Samuel of the evil He is about to bring upon the house of Eli, because "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

From that moment Samuel's life was spent in the active service of God. Through a period of much tribulation and trial, through dangers and difficulties, in the midst of enemies as well as in the bosom of friends, Samuel the prophet stood forth before Israel as his history now stands before the world, as an instance of what a man may do who has heard the call of God.

Does God call still? Undoubtedly; but, like Samuel of old, we do not recognise the voice.

Do you remember when your loved one lay at the point of death? The brow was whiter than its wont, and the cold death-dews—the frost of life—lay thick thereon. You watched the poor parched lips moving in restless delirium, and as far as you were able—oh! that you had been more able—you nourished them and gave them rest. And as the light faded out of the eyes and the hesitating spirit passed over the narrow borderland between life and death, your heart rose up in rebellion against your God, and you felt He had dealt very hardly with you. Nay, nay, *He was calling you then.*

Do you remember the bitterness that came into your life when the sun of your prosperity went back behind the clouds, and you had to fight a hard battle with poverty and want? Your prayer went up to Heaven, in slow, despairing cries, day after day; you watched and waited, and hoped and despaired, from daylight to dark. And, taxing your memory still, can you recall to mind that in all your trouble you prayed only for the bread which perishes, not for the Bread of Life? Yet, because your earthly prayer was not immediately answered, you said that God had forsaken you. Nay, nay, *He called you then.*

Do you remember the prize you sought so many years ago? From the day you were born until that day, no joy so fair, no hope so good, had gladdened and blest your heart. You bent all your energies to the task of winning; you staked your hopes of earthly happiness on that one throw; you left no scheme untried, no stone unturned, that could help you to success; and just when the prize seemed almost within your grasp, some trifling obstacle, on which you had never calculated, rose up between you and your happiness, and you saw success converted into failure. Then, in the deep anguish of your soul, you cried that God was not good—that He had raised you up to cast you down, and given you only the things for which you did not care. Nay, nay, *He called you then.*

And still He calls. In the stillness of the night, when the voices of Nature are hushed, He calls. In the house of poverty and want, by the side of the sick-bed, in the midst of desolation and despair, He calls.

Would you follow if you heard the voice? You think you would—God grant you might. For it is not so easy to follow your Master as people often say. His path is not one of roses; no velvet pile carpets the way to heaven. Sharp thorns and rugged stones pierce the pilgrims' feet that follow after Christ. 'Tis He Himself

Who tells us that this shall be our lot. Through the long ages, from the dim, distant past, comes the voice of the Master, powerful still to claim the service of His servants. "Come," He says, "take up thy cross and follow Me." Where I have trodden thou mayest tread. I carried my cross when I was weak, and now strengthen thee to carry thine.

Come, follow Me! If I lead thee into poverty, why shouldst thou complain? I bore poverty for thee, and had not where to lay my head. I emptied myself of all my riches that I might make thee rich indeed. I needed the ministering hands of men that I might the more fully minister to them.

Come, follow Me! Though sorrow lie in thy

path, thou hast no room to murmur, for I am a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and all my sorrow was for such as thee. I grieved that thou wert sinful, and I sorrowed to set thee free.

Come, follow Me! Should insult and mockery be thy lot, what then? They were mine. When I was reviled I reviled not again, and, even when hanging on the cross, I prayed for my persecutors.

Come, follow Me! If I lead thee into bodily pain, what is it more than I have borne for thee? My back was scourged with thongs, my brow was torn with thorns, my hands and feet and side were pierced with nail and spear. "But, Lord, I am weak and frail."—"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.



"ONE MORE FOR THE LIFEBOAT CREW!"

THE lads are afloat, they have launched the boat
Where the moaning storm-birds flew.
Oh, wife! from the shore they cry, 'One more,
With strong, steady hand and true!
There are lives to save,
On the frothing wave—
One more for the lifeboat crew!' "

"Nay, shiver not so that I seaward go,
Nor shrink from the night's black hue;
There is danger far where our brethren are,
And the moments left grow few.
There are lives to save
From a yawning grave—
One more for the lifeboat crew!"

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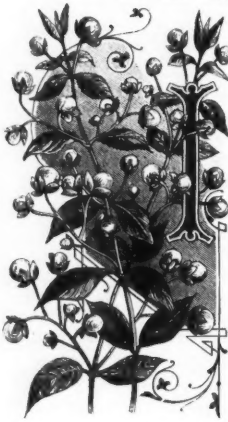
"A kiss for the ways of our courtship days,
A kiss for love's Eden-view,
When the white cliffs woke as the joy-bells broke,
And home held a glory new.
Heaven's help I crave!
There are lives to save—
One more for the lifeboat crew!"

"This kiss, my sweet, till again we meet,
And another I leave with you
For the babe at rest on your brave, brave breast—
God keep my little lad true,
And strengthen his soul
When the deep waves roll
A call for the lifeboat crew!"

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

A CHILD'S LEGACY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW HE WAS THWARTED," "A LOST HOLIDAY," ETC. ETC.



I
T was a chill December afternoon, and leaden clouds hung with a sullen persistency that foreboded snow over the great city. Away in an unfashionable street of an unfashionable quarter the doors of what was plainly a "Board School" opened, and a troop of merry little ones of both sexes and many sizes streamed out. The most of them were in a hurry for home, to reveal the delightful fact that, by

the intercession of a visitor, their teacher had set them free a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Some few lingered a minute or two in the bare, uninviting square that did duty for playground. And one—a lily-cheeked, golden-haired mite, of, perhaps, five—halted indecisively on the very threshold, and looked hither and thither, with a gaze half-puzzled, half-frightened. It seemed that the little damsel had expected to be welcomed at the portal by some familiar face, and was disappointed. But the tide of forward movement swept Elsie Vine with it, and she soon found herself in the street. No one of her companions paid the smallest heed to Elsie. She was a new-comer, and your average London child has slender sympathy for strangers.

Fifty yards or so were traversed, and then Wesley Street was reached—a bustling, crowded thoroughfare, which led in its turn to Ripon Road, the great artery of the district. Onward, and still onward, Elsie trudged on her perilous adventure. The crossings were at present her chief trouble. She was fairly bewildered at these, by the clatter of the vehicles, the roar on every side of the vast traffic-sea, the hurry and rush of foot-passengers. But hells came in the torrent, and in the wake of some friendly pilot the child managed to pass each successive stage of difficulty.

It was a marvel that she was not stopped. But the ordinary wayfarer in the huge, overgrown metropolis has other cares upon his mind than the fate of wandering babes. He is a swimmer whose every effort is demanded to keep abreast of the seething waves of poverty and shame. He has neither time nor attention to spare for alien interests. Certainly none inquired of Elsie Vine whither her slow and irregular steps tended. A policeman was turning towards her once with that benevolent intent, but was delayed by a collision in the road between a

costermonger's cart and a cab, and when the recollection of the child returned to his mind, Elsie had disappeared. He hoped she had encountered friends.

Such, however, was not the case. She was still journeying on, with weary feet and a vague increasing sense of alarm, in search of a destination which continually eluded her. She had set out for home; but, alas! her path had gone astray, and Elsie was lost.

The dusk began to thicken, and brought new terrors and new danger. Lamps flashed through the gloom, and at another time would have enchanted the tiny maiden with their brilliancy. But now the glamour which they and the shining shop windows threw upon the scene only added to her sense of forlornness and want.

Suddenly shouts arose, and a convulsive shudder involuntarily affected more than one spectator. That which might have been predicted as all but certain to occur sooner or later, had indeed happened. The little waif had come to grief. Growing more and more confused with her situation, she had stumbled at a street corner, had lost her footing, and had gone down under the wheels of an advancing dray.

"She is killed!" "No, no! she'll come round." "Where are her friends? Who was with her?" These were some of the discordant ejaculations of the quickly assembled throng. And Elsie's white, motionless face—so pitiful in its tender, placid innocence—moved many hearts, and seemed to lend probability to the saddest supposition. When it became evident that she was alone, much indignant criticism was passed upon the stupidity and heartlessness of those who should have been her protectors.

"Make room there; here is a doctor," cried a burly city man, who had been, perhaps, loudest in his censure of the unknown defaulters.

The guess at the profession of the new-comer was correct. Edwin Fenner knelt down on the now snow-sprinkled kerb and examined this unlooked-for patient.

"She is living, and I don't think any bones are broken. Carry her to the Ripon Road Infirmary; that is near," he said.

His orders were obeyed. He himself went on in advance to the institution he had named, for he was the infirmary's house surgeon.

Slowly consciousness returned to the little sufferer, and it was then possible to make a more thorough and exact investigation of her condition. She proved to be seriously injured in a way that Edwin Fenner had not at first suspected; and a touching if trivial incident showed that Elsie, young as she was, comprehended in childish fashion her peril. A doll had been given to her to amuse and quiet her amidst the

strange surroundings during the surgeon's consultation with others of the staff.

"Is it my very own?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, dear, your very own," the nurse answered, with a reassuring smile.

Then the child glanced from the younger medical man to the elder, and back again to Edwin Fenner. Something in the latter's attitude or manner seemed to give her courage. "Will you please take this to Auntie Maggie, and say Elsie sent it?"

They called this servant of science and of humanity cold and harsh in the hospital wards sometimes; and he had neither won nor cared to win much affection from those he aided. His business was to succour the helpless, and a triumph over disease, not primarily the gratitude of the rescued, was the reward he sought. Yet now he stooped, and with a strange, phenomenal gentleness smoothed back the flaxen locks and whispered, as he received the toy—

"Yes, Elsie, I will."

"And I cannot readily escape the consequence of my word," he added in an undertone, and with a half-cynical laugh, to the nurse, "since you have found in those school-books to which she clung so tightly the child's name and address."

Peace had come with the promise. In a few more minutes the small patient had closed her eyes and was sleeping.

"Let her rest; it is her one chance of recovery," the elder surgeon said, as he followed his comrade to a distant ward.

"I will see that she is not disturbed, sir," replied the nurse, in an equally guarded voice. And she went back to the cot-side, and did not soon cease to marvel at both the house-surgeon's words and conduct. It was a puzzle to which she had no clue.

II.

FEW men can be armed against an attack of inconvenient sentimentality on occasions all and sundry. They are sure to be caught napping at some eventful moment. It was so with Edwin Fenner. Strong of nerve and of purpose as he undoubtedly was, he had succumbed to influences which he professedly despised. He walked up and down his private room and scoffed at himself with a vigour and a bitterness which, had she heard his monologue, would still further have amazed nurse Beale.

"It can be nothing but a coincidence, of course; and I am a weakling and a contemptible fool to have been entrapped by it," he said, "and if it were anything more—" He paused, and a milder light shone in his keen grey eyes, the curves around his mouth involuntarily softened. "I don't know; I might be tempted to plead my cause," he said.

There was a long, long pause after that. Edwin Fenner's thoughts were back in the past, which had suddenly confronted him anew with all its mingled pain and pleasure.

"Maggie loved me," he murmured, "I am well-

nigh sure of it; and if it had not been for the fame I coveted—a fame as it seemed only to be won by a solitary upward struggle—I should have asked her to marry me that Christmas Eve, when we two walked home together from Entley Church. How beautiful she looked, pinning up those old English letters above the porch! It is six years ago, and I have never seen her since. Did she think me cruel, I wonder, to be so tender, and yet say nothing that could really pledge any man?

"It was sad that almost immediately the home of the two sisters should have been broken up by their father's death! I have often wondered what became of them; but no one at Entley sent me news. And fame—what is fame? Hollow, delusive, unsatisfying."

He stopped abruptly, and for a moment reverted to his earlier mood.

"But what ridiculous madness it is to bemoan in this fashion that which is unalterable!" he cried. "An accidental resemblance in a child's face, the mention of an 'Aunt Maggie,' and it seems that I straightway surrender at discretion, and forget everything except a pair of violet eyes, which by this time may be smiling for another—may be, do I say? Yes, probably are. I'll take this little one's legacy to No. 8, Abbey Crescent—the place is easy to find—and then think no more of the incident."

Elsie Vine's home lay in the centre of a district densely peopled by artisans. It was in a row of houses small and poor, and chronic eyesores to the lover of the beautiful.

Edwin Fenner rang the wheezy bell of No. 8 with but the faintest spark of curiosity lingering in his breast. He could not easily picture Margaret Pryor as an inmate of so mean a dwelling.

A buxom middle-aged woman—presumably the landlady—opened the door.

"I believe a child has been lost from this house—named Vine," began the young surgeon, in tones of apology, and comprehending more than ever how quixotic was the nature of his errand. "I have brought her friends news of her," he added.

"Thank'e, sir; the babe's at the infirmary in Ripon Road," the woman answered; "we've had a telegram, an' her aunt—nigh distracted she's been—has gone there now. They'd no call to ha' let such a wee mite out of school till I got there. I always bring Elsie home wi' me, an' they know it."

Edwin Fenner shrugged his shoulders with a fresh access of self-scorn. His eccentric mission had been in vain.

"Then your suspense is ended; that is well," he said, curtly, and he hurried away quite oblivious of the childish keepsake still nestling in his pocket. His usual clear, shrewd sense had certainly deserted him. He might have guessed that long before this a message would have been received at No. 8, and that "Aunt Maggie" would prove her affection for her niece by at once setting out for the infirmary. Had he turned in that direction from his rooms instead of in this, he must have encountered her.

A week went by, and it was Christmas Eve once more. In a few hours the joy-bells would again be proclaiming their glad message of reconciliation and love.

Edwin Femer was going his formal evening round

The surgeon started. He had vaguely wondered more than once by what singular combination of chances he had hitherto been prevented from meeting this mysterious individual on any of his visits. As he gazed he understood. His presence had been deli-



"Your sister—this little one's mother, I presume?"—p. 245.

through the wards of the institution committed to his care. He reached last of all the recessed bed where Elsie Vine still lay. Although recovering fast, the child had not yet been discharged. To-night—in honour, no doubt, of the festive season—a present had been brought her of a gay toy-book.

"Elsie's aunt is with her, by special permission of the matron, sir," whispered the nurse.

berately shunned for the one reason which had seemed too bewildering to be true. It was impossible, even after this lapse of years, to mistake the slight, graceful figure of Margaret Pryor. He came impulsively forward.

"Maggie—Miss Pryor—surely my eyes are not deceiving me?" he stammered.

The girl kept her self command wonderfully well.

Only the heightened carnine upon her cheeks told of the treacherous emotion which was surging about her heart.

"No, Mr. Fenner, you are not in error," she answered.

"Then how——" He halted. He could not fitly put the question he had meditated, concerning this too evident descent into the abyss of poverty, under these semi-public conditions.

"And your sister—this little one's mother, I presume?"

"She is dead!" Maggie replied sadly, with a significant glance at the black she was wearing, "and her husband is in America."

"Indeed!"

The sympathetic pain in the surgeon's voice brought a dangerous mist before the lustrous eyes.

"Yes; Elsie and I have been all alone in the land for a year and a half now, and I feared I should lose Elsie. But, thanks to your skill, and the blessing of Providence, she will live."

"Against her own conviction," Edwin Fenner replied, with a touch of humour. And he whispered the pathetic story of Elsie Vine's love-legacy.

"And I tried to carry out my promise; though how I came to make it in the first instance I can hardly guess," he said. "Unfortunately I could not find you."

"I heard that a stranger had called."

"And this evening you will permit me to pay a second visit to Abbey Crescent, as your escort?"

She could not refuse so old a friend.

On that walk through the crowded city streets the young surgeon contrived to learn how financial ruin—through the fraud of a trustee—had compelled Aunt Maggie to lay aside her gentility and compete in an overcrowded labour market for the pittance on which Elsie and she existed.

He learned something more, for he yielded to the dictates of his heart and asked for Maggie's love.


"It has been yours for—for years," she murmured, shyly. "Only—only—won't a poor wife, and the burden of a niece, mar your prospects? I am too selfish. Think again, Edwin."

The listener dared to laugh. "We shall not exactly starve," he said. "By inheritance, you know, I am fairly rich, and for the rest, I have come to think that 'love is best!'"

POPULAR AMERICAN PREACHERS.

BY THE REV. LL. D. BEVAN, LL.B., D.D., LATE MINISTER OF THE BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK.

II.—NEW YORK.

 AMERICANS speak of Washington as the "city of magnificent distances," Philadelphia is the "city of brotherly love," New York is the "Empire City," Brooklyn the "city of churches." New York might well contend with her sister city on the other side of the East river for the last title. A view of Manhattan Island from one of the high roofs "down town" embraces an almost bewildering number of spires, and towers, and pinnacles belonging to the churches with which the "Empire City" is so plentifully supplied. Right up the centre line of the island, from Trinity to Central Park, a long row of stately edifices mark out the great avenues of trade and residence.

All the denominations are supplied with large and well-furnished buildings. Every kind of architectural form finds its representative, the most common being some variety of the Gothic. The churches impress a stranger with the comfort of their appointments. They are large, decorated, luxuriously fitted. No expenditure of wealth is spared to make the House of God beautiful and pleasant. Even the plainest church belonging to some coloured community is "upholstered" with carpets and cushions. None can complain

in New York churches that the inconveniences of the place of worship are such as to be an excuse for non-attendance. Well warmed, well ventilated, well cushioned, well lighted, American churches invite all by their luxury and ease.

The pulpit of New York is strong. In all the churches there are clergymen of piety, learning, and eloquence. No city in the world has a higher order of preaching. It is not easy to choose for our sketch men who stand out conspicuously, when the average is so high; our space does not permit of reference to many. It must not be supposed that because we are not able to describe others, they might not properly occupy a place in these papers.

If we consider age, prominence, and influence, certainly if wealth is to determine the standing of a community, none occupies a more important position than that of Trinity Church, New York. It is the leading parish of the Episcopalians, and extends in its history to the colonial period. The original Dutch Reformed Church is older, but the vast estates of the Trinity corporation, administered, as they have been, with great discretion and large provision for the changing circumstances of the times, have contributed to place this old Anglican parish in the very front of

American ecclesiastical life. In 1697 a grant was made to the Church of England in America by William and Mary of a piece of land "in or near to a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called Broadway." About eight years afterwards a further grant was made to this little Episcopalian congregation, of Queen Anne's Farm, an estate at that time "out of town," but now almost in the very centre of the business part of New York. A commodious church was erected, and although the Episcopalians were comparatively few, the parish of Trinity became immediately one of the most important centres of religious influence. Other churches were built: St. George's Chapel in 1714, and St. Paul's in 1763. During the Revolution Trinity passed through a serious crisis. The Episcopalian clergy and people were largely on the side of the king, and they were sometimes threatened with violence because they persisted in praying for the monarch and the royal family. As time went on, however, Trinity settled down to the new condition of things, and a century has made ancient dissensions and sympathies alike matters for the historian and antiquary alone. A third church, built upon the original site, was completed in 1846, and stands upon Broadway, in the very centre of the busiest life of the world. New Yorkers are proud of Trinity. Its beautiful peal of bells rings over the turmoil of the town on all the historic occasions of the calendar. Its tall spire, one of the first objects seen by the voyager as he comes up the harbour, is a perpetual witness of the divine purity and calm in the heaven to which it points. The church is a fine specimen of Gothic. Always open, it invites the passer-by to its services, or the quiet retreat which it offers in the midst of the fever and stress of life. The pulpit is well occupied by the present rector, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D.

Dr. Dix is the son of General Dix, who gained an undying reputation by his famous sentence at the commencement of the War of Secession. He had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury. New Orleans at the time was in virtual possession of the rebels. There were two revenue cutters in the port, and the Secretary ordered them to New York. The collector of the custom-house at New Orleans was consulted by the captain of one of them as to obeying orders, and on his advice the captain refused obedience. General Dix telegraphed immediately to the lieutenant to arrest the captain, and if resistance were offered to treat him as a mutineer, and then closed his despatch with the words, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." The sentence has become memorable in the annals of those trying days. The resolution and loyalty of such men saved the republic. General Dix became one of the leading and most honourable citizens of the United States.

His son is a native of New York, and is about fifty-seven years of age. He is a graduate of Columbia, the old Georgian college. Dr. Dix pursued his ministerial course at the Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. The term "seminary" in America is used for those colleges which are devoted to preparation for the ministry. In 1855 he became assistant minister of Trinity; four years afterwards assistant rector, and in 1862, on the death of Dr. Berrian, he was chosen rector. Dr. Dix is not a pulpit orator and popular preacher in the usual acceptation of the term. He has none of the brilliant and commanding eloquence of Mr. Beecher, neither does he attract vast crowds to occasional sermons of great sweep and power, such as those of Canon Liddon in the English Church or the Lenten preachers of the Madeleine. But his position as Rector of Trinity, his scholarly and theological attainments, his undoubted power of thought and expression, all combine to make him one of the leading clergymen of the city of New York. He is a copious writer, and has issued several works, but all of them are upon the side of the school of Pusey and the Tractarians. Dr. Dix is probably too much a party man to be ever raised to the office of Bishop. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the Episcopate offers to a man a more extensive field of influence, as it certainly cannot offer a more comfortable position, than that of Rector of Trinity Church, New York.

Perhaps no American clergyman is more prominent, and deservedly prominent, than Dr. John Hall, of New York. He is the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, which formerly stood at the corner of Nineteenth Street. When there, the community called Dr. Hall, then member of a church in Dublin, in the year 1867. He had previously been a delegate from the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland to the Presbyterian Churches of the United States. Dr. Hall was born in the county of Armagh, in the year 1829. A successful student, he became pastor at Armagh, and afterwards in Dublin. He promised to be one of the leaders of Irish Presbyterianism, and was known outside his own denomination by the interest which he took in popular education. He rapidly gained great reputation in New York as a preacher and pastor. His church filled, and taking advantage of the uptown movement of population, his people secured a commanding site in Fifth Avenue, near the Central Park. A very large building was erected, which, if not of strictly architectural perfectness, is a model of convenience and comfort as a place of congregational worship and pulpit address. The church has greatly prospered, and is one of the most wealthy and powerful Protestant organisations in the world, while its honoured minister has won for himself an influence which extends far beyond

the limits of his own congregation, and is felt throughout the entire country.

Dr. Hall is a tall and stalwart man, capable of great exertion and untiring labour. He is eminently Scriptural and practical in his sermons. He makes no effort at display and fine speaking, but while his sermons are carefully prepared and well constructed, the prevailing character is their personal and pointed application. He is a man who understands life and human nature. An admirable executant, he is at the same time genial and urbane. No word characterises his ministry better than *useful*. He has caught the ear of the American people, and is sought for largely on public occasions of ecclesiastical importance, as well as for the value of his counsels and service in private affairs. Dr. Hall has many of the qualities of the courtly ecclesiastics of the English Church of last century, with the added fervour and evangelicalism of a later time. His wise and practical religiousness is not altogether unlike the fine piety of the better spirit of the Gallican Church of the days of Fénelon. He is a Presbyterian possessing unbounded confidence in the Scriptural authority of the polity which he professes and its religious effectiveness. But his spirit is catholic, and he is often found in the pulpits of other Churches, and upon the common platforms of a large-hearted philanthropy and missionary endeavour. Dr. Hall's influence has been greatly increased by the sympathy and co-operation extended to him by his fellow-countrymen, the Scotch and Irish settlers and descendants of settlers, many of whom are members of his congregation, and are among the most respected citizens of the States.

Not so well known to the English public as some other clergymen, there is no man in America who occupies a higher position, and exercises an influence of a more marked and vigorous kind, than Dr. Howard Crosby, the pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. His name points to a Danish origin, and it might be well supposed that he was descended from some old Norse settler in the northern or midland parts of England. His nature and character breathe of the fresh ocean breeze which filled those adventurous men that sailed the seas, and brought a strong free gift to make up the varied kind of the English race. No stronger and abler man occupies a pulpit, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Slope. Generous and chivalrous, keen for a battle, strenuous and ardent, Howard Crosby is a most wholesome power in the religious life of New York.

Dr. Crosby is a native of New York, and has grown with the growth of the city. His memories of the old days when pigs were allowed free licence to perambulate its streets, and the town hardly extended beyond Canal Street, are full of interest and picturesqueness. What an interest-

ing autobiography he might write! No public man has been more identified with the life and progress of the city. He was born in 1826, graduated at the University of New York, and became professor of Greek in that institution in 1851. He has been honoured by academic distinction from others than his own university. Harvard presented him with the degree of D.D., and Columbia with that of LL.D. He occupied the chair of Greek in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, and whilst there entered the ministry in 1861. Two years later he became pastor of the church at Fourth Avenue, New York, and was at last honoured by election to the post of Chancellor of the University, which he held for some years, being succeeded in that office by Dr. Hall.

Dr. Crosby is a classical scholar of the old-fashioned type, thoroughly grounded in the niceties of the ancient languages, both logical and constructive. His knowledge is of the kind of the famous classicists of Oxford in a past generation, accurate, painstaking, instinctive. Had he not in later life entered upon the more public duties of the pastorate and pulpit, his name would have probably stood second to none in the Greek scholarship of our time. He edited in 1851 one of the plays of Sophocles, but though since that time he has published several works, they have been of a more general and popular character.

He was one of the American revisers of the translation of the Bible, and has always taken the deepest interest in questions of biblical scholarship, especially in the researches in Palestine exploration.

Dr. Crosby has gathered about him a strong and earnest Church. The members of it are diligent in all Christian work, extending their missions far beyond the limits of their own community. As a preacher he has been most instructive and edifying. His teaching has always been notably of a masculine and vigorous type. But Dr. Crosby has thrown himself into social questions with characteristic energy. He has directed a movement against the corrupt and degrading influence of the drinking-holes of the city, and in all forms of the social and moral elevation of the people the pastor of Ninth Avenue Church takes a leading place. His style of address is incisive, brief, full of effect. The professor and scholar has proved himself a preacher and public man of uncommon mark. Long may he continue with generous large-hearted influence!

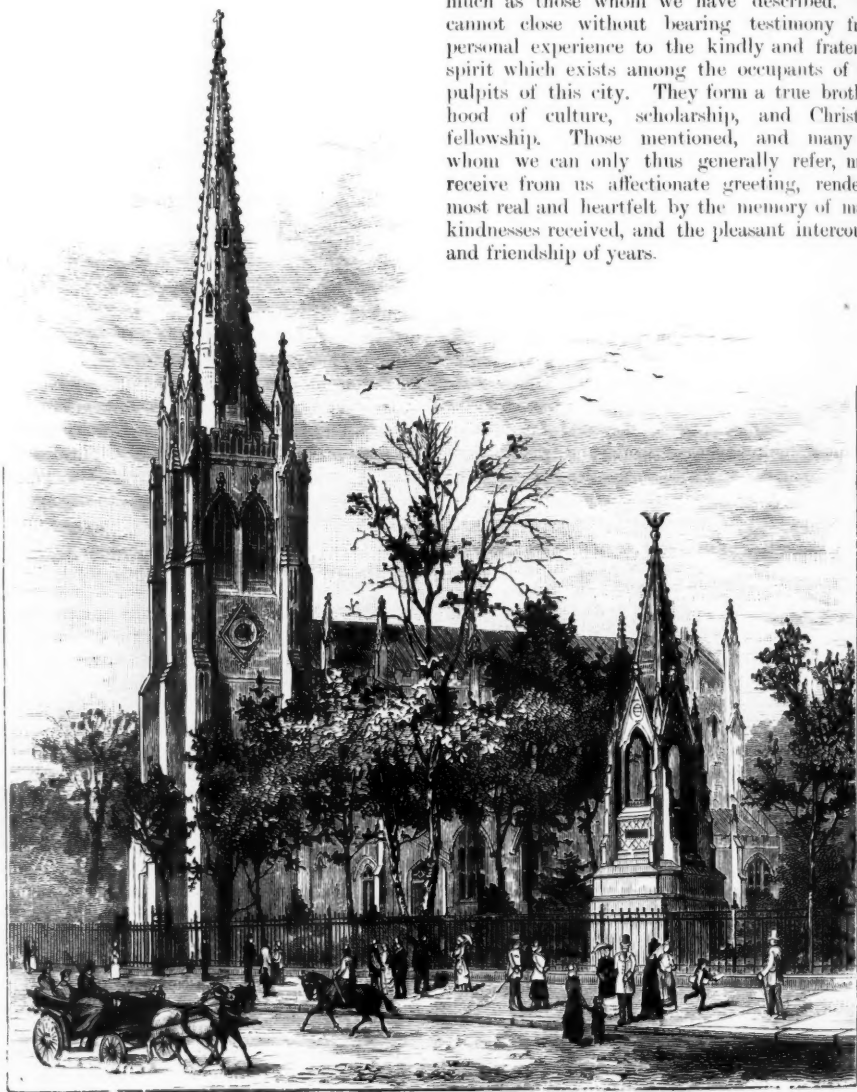
Dr. W. M. Taylor is the pastor of the leading Congregational church of the city. This is the Tabernacle, situated at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, where the great road of Broadway crosses the Sixth Avenue. This place of worship has entered into the inheritance of its predecessors as a centre for religious and philanthropic movements. Under the pastorate of Dr. Taylor it has

become a very large and powerful community. He is well known as a preacher and writer upon this side of the ocean. A native of Scotland, Dr. Taylor was for several years pastor of a Presbyterian church at Bootle, near Liverpool. He then became minister of his present church, and has there developed remarkable powers as a preacher. His style is strong, well delivered, full of earnestness, and enlivened by apt and telling illustrations. He is a genial, kindly man, with much of

the fervid spirit of his countrymen. Dr. Taylor has gained great and well-deserved success in the American pulpit. Like Dr. Hall, he employs a Scriptural style in his preaching. His lectures on biographies of Scripture have proved very popular,

New York is undoubtedly an orthodox city. The strength of the religious teaching is altogether on the lines of evangelical faith.

We are sorry that space forbids us giving sketches of many others of the New York ministry. They deserve a place in our notice as much as those whom we have described. We cannot close without bearing testimony from personal experience to the kindly and fraternal spirit which exists among the occupants of the pulpits of this city. They form a true brotherhood of culture, scholarship, and Christian fellowship. Those mentioned, and many to whom we can only thus generally refer, must receive from us affectionate greeting, rendered most real and heartfelt by the memory of many kindnesses received, and the pleasant intercourse and friendship of years.



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

THE MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

"I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."—GAL. VI. 17.



OME have deeper and more numerous scars than others. Longer service, harder toil, more adverse circumstances, and perhaps less strength of body, to contend with—these have told upon them severely. Premature wrinkles have furrowed their brow. Sharper conflicts with the enemy without and within have worn them down. Yet all the true workers in the great field have more or less the marks of toil upon them—the minister of the Cross, the Sabbath-school teacher, the humblest city missionary, the obscurest Bible-woman, simply in earnest, though "never heard of half a mile from home."

James, "the brother of John," had but a few years of ministry. The sword of Herod imprinted his early scar of apostleship. John, his brother, had above sixty years of toil, and peril, and persecution, which must have left many a wound upon his body. Yet both are owned of the Master. Of John the Baptist and Stephen, we may say that their service lasted but a day, their marks were few, the axe and the stones did the sealing work all at once; while Peter and Paul, with their brethren in apostleship and martyrdom, were covered from head to foot with these "marks of the Lord Jesus."

Yet, after all, in this question of "sealing," *time* matters not. The reward will not be reckoned by the number of scars nor the length of labour; for of the great forerunner of Himself, the Lord has said, "There hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." Still, there is joy in the thought of *living long to work for Christ*; though often, in the midst of weariness, and vexation, and pain, we are tempted to wish for the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest. For doubtless "to depart to be with Christ is far better."

Such scars are not confined to apostles nor ministers. They are the marks of *discipleship*. For "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." But still they pertain more specially to the true minister of the Cross. He is the leader of the array against the hosts of hell. And as in battle the officer must head the charge, riding some twenty yards in front of his troop as it rushes on to the conflict, so with the servant of Christ. He is not only to be more in the warfare than others, but he must be foremost, in the very thickest of the fight. And if there be a minister

peculiarly faithful and fervent, the command of the great adversary is like that of the Syrian king, "Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the King of Israel." He must bear the brunt, and each hostile archer aims at him. He cannot shelter himself, taking the rear or remaining under cover. The front is his position. Others may retire and take their ease. He dare not. His responsibilities impel him forward into toil and danger. The love of Christ constrains him, and the prize held out to the overcomer stimulates his energies to the uttermost.

Having received "the reconciliation" for himself, he is constrained to carry it to his unreconciled fellow-sinners. And in delivering that message of love to a hostile world, he receives many a buffet, many a wound; the strokes of a world that hates his Lord are showered on him; and the fiercest of the fiery darts from beneath assail him. Yet he does not flee nor faint. Necessity is laid upon him, and he must preach the reconciling word, whether men receive or reject it. He must deliver his message of peace, whatever treatment the messenger may meet with. He ever stands amid the multitudes of a revolted race and summons them to yield in the name of Him Who has no pleasure in their death. He goes up compassionately to the impenitent with the personal appeal from Him Who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, "Be thou reconciled to God." He follows the wanderer in his wanderings, with the gracious but authoritative command, "Return." He takes the weary by the hand and whispers into his ear the Master's loving invitation, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." He turns not away from the sinfulness of the sinful, but pleads with them as the God of Israel once pleaded with His rebellious nation:—"Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool."

Though an ambassador of peace, he finds himself often in the tumult of the battle-field. "I am for peace; but when I speak, they are for war." (Psalm cxx. 7.) Even the proclamation of his peaceful message often stirs up strife, and draws upon him many a stroke. "Hatred for love" (Psalm cix. 5) is not seldom the return he gets. "For my love they are my adversaries," is his frequent, though perhaps silent, complaint. To love, and not to be loved again, is hard to bear: but to love and yet to receive only enmity or contempt, is harder still. Yet these are his

experiences; even as they were those of the Master Himself. "Love, and you will be loved," is the common maxim. "Love, and be hated for your love," was that which the Son of God had to bear, and which was so awfully exhibited in the cry, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

In vain it might be asked, "Why, what evil hath He done?" The only answer is the repetition of the cruel shout, in which the human heart spoke out its enmity to God, and its indifference to His love. In vain might Stephen, when the stones were raining round him, say, "Why, what evil have I done?" The only answer would be another shower of stones. In vain might Huss, at Constance, when they were binding him to the stake, have asked, "Why, what evil have I done?" The only reply would be another heap of faggots or another torch to make the flames burn more fiercely. More or less has the Church of God in all ages, when faithful to its high calling, known the same experience; for "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and in some shape or other the followers of the Lord will find this saying true. Civilization and education may have restrained and modified the hostility of the human heart to the Cross, but that hostility remains so long as the heart remains untransformed, and it is ever and anon breaking out when provocation stirs it, or opportunity occurs. The enmity between the serpent and the woman—between the seed of the one and the seed of the other—has not passed away, and the world that hated the Master has not yet learned to love the disciple.

But whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, the messenger of peace goes on his way, proclaiming peace in the name of the God of peace. Into the soul of every one who is willing to take this peace it comes like light from heaven; and, as the messenger moves along on his errand of peace, he scatters the gladness of reconciliation between heaven and earth.

Man has no heart for such a reconciliation. He turns away from it, and from the ambassador who proclaims it: so that, save from those whose heart God touches, the man of peace receives no response save that of contempt. It is not the kind of peace that man has any relish for; and this God is not the God with Whom he desires any intercourse. The voice of the messenger is an annoyance, and the gift which he brings has no value in his eyes. He does not want to be disturbed, and he does not want to see the world disturbed by such urgent appeals, which tell him of the eternal sorrow and the eternal joy, and bid him make his choice. "Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? art Thou come to destroy us?" Ill fares the messenger that meets with him in such a mood: and the fact that it is the message of peace and love, only seems to exasperate. As he cannot avenge him-

self on the God Who sends the message, he will avenge himself on him who brings it. And thus the ministry of reconciliation becomes the cause of strife; the minister of reconciliation becomes the disturber of peace. Thus the world is turned upside down: and that is fulfilled which was spoken, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

Nevertheless, the peace is not preached in vain. The man of peace may have his wounds, but he has his recompense. The "marks of the Lord Jesus" which he receives are the earnest of his eternal reward, in the prospect of which he goes upon his way, rejoicing that he is counted worthy to suffer shame for his beloved Lord.

"Peace, peace," is the burden of his message—peace through our Lord Jesus Christ—peace to the saddest and sinfullest of the sons of men: sure and immediate peace upon the simple reception of the message which he brings. For the grand treaty between heaven and earth needs no delays, no preliminaries, no bargainings, no *pour-parkers*. Take it as you are: take it, and you have it. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "If I am willing to take Him, I have Him," said one who understood the Gospel well; and John Bunyan in like manner, speaking of the free gift of life eternal, writes, "If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely." From those who take the gift thus freely presented he receives all love and honour; but from those who reject it, derision and hatred: and he then begins to know what "the marks of the Lord Jesus" are. He may not in these modern days be spit upon, or scourged, or made to bear a cross, or be led to the gibbet or the fire; but he will in some way or other be made to feel the enmity of an evil world; to drink of the cup of which his Master drank, and to be baptised with the baptism wherewith He was baptised. The vinegar and gall may not be pressed to his lips, but of something more bitter to the soul he may be made to taste.

And is there no escape from these "marks of the Lord Jesus"? Who asks such a question? What! shall we shrink from taking up our cross and following Him through good report and bad? What! shall a soldier turn back on the day of battle, or a standard-bearer lower his flag to escape the shot and shell? Shall a captain of the host dread the honours of the conqueror, and through cowardice lose the medals awarded to the brave?

"He that winneth souls is wise," and he will not grudge the cost of obtaining the winner's prize. Whether these "marks of the Lord Jesus," in which the Apostle gloried, shall ever be obliterated, or perpetuated for ever, I know not, though in parting with them a true soldier would feel as if robbed of his laurels; but they shall not be forgotten. The old Latin hymn on St.

Stephen, as the *dux martyrum*, speaks of the stones shining out from his forehead brighter than stars, and the wound sparkling with radiance beyond that of angels. Let this be set down as poetic fiction; still, it embodies a most comforting truth to all who, in whatever degree, have suffered for Christ, that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

At present we are "made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men," and little account is taken of stripes, and bruises, and disfigurements. But their imprint is not soon effaced. The proofs of apostleship, the marks of discipleship, are in some sense or other enduring; even when they who bore them are perfected and glorified; when "they shall shine as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father;" when they shall shine as the "brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

The Christian army was not meant to figure on the parade or at the review. The first century showed this, and warned succeeding ages of the stern work to which they were called. The "marks" of the Lord Jesus were visible enough then. It did not need the elaborate biography or one-sided eulogy to make them legible. Other ages have found it quite necessary to eulogise and canonise, in order to convince men of that which the eloquent life, without a funeral oration, should have done—that the deceased had really fought the good fight at all.

Church history has too often employed itself in describing "marks" of discipleship which had no existence, and in enumerating the honours which the world has paid to learning, and eloquence, and genius, as if these were the signs of an apostle. Such mistaken marks can only lead us astray, and many a time has the Church been thus misled, and made to covet distinctions which she would have been far better without, and to forego honours in comparison with which the praise of men is poor.

The model given us for Church history in the Acts of the Apostles has been but seldom followed, and the annals of Christendom will require to be re-written, and many are the estimates of character and work which will require to be reversed. From the time that religion became fashionable, and ministry a position of earthly honour, the marks of the Lord Jesus disappeared. The "fellowship of His sufferings" ceased to be realised, and "conformity to His death" had gone out of date. The generation that lived upon these words, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him," had passed away, and was succeeded by another that knew better what it was to court the enemy than to fight the good fight of faith. Paul's "daily dying" became a thing unknown.

To the study of apostolic life, not merely as to

doing, but as to suffering, we must return, if we would understand or appreciate the "marks" of discipleship. We must adopt a different standard, to live another kind of life and to covet purer honours.

Christendom has not always been Christianity. It has exhibited too little, during its many ages, of that calm self-denial and Christian bravery seen in earlier times. The "good fight of faith" has been turned into a competition for distinction. The seven promises to the seven overcomers (Rev. ii. 3) have been lost sight of, or treated as obsolete. Victories have been celebrated, but not quite in the fashion of the primitive Church, and apostolic "marks" have not been sought for nor prized, save sometimes for the sake of show. The world does not wound its own, and too often has the Church saved itself from wounds by allying itself with those against whose friendship the Master warned it.

We do not imprint these marks upon ourselves, nor do we try to imitate the marks of others. We cultivate no "voluntary humility," nor do we endeavour to make ourselves appear more faithful nor more brave than others. Yet when the blow comes we bid it welcome, and lay it up as among our hidden treasures; not for pride nor boasting, but for thanksgiving; not for giving others a better opinion of ourselves, but for encouragement in our daily work and for a stimulus to our fellow-workers. The wounds of an old soldier rouse and nerve the young; so do the traces of toil or suffering the soldiers of the Cross. They bring us into closer sympathy with Him Who was "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." We cannot indeed bear *His* Cross—that is infinitely beyond us; but we can follow in His steps. We cannot suffer for Him as He suffered for us, but we can "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ in our flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church" (Col. i. 24), and we can "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." We cannot do the works of St. Paul, nor face the trials through which he passed, but we can walk in his steps and follow him as he followed Christ, even though afar off. Our wounds may not be so deep as were his; our scars may not be so numerous nor so unmistakable as his; our "marks" may not be so eloquent as his; but there will be a likeness from which men will gather that we are all servants of one Master, sufferers in one cause, and doers of one work—that work the manifold one of witnessing for an absent Lord and proclaiming His return, of gathering in earth's wanderers, and building up the Church of God, of warring against the god of this world and protesting in behalf of truth, and love, and righteousness.

We dare not say to the enemy, "Do not strike, do not wound us!" neither dare we say, "Strike

us, wound us!" But if we would say anything, it would be rather *strike* than *smile*, rather *wound* than *tempt* us. The snare has always proved more fatal to the Church than the sword; and they that once did run well and fight well have been hindered by the seductions of ease, or pleasure, or wealth, or luxury. The world's frown has slain its thousands, the world's flattery its tens of thousands. The "fiery darts" might terrify, but they did no harm after all. It is the contents of the "golden cup" (Rev. xvii. 4) that have inebriated and degraded the Church.

The Christian man's life is a life of faith, and rests upon a vision of the unseen and eternal. And as is his life so is his word. He looks into

the invisible world, and estimates all things here by what he sees there. His faith is "the substance of things hoped for." He has "respect unto the recompense of reward." An old Puritan writer calls the Church "a company of noble venturers for Christ." And as is the whole band, such also is each individual member of it. In this consciousness the Christian man, and specially the Christian minister, fights his battle and does his daily work. The work and the warfare are not for ever. They have an end; and with their ending comes the recompense from Him Who has said, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every one according as his work shall be."

A PSALM TRIPLET.

I.

(Psalm cxxl.)

All me! how many a year hath fled away,
Since, in the dawn of life, I bent my feet
Towards the city of my God! What
memories fleet,

As clouds across the sea at close of day,

When silence folds her wings above the bay;

No more on God's beloved care's tempests beat—

Safe from the midnight blast and noonday heat,

They are with Christ in Edens far away.

So far, so far, and yet they seem so near,

That tearless commonwealth upon heaven's plain;

Springs to mine eyes the involuntary tear,

Lest I may never see their face again.

He does not sleep that keepeth thee—he brave,

Rest on His power and willingness to save.

II.

(Psalm cxxii.)

Full glad was I to roam 'mid forest-trees,

Or pace dim combs with apple-blossom white,

To revel in each flickering wave of light,

While boyhood's idyll wanted down the breeze;

Or, far from cities' noisy rivalries,

I drank in all the breezy wold's delight,

A wounded athlete in the world's stern fight,

And rested 'neath the dome of starlit skies.

Among the sun-bronzed villagers I knelt,

Rapt in a new-born ecstasy of prayer,

Within my soul a flood of praise I felt,

While artless music tuned a rustic air.

Angel of Death, when'er thou callest me,

Float thou o'er golden gorse and cowslip lea.

III.

(Psalm cxxiii.)

Worn by long toil, an heir of poverty,

Yet not uncrowned by kindly Academe,

Homeward by thorp and byre, and willow stream,

The village pastor, 'neath a sunset sky,



Lifts to the marvellous gleams his brightening eye ;
 To him the Cross, a lifetime's daily theme,
 Uprises clear above life's sunset dream,
 And cheers him with love's tenderest sympathy.
 Can he repine amid the strife of men,

At scorn and keen reproach, and unjust wrong ?
 To Thee he lifts his gaze in faith again,
 Christ's love and patience fill his secret song.
 Who reign with God through tribulation came,
 Endured life's cross, despised earth's unjust blame.

SHORT ARROWS.

A PHILADELPHIAN BAND OF MERCY.

COMPLAINTS are being made continually of unruly boys who infest our highways at evening time, to the alarm, and sometimes to the danger, of passers-by. Such boisterous spirits are found in other cities besides our own. We hear of a crowd of lads who gathered nightly opposite a certain house in West Philadelphia, distressing the inmates by the bad language they noisily uttered. This went on till the lady and gentleman within resolved to try to help these boys to lead different lives, and to this end they invited them indoors, and furnished their parlour suitably for such a use. Their rooms have been open every evening since then, books are supplied, and teaching and entertainments are provided, with the result that the boys have been greatly benefited, and similar institutions have been established in various parts. To this community, known as the "Band of Mercy," twelve thousand city children now belong.

PLENTY-OF-WORK SOCIETY.

Every one will wish God-speed to such an undertaking as this, which helps the unemployed or badly paid to the new English-speaking countries which need active labour so sorely. Many who would make useful colonists, and who are overcrowded here, are anxious for work, but cannot emigrate because they are without money and knowledge. The "Plenty of Work" Society gives advice and information by lectures and conversation, receives deposits of any amount, and furnishes grants to thoroughly deserving cases as far as the funds permit. It works in harmony with the colonial agents-general in London; and as it has no paid officials, and all the services given are voluntary, contributions will be used at once in aid of the poor. Left-off clothes will be greatly valued. The address of the Society is Collier's Rents Hall, Long Lane, Borough.

"THE ACCURSED LAND."

Some two years ago, when considerable inconvenience was caused in the commercial world by the interruption of traffic through the Suez Canal, owing to the Anglo-Egyptian war, it was proposed to cut a new canal from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, by way of the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akabah, so as to prevent any recurrence of the diffi-

culty. The permission of the Turkish Government was asked, and refused, for a surveying expedition to traverse the district. Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Colville, of the Grenadier Guards, who was to have had charge of the proposed expedition, then decided to undertake the journey on his own responsibility, and accordingly made a rough survey during the last few weeks of 1883 and the first few of 1884. He has published a record of his observations in a book entitled "The Accursed Land—First Steps on the Waterway of Edom" (London: Sampson Low and Co.). The work contains some interesting descriptions of travel among the Bedouins, and although there are many passages which are in questionable taste, and might with decided advantage be omitted in any future edition, much that is fresh may be learned from the work. The district between the head of the Gulf of Akabah and the Southern extremity of the Dead Sea is full of interest for Biblical students; for Ezion Geber and Elath, once famous Edomite ports, stood at the head of the Gulf, though now their supposed sites are some distance inland, the intervening district having been filled up by the gradual silting caused by the mountain streams.

HELPING HANDS.

The claims of Indian Zenana work on English women must be recognised by all. The Helping-Hands Association is a movement for interesting especially the young in this good cause, encouraging well-educated young ladies, perhaps just leaving school, to turn their talents and acquirements to account in painting, writing, needlework, etc., by which funds may be obtained for the Mission, and some new station or stations be supported. The scheme is more fully set forth in the first number of *Indian Jewels*, a new magazine connected with Zenana work. Missionary ladies now in this field of labour write most gratefully of supplies of needlework sent them, for which there seems a ready sale in India. It may well be that from among those whose interest in the Zenana Mission is aroused by the "Helping-Hands Association," some may be led to give "their own selves" to the noble work.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

There are 5,000 girl members in connection with the Theatrical Mission—girls not considered as

heathen, but as sisters, hard-worked, tried, tempted, and often weary at heart. The aim of the mission is to lead theatrical employées to a saving knowledge of Him Who is the Truth and the Life, to encourage such with Christian counsel, to assist deserving cases, and to insure moral and mental benefit. Despite all the difficulties caused by continual change of lodgings, name, facial "make-up," and the bewildering migrations of "caravan folk," the fundamental rule of the society is to keep a watchful eye over the interests of those once entered on the books, and never to relax striving for their good. Mention is made of two small actresses under four years old, full of conversational rivalry as to which was the stage favourite, but with the innocence of infancy still on their pretty, lovable faces; also of a pale-faced child whose singing and dancing brought help to her poor home when the intemperate father was out of work, and the mother, buying her own paste, made paper bags for fivepence-halfpenny a thousand. Among the upper-class actresses we hear of a widow who for many years has been helped by letters from the Mission to lead an honourable life and train her orphan children religiously. At the Youths' Institute there are Bible-classes for men and boys; some of the latter appear young gentlemen, but there is also present the thin, ragged street-waif, expert in the antics of some pantomime animal, but out of employment, and needing his daily bread. The Mission is directed by Courthope Todd, Esq., and girls and children are attended to at 21, King Street, while the address for the boys is 14, York Street, Covent Garden.

"WE GO RIGHT ON."

A band of American Christian workers, travelling in the needs of service, was singing the hymn, "I need Thee every hour," when there suddenly came the darkness of a railway-tunnel; still through the shadows the hymn went on, and while they were yet singing they passed into the light. This incident suggested a true, sweet thought—though the present time seem strange and dim, let the Christian sing of faith and hope, for "the longest tunnel has an end." If we in ordinary daily life find that our faith is tried at times, how much more is the shadow-valley around the path of our missionary brethren, whose successes seem so few compared to their labours and prayers, whose harvest is reaped perhaps when they have been called from the field! A young teacher, the only American in a Scandinavian settlement, is working nobly for the Master in a spirit of self-denial; in the midst of strangers he has formed a Sunday-school, and become its soul and life, besides helping many by means of religious services to lead a new life in Christ. The American missionary, Mr. Pinkerton, who worked in Zululand, breathed his last alone in an African jungle, his last written words being, "*We go right on.*" Were they not gloriously prophetic? Judson, the apostle of Burmah, was the only visible result of six weeks'

services at a New England church. Had the message borne no fruit? His noble labours form the best reply, and we doubt not that those at rest who once broke new, hard ground unfainting for Christ's sake, are triumphing in the dawn of the reaping-time. European and American missionaries alike look hopefully now on the children of India; the Sunday-schools there have 100,000 scholars (most of them of heathen or Mohammedan parentage), the people are attracted by the hymns and Bible-pictures of the little ones—and thus the prayers that rose often in darkness are answered, and the highway is open for the King.

"God never is before His time,
And never is behind."

FOR BRITISH WORKMEN.

Thanks to the benevolent enterprise of a London firm employing many hands, we welcome the erection of a handsome coffee tavern in Glengall Road, Old Kent Road. The arrangements include a capacious dining hall, and a reading-room which is certain to be popular among the busy denizens of the neighbourhood: this reading-room is also to be used for Bible classes—earnest religious feeling having prompted the undertaking. Up-stairs there are three floors of "workmen's dwellings," with a laundry on each floor (the flat roof furnishing a drying-ground), and appliances far more convenient than those of an ordinary house. Each tenant has access to an adjoining garden, and every set of rooms has an airy verandah. Sir William M'Arthur, when laying the foundation-stone, remarked:—"How often his bedroom is the only home a young man has, and the temptation becomes powerful to resort to the public-house! But with such an institution as is proposed, where you may meet to read the papers or discuss various subjects, you will not be driven to the public-house for comfort or recreation." Lord Shaftesbury said "some object to a reading-room, as calling men from their homes," but, in his own opinion, those who read and studied were elevated to a higher appreciation of their dear ones, and returned with new satisfaction to their society. It is natural that men who toil all day should be attracted where they find warm lights, friendly faces, and cheerful surroundings; add to these recreative games, nourishing food, and a cup of really good coffee, and it seems to us as certain as it is desirable, that the new temperance tavern will be thronged.

"FILTER YOUR WORDS."

An excellent motto for everybody, and one that belongs to the Billingsgate District Association (St. Mary-at-Hill Chambers, 98, Lower Thames Street, E.C.). This society is connected with the London City Mission that has recently engaged our attention, but, in addition to ordinary mission work, it provides free breakfasts and teas, and supplies to poor starving outcasts tickets for the neighbouring coffee-stalls, feeding them first, and then helping

them, if possible, to find work. Surely we shall pray for this Mission, struggling in difficulty and need, as we read of a sailor, hopeless, homeless, a victim to drink, receiving sympathy and practical help, signing the pledge, and learning to pray, and sailing to New Zealand with his heart full of humble thankfulness; of one starving and shelterless, who had come down in the world, and was warmed and fed till new hope and courage came to him, and he entered on the work found for him, and on the hallowed path of striving to rescue others; and of a lonely, broken-hearted country boy, who had run away "to see the world"—a world terribly hard for him. His friends of the Billingsgate Association wrote to his home, and the father's message followed, "Tell the lad to come at once;" then, like the wandering one of old, he arose and went to his father.

THE "WOLFE" EXPEDITION.

Biblical students and teachers will be interested to learn that an American expedition has been arranged to the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the expense being borne by Miss Wolfe, of New York, in memory of her father. Important results are expected from the "Wolfe Expedition," the leader of which is Dr. Ward, an eminent American scholar. There will be a six months' preliminary survey, in order to excavate and explore those sites which seem to promise the best return for attention, and from the fruitful field of Assyriological research we may hope for further valuable illustrations of Bible language and antiquities. Hard work and difficulties will have to be encountered again and again if the scheme is to prove useful and successful, and we who desire to obtain all possible light on Scriptural subjects owe a debt of gratitude to those who have organised and undertaken this enterprise.

A BLESSED WORK.

Miss Sharman has been accustomed for many years to visit the poor and needy, especially those belonging to the neighbourhood of Southwark, and seeing so much helpless distress made her very anxious to take some shelterless little ones under her own care if possible. The Orphans' Home, West Square, Southwark, was opened in 1867 for ten little children; the number has now risen to two hundred and thirty-two. The Orphanage is a fine substantial building, and there are two branches (at Gravesend and Tunbridge Wells), while a new Home has been opened at Hastings. Miss Sharman made at the outset three simple rules—first, to admit children by *selection*, according to their degree of destitution; secondly, *never* to incur a debt; and thirdly, to go straight to the Almighty Father for the necessary supplies. Her flock is a remarkably favoured one, for she tries to cultivate the family spirit, placing each wee thing under the care of an elder girl, encouraging all innocent pleasures, and striving hard to gain an individual influence over

every child committed to her. The girls are trained for service, and receive a plain, useful education, special attention being paid to their needlework; several have claimed the offered prize of a watch to any girl who keeps her first place seven years. What a joy it is to know that the dying moments of poor widowed mothers have been comforted by Miss Sharman's whisper, "Will you give me your little girl?" One poor woman (following her husband after six weeks) called her seven children to kneel around her, and simply put them into the hands of God, her faith being such that no doubt seemed to cross her mind: Miss Sharman found the orphan family—the boys were provided for, and the four girls taken into her Home. Little children are loving donors to this Orphanage, giving again and again their toys, books, bright coins, farthings, and treasures of every description. In one case a pet lamb was sold for sake of the orphans, and the generosity of the very poor is portrayed in a letter enclosing five shillings (accumulated halfpence) from a poor woman, weak in health, whose children had passed away, leaving her with but *one* and an invalid helpless husband; yet God's loving-kindness flowed out to her so abundantly, and caused such thankfulness, that she asked herself, "Can I do anything to prove my love to God? *Will He accept a halfpenny out of every shilling I receive?*"

THE TWO GREAT APOSTLES.

In the life of St. Peter, perhaps more than in that of any other Scripture character, we seem to see a *man* with whom, from first to last, we can entirely sympathise, and whom we can thoroughly understand. Our readers, then, will welcome a new work ("Simon Peter; His Life, Times, and Friends," London: Cassell & Co.) by Mr. Edwin Hodder, an old and valued contributor to our pages. From the call of Simon at Bethsaida to the Ascension of Christ, every incident in which he took part is shown, and its influence on the Apostle's gradually forming character pointed out. In connection with this we may notice the issue of a popular edition of Archdeacon Farrar's well-known book, "The Life and Work of St. Paul" (London: Cassell & Co.). Both these works are published at prices which bring them within the reach of all.

A NEWLY LAID FOUNDATION.

Bank clerks, as a rule, are not in a position to amass fortunes or to lay by very largely; the great commercial prizes are for the few, the daily routine of conscientious toil (amid surrounding tokens of opulence) are for the many; and how often does it happen, that after years of such labour the breadwinner passes away, knowing that with his earnings the education he has planned for his boys and girls must stop. Amid much interest and sympathy the "Bank Clerks' Orphanage" has lately been launched, if indeed the name of orphanage can be given to that

which has as yet no local habitation. The first steps in the good work have been taken by placing three children (who remain under the guardianship and supervision of a committee) in a good private school, and in due time it is hoped that a suitable building may shelter the fatherless, and those whose fathers, through breaking down in mind or body, are unable to support them: the scheme of education includes religious instruction on unsectarian lines. The hon. sec. is J. H. Atkinson, Esq., 2, St. Michael's House, Cornhill, E.C.

A NEED OF NORWICH.

Through the streets of Norwich wanders many a factory-girl, whose home is comfortless and demoralising; poor, neglected, and tired after her daily work, she is in sore need of some healthful resort where she may spend her evenings, attend classes for sewing, and find some of the comforts and safeguards which we associate with a Christian home. Mainly through the efforts of the Rev. R. Hobson (39, Clarendon Road), a working-girls' club has been successfully started, and an annual income of about £70 is needed to support it efficiently.

Members who pay a penny a week have their own sitting-room and entertainment-room, but free quarters are available for any working-girl to read, play games, etc. Bible and singing classes have been formed, and the club is worked on a temperance and unsectarian basis. Mr. Hobson says:—"Though we cannot disregard their instincts for amusement—poor girls! they work hard and are paid little—still, beyond all, we seek to lead them to Christ." Under experienced care, some residents are received at the Home; servants out of place come here (paying a little towards board and lodging), and if homeless they can stay till suited. A very sad case is that of a clean, industrious girl, subject to fits; the friends say "she cannot leave us, for she has no home—being so helpless, she is ours to tend and care for." The factory-girls, turning naturally to brightness and sympathy, largely patronise their club, which is capable of economical yet important extension, and Mr. Hobson will be thankful for any assistance in the endeavour to benefit the bodies and souls of these young women, who are striving hard, despite surrounding perils and insufficient food, to earn an honest living.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

35. What plague, when threatened, especially affected the Egyptians, and caused them to appeal to Pharaoh to let Israel go?

36. In what words did our Blessed Lord set forth in the Sermon on the Mount the high standard of holiness to which the Christian should attain?

37. To what did our Lord refer when He used the proverb, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house?"

38. In what words did Jesus first set forth the object of His life on earth?

39. The Cretans were under the dominion of Rome—what does St. Paul say as to the duty of obedience to their Roman conquerors?

40. Moses is often spoken of as having been a man of fine appearance—what authority is to be found for this idea in the Bible?

41. In what passage does God teach the reverence due to holy places?

42. When the Magicians of Egypt by their enchantments made their rods appear as serpents, in what way did God assert His power over them?

43. What change was made in the order of the Jewish year prior to the deliverance from Egypt?

44. What advice does our Lord give us as to our dealings with others in matters of authority?

45. In what part of the river Nile is it generally considered the ark of bulrushes was placed which contained the infant Moses?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

23. Acts xxiv. 17.

24. Honey and leaven. (Lev. ii. 11.)

25. They destroyed all the idols which were worshipped by those nations. (Micah i. 7; compare 2 Kings xviii. 34.)

26. "The prince asketh and the judge asketh for a reward." "They all lie in wait for blood, they hunt every man his brother." (Micah vii. 2, 3.)

27. The name Cherethites probably betokens that the Philistines were of Cretan origin, and not Syrian, and thus gave rise to the expression, "uncircumcised Philistines," as used by David. (1 Sam. xxx. 14; Zeph. ii. 5; 1 Sam. xvii. 36.)

28. The cities of Pithom, Raamses, and On, in which Pharaoh kept the tribute stores. (Exod. i. 11.)

29. Acts ix. 24, 29.

30. A people living in the south-west extremity of Arabia, to whom the people of Tyre were sold as slaves. (Joel iii. 8.)

31. They were forced to labour indeed, but they were still allowed to keep possession of their flocks and herds, and other property, and to cultivate their own lands. (Exod. i. 11; x. 9.)

32. He slew an Egyptian, generally supposed to be a person in authority. (Exod. ii. 12.)

33. "Thus saith the Lord, Israel is My son, even My firstborn." (Exod. iv. 22.)

34. Exod. vii. 7.

RESERVE FORCE IN CHARACTER.*

BY THE REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D., NEW YORK, AUTHOR OF "JOHN KNOX," ETC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



THE Royal Preacher has said that "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof;" but his words are not meant to be taken unconditionally. They are true only when the thing begun is itself proper, and when it is wisely and vigorously prosecuted. All were setting out to do honour to the bridegroom, by meeting

him with flaming lamps as he was leading home his bride, and they were already anticipating the joy of the feast by which their procession was to be followed. But though the beginning was so promising, the end was not in every case a prosperous one, for of the ten who set out so joyously only five went in to the banquet, while after the door had been shut, the others came all panting and breathless, crying, "Lord, Lord, open to us," only, however, to be met with the withering repulse, "Verily, I say unto you, I know you not."

Now when we ask for an explanation of this difference in the ultimate treatment of these two groups, it is given in these words—"They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them; but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." The one class had something in reserve, on which they could fall back in a moment of emergency, but the other had no such resource, and so when the crisis came it found them unprepared. And the meaning of the figure is not doubtful, for as the lighted lamp represents the outward manifestation of Christian character, and the oil denotes that which feeds and maintains that manifestation, it follows that we are to look for the difference between those who "Go back and walk no more with Jesus," and those who "Hold the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end," in the matter of *reserve force of character*.

In the day of battle, at the decisive moment, everything depends on the question whether or not the general has kept a sufficient corps in reserve in readiness to bear down on the enemy and complete the victory; and in the prosecution of a long campaign, the preservation of a good base of supplies is of even more importance than the making of dashing advances, for it contributes to endurance, and "he that endureth overcometh."

But it is not otherwise in the conflict of life. At critical moments, success or defeat turns upon the question whether or not we have any force in reserve. It becomes, therefore, a most important inquiry how we can obtain that supply of strength in character which we may hold in readiness for any contingency; and to the consideration of that we shall devote this paper.

Many will be prompt to give the reply that it is to be attained only through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. And beyond all doubt that is true. But it only suggests the further question how such indwelling is to be acquired by us; while, as the Spirit always works in connection with the use of means by ourselves, we do Him no dishonour when, recognising always the necessity of His agency, we endeavour to point out what those things are which, by His blessing, will most of all contribute to the storing up within us of that force in reserve which is the true analogue to the oil in the vessels with their lamps which the wise virgins carried with them.

Foremost among these we place the diligent study of the sacred Scriptures. When the Lord Himself was in the wilderness and the tempter came unto Him, taking advantage of His physical weakness, and seeking to induce Him to make bread for Himself out of the stones which lay around Him, He repelled him with a thrust of the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." And as again and again the onset was repeated, He still drove him back in the same way, saying, "It is written," "It is written." But the manner in which the Saviour used the Scriptures on that memorable occasion revealed that He had made them the subject of patient and thoughtful study, for the passages quoted by Him were not such as the merely superficial reader would have employed. He had gone beneath the surface and grasped the principles which underlay them, so that even in the pages of the Mosaic statute book—indeed, in that very book of Deuteronomy which has in recent times been so assailed—He found that which He laid by Him in store against the trying hour.

Some years ago there was on exhibition a famous picture by Holman Hunt, which he called "The Shadow of Death." It was in the main, in our judgment, painful and repulsive, portraying as it did the Saviour in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, after a day of toil, stretching Himself to relieve His weariness, and making with His outspread arms the shadow of a cross upon the wall behind Him, the sight of which filled the heart of His mother with dismay. But one thing in it

was to us deeply suggestive, for on a shelf just beneath the window was a collection of manuscript rolls forming the library of the Son of Man, and as we looked on these they reminded us of the diligent use which Jesus must have made, during those years of manual labour, of the sacred Scriptures. Depend upon it the artist was not at fault in this representation, for we may be sure that our Lord had given many earnest hours to the investigation of the oracles of God, and had discovered for Himself their helpfulness in the prosecution of that great work for which He was even then silently preparing. He had laid up their precious principles in the memory of His heart, and we see the blessed outcome in the victory which by their means He won over the prince of darkness.

Let not the lesson be lost on us. "Try him with a text; he cannot stand a text," said an aged Christian to a young believer who was mourning over his conflicts with the enemy in the early stages of his spiritual life. That is a corps of reserve which we may always bring effectively to bear on the great adversary.

But to do that with success, we must know the Bible well. It is not enough that we are familiar with certain passages which we try to use as charms, much as the Pharisees used their phylacteries. Neither is it sufficient that we simply commit its words to memory; though much good in other ways may come from that. No mere formal reading of it—so many chapters daily—will suffice. We must "meditate on it day and night." We must "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it." We must saturate our souls with its truths. We must have its principles at command. We must make it so thoroughly our own that it shall be part and parcel of ourselves, and be ever with us in its inexhaustible fulness and divine energy. "Have you not your bayonets with you?" said Sir Colin Campbell to his troops on that memorable Crimean day, when, having fired the last shot in their cartridge-boxes, they asked him what they should do, and, animated by his words, they fixed bayonets and charged the enemy with destructive fury. So he who has made the Bible his own has always his bayonet with him, and when everything else has been exhausted, he can still use that with effect.

If, therefore, we would acquire that force in reserve of which we speak, we must give earnest attention to the Word of God. Let us read it with thoughtful thoroughness and devout diligence, for God is in it, and when we call it to our help we are bringing Him to bear upon our circumstances. When we grasp its promises we are taking hold of His hand. When we employ legitimately its denunciations, we are clothing ourselves with the thunder of His power. When we use its commands we are hurling His lightnings at the head of our assailant. Or, using the illus-

tration on which our meditation is founded, when we study its pages we are preparing the oil wherewith we may supply our lamp in every moment of emergency.

But another means of acquiring this reserve force is the cultivation of a habit of prayer. When Hezekiah received the blasphemous letter from Rabshakeh, he knew what to do in his extremity, for he "spread it before the Lord." When Nehemiah was challenged by the Persian monarch for his sadness of countenance, and asked what his request was, he was not dismayed, for even with the king's cup in his hand, "he prayed unto the God of heaven." When his mutinous band, at the sight of Ziklag's smouldering ruins, spake of stoning David, he was not appalled, for "he encouraged himself in the Lord his God," and said, "Bring me hither the ephod." When his "thorn in the flesh" afflicted Paul, he, too, had his resource in prayer, and "besought the Lord thrice" concerning it. And to take again the highest and holiest example, when the Divine Lord Himself was oppressed by that mysterious agony, which came upon Him in Gethsemane, He cried, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Now, if we ask how it came that in these times of special emergency those great ones ran first to God, we shall find the answer in the fact that prayer had become the habit of their lives. They had kept always open the pathway to the mercy-seat; so in the hour of urgency they could find it easily, and run along it with speed. These were not exceptional instances in their histories, or if exceptional at all, they were so not in the direction which their souls took, but only in the gravity and perplexity of the crisis. The men who never pray save when they are in peril, rarely if ever get at such times the full benefit of prayer. Their cry then resembles the shriek of a conquered enemy for quarter, and is not the entreaty of a loving son for help, and so it brings them little relief. But he who has been daily, or even more frequently, at the mercy-seat for years, and knows God as his Friend, receives always grace sufficient for him, and strength according to his day.

Not long ago, a friend told us that when a youth he was sent by his father for some purpose or other to a farm-steading which had been for a long time tenantless and neglected. The buildings were going to ruin; the grass had grown in the court-yard; the road into the place was almost indistinguishable from the field along the side of which it ran. There was no trace of the recent presence of human beings, except in one particular, and that was *the pathway to the well*. That had been trodden by many feet every day for years, and it was still hard, almost as asphalt, clearly marked and easily found. So let it be in our case with the foot-walk to the mercy-seat.

Whatever else we neglect, let us keep up the habit of communion with God. Prayer is the key of the position. He who holds that has still God in reserve, and can say, "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear what man can do unto me." We can never be at a loss, therefore, when we can get to Him; for either He will remove the difficulty with which we are contending, or He will give us strength to overcome it. The knowledge of that, obtained by habitual experience of the value of prayer, will give us quietness and

composure in every time of crisis. Evil will lose its power to harm, and no threatening will be able to flurly us; nay, such will be the effect that, even in the times when most is demanded of us, we shall meet the requirements of the hour with the calmness of one who does not seem to be putting forth all his strength, but who still has something in store if it should come to be required. Let us cultivate and maintain the habit of prayer, therefore, and that will always secure that we shall have "oil in our vessels with our lamps."

"TREASURE FOR TRYING."

AWAY with thy fear,
 Hope on and hope ever!
 Though winter be here,
 Away with thy fear!
 Soon the spring shall appear
 With new life and endeavour.
 Away with thy fear,
 Hope on and hope ever!

Seek something to do!
 There is treasure for trying,
 Ay, even for you;
 Seek something to do!
 The toilers are few,
 And the minutes are flying—
 Seek something to do!
 There is treasure for trying.

S. S. MCCURRY.

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
 SOME CURIOUS MEETINGS.



LUCIE was not cowardly by nature. In the days when she and her sister had slept in an outhouse, hidden there by Mollie, or, later still, had passed, on sufferance, the long nights of winter in one of the attics of the Red House, she had learned to overcome all childish fears of darkness or ghostly visions. She neither shrank from the gipsies whose tents might often be found in some cosy nook, nor the ordinary tramp, disarming the

around her neck, he was meditating an attack upon her. Once, in crossing some meadows, she had come upon him lying amongst the ferns by the side of a ditch. On that occasion he would have grasped her skirts if she had not nimbly eluded him; and twice since then she had, while plucking daffodils in Miss Eldridge's orchard, seen this same scarred, distorted visage looking at her through a gap in the hedge.

Fortunately, as she then thought, this hedge was high and strong enough to prevent his approaching her; but the incident had haunted her dreams, and caused her to be careful whither she went. As, however, for the last few days she had not seen anything of him, she had come to the conclusion that he had left the neighbourhood. No one could have been further from her thoughts than he was at the moment her eyes fell upon him standing by the gate she would have to pass.

Up the lane ran Lance to her aid, shouting and shaking his stick at the fellow, who, with an ear-splitting yell, instantly decamped. Lucie had closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the long, claw-like hands extended to grasp her, and did not venture to open them till she found her own fingers taken into a warm, reassuring pressure, while a manly voice begged her to believe she had nothing to fear.

Then the quivering lids were raised, and so blue and childlike were the innocent eyes behind their curly fringes, that Lance Balfour was almost tempted to wipe away the large drops that were falling from them.

latter, if he was inclined to be saucy, by her pleasant smile and gentle manner.

And yet she was horribly frightened now, and all the more so because this was not the first time she had seen this strange-looking man, or had reason to suspect that, attracted by a little gold chain she wore

But when she drew her hands out of his, the modest blush that accompanied the action made him redden too. Though very young, and looking more so from her delicacy of complexion and diminutive frame, she was not the mere child he had accounted her. In the depths of those azure eyes there was sense and intellect, and with every word he spoke Lance became more reverent, more careful not to offend.

"Pray do not tremble so! Fellows who frighten women are always sneaks, and this one will not venture near you now he knows you are no longer alone. Is it prudent for you to take these walks by yourself?"

"He is the first person who has ever attempted to frighten me," she answered. "It is all the more unfortunate because now I shall be too late for the carrier."

"Is that of much consequence? Yes, you meant to send your flowers to market. I guessed as much, and of course it is provoking to have them thrown on your hands."

It was worse than provoking, for it robbed her of a pleasure long looked forward to—that of buying a new pair of gloves for Claire, who liked to be daintily booted and gloved on the very few occasions she was seen in the village. With a sorrowful air she began collecting the scattered bunches.

"They will have faded before he goes to the town again. There were two dozen of them," she murmured, "and they would have fetched two shillings."

"Is that all? Then I will buy them for my aunt. Yes, they shall be mine, and here is the money."

He began cramming them into his pockets, with such total disregard of their fragility, that she cried out in dismay—

"Oh! you will spoil them! They should be handled gently! they are so delicate and so sweet; they are the first we have plucked this year. Are you quite certain you would like to have them?"

The doubt was engendered by her astonishment that any one who loved violets could crush them so ruthlessly.

"My aunt, to whom I am going, is sure to be pleased, for she is fond of all kinds of flowers." And Lance, administering a thump to a pocket that stuck out, once again offered her the price of her blossoms.

But she had been attracted by the sound of wheels, and turned to see who was approaching.

Around the bend in the upper part of the lane came a clumsy, but gaily painted, dog-cart, drawn by a spirited horse, and in the vehicle sat a florid, good-looking young fellow, in a country-made suit of clothes, smart tie, and straw hat. He looked what he was—a well-to-do farmer's son, who, on the strength of his father's well-filled purse and a couple of years at a boarding-school, regarded himself as a person of no little consequence in the neighbourhood.

He knew Claire and Lucie; it was in an out-building on his father's homestead that Manon had died, and Mrs. Woods had always been as kind to

the orphan girls as it entered her rather obtuse mind to be. Their pleasantest recollections were of summer evenings spent at the farm, with the farmer's bustling wife looking on smilingly while they ate her strawberries, or enjoyed the dainties from her dairy and pantry which she set before them.

But Mrs. Woods' days of happy industry were over. An accident—a fall from a vehicle—had rendered her hopelessly a cripple. She could no longer superintend her maids while they moulded the butter, for which she was famous, nor keep the house in the nice order it had hitherto worn. Farmer Woods began to miss some of his comforts, and to say Matt must bring a wife home to look after things and take care of his mother.

As Matt acquiesced very readily, it was generally understood that he was revolving in his mind the eligibility of half a dozen damsels who would be willing to accept him, and Mrs. Woods watched him anxiously. Herself one of the old school, she dreaded the advent of some dressy young woman, who would spend more of her time at the piano than in the dairy and kitchen, and it was a great relief to her when her son meditatively observed that Mollie's maidens would make better wives than any other girls he knew.

Farmer Woods opined that his son ought to look higher than at foundlings, who came from no one knew whence; and also reminded the young man that although he could afford to take a bride without a dowry, yet a little bit of money was always acceptable in buying stock. But when Matt, shortly after this conversation, announced that his choice had fallen on Lucie, his parents raised no objection. She did not possess the spirit and energy of Claire, but she had the sweetest of tempers, and was decidedly the better nurse of the two.

As yet, Lucie was ignorant of the honours awaiting her. She had cherished a little contempt for Matt Woods ever since he told her that he could not read Scott's works; they were so much too deep for him; and when he developed from the awkward, bashful hobbledohoy into the rustic dandy, she had indulged in many a sly laugh at his expense. She knew he preferred her to her sister, but that was only because she listened more patiently than Claire to his clumsily told stories of his exploits in the hunting-field.

She was therefore neither glad nor sorry when he checked his horse suddenly enough to throw the animal on his haunches, and, leaping from the cart, came towards her, frowning jealously at her companion. How came Lucie in the lanes with a stranger?

Her tear-stained cheeks betrayed that she had been in trouble, and prompted the inquiry that burst from his lips—

"What's amiss? Who's been annoying you?"

"It is nothing; at least, it is over," she replied.

"This gentleman——"

But Matt stayed to hear no more. Already he

was taking umbrage at the easy attitude Lance Balfour assumed, and the careless indifference with which he himself was surveyed.

"You'd better come along with me. No man's a

"None; but I am sorry for the young lady—sorry that she hasn't a better protector than a waspish boy, who rushes into a quarrel before he knows whether there is any cause for it."



"Me, Muster Glenwood! me give that old woman cause against me!"—p. 266.

gentleman that interferes with a young girl who has neither father nor brother to protect her."

"Do you claim the right in this case?" demanded Lance, with equal heat. To be lectured by a clodhopper, as he designated Matt Woods, would have ruffled a more equable temper than his.

"Yes, I do," was the response. "Do you know any reason why I should not?"

Matt eyed the speaker with increased disfavour. He had an ignorant man's dislike of another who was better dressed and mannered than himself, and sought to disguise it under a blustering retort.

"You London swells, with your smartly cut coats and your consequential airs, think yourselves at liberty to be as insulting as you please!"

This was more than Lance could bear.

"Take care what you say! I am incapable of insulting a defenceless woman, and I shall put up with no nonsense from you!"

Perhaps Matt felt that he had gone too far, for he suddenly shifted his ground.

"Come away, Lucie; he is one of those professional agitators sent here to stir up the labourers, and incite them to emigrate, or ask for higher wages."

The idea struck Lance as so absurd that, in spite of his indignation, he laughed aloud.

"Think what you like of me, but for the future take more care of your little friend. If I had not been here, she might have been ill-used by a fellow who looked and behaved like a madman."

Lifting his hat to Lucie, he strode on in the direction of the Lodge, but he went with reluctance. Could it be correct that she had given that ill-humoured, hulking young farmer a right to take care of her? And if so, why did he not do it more effectually?

"Such a delicate little creature should be guarded from the rough winds. If she were mine, would I let her face the weather so poorly clad, and sell the blossoms she loves for a few paltry shillings? The world must be awry indeed if such as she are destined to become the drudges of men who don't know how to appreciate them."

"It's a good job he went when he did," said Matt, wiping his forehead. "If he had stayed much longer I should have lost control of myself. But stop!" for Lucie was climbing the bank as well as she could, with every limb quivering with rage and shame; "where are you going? Home? Then I will drive you there, and we can talk as we go. I want to know how you came to let that man take your hands and hold them in his."

"Ask me nothing!" she retorted, more angry than he ever remembered to have seen her. "Ask me nothing, for I will not answer you. He came to my aid, and I should have thanked him as I ought to have done but for your unwarrantable interference. You have humiliated me; you have made me look ridiculous, and I cannot forgive you for it."

Away she flew, never stopping till she reached a clump of trees, behind which she could weep her hot angry tears without being seen by Matt Woods. To be dictated to by him—to be spoken to as if he arrogated a right to control her actions, filled her with fear as well as resentment. It cast a light upon many words spoken by the farmer and his wife, of which she had not hitherto discerned the significance; it pointed the meaning of Miss Eldridge's remark on the previous night, when pain and weakness had made her unusually depressed.

"I shall be so glad to see one of you comfortably settled before I die," she had said; "then I shall know that there will be a home for the other and poor Mollie."

But must that home be purchased at a price the young girl shrank from paying? And if she refused, who was to insure her against a separation from

Claire and the half-witted but large-hearted creature who clung to them with dog-like fidelity?

They had no claim upon any one at the Red House. When Miss Eldridge first discovered their presence there, she had protested against it, and talked of requesting the guardians of the poor to remove them.

But when she found that any steps she took to rid herself of the children involved the loss of Mollie, she hesitated. She was threatened with one of her periodical attacks of acute rheumatism, and the girl, in spite of her stupidity, had been trained to wait upon her well; never murmuring, no matter how often she was roused from her slumbers on the straw mattress at the side of her mistress's bed; nor returning saucy answers, however querulously rebuked.

So the scheme to earn a livelihood by street singing was quashed, and the sending away of Mollie deferred till she could be better spared.

Before that time arrived Miss Eldridge had grown accustomed to the two merry elves who danced about the house singing, laughing, and romping the days away, save when made to stand on either side her chair and receive a lesson in English.

It was very foolish to keep them, she knew, Miss Eldridge would observe, deprecatingly, but children in the house made it more cheerful, and it didn't cost much for their food. They rejected meat if offered to them, and ate contentedly the dry bread and fruit or salad to which they had been accustomed in Manon's cottage.

Then came the Misses Balfour to occupy the pleasantest suite of rooms in the Red House, and the little girls were pounced upon by Miss Lottie for models, and by her sister for companions in those rural walks wherein she hoped to gain inspiration for the poem that was to throw Wordsworth's "Excursion" into the shade.

And so the years had rolled on; Claire and Lucie becoming more and more valuable to the inmates of the Red House. They were the working bees of the hive, active, unselfish, and energetic; they took upon their young shoulders all such tasks as Mollie could not execute, and felt themselves repaid by kind words and an occasional gift from those they served.

But what claim had the orphan girls upon the inmates of the Red House? None. For some months past Miss Eldridge, always infirm, had been failing, and the medical man she consented to see had warned those around her that her death might occur suddenly.

"If she dies, the house will be shut up, and we, where shall we go?" asked Lucie of her sister, startled for the first time into considering their position.

"Out and away to make our fortunes," was the gay reply. "The trees are green, the skies are blue enough here, but it is such a tiny corner of the world that I am always longing to go and see what lies beyond it. I am not afraid. Are you? We are so

young and strong, and there must be so many useful things we can do."

But timid Lucie shook her head, and went away to question Mrs. Woods, and make her tell over for the fiftieth time the little she could remember respecting Manon.

"She was not our mother," Lucie decided, drawing forth the little locket she wore on the gold chain that had been found round her neck carefully concealed beneath her high dress, and of which Claire had the counterpart. Both lockets contained faded copies of the photograph of a dark-eyed girl in the dress of a Tuscan peasant, and some slight resemblance that Claire bore to the picture had convinced both girls that these were portraits of their mother. "Manon took care of us, but she never spoke of *le bon papa* who sent her money as her son or our father. In that world Claire longs to see, are there none to whom we bear kinship? Are we quite without the relatives, the friends who make other girls' lives such happy ones? When we were children I could smile if I heard Claire and myself spoken of as outcasts and foundlings, but now it hurts me to know that even the name we bear is not ours."

Lucie shrank from venturing into a wider circle, and hearing their position discussed more freely than it was here, but now that an alternative was being set before her she was not ready to embrace it.

To become the wife of Matt Woods, the red-cheeked, conceited youth, whose civilities she had only tolerated out of respect for his mother, and at whom she had seen the stranger glance with such a disdainful smile! No, it could never be!

And dashing away her tears, Lucie ran indoors, never discovering till then that she held tightly clenched in one of her little palms Lance's two-shilling piece, the price of her violets.

CHAPTER XIV.

CROSSING THE BROOK.

ABOUT this time Percival Glenwood had an adventure as well as Lance; trivial enough in itself, but filling his mind with thoughts in which—alas! for Mrs. Glenwood's hopes!—Ellfeda had no share.

Not that he had ceased to regard his cousin as his future wife. In every respect she was a fitting match for him, and he was earnest enough in his admiration of his beautiful cousin to satisfy his mother that all was in train for their union at no very distant period.

He wasted hours in efforts to sketch satisfactorily Ellfeda's finely moulded figure and classical profile, always destroying his sketches as they approached completion, because he could never succeed in imparting to them a sweet and feminine expression. However correctly he might catch the outlines of her face, it always stared at him from the paper cold and hard.

He loved to watch her, when—the colours of her dress harmonising with the prevailing tones of her hair and complexion—she would walk slowly about the garden, every pose she assumed enhancing her grace and loveliness. He enjoyed riding with her, for she was a fearless horsewoman, and it flattered his pride to see admiration in the eyes of every one they chanced to encounter; but in the house—and there are rainy days in an English spring when there is no getting out of it—Percy sometimes found the society of his cousin slightly oppressive.

She was deeply read, but he was not, and the best-tempered of men object to be set right on topics they think exclusively their own, or to hear too often the query, "Is it possible you do not know *that*?"

Again, Percival was overflowing with animal spirits. When his brothers came home for a few days, he romped with them, was their companion in serambles across the country, fishing and boating excursions; coming home hot and muddy, with his garments none the better for rough usage, to find Ellfeda cool, serene, and slightly contemptuous.

In her opinion he lowered himself by indulging in these boyish pursuits, when he might have been sharing her more intellectual ones.

He could not enter into her exaggerated reverence for everything that was antique, nor could she appreciate his earnest desire to become a good landlord, living on his property, not for himself alone, but for his tenants, and the poor who looked to him for help in their troubles.

On the contrary, she threw cold water on the schemes that had been received by his mother with tearful approval.

"Yes, I suppose it is *good* for some of us, in one sense of the word, to be content with a humdrum existence; but you, Percy, need not degenerate into a country squire, whose highest ambition is to grow larger turnips and feed his cattle more highly than his neighbours."

"If I were to grow turnips, or feed beasts, I certainly should try to do both as well, or better, than other people; but I have no taste for either, and have let the Home Farm to the eldest son of an old inhabitant, Joshua Woods."

"I am glad to hear that you have freed yourself from that incubus. Then there really is nothing to keep you here?"

"Except that it is the house my father left me, and most men feel a certain amount of pleasure in living in a dwelling they can call their own."

"Of course; you would always come here occasionally; but you cannot live in a dull country place."

"Then I must vegetate," said Percy, "until I can stir the bucolic mind to something above its present level. How shall I begin? With a course of lectures on cosmography or physiography, or persuade my mother to turn one of her drawing-rooms into a cooking school for the lasses of the village, whilst I

perform experiments in chemistry and teach scientific farming to their brothers?"

"Are you laughing at me, Percival?" the young lady inquired, with an air of extreme surprise that

ings given to him. But, to tell you the honest truth, Elveda, I have not taken these things to heart yet. Remember that I am new to the rôle of landed proprietor; when I have learned it thoroughly,



"It was Elveda who marred the pleasure of the meeting."—p. 267.

he could stoop to be so frivolous. "There are minds that can absorb themselves in such pursuits, or perhaps we ought to call them duties, as these, but papa's favourite pupil is capable of something higher than merely educating the masses."

"If I have an aim," was the reply, "it is to be as good a man as my dear father was; as patiently cheerful under suffering, as grateful for the bless-

I will ask myself as seriously as even you could wish how I am to shape my future so as to make it worthy of my parents."

"Yes; this is very well," Elveda would admit, for she often referred to the topic; "but recollect that with every man it should be *aut Caesar aut nullus*. I want to see you greater than Caesar; his honours were won with the sword—yours must be with the

brain. Lance has disappointed poor papa cruelly; you must not do the same."

Such conversations were apt to leave a weight on the spirits of Percy Glenwood. Elfreda was a glorious creature, from whose lips flowed wise counsels, undoubtedly, but they fell rather flat when addressed to a man in whose bosom they raised no answering spark; and not unfrequently he would slip away for a solitary walk rather than listen to them.

On one of these occasions he was seized with an inclination to go over the same route as he had followed with his cousin and Miss Asdon on the evening of their arrival at the Lodge.

The hill was quickly climbed, and then more leisurely descended on the other side. The spot where Miss Asdon stood when struck by the spent bullet was found again after some reconnoitring, and then Percy endeavoured to discover by which of the many tracks crossing and recrossing the waste he and his companions had been guided to the Red House.

At last, half hidden in luxuriant vegetation, he caught sight of the brook they had crossed, and paced along the bank till he reached the plank bridge. Beyond the other bank there lay a small, very small meadow, in which a solitary cow was grazing, and a faint track in the grass showed where footsteps sometimes went to and from the brook, and a gate in a weatherworn fence. Over this could be seen pear trees covered with their white blossoms, and the long, misshapen branches of hoary old apple trees, whose pink buds were only just bursting into bloom.

Over that plank it was plain that he was not justified in passing. The meadow was private property, undoubtedly, for an old notice board had years ago warned off intruders, and might still do so, though the words once painted upon it had become effaced.

Percy had no excuse for crossing the bridge, yet he lingered by the brook till the temptation to approach the gate in the fence and peep through it became stronger than the prudence to resist. Accordingly he sprang forward, alighting on the centre of the plank.

It gave way beneath him, and in an instant he was knee-deep in the water. But this was not the worst of his mischance; in making an effort to recover himself he fell forward; his hands and head plunged into a bed of cresses and weeds, from which he emerged dripping wet, and with so many leaves and straggling tendrils sticking to his curly hair that an unseen spectator of his fall betrayed her proximity by a peal of laughter.

She came forward directly, abashed, though still struggling with her mirth, and impelled by her lady-like instinct to offer an apology.

It was Claire. She put out her hand to assist Percy in climbing the bank on which she stood, and again found it difficult to preserve her gravity, so comical an appearance did the young man pre-

sent, as he stood before her, weed-bestrewn and drenched.

"I am very sorry," she murmured penitently. "I hope you are not hurt. We had no idea that the bridge was so frail, or we would have had it removed!"

"It shall be replaced. I will send a man."

But Percy was not allowed to say another word. The smiles vanished from the rosy lips, the small, slight form became haughtily erect, and he was surveyed with as much sternness as if he had been guilty of an unpardonable impertinence.

"That plank was ours, sir, and as no one had any right to use it but ourselves, we could not dream of letting you replace it."

"If I am an intruder——" he began humbly.

"If, sir!"

He amended his sentence.

"As my intrusion caused the destruction of your property, it is surely my duty to make amends for it."

"But not if we prefer to put it out of the power of strangers to come here again," she answered quickly.

"I am aware that I stand in the position of a trespasser, but may I know why you regard an offence committed in ignorance as such a heinous one?"

The young girl was not ready with a reply.

"Trespassing is—is illegal," she murmured, "and—you might have frightened the cow."

"Am I so very frightful an object?" he asked, ruefully surveying himself.

"You are only wet, and weedy, and green," replied Claire, the corners of her mouth twitching in spite of her efforts to be dignified and self-possessed. "Would it not be advisable to go home and get a change of clothes?"

"It might be, but how am I to get there? through the brook?"

"It is not deep," she said demurely, "except just in the middle, where the current runs strongest," she added; and a degree of anxiety began to be visible in her eyes. "They say there are holes here and there into which people have slipped. Please do not risk it!"

And then, having cut away her defences with her own incautious speech, she cried tartly, "Why did you break the plank? It was such a very foolish thing to do. Now we shall never be able to fetch heath and ferns from the common; it is too great a round by any other route."

"Perhaps it broke under me because I am heavier than those who are in the habit of using it; but as my case might have been theirs, and they might have become as deplorable an object as I am at this moment, I think I ought to be treated with grateful thanks instead of a scolding."

Again the muscles of Claire's mouth relaxed, though she answered, austere enough, that as the bridge was private property, she could not understand why its capacities were tested.

"One generally has cause to repent yielding to one's impulses," said Percival, with equal gravity. "If I stand here much longer I shall rue mine."

"Because you are chilled and in danger of an illness?" demanded Claire, her wrath melting into pity. "Ah, then I will take you through the orchard as I did before; you will regain your own house speedily, and can adopt proper precautions."

Picking up a small pail of milk, just drawn from the Alderney, she moved rapidly to the little white gate, and held it open for him to pass. But instead of leading the way to the house, as on the previous occasion, she skirted the fence without pausing until she had reached the further end of the long narrow orchard. There was the loose paling that would give Percy access to the belt of larch firs, and the kitchen gardens lying behind the site of the lodge demolished to give place to the present one.

Keeping pace with her fleet steps as well as his dripping garments would permit, Percy essayed to draw her into conversation. She was brusque in her manner, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in his discomfiture, but she was at the same time charming enough to be very attractive.

"May I ask why you called Glenwood Lodge 'no man's house?'"

"It is a silly habit," she responded with a blush. "I will break myself of it."

"But your good resolutions are not answers to my question. Why did you call—"

"Oh, please don't repeat it. It was because— But I have no business to criticise anything you choose to do, Mr. Glenwood."

"I am not aware that any one need remark unkindly on my remaining abroad so many years, seeing that it was because my mother dreaded reviving sorrowful recollections by coming here."

Percival spoke with considerable warmth, and Claire felt guilty, and hung her head; but it was raised again defiantly when he tried to make his peace by commenting on the great age of some of the fruit trees beneath which they were passing.

"They are so old as to be beyond bearing," she said. "They cumber the ground; they ought to have given place years since to younger ones."

"Is it for sentimental reasons that you continue to spare them?"

Claire curled her lip.

"Mr. Glenwood is our landlord. He has forbidden us to cut down these trees; he should know better than I why he has done this."

Percy was going to utter a vehement protest that no such order had emanated from him, but, vexed with herself for having said so much, Claire now set down her pail of milk and ran on to slip aside the loose paling.

"I am in great haste," she said as she stepped back to let him pass through. Yet when he had done so, and was longing to find an excuse for lingering, yet fearing to offend by so doing, it was she who paused to say—

"Before you go I should like to make a confession. It was I who took out the nails that secured this post. No one else knows that it is loose; not even Lucie, my sister. Will you please bear in mind that the blame rests solely on me?"

"I will keep it in my memory side by side with your lecture on trespassing."

"But I had a motive of which I am not ashamed!" and Claire's brown eyes bravely met his. She did not see how her lightest glance quickened his pulses, nor dream that while he drank in her words he found fresh beauties in her face and form, whether she smiled or looked grave, moved or stood still. When he had left her he would remember Elfleda and his mother's hopes; his position as head of the family, and the madness of dreaming dreams in which he saw only the witching face of Claire, the girl who made no secret of the scorn with which she regarded him.

But she was speaking, and it was sweet to hear her address him, in spite of the undercurrent of defiance her tones betrayed.

"*Ma tante*—I should say Miss Eldridge—was ill, and the only remedy in which she had faith was a herb that grows under the hedge in your fruit-garden, and nowhere else. We could ask no favours from your bailiff; has he not set on foot cruel reports that made the credulous villagers fling stones at her the only time she ventured amongst them?"

"You must acquit me of any knowledge of this!" cried Percy warmly. "I am not a fiend."

"But much of what we have borne has been inflicted in your name," Claire retorted, "and never again will I set forbidden foot on your ground, never! I hate myself for having done it at all!"

And with a stamp and a sob she loosed her hold of the pale, and he saw no more of her.

On reaching home, Percival summoned the bailiff to his presence, and demanded to know what cause of complaint he had given to the tenants of the Red House.

Grimes pushed his hat to the back of his bald head, and stared at his young master.

"*Me*, Muster Glenwood! Me give that old woman cause against me! Not a bit of it; the shoe's on the wrong foot. It's she that used me shameful. She's a witch, sir, and I keeps clear of her, and have done ever since she ill-wished me, two summers ago."

Percival's incredulous smile irritated the speaker, and he went on with increasing warmth—

"It was my duty to talk to her about the way she was carrying on—pulling up this, and cutting down that, as if the place was her own; and she wasn't content with setting me at naught, as if she'd been madam herself—not she; for that very night I was taken ill, serious; and kep' my bed a whole fortnight, and nobody knew what ailed me, 'cep Miss Eldridge. She could have told well enough. Aye, sir, I had to thank her for all I undergone then."

Percival took much trouble in trying to reason Grimes out of his superstitious fancy, but in vain; and, perhaps, neither was sorry when an interruption put an end to the argument, leaving the owner of the Red House still ignorant why its occupants were so embittered against him.

CHAPTER XV.

LANCE ARRIVES AT THE LODGE.

WHAT a cordial greeting Lance received from his young kinsman! and with what maternal tenderness Mrs. Glenwood took his face between her hands, pressing two kisses on his lips—one for herself, she said, and one for his absent mother.

It touched her to see what deep lines there were on his brow, what a sorrowful droop the corners of his mouth would take whenever that dear mother was referred to. Lance Balfour might have erred in following his own scheme of life instead of his father's, but he did not look as if he had done so in a spirit of dogged obstinacy, or escaped his punishment.

It was Elfreda who marred the pleasure of the meeting. When her brother would have taken her in his arms and kissed her, she drew back, saying reproachfully—

"No, Lance, no; I cannot be good friends with you while you are making poor papa so unhappy."

"You see how indifferent he is," she whispered to her aunt when Lance turned away, and plunged into conversation with Percy. "Not one word of regret for his conduct; only that rudely defiant shrug of his shoulders. I am so sorry he came while I am here. I ought to hold quite aloof till he has made his peace at home."

"You may be able to help him to do that," Mrs. Glenwood responded. "If your report is a favourable one—and you have great influence with your father—it may heal the breach."

"Nothing will satisfy papa but Lance's pledge to renounce his low tastes and low connections; nor would you wonder at it, if you knew all."

Mrs. Glenwood looked grieved. She was very fond of her nephew, but after hearing Elfreda speak so confidently of evil habits having been formed since last they met, she began to question whether she had acted wisely in bringing him here to renew his acquaintance with Percy.

But this fear ceased to harass her when she saw with what boyish delight both of them renewed the old intimacy. All day, and every day, they were inseparable, whether rowing on the lake or angling in its waters; or riding or driving to distant farms where repairs and alterations were in progress. When the weather would not permit of this, they would retreat to the nondescript apartment called by courtesy the study; and there, while Percy polished his guns and arranged the curious weapons he brought from abroad, Lance drew plans for various little inventions where-

with to save labour and add to the comfort of the inmates of the Lodge.

Elfreda might well complain that society was not to be had at Glenwood. There were no resident families in the village. It was devoted to the growth of hops; consequently her aunt's nearest neighbours with whom she could be on visiting terms, lived too far away for aught but an occasional call, and a ceremonious dinner party twice or thrice in the course of the year.

By-and-by Mrs. Glenwood might regret her isolation, but at present she was hugging herself upon it. There was so much to be done in the house before it would satisfy her ideas of nicety, that even with Miss Asdon's assistance it would employ her till the summer. By that time her younger boys would be at home to make her their willing slave till the holidays were over.

Her thoughts, too, were full of a plan in which she had hoped to have Elfreda's co-operation; but this was so coldly and decidedly refused as to put a check on her eagerness for nearly twenty-four hours, and make her ask herself in much perplexity whether it could be right to meddle in a family quarrel.

But her love for her sister proved stronger than her dread of being regarded as over-officious. She knew Mary Balfour must be pining to see her boy, and what better opportunity could ever present itself for bringing them together?

So letter after letter was despatched, urging her former invitation on Mrs. Balfour's acceptance, and the feeble excuses they elicited were laughed to scorn, and at last, just as her coming was despaired of, Mrs. Balfour arrived, driven into action by the Doctor's expressions of surprise that she had so persistently declined to visit her sister. When he began to question her motives, pooh-poohing the trivial excuses with which she had hitherto satisfied others and herself, she was alarmed, and gave way.

Was it the unlooked-for joy of clasping her son to her bosom that made her so tremulous, starting at every sound, her restless eyes searching the smiling faces around her, but resting longest on the placid one of her sister.

"Nothing has happened?" she inquired more than once. "You have had no trouble or vexation since you came here?"

"None worth a second thought," she was assured; and, heaving a great sigh, she cleared her brow, let the muscles of her mouth relax, and, as she listened to Percy's gay speeches, or noted how well, how hopeful Lance appeared, she looked, as Mrs. Glenwood thankfully murmured, "more like the bonny Mary of earlier days."

But Elfreda was drawing her aunt aside.

"I have detained the fly in which mamma came from the station, that it may take me there to meet the next train. I can pack my trunks in half an hour."

"But why should you leave us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Glenwood, astonished at this sudden resolve.

"Do you not see that it is for papa? If every one else forgets him, I must not."

"You are a most generous, self-sacrificing girl!" exclaimed her aunt, trying to draw the stately figure into an affectionate embrace. "You are going to play the peacemaker; to persuade your father to come here, see Lance, and put an end to this wretched estrangement. How happy it will make your mother! But you must come back with the Doctor; we cannot spare you for long. Promise to return quickly, and be the star of our family reunion!"

Nothing was ever known to embarrass Elfreda, who prided herself on being superior to all those womanish susceptibilities that are apt to degenerate into fads and nervousness. But whether her nerves were or were not as strictly under control as she believed them to be, it is certain that they failed her now. Her voice was uncertain, her eyes downcast, as she made reply, that *if* papa came she would accompany him.

Mrs. Glenwood did not notice the doubtful tone in which this was said. She had seen Elfreda turn her head towards the door, and believed that she knew why.

His mother immediately went in search of Percy.

"This dear girl is leaving us that she may intercede with her father for Lance. It is from your lips she must receive her reward. She is looking for you; go to her."

And Percival obeyed. He had not the courage to

damp the delight depicted on the face of the mother who loved him. He could not nerve himself to say to her, "My cousin is the most beautiful of women—a queen-rose in the garden of girls—but there is a wild flower here—a little, lowly, uncultured thing—far more fragrant and more charming in my sight."

No, no; he could not say, even to himself, "I will have no wife, unless I wed with Claire, even though she be nameless—the forsaken offspring of a gipsy or a tramp."

He followed Mrs. Glenwood to the hall, where Elfreda was giving her directions to the driver of the fly. He permitted himself to be left with her, and though—for he was incapable of feigning an affection he did not feel—no word of love escaped his lips, he knew that he had tacitly compromised himself. He knew Elfreda went away graciously content with him, and willing to be his bride as soon as he had entered into her views with regard to his career. He knew but too well all that was implied by his mother's congratulatory kiss, and the silent pressure of Mrs. Balfour's hand.

What would they have said had they known that he left them abruptly, not to dream of Elfreda, but to throw himself on the grass on the hillside, execrating his own weakness? It was Claire whom he loved, and yet with his own hand he had placed a barrier between them that honour, self-respect, nay, every obligation of kinship and duty, would forbid him to pull down.

(To be continued.)



SECRET FAULTS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL, M.A., LEEDS.

IT is the avowed duty of every Christian to abstain from all known sin; that is at least the theory of Christian life accepted by all of us. Wilful and persistent transgression of God's law proclaims a man to be no follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian's constant desire and constant endeavour will be to avoid all evil, and grow into the likeness of the sinless Saviour.

The earnest Christian is never satisfied with a

merely superficial goodness. It does not content him that he is in good repute among his neighbours and free from the vices that most people agree to condemn. He knows that the popular estimate of goodness is one thing, while God's estimate is another, and often a very different, thing. He knows that he has faults of conduct and flaws of character of which the outside world is quite ignorant; and he knows that he may have other faults of which he is himself ignorant.

His own self-estimate may be partial and mistaken; he may be self-deceived. God's judgment concerning him may be the direct opposite of the judgment he has passed upon himself.

Having such a conviction, the sincere Christian will endeavour to gain a larger knowledge of God's mind and will, so that thus he may enter, as it were, into God's judgment concerning him. He will strive to discover his secret faults, that these may be corrected. He will seek to pierce beneath the appearance of things—beneath the opinions of his neighbours, and beneath any careless, hasty, superficial opinion of his own, to find out what his defects really are. Acting on the familiar precept of ancient philosophy, he will make it his aim to "know himself;" and the earnestness with which this aim is pursued will be in proportion to the depth and intensity of his religious feeling.

As some little help towards that self-knowledge which is so necessary to our Christian welfare, I propose to discuss in this paper the subject of "Secret Faults"; and the lines of thought to be followed are these:—

1. We have faults hidden from others but known to ourselves.

2. We have faults hidden from ourselves but known to others.

3. We have faults hidden both from others and from ourselves, but known to God.

I. It is past denial that we all have faults of which others know nothing. In some respects we know ourselves better than we are known to our most intimate companions; for they see but the outside, while we know all that goes on within. Each of us lives a hidden life—a secret, inner life; we live a life which sometimes shows itself in our conduct, and so reveals itself to onlookers, but which is often in strange contradiction to outward shows. We cannot thoroughly know a man by observing his behaviour, any more than we can be sure of the contents of a house by looking at it from without, or of a new book by reading the title on the cover. The real man is behind all appearances, and may quite falsify them. A calm face may mask a troubled mind. A mean and sordid nature may co-exist with a great display of charity. We all live behind a veil. We have a friend, perhaps, with whom we are accustomed to share our deepest thoughts, and who knows us better than any other; but even he does not know everything; he never will. One secret chamber we keep locked; we give the key to no one.

This applies to our faults. Men know that we are imperfect, but they do not know how imperfect we are. We all carry with us the remembrance of sins—sins of thought and deed, of imagination and desire, which have never been known to any mortal but ourselves. It is one of the penalties attaching to the wondrous and

blessed power of memory that we cannot forget the faults of the past, however much we may wish to forget them. In real life there is no *Lethe*, even for the sins of which we most bitterly repent. Many a good man, as he thinks of his secret faults, feels that any repute he may have for goodness is almost fraudulent; he is distressed rather than gratified by it. Did men know him as he knows himself (he thinks), how different would their judgment be!

The best among us is not a stranger to some such feeling as this; is humbled by knowing his secret faults; indeed, I think we might venture on the paradox that the better a man is, the more conscious does he become of his badness. A bad man will often stoutly deny his badness. He may acknowledge in general terms that he has his failings, but he will have so much to urge in excuse as to easily persuade himself that but little blame attaches to him. He will look so favourably on any good qualities he may believe himself to possess as to find no difficulty in striking a balance on the side of virtue, while his familiarity with evil blinds him to its repulsiveness and turpitude. It is not so difficult for a bad man to be satisfied with himself!

With a good man the case is different. As he grows in holiness he increases in humility. St. Paul, concerning whose lofty sanctity all men are agreed, writes himself "less than the least of all saints," and in another place of "sinners" the "chief." Does that seem to be an exaggeration? St. Paul did not mean to exaggerate; he meant to tell the honest truth, and was never more faithful to the feelings of his heart than when he wrote thus. We may say, in explanation, that the standard of excellence at which the Apostle aimed was so high, the ideal he sought to realise was so exalted, that, in comparison, his attainments appeared most unworthy. But we may say more than this. St. Paul knew his own sins better than he knew the sins of any other person, and therefore seemed to himself to be the chief of sinners. It is not strange if sometimes we have such thoughts about ourselves. We know ourselves; we know how frequently we have sinned, how needlessly, how unworthily, how shamefully. We know how wilful and open-eyed has been our transgression; how we have sinned against light, against conscience. We know how trifling an inducement has been enough to overcome us; how feeble has been our resistance, how weakly we have yielded, how we have met temptation half-way, and have sported and toyed with it. We know our own blameworthiness far better than we can possibly know the blameworthiness of any other, and it is only natural that when our mind dwells on these things our self-condemnation should be severe.

To this feeling of self-condemnation the Gospel of Christ makes its appeal. The secret faults

which are hidden from all others are "naked and laid open before the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do." His judgment is not according to appearance, but according to truth. He knows us thoroughly. And yet, such is His love for us, that with a perfect acquaintance with our faults He does not despise us. He would have us "draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and may find grace to help us in time of need." When, self-condemned, we pray with the Psalmist, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults," we may take comfort from the assurance of the Apostle, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

II. We have faults hidden from ourselves, but known to others. I have just been saying that in some respects we know ourselves better than we are known by our friends. We all have our secrets. It is none the less true that in some other respects our friends may know us better than we know ourselves. We may have faults, and very serious faults, which, while visible enough to others, are hidden from our own eyes.

Every one knows the lines of Burns :—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Clearly Burns was a shrewd observer of human nature. He marked how apt men are to deceive themselves, to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, to fall into most strange "blunders" and "foolish notions" as to their own excellence; and he concluded that if we could but look at ourselves through the eyes of our neighbours—"see oursels as ithers see us"—it might be a great shock to our vanity, but it would be decidedly to the increase of our self-knowledge. Perhaps Burns was right.

From "Bobbie Burns" to Bishop Butler may seem a singular transition; but some words of the great English moralist are so appropriate here that I venture to quote them: "There is not anything, relating to men and characters, more surprising and unaccountable than this partiality to themselves, which is observable in many. Hence it is that many men seem perfect strangers to their own characters. They think, and reason, and judge quite differently upon any matter relating to themselves from what they do in cases of others where they are not interested. Hence it is one hears people exposing follies which they themselves are eminent for; and talking with great severity against particular vices, which, if all the world be not mistaken, they themselves are notoriously guilty of." There is a saying that some men are the last to hear what occurs in their own families; it would seem to be also true that

some men are the last to discover the conspicuous faults of their own character. We seldom "see oursels as ithers see us."

A striking illustration of this self-ignorance is supplied by an incident in the life of King David. (2 Samuel xii. 1-14.) The story is too well known to need repetition. David had been guilty of the grossest sins—adultery and murder. Nearly twelve months had passed by, but the king had given no sign that he felt the cruelty, the selfishness, the heinousness of his crimes. Then came the prophet Nathan, with his parable of the little ewe lamb, arousing the king's fierce indignation. "David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die." He had no thought that far greater inhumanity than had just been described might be laid to his own charge. He had been looking at his portrait, but it had never occurred to him that that unpleasant picture was a representation of himself. A mirror had been held before his eyes, but he quite failed to recognise what he saw. And when the abrupt words of the prophet, "Thou art the man," forced him to see the truth, and it flashed upon his mind that he, David the King, was himself the cruel, selfish, inhuman wrongdoer against whom his anger had burned so fiercely, he was startled, bewildered, self-condemned; as perhaps many of us would be, did we but see ourselves as others see us.

How is this to be explained? How is it that self-deception is so easy, and that we may have faults that other people see clearly while we ourselves have no suspicion of their existence?

The answer is, we do not examine ourselves as we should; we do not take sufficient pains to discover the truth. Many of us are content to make a superficial inspection of our general conduct, and finding ourselves free from what we think to be outrageous sins, we pass a favourable verdict upon ourselves, and rest satisfied. We are too lenient with ourselves. We cannot know what we will not take the trouble to learn. However good our eyesight, we can see only what we look at; and if, when we have marked some few things which seem to be in our favour, we carry our scrutiny no further, how can we expect to know ourselves thoroughly?

Sometimes a man will stop the self-examination because he finds the task unpleasant; very much as a traveller, having cast a glance upon a disagreeable scene, might turn his eyes away, with a resolve to see no more of its ugliness. A tradesman, who has a secret conviction that the condition of his affairs is bad, will sometimes neglect to make a careful investigation because he is unwilling or afraid to know the worst. And, just so, it is sometimes the case that when a merely superficial survey is enough to show men that their heart and temper, their life and

conduct are not what they should be, they turn their thoughts aside and refuse to go further in that direction, lest they should discover something more amiss. They find some pleasanter subject for contemplation : indeed, since they have no settled purpose of amending their faults, why should they make themselves uncomfortable by thinking much about them ?

If, on the other hand, we would make our self-scrutiny careful and thorough ; if we would be as severe in our judgments of ourselves as we are apt to be in our judgments of others ; if when we notice a defect in a neighbour we would at once begin to inquire, "Have I such a fault as that?" and would thus make all our observation contribute to self-improvement, we should then be in a fair way to know what are our secret faults. And they must be known in order that they may be cured. The diagnosis must, of necessity, precede the application of the remedy. We cannot be "cleansed" and delivered until we know what the evil is from which deliverance is needful.

III. Even when we have gone thus far, however, we have not reached the end. There are secret faults known only to ourselves ; there are secret faults hidden from us, but known to others ; and, lastly, there are secret faults, hidden both from our neighbours and from ourselves, which are known to God alone.

God's scrutiny is keener than men's. With eyes like a flame of fire He searches us through and through. Nothing escapes Him ; nothing is hidden from Him. We may be unknown, as to our real life, to our most intimate friend ; we may be unknown to ourselves even ; but we are thoroughly known to Him. He sees faults of which we have no suspicion. His righteousness is larger than all our conceptions of duty, and our best ideas of excellence are far in the rear of His perfection. We do not even apprehend what the highest goodness is ; how far short of it must our acquirements and performance be. I suppose

our ideals will always be growing worthier. The horizon of duty is constantly extending. We shall learn to condemn by-and-by what we think quite innocent now. John Newton, an eminent Christian, had a quiet conscience while engaged in the slave-trade ; and thousands of good men thought that traffic to be perfectly legitimate, which we regard with horror and detestation. It needed the education of the conscience to show these men their secret faults ; and unless we are foolish enough to believe that with us the education of the conscience is perfect, we may expect that by-and-by we shall discover faults in ourselves of which at the present time we have no suspicion.

But God knows our "secret faults." He who of old sent to His Churches the message, "I know thy works," sends to us the message, "I know thy faults." Forgotten in the flight of years, overlooked and excused as mere trivialities, hidden from our friends, hidden from ourselves even—He knows them all. Yet the All-knowing is the All-loving. As Keble sings :—

"The Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows."

To Him we, like the Psalmist, must make our supplication—"Who, Lord, can understand his errors? Who can tell their number or their guilt? Not I, with mind so dark, with sense of right so imperfect, so easily satisfied, so easily deceived. But, O Lord God, Thou knowest! Teach me that I may know, and strengthen me that, knowing, I may correct them! Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Mine be the wisdom that finds in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus the pattern of purity, and in the love of the Lord Jesus the power for realising that purity in myself ; so that in my heart may grow the humble hope of being at last presented 'faultless' in the presence of Thy glory, through the grace of our Merciful Redeemer."

SIR JAMES LAURENNE'S WARNING.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Laurences of Laurene Place were an old and wealthy county family, of which Sir James Laurene and his daughter Margaret were the sole surviving representatives.

The family defect had ever been a certain proud self-satisfaction, and Sir James was largely imbued with this spirit. He considered himself the model of an English Christian gentleman in every way. He went regularly to church once every Sunday. He never gave less than half-a-crown to the collection.

He subscribed to various charitable societies, and felt how good he was when he saw his name somewhere near the top of the list when he received the annual reports. In his own eyes the master of Laurene Place was morally perfect, and therefore perfectly self-satisfied.

Very often there is the strangest difference observable between parent and child, and in the case of Margaret Laurene this difference was very marked. Sir James lived for self ; she lived for others. His aim was ease and pleasure ; hers was to benefit

those around. In a word, while the one had all his treasure in this world, the other had hers in heaven; and we know that where the treasure is, there the heart is also.

Laurenne Place was a huge rambling pile, dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth, its red walls and peaked gables almost hidden by a wealth of climbing roses, jessamine, and Virginian creeper that even covered some of the great chimney stacks with bloom. Roses trailed over the quaintly carved porch, and peeped in at the mullioned windows, vying in hue with the stained glass colouring the family arms and quarters, which filled part of the latter.

A broad stone terrace ran along the entire front and sides of the house, from whence three flights of shallow moss-grown steps led into the garden. Here were stately groves of beech and chestnut, alleys of quaint clipped box, shrubberies of rhododendron, magnolia, and laurel; bowers of woodbine and clematis, sheaves of great silver lilies, acres of roses. Here were immense green and hot-houses, miniature lakes, graceful fountains, rocky ferneries; while the kitchen gardens were a study in themselves.

One sunny evening after dinner, Sir James and his daughter sat on the terrace enjoying the cool breeze. The gardens, radiant in their June loveliness, lay before them smiling in the sunshine that lit up the flowers till they looked like beds of jewels. The trees tossed their crown of transparent leaves against the blue sky. The walls of the old house glowed red and warm between their garments of blossom.

Sir James, having eaten a perfectly cooked and appointed dinner, now lay back in a luxurious American chair, languidly sipping his tea, and surveying his possessions with dreamy pride and satisfaction. Margaret sat at his feet, her blue eyes fixed on the golden western sky.

Both were absorbed in reverie, tending towards slumber as far as the baronet was concerned, when a footman appeared on the terrace with the announcement of a visitor, the young vicar of the parish—the Rev. Wilfred Staines.

"Bring him here, Newton!" ordered Sir James, rousing himself; and the colour rose to Margaret's face as Mr. Staines shook hands warmly and took the chair she indicated.

He was a man of middle height, neither particularly handsome nor particularly well dressed, but his face was expressive of both strength and gentleness—a rare combination; his manners were those of a well-bred gentleman.

"I have called to ask you, Sir James," he began, "to do something for the Dell cottages on your estate. I am sure you are ignorant of the wretched state in which they are. The walls and roofs leak, and the ground wants draining. The trees are so thickly planted that it is impossible for the people to have sufficient light and air. Now, if you would——"

"Oh, my dear sir," said Sir James, wearily closing

his eyes, and waving his hand as if to banish the subject, "this is an oft-told tale of which I am tired. The Dell cottages have existed since my father's time, and both he and I have been periodically assailed by enthusiasts like yourself to 'do something' for them. You clergymen are so easily imposed upon. Any whining old woman or idle rascal can get round you with their long tales. You are—necessarily, I suppose, but unfortunately—ignorant of the world. These people never bring their complaints to me!"

"Never? I was told otherwise!"

"Well, they may have done so in the past, but I put them down, sir! and I hear no more now. But some young men, sir, in these days, never will let well alone."

"But in this case it is not well," said Mr. Staines boldly. "Have you seen the cottages lately, Sir James?"

"My dear sir, what a question to ask! As if I went near such places! I have a steward."

"And he reports favourably of them?"

"Certainly not unfavourably. Lack, like myself, knows that the poor are a complaining, ungrateful set. As for these Dell people, they can leave if they don't like the place."

"Oh, father!" put in Margaret, "where could they go, and what could they do in such a case? Starve?"

"Really, my dear, you speak almost coarsely! 'Starve' is scarcely the word for a lady's lips. I say again, they can leave if they don't like the place."

"Unless something is done, there will be an outbreak of fever there soon," said Mr. Staines gravely. "In the first cottage old Matthew Jones lies ill of rheumatic fever, the wind blowing, the rain falling on him in his bed. In the next, Jim Saunders has ague, and his wife is dying of consumption; in the third——"

"Oh, pray stop!" said Sir James impatiently; "if there is anything I dislike, it is a recital of ailments. Besides, these are due to the creatures' own intemperance and filthy habits, as well as to their improvidence. Lack saw that rascal, Saunders, drunk—excuse me, Margaret, my dear—in the village only yesterday."

"If you saw his wretched home, you would not wonder! These are your people, Sir James; once more I ask—I beseech—you to help them for the sake of our common Lord and Master!"

"And we are so rich, dear father!" pleaded Margaret, involuntarily clasping her hands.

Again Sir James closed his eyes wearily, and waved his hand.

"Enough! enough!" he said, in the tones of one worn out with discussion. "I am sick of this. I decline to do more than I have done."

"And have you forgotten," exclaimed Mr. Staines, rising, "that you will have to answer to God for the way in which your stewardship has been employed?"

to give your last account—face to face with your Maker. What will it be?"

Sir James' florid face was purple now. "You forget yourself, Mr. Staines," he said angrily; "I

Miss Laurene, Wilfred Staines was leaving the terrace; but Margaret held out her hand as he passed.

"Good-bye," she said softly. "I am so sorry!"



"Come here, Margaret," called Sir James.

have not to give account to *you*, at any rate. When I wish to do so I will send for you. In the meantime, I do not desire your presence here."

"Forgive me, if I spoke with too much warmth," returned the young man, "but I cannot recall a word I have said. May God help the poor people!"

Very sorrowfully, and not venturing to speak to

Looking at her, the clergyman saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"Good-bye," he replied, as softly as she had spoken, a sudden moisture in his own keen glance. "God bless you!"

"Come here, Margaret!" called Sir James. "That young man is no longer a guest of ours! I

desire you to consider him a stranger from henceforth."

The sun was shining brightly the next morning when Mr. Staines climbed down the steep path that led, among pines and beech trees, to the Dell. To all outward seeming it was a very fairy dell. The detached cottages—five in number—with their deeply sunken windows and doors, their thatched roofs green with moss and lichens, were picturesque enough for an artist. But within! Ah, what sights and sounds of misery!

Yet the place was not at its worst, for the weather was warm and dry, and old Matthew Jones was "more comfort'ble like," as he said, in his hard bed. The old man did not speak much, only groaned when the pain "shot" here and there, but the tall virago, his daughter, did talk, and Sir James would have considered her "coarse" indeed if he could have heard the invectives she hurled at him.

Nor were things improved in the next cottage.

There a young woman lay panting out her life in consumption.

Mr. Staines sat by her side and fed her, gently as a mother might have done, with some jelly he had brought. A few tears fell from her eyes on his hand as she ate.

"You're so kind, sir!" she said apologetically.

"Where is Jim?" asked Mr. Staines presently.

"Oh, he've bin on the spree, sir," she sighed. "He were that ill as he said he couldn't work wi'out a drop, and he hadn't over a drop, sir, but it got into his head, and then Mr. Lack he turned him off for a week, so Jim's been real bad. He couldn't abide seeing me like this, and him a-doing nought, sir, you see! Eh, sir, God don't seem to help the poor, He don't!"

"Noa, He doan't! nor no one else doan't neethur!" said a hoarse voice, and Jim Saunders came slouching in, sober now, but bearing the marks of recent intemperance as well as disease on his white face.

He knelt down by the fire, shivering, as he spoke.

"Well, lad, it'll mebbe be different in heaven!" said his wife, anxious, woman-like, to soothe him.

"Heaven!" he replied, with a laugh. "Not it! A fine figure the likes o' me 'ud cut there! Why, old Lack turned me out o' church porch jist now, where I was set resting a bit, and said as I warn't fit to be seen out o' t' workhouse. It ain't likely as they'd a' me in heaven now—is it?" and he laughed again, bitterly.

"The gates of heaven are open to all who will enter," said Mr. Staines gently and gravely; "the Lord of that land says, '*Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.*' Poverty will not keep a man out, Jim; but drunkenness will, unless you are ready to give it up!"

The inmates of the other cottages, all more or less sickly, inveighed against their rich landlord bitterly.

"Aye, he lives in a fine house and wears fine clothes, he eats and drinks o' the best, and we are

nigh starving!" exclaimed one poor mother, nursing a puny infant. "But I'm thinking, Mr. Staines, sir, as how it'll be a black look-out for him by-and-bye. The widder and the orphan, the sick and the dying will rise up agen him some day; aye, and curse him to his face!"

Just as Wilfred Staines, tired and sick at heart, was turning in at the vicarage gate, Miss Laurence drove past in her pretty pony-carriage.

A soft colour mantled her fair face; a very sweet smile parted her lips; and her eyes told both of pleasure and regret as she bowed to the vicar—pleasure at seeing him, regret because she might not stop and speak to him as she had been wont to do.

Wilfred stood to watch the little carriage until it was out of sight, and sighed as he went in to his solitary meal.

He felt as if the sun had shone brightly for a moment, and then had set for ever.

CHAPTER II.

A DISTINGUISHED guest was staying at Laurence Place—Lord Alton Somers—a man after his host's own heart, also an aspirant for his daughter's hand, and the two gentlemen were passing the afternoon in visiting the remoter parts of the estate, which Lord Somers had not seen before.

There was to be a grand dinner-party this evening, in honour of his lordship's arrival, and Sir James Laurence had issued orders for the preparation of an almost regal banquet.

"I want to see if we can astonish Alton for once," he said to Margaret—for Lord Somers belonged to the fashionable *nil admirari* school, and was never astonished. Margaret, who was painfully aware of the honour his lordship meant to confer on her, and avoided him as much as possible, had gone out alone soon after luncheon to see one or two poor people.

It was a sultry July afternoon. The leaves hung motionless, the flowers drooped, the water looked wan and grey. There was a strange silence everywhere, as if nature were listening and waiting for something, she knew not what.

Sir James Laurence felt the influence of the weather in an unusual degree. He would not have owned to it for the world, but he felt ill and depressed.

For two or three nights he had not slept well; fantastic dreams had disturbed his rest; neither had his appetite been quite so good as usual. His limbs were strangely heavy, and seemed to require dragging along, as he walked by the side of his young guest.

"I must show you the Dell," he said to Lord Somers, "those cottages about which I am so incessantly dunned—you remember?"

"Yes, some parson fellow was the last bore, was he not? But you should not give such men a hearing! I never do! Talking's their profession, you know."

"I shall not again. I am sure my cottagers have all heart can wish, yet they are for ever complaining!"

"They want putting down, sir, and keeping down! To what do we owe such enormities as our modern strikes? To our own neglect of keeping the rascals down! The nation is being ruined, sir, by grumbling on the one hand, and weakness on the other!"

"Half of their discontent and rebellion is due to these parsons," grumbled Sir James, in whose mind the words of Wilfred Staines still rankled; "they go about representing their wrongs to them, until the ignorant idiots believe their masters are all tyrants, and they themselves are all martyrs! Ugh! I'm sick of it!"

In the Dell the air was dreadfully oppressive. The spongy ground gave way beneath the foot in some places, in others great hard cracks were yawning; and from the cracks arose a very unwholesome odour.

"Pon my word, it isn't too sweet here!" exclaimed Lord Somers, elevating his aristocratic nose, and picking his steps gingerly along the uneven path.

"No—o," gasped Sir James, turning rather pale. "But see, Alton, my boy! you are something of an artist, what do you think of the cottages? Pretty, eh?"

"Very! very picturesque! I must make a sketch before I leave."

The two gentlemen had paused in front of Saunders' cottage, and as they stood silent a moment, clearly and distinctly the tones of a soft voice, reading aloud, came to them through the open door—

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried." . . .

"That is Miss Laurene's voice!" exclaimed Lord Somers, aghast. "It is enough to kill her to be in such a place!"

Sir James had listened to the words that fell so softly, yet so clearly, on his ear, like one in a trance, but when his companion spoke he shook off the feeling, and hurried into the cottage.

"Margaret!" he almost shouted, "come out, come out at once. You will get your death in this awful atmosphere!"

"Aye, Squire!" said another voice, and a man, more like a skeleton than a human being, rose up from the shadowy corner where he had been crouching, "and whose fault is it as it *is* sich an atmosphere? Nay, I'm dying an' she's dying!" pointing to the bed where his wife lay white and corpse-like, her eyes bright with hectic fever, "so we're not to be frightened by yer crabbed looks no more. I've got my death 'ere, and so 's she, an' you've done it. I've felt a plenty o' torment, I reckon, an' you'll feel it too, in spite o' yer grander, and get niver a drop o' water to cool yer tongue! There, wife! hush, my lass! I've said my say, an' I've done," and kneeling by the miserable bed, the man hid his face on his wife's thin hand, and broke into hysterical tears.

"Come away, Margaret!" said Sir James, grasping

his daughter's arm and forcing her from the room. "I—I'll see to this after—but you must come home now." Lord Somers stayed a minute to lay a sovereign on the bed.

"There, my man!" he said, not unkindly, "get your wife some good food, and cheer up, cheer up!"

But Jim Saunders did not raise his head, only the dying woman said, "Thank you," faintly.

Lord Somers beat a hasty retreat. He had a horror of sickness and poverty—besides, the atmosphere of the cottage was too sickening to be endured by refined senses.

The great dining-room at Laurene Place was brilliantly illuminated for the feast—the long table with its array of luscious fruits, its piles of exotics, its gold plate and sparkling glass—filled with richly dressed and smiling guests.

The room was furnished according to the canons of modern art and luxury, therefore all things were in harmony with the date and style of the architecture. There were magnificent carved oak cabinets, and sideboards to match, where an army of footmen mounted guard. Each of the chairs was an antique gem. The bronze sconces, whence countless wax tapers shed soft lustre, had been in the family a couple of centuries. The hearth, deeply recessed beneath a chimney-piece that was in itself a work of art, was filled with flowers, summer flames of rose and gold. The walls, panelled to half their height with oak, were painted sage-green, the uniform tint broken by an ebony mirror or a rare picture—an undeniable Greuze, an unquestionable Rembrandt.

The silken curtains were drawn to shut out the daylight, but the windows were open to admit the fresh air.

The atmosphere was heavy with the odour of flowers, and stirred by the murmur of aristocratic voices, the sound of low laughter. An air of luxury, of ultra-refinement, suggestive of unlimited wealth, prevailed.

Margaret sat at one end of the table—Lord Somers at her right hand—fair and calm as ever; queen-like in her dress of palest amber colour, diamonds flashing on her arms and neck. Only a keen observer could have detected the traces of tears in her eyes, of care on her brow.

Opposite her sat her father—the proud and complacent owner of this magnificence—usually so gay and genial under the influence of perfectly cooked viands and good company. But to-night he was not himself. Fight against it as he would, he could not conquer the depression that lay like a nightmare on his spirits.

The strange awful words he had heard his daughter reading, and which he never seemed to have heard before, rang in his brain and would not be silenced.

Above the animated voices, the gay laughter, he seemed to hear them repeated solemnly and slowly, till he thought he should go mad with the incessant repetition.

Over all the lavish display around he saw them written in letters of fire—"The rich man also died, and was buried."

"The rich man also died;" what a dread thought! He, too, Sir James Laurence of Laurence—he too must die! Must lie with a face as white, a form as shrunken as that woman's in the cottage. He must leave his house, his gardens, his broad lands, to go—Where? "*In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.*"

In torments? in hell? After all his ease and luxury here? Oh, impossible!

Why did *the rich man* lift up his eyes in hell? If it had been one of those poverty-stricken wretches, now, against whom he had so often righteously inveighed—deceitful, drunken—he should not have wondered, but *the rich man*, refined, moral, decorous! in hell? It was too preposterous! Sir James shivered as if he too had got ague, a cold perspiration bathed his brow. His head and limbs ached, his eyes were curiously heavy. "I am a little out of sorts, and it affects my spirits," he told himself, signing to a waiter to refill his glass.

Somehow the hum of conversation irritated him strangely; and was the room growing dark?

Suddenly he turned to the lady at his left hand and said, "It is not my fault, though he said it was; it is *not*, I tell you! and I will not die!"

"What do you mean?" asked the startled lady.

Instead of replying, Sir James staggered to his feet and put his hands out wildly.

"Margaret! Save me! I am dying—*dying!*" he cried, and fell heavily forward across the table, among the scattered and broken flowers, stiff, motionless—apparently dead.

But it was not death, though at first it seemed so, but the commencement of an attack of typhoid fever of the worst kind.

For months Sir James lay in his luxurious bed, haunted by the dread visions of a fevered brain. The

imaginary denunciations and curses rang in his ears. In imagination, he had died and been buried, and shared the rich man's torments. His groans and cries were heartrending, and Margaret was thankful when a stupor that was like death intervened; for her nerves—though not her loving patience—were worn out.

But the baronet did not die. Margaret's prayers—and those of Wilfred Staines—were answered, and he lived.

One quiet evening, when the winter moon hung in the crimson sunset sky, and one star glittered through the elm boughs that waved against the window, the sick man came back to consciousness like a little child, and heard—instead of the awful words that had haunted him so long—Margaret's soft voice, as she knelt by his bedside, murmuring, "*Our Father, which art in heaven.*"

Like a little child, he folded his wasted hands together, and faintly repeated after her the words that succeeded his fevered dreams and delirious fantasies like a strain of sweet music—"Our Father, which art in heaven."

* * * * *

So Sir James Laurence began life afresh. Few poor tenants are as well housed and generally cared for as are those on the Laurence estate. Good ventilation and perfect drainage have banished disease from the cottage, and temperance has banished superfluous luxury from the hall. Sir James is the personal friend of his tenants, and though he will never cease to grieve for the deaths of Mary and Jim Saunders, and never silence the voice of self-reproach, yet the blessings of the poor—not only his own people, but all others his sympathy and wealth can reach—have brought him happiness.

He has also atoned for his dismissal of Wilfred Staines, by bestowing upon him the fair-haired, fair-faced wife who is now the light of the young clergyman's happy home.

S. C.

CHURCH WORK IN SOUTH LONDON.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

SOUTHWARK, during the last ten years, has slightly diminished in population, but numbers 99,000, and can, within its actual boundaries, hardly hold more than it holds now—might with advantage, though perhaps with inconvenience for individuals, contain much less. For the masses the imminent need here is for better house accommodation: and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have already erected one block of buildings on their property here, to be followed as speedily as possible by more. My own experience, however, of St. Giles's

forbids a too sanguine expectation of rapid moral amelioration from a simply material improvement. It is a great thing to remove impediments to virtue. But wheat will not grow in the cleanest and best prepared soil unless some one sows it there. The house may make the man, but the man also makes the house. While we cannot make too much, too rapid effort to give the working class the things they have a right to claim, and so seldom receive—air, water, and house-room—let us not slacken effort in recognising and supplying their moral and spiritual needs

by the employment of living Christian agencies to bring to the homes and hearts of the poor that old, old story of the life-giving Gospel, which, as those who have most opportunities for testing it well know, and rejoice to know, has not yet lost its power on the heart or conscience of mankind. Love of any kind is irresistible; and the story of Divine love, uttered with a voice of human kindness, can thaw and soften, where argument and

impossible, and bequeaths to coming generations an heredity of unspeakable vice.

Newington, with a population of 108,000, and divided into twelve parishes, fifty years ago was a pleasant suburb, with a little river murmuring through its streets, and an annual pleasure fair for its young people. In certain parts of it the population is pouring in like the sea in Holland when the dykes are cut, and on the site of the



ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

(From a Photograph by Mr. F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton.)

expostulation might despair. If there is an innate capacity in every human soul for hearing and feeling God, surely we have an immense encouragement for taking the message of Him. Some of the most heart-shaming and yet blessed surprises in a clergyman's experience are those of finding in the vilest neighbourhoods, and in the most unlikely domiciles, very saints of God.

If we could multiply tenfold our valuable agencies of lay ministration, paid and unpaid, male and female, for the alleys and courts of densely crowded Southwark, the light which lighteneth every man might presently dissipate and banish the filthy and hideous darkness which now pollutes the children, makes family decencies

old Surrey Gardens a colony has been planted of persons quite unable to make provision for their own spiritual needs, but whom the Church must neither ignore nor abandon. Their needs are being met, and admirable mission buildings have been erected. In this immediate neighbourhood, moreover, St. John's College, Cambridge, has established the first University mission started in South London; and in a district of St. John's parish, far too large for the utmost energies of a single incumbent, a missionary clergyman is heartily applying himself to the Church's work in a neighbourhood which will at once stimulate his energy, discipline his faith, and, I firmly believe, reward his devotion.

Camberwell has now a total population of

186,000. The stately mansions and umbrageous gardens which, fifty or sixty years ago, were the charming retreats of the great city merchants, are one by one coming into the market to be replaced by small tenements. Thus local resources are in two ways diverted or drained. The money which these mansions represented goes away, perhaps thirty miles off. The small houses built in their place are chiefly for artisans and city clerks, who can just keep themselves chin-high out of debt, but cannot help others, nor provide themselves with church room. A new church, for which the congregation has been patiently waiting several years, has just been built in Peckham, with the aid of a large contribution from the Ten Churches Fund. One parish, St. George, whose venerable incumbent has filled it for more than fifty years, numbers 18,000 souls, with but one curate. The vicar's courage cannot give him back the youth which his responsibilities demand, nor can the neighbourhood any longer supply the Church with the resources which she imperatively requires.

East Dulwich, a limb of Camberwell, has an undivided population of 22,000 souls. A city merchant, who has already built at his own cost one new church, is now building another, to be completed by Easter. It was the offer of this church that started the nearly completed scheme of my Ten Churches Fund.

Lambeth, with its venerable palace, its school of art, its extensive potteries, and its grand traditions, has a population of 253,562, much of which is steeped in abject poverty.

In *Kennington* the population is not growing so rapidly as elsewhere; and there is a considerable tract of building ground, surrounded by houses, waiting to be covered.

Butterssea, from having been, in the memory of living persons not much past middle life, a pleasant suburban village, has suddenly grown to a population of 107,000, is growing hourly, and it is impossible to overtake the growth. Two new churches have been provided by our Ten Churches Fund, of which one has been consecrated, and the second is in process of erection; a third is being considered. In addition to these, seven others have been either completely or partially erected within the last twelve years, and are all filled. But the question recurs, "What are they among so many?"

Wandsworth, with a total population of 280,000, needs another special effort, in addition to one just completed by the Ten Churches Fund in the erection of the handsome church of St. Faith. A missionary clergyman, whose income is guaranteed for two years by private liberality, is working up a missionary district in a populous corner of St. Ann's parish: and it is here that I hope to see the last church to be built by the Ten Churches Fund erected. The congregation will soon be

ready for it. The iron building at present in use is full to overflowing, and another mission building is in prospect. Many other parishes and places I might have enumerated in a diocese which numbers a population equal to that of Norway. Woolwich, Charlton, Plumstead, Greenwich; Sydenham, Lee, Forest Hill, and Catford; Denmark Hill, Peckham, Herne Hill, Anerley, and Penge; Brixton and Clapham; Norwood, Gipsy Hill, Dulwich, andulse Hill; Streatham and Putney, just on the borders of South London, are presumably able to take care of themselves; yet are so admirably active in supplying their own necessities, that they have little to spare for their neighbours. About all of them the Chief Shepherd says to His servants, and His servants would pass it on to their brethren, "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest."

Such are the plain facts of the case. In a few more sentences I will enumerate our resources. First, those from special ecclesiastical endowments; and then those from voluntary effort, raised by an organisation started for the purpose (in succession to what existed before) within the last seven years.

In the four great parishes of Southwark, Kennington, Lambeth, and Newington (parishes which have local claims from ecclesiastical property within their limits), the incomes of the incumbents are, where necessary, made up to £300 a year out of the Common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Stipends, also, at the rate of £120 a year, are paid for fifty-six curates. It is not too much to say that, in many instances, the existence of the Church-life in any degree of activity depends on those extraneous aids. The offertories in the poorer parishes barely meet the church expenses, much less are adequate for the incumbent's maintenance. Seat-rents are steadily ceasing. The Additional Curates Society, and the Church Pastoral Aid Society, give liberal help towards the employment of curates elsewhere. I only wish we could make a better return to them out of parochial offertories. Our Diocesan Society, with an inadequate yet well-sustained income of £8,000 a year (I want to make it £10,000), maintains fourteen missionary clergy, twenty-four Scripture readers, and forty-five mission-women, at a total annual cost of upwards of £5,000; expending the remainder for sites, mission-buildings, parsonage-houses, and new churches. The organising secretary, the Rev. C. H. Grundy, is also Wilberforce missionary for South London, and his residence, the Wilberforce Mission House, Newington Butts, S.E., is already the centre of much useful activity for lay and diocesan work of all kinds.

South London is also beginning to receive its share of sympathy and help from the Church outside her borders, in the same direction as that by

which the Bishop of Bedford's noble work in East London has been so recognised and pushed on.

St. John's College, Cambridge, has planted a mission in the parish of St. John, Walworth, and the foundations of a truly spiritual work are being patiently and devoutly laid. The great foundation of the Charterhouse has already provided the means and chosen the locality for a second mission. We are now only waiting for the man. Another college at Cambridge is on the eve of founding a third. May God put it into the hearts of more colleges to follow! When other parts of the town are supplied, South London, which has always been somewhat out of the way (we have heard it uncivilly described as "the backwater of the metropolis"), may perhaps look for even more crumbs to fall from the rich man's table. Indeed, we want three things, after the one indispensable and essential gift of all, the fulness of the Spirit of God. They are—men, alms, and devotion. Men, prophets if you like to call them, who shall come to us to live and preach and represent Christ; alms, for we cannot do without money, and if it is the easiest way of helping the Church, for many it is the only way, and then it becomes the best. The cost of a bracelet, the expense of a single dinner party, a week's visit to a watering-place, oh! what any of these might mean to some poor parish in South London, where from year's end to year's end a gold piece never glitters in the alms-dish—hardly so big a coin as a half-crown; where the help of a parochial mission woman, or a month's holiday to the jaded parson and his wife, would be a gift that would give life a spring. Devotion, by which I mean the personal help, the unflagging, serious, tender sympathy, the incessant pleading intercessions of those who can *only* pray; but for whom, and for the Church which they help, "only" is such an unspeakable word.

This is a slight, but perhaps an adequate, story of some of our South London needs. Not for one moment, however, let my kind readers confound a plain statement of present and urgent necessities with either discouragement about them or despair under them. A hundred times let me say, God forbid. We have *great* cause for sincere thanks to God that He has stirred so many kind hearts to help us, and has already, in what once might almost be called the paralysed extremity of the great Winchester diocese, helped us to begin really to stir ourselves. What I feel most anxious about is that people on our border should take the trouble to understand what are our actual responsibilities and slender resources on the south side of the river, and should not go on supposing, as hundreds and thousands of good people, who might be better informed, persist with a provoking complacency in supposing, that the diocese of Rochester simply means the pleasant little diocese over which kind Bishop Murray at first presided, with its ninety-

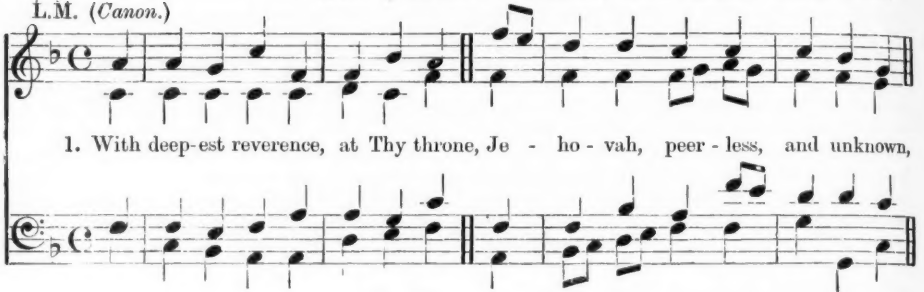
eight parishes and 200,000 souls, with its placid Medway, and its delightful cathedral, Gundulph's Tower, and the cherry orchards and hop gardens of its sweet pastoral life, and has nothing whatever to do with the smoke, and misery, and squalor, and woful crowdedness of that vast province of dull houses which prosperous travellers to London Bridge must find it depressing even to look at, as well as unwholesome to pass through; with no grand buildings, no stately thoroughfares, no centres of fashion, no palaces of art—only the toiling masses, for which the dear Saviour died, and whose poverty He Himself chose, took, and tasted—only the myriads of pale and wasted children, who hardly know a rose from a lily, certainly could not tell wheat from oats—only a gallant band of patient and kind-hearted clergy, who toil on from year to year with a quiet, grand faith, and yet sometimes, being only men, with a mournful sense of disappointment; whom a transference to some country post would just renew into an Indian summer of mellowed activity, and stir to fresh efforts for Christ; and whose heavy burdens are only too often made heavier than they ought to be, by the morose anxieties of poverty, and by the lack of rest, air, and change.

I have done. To God over all, to His Church, whose unworthy servants we are, to Christian folk in London and elsewhere, whose hearts God will touch, as and when it pleases Him; and to whom the silver and gold have been given on trust and to use for His own glory, we meekly commend our cause. Our needs begin, if slowly, to be recognised, our difficulties to be appreciated; is it unsuitable to add, our self-respect in doing all we can for ourselves, kindly and generously felt? If our Diocesan Society could have its income raised to £10,000 a year: if we could get our Ten Churches Fund, which only needs five thousand pounds more to make up the fifty thousand I asked, to build our ten churches, complete; if we could feel our hands free for the complete restoration of St. Saviour's, to be a sort of Westminster Abbey for South London; if a few of the leisurely folk who live across the water, and whose languid hours must sometimes hang sadly upon them, would come among our people to learn the sweet and even Divine joy of making others good and happy, we should soon come to feel that we are indeed living members of a spiritual body, whose Divine life reaches to its uttermost extremities, and that we serve a Master Whose mercy deigns to use us, Whose righteousness supplies our needs, and Whose holy love, and Whose invisible but most real presence, are our stay and consolation hour by hour. To our brethren the impatient complaint would no longer be murmured from our lips, "Why hast thou left us to serve alone?" To ourselves we should have but one thing to say. We would say it again and again—"Fear not, but let your hands be strong." A. W. R.

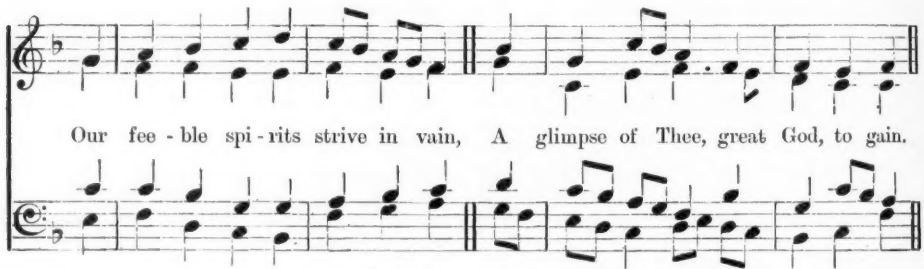
“With Deepest Reverence.”

Music by the REV. G. GARDNER, M.A. Cantab.; B.Mus. Oxon.

L.M. (Canon.)



1. With deep-est reverence, at Thy throne, Je - ho - vah, peer - less, and unknown,



Our fee - ble spi - rits strive in vain, A glimpse of Thee, great God, to gain.

2. We know Thee not : but this we know—
Thou reign'st above, Thou reign'st below ;
And though Thy essence is unknown,
To all the world Thy power is shown.

3. That power we trace on every side—
Oh, may Thy wisdom be our guide !
And while we live, and when we die,
May Thy Almightiness love be nigh !

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

No. 5. MOSES.

To read—Exodus ii.

THE CHILD PERSECUTED. (Read 1—3.) Birth of a babe always a time of interest. Who were the parents of this one? Amram and Jochebed (see vi. 20), of tribe of Levi. Lived in troublous times. Who was king of Egypt? Pharaoh afraid that Israelites would grow too powerful—perhaps drive him from throne—so determines to stop their increase. What cruel command did he give? (i. 22.) What thrill of dismay would go through each mother of a baby boy! What sort of a child was Moses? Goodly means a specially beautiful and fine child (see Acts vii. 20, margin, “fair to God”). What *can* she do to save it? Hides it at home for three months; but the search for baby boys so in-

cessant she must find a safer place. How many discussions there would be! At last determines to place it in tall bulrushes by side of river. Soldiers will surely not think of looking *there*. So cradle made—pitched water-tight—the baby put in—last kiss given—and left by bank of river. How full mother's heart would be—how many prayers would ascend for the child!

II. THE CHILD SAVED. (Read 4—10.) Who is this little girl left to watch? It is Miriam—the child's elder sister—not many years older. How often had she played with and nursed her baby brother! How glad she would be to do something for him! Now question on the story—Pharaoh's daughter coming to bathe—seeing the cradle—sending her maid—the child's cries—the woman's heart of the

princess moved with pity. What can she do for it? Now Miriam comes forward. What does she say? What a sensible girl! She sees the impression made on the princess, and takes advantage of it. So she fetches Jochebed, who thus becomes the hired nurse of her own baby. How wonderfully God has heard her prayers! The babe is to be brought up in the king's palace safe from all danger. He is called Moses, because drawn out of the water.

III. MOSES EDUCATED. (Read Acts vii. 22; Heb. xi. 24—26.) The princess did not adopt him and neglect him. Gave him good education. Probably gave him tutors; but also evidently taught his own religion. Whom did Pharaoh worship? Bulls, and other animals, the river Nile, etc. When Moses was grown up, what choice did he make? Could not stay where God not worshipped. So gave up luxuries, comfort, etc., of palace, chose rather to be a slave amongst his own people.

LESSONS. (1) *God orders all things well.* His persecution proved blessing—gave him good education—fitted him for future life as leader of Israelites. (2) *Make good use of opportunities.* He profited by his education. Became learned and useful. (3) *Decision for God.* Such a choice sooner or later comes to all—God or the world. What shall our choice be?

TEXT. *We will serve the Lord.*

NO. 6. SAMSON.

To read—*Judges xiii.*

I. THE CHILD PROMISED. (Read 1—7.) A story of the time of the Judges. Joshua dead, and the elders who outlived him. Israelites settled in Canaan, each family living on its own farm. But in time of prosperity fell away from God, learned idolatry from nations around them; were punished by being oppressed by enemies; amongst these Philistines most hostile. Lived in south of Palestine—subdued Israel forty years. Who should deliver them? Manoaah and his wife no child. Who comes to her? What is his message? (Angel means messenger.) Children are God's gift (Ps. cxxvii. 3), and this child is to be specially given to God's service. What is he to be? (Word Nazarite means "separate.") Some took these vows for a time, and some for life. Samson's vow was to be the latter—whole life to be devoted to God's service. *What was he not to do?* Cut his hair, drink strong drink, touch anything unclean. (See Num. vi. 3—6.) Long hair would be an outward sign to all—abstaining from strong drink would keep him sober. *What was he to do?* Fight against God's enemies—set example of holy life—lead people of Israel.

LESSON. All children of godly parents dedicated in similar way. By solemn *prayers* of parent—by *training* in temperance and soberness. What must they keep from? Excess in eating and drinking, amusement, etc., also from all evil works, called dead works (Eph. ii. 1; Col. ii. 8); are called to be holy. (Rom. i. 7.)

II. THE CHILD BORN. (Read xiii. 24; xiv. 7.) In course of time the child born. Receives name, Samson, meaning "strength." What strength did he receive? *Bodily.* Have read story of killing the lion—did many other wonderful things—killing thirty men (xiv. 19)—carrying off the gates of Gaza, etc. *Mental.* Powers of his mind developed—put riddles, etc.—was evidently looked up to as a leader. *Spiritual.* By whose power was he able to do these wonderful things? (See xiii. 25; xiv. 6.) God's Spirit gives strength to body as well as soul. (1 Cor. vi. 19.) Samson seems to have increased year by year in bodily strength—do not hear of his increasing in holiness. Afterwards fell into sin and was punished. Still he—child of many prayers—was for many years under direct influence of God's Holy Spirit.

LESSONS. (1) *Blessing of early dedication.* How blessed to give a whole life to service of God—to fear and love Him at home—at school—in the world. Is a Master worth serving. (2) *Need of growth.* Nothing can live without growth. No growth shows decay. Must cultivate bodily, mental, spiritual growth. Same Spirit ready to be given to us. Promised to all who seek Him. (Luke xi. 13.) Then may serve God and have His blessing all our lives.

TEXT. *Grow in Grace.*

NO. 7. SAMUEL—PART I.

To read—1 Sam. i, ii. (parts).

I. THE VOW MADE. (Read i. 9—18.) Another story of time of Judges. Tells of birth of the last and greatest Judge. Who was his father? Elkanah, of tribe of Ephraim—husband of two wives. Where did they go every year? Kept appointed feasts in Jerusalem. Story takes to one particular day. Whole family have finished worship in Tabernacle—have made their offering—had their meal—Hannah, the childless wife, leaves the party—steals back to the Tabernacle by herself—there gives way to grief. What is her special cause of sorrow? She has no child—is taunted by her husband's other wife. So she tells all to God, Who cares for all sorrows. What else does she do? Makes a solemn vow. If God will give her a boy, he shall be dedicated to God's service all his life.

Who sees her thus weeping and praying? What mistake does Eli make about her? Admonishes her for what he supposes to be drunkenness. But when sees mistake at once corrects it, and joins in prayer with her and for her. What a good and kind old man!

II. THE VOW KEPT. (Read i. 19—28.) People often in trouble make vows and then break them. Not so Hannah. God heard her prayer—gave her a son. What name did she give him? (Samuel means "asked of God.") His name would always remind her of her prayer. Another year comes round. Again the party goes up to Jerusalem. Who stays behind? Women not obliged to go, so Hannah waits for another year—till she can take the child.

Keeps him at home some time. At last takes him up—stands again before Eli—tells her tale—reminds him of her prayer and vow—she is come to keep it. So she gives up the child to the priest—thus “lending” him to the Lord. What a solemn day for her and the little boy! First parting of mother and child—and such a little child—about two years old. But he is given into the Lord’s charge by the hand of his servant Eli, and she can trust Him.

III. THE VOW BLESSED. (Read ii. 18, 19, 26.) A picture here of the child ministering before the Lord. Notice his dress—a white linen loose robe (ephod) tied with a girdle. This the usual robe of Levites ministering in the Tabernacle. Samuel being specially dedicated as a Nazarite, evidently treated as a Levite. How eagerly would look forward to yearly Feast of Passover—for whom would he see then? Nor did Hannah forget him—made him a new coat each year. Can picture his mother dressing her little boy herself—coming each day of the seven days of the Feast to see him—watching his growth, and hearing a report of him from Eli. How was she blessed in herself? God gave her fivefold for the child given to Him. How was she blessed in Samuel? He grew in favour with God and man—blessed himself, and a blessing to others.

LESSONS. (1) *Sympathy.* Eli first wept with Hannah, who wept and then rejoiced with her in her joy. So all are told to. (Rom. xii. 15.) (2) *Prayer.* Nothing too great or small to ask God for. (3) *Keeping of vows.* Warning to those who break. (Eccles. v. 4.)

TEXT. *I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.*

NO. 7. SAMUEL—PART II.

To read—1 Sam. iii.

I. SAMUEL’S WORK. (Read 1—3.) Point out how Samuel in his childhood much resembles Jesus Christ—he grew in favour with God and man. (Compare ii. 26 and Luke ii. 52.) To-day another resemblance. One scene in both lives only told between infancy and manhood—both connected with Temple. Samuel learned God’s will about Eli, and Christ learned God’s will from the doctors.

Can picture the child Samuel ministering in the Temple (or rather Tabernacle—Temple not built till reign of Solomon). His work to trim the sacred lamp with its seven branches in the Holy Place—also to open the doors for the priest to enter. (Verse 15.) Probably also waited upon Eli in all possible ways. Seems to have liked his work, done it with diligence—regarded it as a holy work done for God.

II. SAMUEL’S VISION. (Read 3—14.) Long time had passed since God had spoken to His people. Daily prayers and sacrifices—Sabbath and yearly feasts kept up, but no voice from heaven—no inspired teacher like Moses and Joshua in constant communication with God—telling His will to people; at last silence broken and a message comes. To whom? To this child! Notice the circumstances. Night—old priest Eli asleep—doors of Tabernacle

closed for the night—child Samuel finished his work—gone to bed too. Hears a voice—jumps up at once—runs to Eli—finds he has not called him—thinks it a mistake—lies down again; same thing happens twice over. At last Eli perceives Who has called him. What does he bid him say? Samuel had heard of God—worshipped God—but never yet had direct message from God. But he says what he is told. What was God’s message? Alas! one of anger against Eli’s house. His sons had behaved very wickedly—had done great sins, and brought worship of God into contempt. What ought their father to have done? But Eli did not punish them. So God rebuked him by this child, and Himself punished his sons.

III. SAMUEL’S MESSAGE. (Read 15—21.) Some children take pleasure in telling bad news—exult over another person’s punishment. Did Samuel? No; was very reluctant. Still, when pressed told whole truth—kept back nothing. Would be a sad day for Eli—sad also for Samuel to hear how the friends and playmates of his childhood were to be cut off.

LESSONS. (1) *Instant obedience.* How many would get up instantly in the night, three times in succession? In higher way God calls. By voice of conscience. Happy those who always obey its voice. (2) *Truth.* Must never conceal the truth, however painful to tell.

TEXT. *Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.*

NO. 8. DAVID.

To read—1 Sam. xvi., xvii. (parts of).

I. THE YOUNG SHEPHERD. (Read xvi. 1—13.) Have had a story of a Judge—to-day of one who afterwards became a king. Who was first King of Israel? Saul began well, but soon disobeyed God. Another must be chosen. Where was one to be found? What sort of king would be wanted? *Brave*, to fight against enemies—*wise*, to rule a great nation—*godly*, to teach fear of God. God knew where one such to be found. Who was sent to anoint him? Can picture Samuel, old, grey-haired (1 Sam. xii. 2) prophet, coming to little village of Bethlehem—the sudden calling of the people from their work—the alarm of the elders (verse 4)—the evening sacrifice—the calling up of Jesse’s sons. What did Samuel look at? Height, strength, outward appearance. What does God look at? So six sons passed by and passed over. Where does the right one come from? How surprised David must have been, and his brothers, and Jesse! But Samuel did as God told him. What came upon David? Had already had measure of God’s Spirit—knew God—loved Him—sang His praises when in fields. (Pss. viii., xxiii., etc.) Now has special gift of Spirit to prepare him for future life.

II. THE YOUNG COURTIER. (Read xvi. 14—23.) What was the matter with Saul? Had forsaken God—displeased Him, and evil spirit permitted now to trouble him. Probably showed itself by low spirits, sulky temper, etc. What do the servants

suggest? So David is sent for. Another surprise to him. What a change from fields—minding flock—to a king's court. But what a good thing for him to learn about court life—make friends there—he prepared for future life. What did he take with him? Eastern custom to take a present. How did Saul regard him? Probably no idea of what Samuel had done to him. See another instance of God's working things together for good. What effect did the playing have? No wonder Saul loved him—kept him with him—made him his armour-bearer.

III. THE YOUNG WARRIOR. (Read xvii. 32—37.) Story well known—need only point out one or two things. See David's *trust*. God had helped him

before, and would again. Also his *boldness*. Goes out unarmed and alone against the giant. What was the result? The giant killed—enemy defeated—the country saved.

LESSONS. Notice the following points in David's character:—(1) *His seeking God early*. Seems to have feared God from his earliest childhood. Began well, and so went on well. (2) *His discretion*. When in Saul's court behaved wisely, and made friends—fitting himself for future life. (3) *His courage*—both bodily and morally. A splendid example for boys. Secret of all was presence of God's Spirit in his heart.

TEXT. *Even a child is known by his doings.*

SANDY'S DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAKE'S ENEMY."

NOW, Sandy, it's your turn; why don't you read? have you lost the place?"

Sandy straightened the tails of his ragged coat with an air of conscious virtue; *he* was not given to losing his place, whatever the others might be. "Now Judas said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag," he read out in a shrill treble. "It was an awful pity they let him keep the bag, then," he added, by way of comment.

"Maybe they'd no ken he was a thief," suggested his neighbour, who was Sandy's chief friend and ally, "and maybe you wad have helped yourself a bit now and again, Sandy, if you'd had as good a chance."

"Speak for yourself, Sam Knox," was Sandy's lofty retort. "I'm no a thief, at any rate."

"Boys, attend to the lesson," interrupted the teacher, and the debate had perforce to be postponed for the present.

Sandy marched home after school, swelling with indignant pride, utterly declining Sam's usual escort. The two were friends more from force of circumstances than natural affinity. Both earned a scanty income, carrying parcels and messages from the railway to the different quays; but though they held the same profession, and were comrades to a certain extent, Sandy by no means considered Sam in the light of an equal; his clothes were many degrees more ragged, his shoes a thing of the past, or future, and, in point of family connections—well, there could be no comparison between Sam's drunken father and his own thrifty, hard-working mother. Decidedly Sam must be made to understand that he was not to disparage his superiors in public with impunity.

The coolness lasted some days, and might have lasted much longer, but for a startling adventure that befell Sandy. Trudging round the dock at the edge of dusk one evening, with a huge package for a coasting steamer, his foot struck against something—something that glittered in the dim light. "Just a bit of glass," he said to himself, turning it over with the toe of his shoe; and then he dropped his burden with a crash, and swooped down upon his "find."

It was a ring, dull and tarnished with mud, but neither crushed nor broken, and the "bit of glass" was the stone. It gleamed out like the windows on the opposite shores at sunset. In his younger days, before he became such a practical person, he had firmly believed that Paradise lay over there; he knew better now, but for a moment, as it lay on his palm, he almost fancied it must have come from that region.

Only for a moment; then Sandy was his cautious little self again. He rolled it up carefully with the private store of halfpence that even his mother, worthy woman, did not know of, shouldered his package, and delivered it at the tiny bookish office at the end of the quay, sturdily argued out the question of an additional penny on account of its size with the clerk, and got it, and then he betook himself to a solitary corner of the dock wall, and sat down behind a sugar-cask, to consider matters.

First and foremost, should he tell his mother? He rather thought not. She might insist upon delivering it up to the authorities, and taking the chance of a possible reward; and Sandy had an exceedingly uncomfortable conviction that that was just what he ought to do. Yet he remembered a boy who found a pocket-book on the gangway, and the owner only gave him a shilling for it; and another who found a telescope and got nothing. Sandy felt that fortune

lay within his grasp, and that if he had to barter it away for 'one shilling, or even five, it would be paying too dearly for principles.

He had heard of rings being worth hundreds of pounds, and if this was worth but one—or even, to be safer still, fifty—The tide rippled in below his feet unheeded, the long line of gas-lamps twinkled like yellow stars in the black restless river, the keen

ities?" Sam asked curiously, when he had heard the story.

"And maybe get nothing at all, like Jem McCulloch," answered Sandy shortly. "You'd no do that yoursel, Sam Knox."

"No, I'd not," agreed Sam frankly; "but you've always professed such a lot more."

A dull red flush crept up to Sandy's brow. He had



"So you're not going to give it up to the authorities?" Sam asked curiously."

wind whistled through the rigging behind: Sandy saw and felt nothing, wrapped in blissful visions of that modest fifty.

For two whole days he carried the secret alone, then his responsibility became too heavy, and tacitly ignoring past differences, he waited on the quay one dinner-hour for Sam Knox, binding him over to strict secrecy, though on that head he had little fear, for Sam, whatever his failings might be, had never been known to do a shabby thing to a friend.

"Sam, I've got something to tell you; I've had a find."

"One bawbee, or twa?" queried Sam indifferently.

"Just wait till you get a sight of it! it's worth more bawbees than you ever saw all your days."

"So you're not going to give it up to the author-

not counted upon Sam being sharp enough to view the case in that light.

"Anyhow, let us have a look at it," went on Sam, magnanimously pursuing that point no further.

Behind the sugar-cask, after infinite precautions, the treasure was produced for inspection.

"How much do you think I'll get for it?" he asked, deferring to Sam's judgment for once. He was much older, and might reasonably be expected to have some little experience in valuables—other people's, if not his own.

"I mind of hearing a man say once, that he gave £20 for one not near as big as that; but you'll no get as much, for who's going to believe you didn't steal it?"

"Steal it!" echoed Sandy in angry dismay.

"Ay, but you've got to make folks believe your story, and who are you going to get to buy it?"

"I thought you might ken of some place," faltered Sandy, rather crestfallen.

"Well, I ken of one or twa; I'll look out and tell ye the morn."

And then the conference broke up, and the two went back to their parcels.

Sam pondered the matter over as he lounged about the docks that day. Steady work was not his strong point, and the diamond had taken powerful hold of his imagination. He did wish with all his heart it had been his luck instead of Sandy's to have found it; he felt he could have made far better use of it. "If there was any hope of his sharing it with a fellow, it would be different, but he'll just keep every penny to himself. Serve him right if he went and lost it again."

Over and over that reflection crept up. Sandy had already strayed from the right path for the sake of the diamond. Sam was the next to fall a victim to its fascination.

He thought of it hour after hour, till it seemed as if he must have it by fair means or foul, and he doubted fair means would avail little with a lad like Sandy.

Saturdays were busy days on the quays, and that next day both Sam and Sandy were hurrying backwards and forwards till long after dark. It was a gusty, stormy night, and as Sandy went down one of the gangways on his last journey, the steamer gave a sudden lurch that sent him and his packages flying across the deck; worse still, out rolled the contents of his pockets, and before Sandy had recovered his feet and his scattered senses, the scrap of paper shrouding the precious ring was lodged inside Sam's waistcoat. He happened to have been standing just under the gangway, and lost no time in availing himself of the unlooked-for chance.

It was all the work of a minute. Sandy gathered up his properties and went back on shore without observing his friend. Sam, fairly glowing with satisfaction at the beautiful way things had arranged themselves, quietly retired to the dock wall to congratulate himself at leisure. No more heavy packages to drag up and down those steep bridges, no more superfluous nights and breakfastless mornings. Sandy had built no taller castles round that diamond than he was building now.

"Sam, Sam!" broke in a pitiful voice, "I've been looking everywhere for you. I've lost my diamond."

"You've what?" cried Sam, with an incredulous stare that reflected credit on his powers of dissimulation.

"Lost it—in that boat, and she's away now, and I'll never, never get it back. It's hard." Sandy put his head down on the iron rail, and groaned aloud in bitter disappointment.

Sam looked on in silence; he was naturally not a hard-hearted lad, and for a minute the impulse was strong to give the ring back; the feel of his empty pockets brought back more prudential considerations. "After all, it's only what he did himself," he argued; "he found it and kept it, and that's what I'm doing."

He made one or two ineffectual attempts to console poor miserable Sandy, and got himself away as speedily as practicable into a back street, where dwelt a certain German, who kept a kind of money-lending and general exchange and barter establishment, for the benefit of the sailors and emigrants. Saturday night was far advanced, and if he, Sam, meant to reap any immediate benefit from his possession, it was necessary to lose no time.

He slipped softly in, and addressed himself to the proprietor.

"I picked up something in the dock to-day, and I wad like to ken the worth of it gin I cared to part with it."

"What is it?" demanded the man briefly.

"It's a ring—a diamond one," answered Sam, speaking under his breath.

"Where is it?"

Sam slowly unfolded the wrappers, and laid it, with a sort of gasp, in the man's dingy palm. How it glittered in the gaslight! Sam watched it with eager eyes. "A nice thing to have gone and given that away again," he said to himself.

The German looked at the treasure under the gas-jet for a moment, and touched it with his tongue; then he threw it down on the counter with a short laugh.

"Diamonds, indeed! a bit of Birmingham glass!"

"It's no!" ejaculated Sam with dry lips. "You're cheating!"

The man knocked it smartly against the iron scales. Alas! the unfortunate diamond vanished away into dusty powder.

"But the ring—that's gold!" cried Sam in despair. It was the one last forlorn hope.

"Take it away; no one would give you a sixpence for it."

Sam picked it up without a word. When he got outside, he flung it into the nearest gutter. Was it for this he had cheated Sandy, and made himself afraid to meet him—for this? Why couldn't he have left him to find out the miserable cheat for himself? It was the very first time he had ever played a friend a shabby trick, and in wrath and bitterness of spirit Sam registered a solemn resolution that it should be the last.

The sight of Sandy's woebegone countenance when they met at the school next morning also helped to strengthen it. Sam realised, with a sinking heart, that he would never be able to explain to him how little cause for regret he really had. For weeks and months—even years—he might have to listen to the lamentations over that unparalleled loss.

They had the conclusion of the Judas tragedy that morning. The two lads wandered round the quay afterwards almost in silence, each privately repenting after his own fashion.

"If I had taken that diamond to the station," soberly remarked Sandy, breaking into a long pause, "I might—I might have got three or four pounds for it, instead of just nothing. It served me right. I'm

thinking maybe there was some allowance to be made for Judas. After all, riches are an awful snare—nobody knows till they get them."

"They are," ejaculated Sam with great fervour. "There's no depending on them, and I'm thinking we'll be just as well without any."

"Ah, but *you* never had a diamond," retorted Sandy, with a sudden burst of sorrow for his lost treasure.

"No, I never had," was Sam's truthful answer. And Sandy little guessed how his friend acquired such a personal knowledge of the deceitfulness of riches.

SARAH PITT.

"THE BEST PLACE TO HIDE THE BIBLE IN."

AN ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE MEMBERS OF A CHILDREN'S BIBLE UNION.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.



HE writer of the 119th Psalm, whoever he was, must have been exceedingly fond of his Bible. In almost every verse of the Psalm—and it is a very long one—he speaks about the Scripture, though he uses different expressions, such as "statute," "testimony," "precept," "law;" and every now and then stops to tell us what delight he takes in the reading and study of the Scripture, and what blessing he has derived from it. The book, he says, is "better to him than thousands of gold and silver." Think of that, my dear children! There are not many people, I fancy, who if they had to choose between possessing a Bible and possessing a fortune, would make the selection of the psalmist. And then he tells us that the word is sweet to his taste; sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. And presently he bursts out with the exclamation, "Oh, how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day." And, after a little while, assures us that he has been made wiser than even old men by his knowledge of God's Holy Word: and that he has found the Word a guide in all difficulties—or, as he expresses it, a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path.

Many of you, I daresay, remember the language I have quoted; and if you do, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that the sacred writer must have been very fond of the Word of God, and must have made a good use of it. I feel sure, too, that he would have approved of a children's union for the study of the Bible, such as that which I have come to address to-day.

Now, from this long Psalm I take a verse to discuss with you. It is the eleventh, and it runs thus: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." It suggests three topics, which I shall bring before you in order.

First, *the Best Book, the Bible;*

Secondly, *the best place to hide that Book in (the heart);* and

Lastly, *the best purpose for hiding the Bible in the heart—"that I may not sin against Thee."*

I. Let us begin, then, by considering the "Best Book."

Now, when we want to find out the real value of a book, there are two things we make inquiry about—first the writer, and then his subject. A good author may have an inferior subject to deal with; or an inferior author may have a good subject to deal with: and in either case the book that is produced will not probably be worth much. But suppose that you have the best possible writer, and the best possible subject—what then? Why, then you will have the best possible book.

Now, consider—who is really the writer of the Bible? Perhaps you will reply that it had a good many writers—Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, John, and others; and of course that reply would be correct enough, so far as it goes. But these writers were not like ordinary writers, who put down their thoughts on paper for others to read. No; God helped them, or, as we say, inspired them to do their work. The Holy Spirit worked through the minds of these men, so that what was said was really said by God Himself. We have, then, in the Bible the thoughts which God has given us; or, in other words, the Bible is a book which has God for its Author.

In the next place, what is the subject treated of in the Bible? Here I feel convinced you will all of you give me the same answer. You all of you know that throughout the whole Scripture, from cover to cover, from Genesis to Revelation, there is only One Person spoken of, and that One Person is the Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that He is not always mentioned, but He is always meant. Just as every road in a country leads sooner or later to the capital city, so everything in the Scripture—psalm, prophecy, proverb, type, narrative, precept, promise, invitation, threatening—everything points to Jesus Christ. The Bible really is all about Him.

And can there be a grander or a more lovely subject for a book than Jesus Christ? Of course,

if the Spirit of God has not taught you—if you do not love the Saviour—if you are not endeavouring to obey His commandments—you will, as the prophet says, see no form nor comeliness in Him; you will not care about Him. Place a blind man before a picture; and though the subject may be very interesting, and the colouring very beautiful, he will take no pleasure in it, because he cannot see. But if your eyes have been opened to behold the Lord Jesus, and to understand Him, you will feel, as I trust you all do, that He is the most wonderful and glorious Being in the whole universe. Just think, my dear children, of what He is! He is the Son of God, Who took upon Him our nature, and became Man for our salvation. Just think of what He did for us! He lived a hard and laborious life upon earth, and died the shameful and agonising death of the Cross, and then rose again from the grave, that we might rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Just think of what He is doing for us now! He is our great High Priest in Heaven—pleading for us, watching over us, caring for each of us, preparing for us a home above. And think of what He will do for us when He comes again to receive us to Himself, that where He is there we may be also! Can you imagine any one so tender, and kind, and good, so gentle and compassionate, so friendly and helpful, so commanding and so strong—in fact, so deserving of all your love, and all the devotion of your hearts, as Jesus Christ? You will understand then what I mean when I say that He is the best subject. Here then we have the best author and the best subject; and therefore the best book.

II. Next let us consider what is the best place to hide this book in.

Well, in reading the Bible you must make use of your *head*. You will not find everything easy to understand at once. You must think over many parts of Holy Scripture, and think over them many times, too. So far as I observe, there is nothing good to be got in this world without taking pains. And God expects you to "search" the Scriptures; and searching implies trouble. Of course, many truths in the Bible are perfectly plain and simple, and the youngest child amongst us can comprehend them at once. But it is not so always. And you will have to compare one passage with another, and to meditate, and to ponder, before you will quite see the meaning which God intends you to take in.

Then you will have to make use of your *memory*. If you soon forget, what is the good of reading at all? Some children, and some grown-up people, too, say, "Oh! my memory is so bad, I cannot retain anything long." But I would ask them, Do you forget anything that you care very much about? If your father promises to take you out for a day's pleasure; or

your mother tells you she will give you a pretty present on your birthday—do you forget that? Of course you do not. And why not? Well, I need not explain; we all remember easily enough things we are interested in, and if we sufficiently cared for the teachings of Holy Scripture, we should remember them too. And let me tell you, my dear children, that when you grow up to be men and women, you will be very thankful for having committed to memory portions of the Bible, and you will only regret that you had not committed more. Learn by heart, then, as much as you can now; for you will not find it easy to learn when you are old.

But, although you must hide the Bible in your *mind*, and in your *memory*—all will be of little use until you hide it in your *heart*; and that can only really be done by loving it, and loving it because it is really a message, sent to you from your Father in Heaven. Suppose that when one of you boys grows up into manhood, he leaves his home, and goes out to Australia, or New Zealand, and becomes a sheep-farmer, as many young men do. He is a good son, we will say, and loves his mother, and feels very much parting from her; but he knows that she will write before long, and tell him all that is going on in the old country, and give him advice, and assure him of her unalterable affection. And so she does; and after a time (for the post is not quite so regular there out in the bush as it is with us in London) the letter reaches the young man. Now you all know how he will value it and treasure it; how he will read it over and over again, and carry it about with him on his travels, until it becomes at last yellow, and worn at the edges, and is almost ready to drop to pieces with age. And you all know why this is. It is because it is a message from one who loves him, and whom he loves. And he does not read the letter because it is his duty to do so, but because it is his pleasure also.

Now, my dear children, if the Spirit of God has taught you and me that the Bible is really a letter to us, full of kind messages from the Saviour Who loved us, and gave Himself for us, you may depend upon it, we shall not read it merely because we ought, but because it is a delight to us to do so—or, in other words, we shall "hide it in our heart."

III. In the third place, we have to consider the purpose for which the Word of God is hidden in the heart; that purpose being to keep us from everything that is wrong and displeasing to God, and to make us obedient in all respects to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." You will all of you feel, I am sure, that we ought to be the better for reading the Bible, and understanding the Bible, and loving the Bible. It would be a sad thing if people could point to

children who are members of a Bible Union, and say that they are not at all like the disciples of Jesus Christ. We are to be not merely hearers of the Word, but also doers of it. "If ye know these things," says Christ, "happy are ye if ye do them."

But, after all, I am sure that if the Word of God is really hid in our hearts, the effect of it will be seen in our daily lives. Years and years ago, when I was quite young, and living in the country, I remember seeing a woman making bread. She had a large brown earthenware pan before her, into which she put a quantity of flour; then she poured in water, and began to stir and knead the mass, until at last it was turned into dough. Perhaps you would think that it was then ready to go to the oven; but it was not. Something else had to be done. And so the woman put into the dough—*hid* in the dough—what the Scripture calls "leaven," and we call "yeast," and then went away, and left it for some time. During her absence the yeast

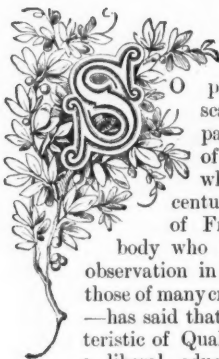
stirred in the mass of meal, and the dough began to "rise." You could see plainly that something was at work, and that a change had taken place. And presently the woman came back, and cut up the dough into portions, and sent them to the baker's, whose hot oven soon turned them into loaves fit for children to eat.

You understand, of course, what this means! If you *hide* the Word of God in your hearts, the effect will soon be seen in your lives—because the heaven will and must work. You will become more and more like Christ—like Him in truthfulness, in obedience to parents, in unselfishness, in kindness and considerateness for others, in avoidance of all bad ways and bad words, in purity, in reverence for holy things, and in a true desire and endeavour so to live as to glorify God. And this will be noticed by others. I daresay you remember what was said about the Apostles, "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."

So will it be, by God's blessing, with you.

THE STORY OF A QUAKER SCHOOL.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.



SO practical a people could scarcely have taken any other part in regard to the teaching of their young, than that which has been for over two centuries taken by the Society of Friends. A writer in the body who has had a wide field of observation in many parts, and amongst those of many creeds—Mr. William Tallack—has said that a "great practical characteristic of Quakerism" is its provision of a liberal education for every youthful member of its community; and it is not unfairly said, that "no other denomination whatever has ever approached it in this respect." To this is largely due the "morality, intelligence, influence, and general prosperity" which characterise most of the members of that body. George Fox—not himself a "book-learned man," saw the need of the education of the youth, and "procured the establishment of boarding and day schools in connection with the metropolitan and other meetings." His successors devoted much of their thought to the need for education, and finally eight *public* boarding schools were provided for the body in England, whilst about a score of *private* boarding schools for the more wealthy have been added. Before detailing some of the means adopted in these, it may be needful to add that the oldest of the public schools dates from

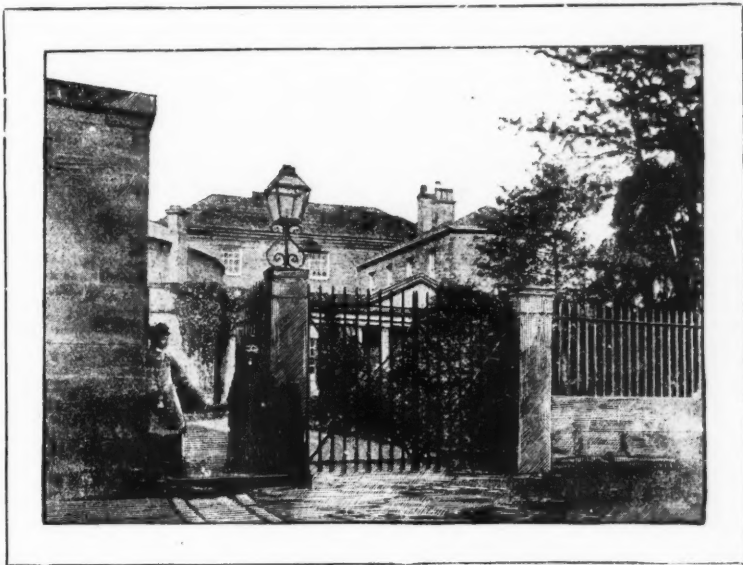
1779, the youngest from 1842. In the eight there is accommodation for over 900 boys and girls, whilst at the date of the most recent report over 800 were, on the average of the year, in the school. These schools are as far south as Banbury and Saffron Walden, as far north as Stokesley in Cleveland; and the largest and the oldest is that (dear to the memories of most Friends) in the south of Yorkshire—Ackworth School. In it we shall find the best type of the education of the Quaker; and as it has admitted about ten thousand scholars, it may be fairly said to have exerted a vast influence on the body.

Near to Pontefract is the little village of which the school is the chief attraction. The building was originally a branch of the London Foundling Hospital, and to Dr. John Fothergill, a London physician, is due its conversion to its present use. In 1778, that idea was brought before the yearly meeting of the Society, and the definition of the school is that of a place for "the education, maintenance, and clothing of children whose parents are not in affluence." Children of both sexes were to be taught "reading, writing, and accounts," whilst the girls were also to be instructed in knitting, spinning, useful needlework, and such domestic occupations as are suitable to their sex and station. On the 18th October, 1779, the building was opened, the first scholars being "Barton and Ann Gates, of Poole, Dorset," and since that time from all parts scholars have come

to Ackworth. In the lists are to be found some names that are well known; as, for instance, in 1822, we find that a John Bright was entered from Rochdale, and that a James Wilson also occurs, in neither of whose names could any indication be found of the then future prefix, "Right Honourable." Generations of Howitts, too, have gone to Ackworth, from the old home at Heanor, in Derbyshire.

This great Quaker seminary is planned in a manner that shows the two characteristics of the

provision for each boy. Descending, we have on the second floor a bath-room; sixteen baths, with hot and cold supply to each, rough towel at the entrance, and a little square of soap, and a flesh brush completing the equipment. On the ground floor the dining-rooms suggest food, and an annual report indicates the fact that in one year 260 sacks of flour, 33,000 lbs. of meat, 18,000 gallons of milk, 2,800 lbs. of butter, and 700 lbs. of tea and coffee were used, in addition to very large supplies of garden produce and fruit.



GATEWAY, ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Pumphrey and Day, Birmingham.)

body. Entering the gates from the road, the school itself is in front, on the right the Meeting House, and on the left are some of the offices, for the shoemaker, the tailor, and others. A colonnade of plain columns is in front, and from this the entrance-hall leads into the "Great Passage." From this, right and left, are dining rooms, library, lecture room, store rooms, kitchens, housekeeper's rooms, etc. At each end of the passage, stairs of stone lead to the bed-rooms above, to bath-rooms, etc. As might have been expected from a practical people, the arrangements have been perfected by the experience and additions of over a century. Here, on the uppermost story, is a boys' bed-room, for twenty-eight, simple, single, strong iron bedsteads. The room is uncarpeted, the walls are bare of paper, but cleanliness is perfect as hands can make it, ventilation and light are abundant, and there is absolute equality, even to the pattern of a coverlet in the

For the school hours, the class-rooms—lofty, well ventilated and warmed, almost painfully clean and plain—have abundance of maps, diagrams, aquaria, cabinets of shells, cores, clocks, galvanic batteries, designs, apparatus, etc. Play has its sheds and courts, its cricket-field; and there is recreation also in the workshop, with its lathes and tools, in the little plot of ground each scholar has, in the music that has of late been taught, and in the arrangements made for outdoor excursions, on errands such as favour botany, entomology, or other like pursuit. For the sick there are nurseries; for the convalescent, mending rooms. There are large swimming-baths, there are gas-works for the school, there are steam laundries, and other appliances, which make the institution in many particulars self-contained; and that independence is increased by its vast gardens, its farm around, and its own hotel near.

All these influences affect the capacity for study of the scholar, or make that study pleasanter. In such an institution, the text-books are of a nature "guarded," but advanced. One of the popular reading-books—free from the praise of war and of warriors—was compiled for the school, whilst in most of the studies, especially the more practical ones, there has been a choice of books that is creditable to the choosers, and that may be materially aided by the excellent libraries and scientific apparatus that have of late years been at the command of the scholars. In the school curriculum there is nothing very distinctive, when comparison is made with other schools of similar importance. The discipline is firm, but kind; there is no corporal punishment. Bible reading or teaching is the rule twice a day; and thrice a week the children gather in the meeting-house, but ministers—visiting or resident—are many, and the "silent" gatherings must be few.

The management is in a committee appointed at the annual meeting, a committee whose members are mainly practical business people. Periodic examinations are held by these members; and in recent years special examinations have been frequently made by Cambridge and other examiners. In the summer, too, a "general

meeting" is held, attended by members of the Society from most parts of the kingdom, and the results of the work of the year of the scholars, the state of the school, and other particulars, are ascertained, and reported to that meeting by committees of both sexes.

Such, then, are Ackworth School and its mode of management. By gift and subscription it has accumulated in land, buildings, etc., a surplus value of £40,000. That capital, and the donations of the members of the Society, enable it to give an education that fits the little "Friends" in large degree for their future. The cost of that education, with the clothing and the food—the total cost per head, apart from interest on the buildings' cost—is about £32 per head per year. The payments made for each child vary according to the position and means of the parent or guardian, but the balance may be taken as that which is the contribution of the Society to the education of the poorer of its members' children. For though of late years the children of non-members have been admitted as scholars, they are few, and the bulk of the dwellers in the school are literal "Friends." And not one of the least of the results of the gathering from many parts is that enduring friendships are formed, that cluster for lives and for generations round Ackworth.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—NEGOTIATIONS.

PUNCTUALLY at seven o'clock Doctor Leyland entered the drawing-room where Mrs. Boyd was sitting alone, and after one swift glance round, he greeted her courteously. Presently Frank came in, looking rather worried.

"I've just had a note from Bertie saying he can't be with us this evening. I am so sorry. I hoped we might have had some music; he sings splendidly."

"Miss Churchill sings and plays too, I think; doesn't she, Mrs. Boyd?"

"Charmingly; but unfortunately she is not very well this evening, and is lying down. She thinks the shaking of the train gave her a headache," Mrs. Boyd explained, with a strong effort to speak easily. "She has just begged us to excuse her coming down to dinner."

"It is something quite unusual for Miss May to suffer from headache, or any other ache," Dr. Leyland said, with his provoking smile. "I'm afraid London will not agree with her. Does she propose making a long stay with you, Mrs. Boyd?"

"I don't quite know; it will altogether depend on

her uncle. I'm afraid he will not spare her to us for very long."

"I'm afraid the Squire is something of a dog in the manger. He won't enjoy Miss May's charming society himself, nor allow those who can to do so. Very eccentric old man is the Squire. You were fortunate in taking his fancy, Dr. Boyd."

"Scarcely so fortunate as in diagnosing his malady," was the calm reply, though Frank felt the same longing to pitch the man out of the window as he had experienced before; and Madge felt a positive shiver as she put her hand on his arm when dinner was announced.

"I hope you may be as fortunate in finding out Miss May's malady," he said, after a few minutes' silence. "It's something so strange to hear of her being ill that I feel almost alarmed."

"It's merely fatigue and a headache," Mrs. Boyd replied. "She will be quite well and rested to-morrow morning."

"Then I'll do myself the pleasure of calling early, and if I can be of any use in escorting you anywhere, pray command me, Mrs. Boyd. My time is quite at your service during my short stay in town."

Madge forced herself to utter a formal "Thank you,"

but she did not meet Dr. Leyland's glance. In fact, she was half afraid of showing the utter contempt she felt for him, for she had heard from May of his dismissal from Fairburn Park, and how odious his attentions had become even before he left. But May was too rich a prize to be easily relinquished. All the winter Dr. Leyland had remained in the vicinity of the Park, and on several occasions had met May in her walks, and attempted to tell her of his love, and despair at being separated from her. She had refused to listen to him, and shown such unmistakable symptoms of terror that he was forced to desist lest she should appeal to her uncle for protection; but in London, in Mrs. Boyd's drawing-room, in the park, or Kensington Gardens, there would be no one to appeal to, and Frederick Leyland resolved that he should be heard, and not only that, but Dr. and Mrs. Boyd should be forced to favour his suit. Accordingly, when he and the Doctor retired to "the den" for a chat after dinner, he began cautiously to open the campaign. Had May appeared at the dinner-table, and met him as a stranger or acquaintance, he would have taken his chance; but he knew perfectly well she had remained in her room to avoid him, and if Mrs. Boyd was prepared to help her, she might go on successfully avoiding him during her stay in London; therefore Mrs. Boyd must be won over to his side, and that could only be accomplished through her husband.

And yet when they were seated quietly by themselves, Dr. Leyland did not find it quite such an easy matter to open negotiations as he imagined. In the first place, Frank Boyd was a gentleman, and it is not easy to say a downright rude or insulting thing to a man in his own house; added to that, there was an air of reserve, of quiet toleration, of supreme self-control about Dr. Boyd that was eminently irritating to a man like Dr. Leyland. After a long silence, during which both men seemed to be mentally measuring each other's capacity for showing fight, Leyland opened the conversation somewhat abruptly.

"You know your namesake, Boyd, at the other end of the street?"

"Not personally, but by reputation of course. He is a celebrated man," was the careless reply.

"Strange you have never met him."

"Not in the least. He is a specialist. I am a general practitioner. Besides, I have not been very long in this neighbourhood."

"Rather odd, is it not, that there should be two men of the same name in the same street?" Dr. Leyland continued, musingly. "Mistakes occur sometimes, I suppose?"

"Possibly," Frank replied, steadily looking at Dr. Leyland.

"As, for instance, in the case of Mr. Churchill?"

"If there was any mistake in that case it was on your part, I think," Frank said coldly; "your message was explicit enough."

"Yes, but it was never intended for you, and you know it; why should I seek to meet a man like you

in consultation?" Dr. Leyland said, leaning forward in his chair.

"You are the best judge of that. You sent for me, and I went. I am not aware that the matter requires further consideration or discussion. If you made a mistake in the physician you wished to consult with, I take it the fault was entirely yours; but as the result has proved satisfactory as far as the patient was concerned, I think we may change the subject. There is nothing more to be said about it."

"There is a great deal more to be said about it, Dr. Boyd, as you will find out to your cost," Leyland hissed. "You came to Fairburn Park and personated a great physician. You took enormous fees; you allowed both myself and my patient to understand that you were Dr. Boyd, of Brook Street."

"Which I am!" Frank said quietly. "Please bear that fact in mind, Dr. Leyland."

"You are *now*, but what were you *then*?"

"Precisely the same."

Dr. Leyland laughed scornfully.

"I know the date I sent for you. I know the date you took possession of this house; and I know that before you came here you lived in an obscure street off the Gray's Inn Road."

"Brook Street—a locality, by the way, quite as well known as this, in its way."

"But not exactly where one would expect to find a famous consulting physician."

"Are you not dwelling rather needlessly on your own ignorance, Dr. Leyland? I have really no pleasure in discussing the subject further."

"You brave it well, Dr. Boyd; but my mistake, as you call it, will not reflect entirely to your credit. Getting possession of a telegram intended for someone else, personating him, and thereby gaining a patient and heavy fees, might be called an ugly name."

"And a person who fabricates such an accusation might not only be called an ugly name, but would richly deserve it," Dr. Boyd said, starting to his feet, white with suppressed fury. "Understand, once and for all, that I scorn your insinuations, just as much as I despise their motive. I did not seek this interview, and now I am forced to tell you that the sooner it is ended the better."

Dr. Leyland rose from his chair, too, with a resolute expression on his dark face, and stood looking steadily at Frank Boyd, who was holding himself in by a mighty effort.

"I don't want to quarrel with you over this matter, Dr. Frank Boyd," he said slowly. "On the contrary, I want to make terms with you. You know, and I know that you know now, the whole history of your visit to Fairburn Park; the insidious way you wormed yourself into the good graces of your patient, leaving him under the impression that you were a great and famous man; the subsequent introduction of your wife and Mr. Bertie;

the assiduous attentions he paid to May Churchill—you having learned she was an heiress; the fact of Miss Churchill being here, where she can have daily opportunities of meeting Mr. Bertie. You're not such a fool as to be ignorant how that story will sound, told as I can tell it; not the least questionable part of the transaction being that you caused me to be dismissed from Fairburn, in order that you might have complete influence over the old man; and how, on the strength of the enormous fees you received, you started in a fashionable West-End practice, and set up a carriage and pair! The whole affair is eminently calculated to add to your professional reputation."

"Will you leave this room, or must I pitch you neck and crop out of the window?" Frank cried, seizing a chair-back to steady himself. "Will you go, you unmitigated scoundrel?"

"Not till I have finished everything I've got to say. I've shown you how your conduct might be represented; now I'll suggest a compromise. I love May Churchill, and wish to marry her. Give me opportunities of meeting her, favour my suit, enlist your wife on my side—in short, enable me to carry out my purpose, and I will hold my tongue; not only that, but I will substantially reward you. On the other hand, oppose me, and I will speak with a hundred tongues, expose the fraud to Squire Churchill, to Dr. Felix Boyd, to the whole medical profession, to your patients, to your friends. I have the power and I will use it, so take your choice."

"There is no choice in the matter," Frank said, proudly, with withering scorn in his face and voice. "Rest assured I will do all in my power to protect Miss Churchill from your audacious design. For the rest, go instantly, and remember in future that you and I are strangers."

"You defy me, then?"

"Defy you! No. Despise you, yes; if indeed you are not as much beneath my contempt as my anger;" and with a wave of his hand Dr. Boyd indicated the door. Frederick Leyland bowed with an evil smile, and left the room, and a few moments later he was shaking his clenched hand outside the house, and muttering maledictions against the Doctor. He had played his trump card, and, as far as May Churchill was concerned, he had signally failed. "I showed my hand too soon," he said to himself savagely; "but I vow he'll suffer for it. He shall not have the best of me in everything."

CHAPTER XIV.—A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHEN Madge left the dining-room, she went straight up to May Churchill, whose headache and fatigue were in reality a very lame excuse for not seeing Dr. Leyland. She was sitting in an easy-chair near the fire, and Madge settled herself in another for a nice long chat.

"I'm not going to see that odious man again, dear," she said, smiling; "if he does venture upstairs after the snubbing I gave him, he must drink his tea alone; but I don't think he will come. He did not seem to believe a bit in your illness, May, and said he would call to-morrow to inquire for you. I'll order the carriage early, so as not to be at home, and I'll tell Frank not to have him here again, at least while you are with us."

Frank, meantime, had very effectually given Dr. Leyland his dismissal, and as he stood alone in his "den," his arms on the chimney-piece, and his head bowed on them, he tried to think calmly what the threats just uttered might amount to; how far the power to injure accorded with the only too evident intention. "He can't do much; I have so little to lose!" Frank said to himself, with a deep sigh. "Still, the story told as he will tell it may do much to prejudice me amongst professional people. It would grieve Madge terribly; it would annoy Bertie, anger Mr. Churchill; and yet I think, I hope, not one of them would believe it. The matter, as he puts it, is a vile calumny, a cowardly slander. Any professional man would have done just as I did;" and Frank unlocked a drawer and took out the carefully treasured morsel of flimsy pink paper. "With such evidence as this in my favour, I can look them all in the face. Heaven grant Madge hears nothing—suspects nothing; it would break her heart to think I was accused, even by a villain, of a dishonourable action."

Still, in spite of his self-assurances and philosophic reflections, it was with a heavy heart that he went up to the drawing-room after Dr. Leyland's departure, and with a sigh of relief noted the lamps turned down, the general primness of the room, and the two forlorn-looking cups on the Japanese tray.

"The mistress is with Miss Churchill, sir. She begged you to excuse her," the maid said, as she placed the tea on the table, and Frank was not unwilling. A *tête-à-tête* with Madge was the very last thing he desired at that moment; and, slipping quietly down-stairs, he put on his great-coat and left the house, not with any definite idea of where he was going, but simply because he longed to be in the air—to breathe, to think, to feel without any interruption.

A few minutes' walk through devious ways and deserted by-streets brought him into a busier thoroughfare, and from thence he wandered into Oxford Street. It was barely ten o'clock, and the busy tide of humanity flowed westward, as towards some haven of rest. The Doctor walked towards Holborn, and almost mechanically turned up the Gray's Inn Road, and then into Brook Street. The old house was still empty; the dusty windows looked desolate. To Frank Boyd there was something indescribably mournful in the aspect of the house in which he had once been so happy.

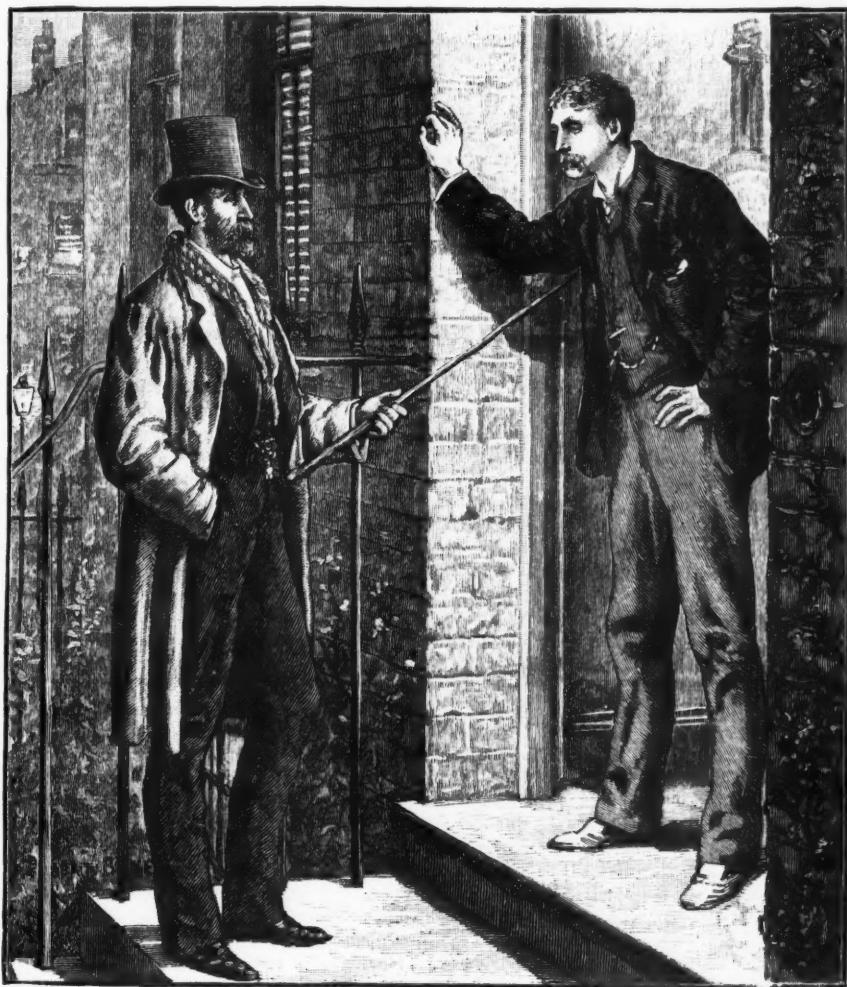
"I wish I had never left it," he said bitterly. "In my darkest time there I was happier than I

have ever been since. My worst poverty was wealth compared with my present position."

With a deep sigh he turned away, and walked in the direction of Bertie West's lodging, not exactly

said, entering. "Why, Bert, you look scared. What's the matter?"

"Nothing; you startled me. I had no idea of seeing you to-night," Bertie replied, as he closed the



"In a few seconds the door was opened by Bertie."

expecting to find him at home, but because it seemed a reasonable end to his aimless wanderings. However, there was light in the parlour, and Frank, in accordance with an old habit, tapped at the window instead of knocking. In a few seconds the door was opened by Bertie in his old velveteen jacket and slippers. He looked so genuinely astonished that Dr. Boyd laughed aloud.

"It's my very self, old man; nothing less," he

sitting-room door. "Is there anything wrong, Frank?"

"Not at all. I was a bit dull, and thought I should like a walk. Mechanically I turned eastward. I have not many friends in Mayfair, you know; besides, I wanted to know why you did not dine with us this evening; and—hallo, Bert, what *is* the matter?" he added, glancing round the room, which was in a state of complete disorder. Books, clothes,

unfinished sketches scattered about the floor as well as on chairs and tables, and an open portmanteau, half full of things, pushed in indiscriminately.

"What's up, Bertie?" the Doctor repeated. "Anything wrong?"

"No; I'm going away for a week. I want to get some Brittany sketches for a new story," Bert replied carelessly. "I have been wanting to go for some time."

"You never mentioned it before, and I believe there's some other motive now. What is it Bert, old fellow? Better tell me than leave me to guess."

"There's very little worth conjecture," was the quiet reply. "Don't ask questions, Frank, and you will be told no fibs."

"Better tell me. If what I fancy is the cause of this sudden flight of yours, there may be no necessity for it. 'You're running away from May Churchill!'"

"She's one of the 'forces,' certainly; but there are others," Bertie replied gravely.

"Naturally, where there's action; but really I do not see the necessity of your going. Miss Churchill may possibly leave us in a day or two, and we may need you. Don't go, Bertie!"

"All right," Bert replied, after a quiet, anxious glance at his friend's face; "only don't ask me to go to Brook Street while she remains."

"She inquired about you, and seemed disappointed when she heard you were not coming this evening. I think had you been there she would have braved even Dr. Leyland, though she seems to hate and almost fear him."

"What can Miss Churchill have to fear, and why should she condescend to hate a man like that?" Bertie asked fiercely; "and I thought he left Fairburn Park long ago?"

"So he did, but he has not by any means renounced his idea of winning the heiress; indeed, he even went so far as to appeal to me for assistance."

"Oh! and the result?"

"Was not satisfactory, I'm afraid. He dined with us this evening, but I am sorry to say the dinner was to a great extent a failure, and the conversation afterwards painful, at least to me. It has left a very wretched impression on my mind. Come out, Bert, and let me talk it over with you. I feel as if I must tell some one."

Without a moment's hesitation, Bertie put on his hat and coat, and together the two friends walked westward. For several minutes both men were silent, Bertie in a state of painful expectancy, for he had more than a suspicion of what was coming; Frank uncertain where to begin his story—at the first suspicion that flashed across his own mind that dreary, foggy November evening nearly six months ago, or at the humiliating conversation with Dr. Leyland, from which he was still smarting. A careless question from Bertie decided the matter, and, on the whole, it seemed easier to go back and explain circumstances than begin at the beginning with a humiliating confession, even to Bertie West. So he

explained the doctor's sudden appearance; the invitation to dinner, forced, as it were, from him; Miss Churchill's refusal to join them; and the conversation that ensued, sparing himself no detail of the insulting propositions and accusations, and the angry threats that followed. Bertie listened in silence, and when the Doctor stopped, he looked up and laughed in his old merry way. "You don't mean to say you allow anything that fellow has said to trouble you, Frank?" he cried gaily. "I only wish you had pitched him out of the window, and shaken him into the middle of next week—the lunatic, to suppose for a moment any one would believe such an accusation against you."

"Put as he put the whole affair, it certainly had an ugly aspect Bert," the Doctor said ruefully.

"There are a very few affairs in life that you cannot see evil in, if you only try hard enough," Bert replied. "But, seriously, Frank, it's absurd of you to give the matter a second thought—almost as absurd as of that scoundrel to suppose a medical man, who gets a telegram asking him to meet another perfect stranger in consultation, has leisure to go round London, wildly demanding, 'Is there another doctor of my name greater than I?' Was this message meant for some one else? Give it up, Frank, and don't be morbid if you can help it."

Frank smiled somewhat sadly. Perhaps he was morbid, and inclined to take the whole matter too seriously, and attach too much importance to Dr. Leyland's power of injuring him. Bertie's cheerful view of the case gave a momentary relief. His best friend did not suspect him of anything dishonourable. Perhaps others would judge him just as leniently; and with those reflections he returned home, having made Bertie repeat his promise of not going away, and feeling infinitely better himself for his unpremeditated confidence. It had done him good to speak on the subject; and, when once it had ceased to be a secret, no doubt the whole affair would lose a great deal of its character. At least in the future he would not have to brood in silence over it.

It was long past midnight when Frank Boyd reached home, but Madge was waiting for him, looking strangely pale and anxious. She did not know what time Dr. Leyland left, or where her husband had gone, but she determined that very night to urge May Churchill's request that she should not be asked to meet Dr. Leyland. Frank replied cheerfully that they had nothing further to fear; there was no chance of his calling again, and then for a moment he felt inclined to tell his wife everything from beginning to end—to make a full confession to her of his fault of intention as well as commission. Madge would forgive him, he knew. He was sure of her love and sympathy, but he knew she would be grieved, and he could not endure the idea of causing her sorrow. She would be disappointed, too, for Madge was a hero-worshipper. Frank was her greatest hero, and he did not like the idea of falling a single step in her estimation. Still, the longing for complete sympathy was strong on

him. He only saved himself from speaking by a coldness and reticence he was very far from feeling. Madge felt almost glad. She had been dreading that he would notice her anxiety, and ask the cause; but his very unconcern convinced her that he suspected nothing, while at the same time she felt bitterly the distance that had widened between them by imperceptible degrees. She was no longer the *confidante* of all her husband's thoughts, the recipient of his sorrows, the sharer of his joys, as in the old time. He still loved her tenderly, she knew; but there was something in the air of this Brook Street that chilled all demonstration of affection. "Something in me, too, perhaps," she said to herself, as she lingered by the dying fire. "No doubt Frank fancies I have grown cold and proud just because of that wretched legacy! Well, better let him think even that than suspect the truth. Oh, how I wish the meeting between May and the Miss Hyde Parkers was over; no doubt they will relate all about Selim and the great Dr. Boyd, and she will ask me questions; and, oh, I wish—I wish Frank had never gone to Fairburn Park!"

Early the next morning Madge and May set off for a long drive, accompanied by old Mr. Meadows and Rosie. Both had recovered completely; Madge from her nervous anxiety, May from her headache. They were in the gayest possible spirits, and the Doctor smiled and chatted cheerily as he helped them into the carriage, and suggested a drive to Richmond Park, and some luncheon somewhere.

"Perhaps we shall go even further," May cried, "so don't be surprised if we are out all day. Mr. Meadows will take care of us."

The old man bowed like a courtier, and lifted his shabby hat with the air of a prince, as he accepted the responsibility of looking after the ladies; and with nods and smiles they started, leaving Frank standing bareheaded on the pavement, waving his hand in gay farewell. A moment later some one touched him on the arm, and looking round he saw old Mr. Churchill at his side, looking very flushed and excited, and panting from the exertion of getting out of his hansom.

"I want a word with you, sir," he said, shortly; then, struck by something in Frank Boyd's face, he bowed and held out his hand. "I've just heard something that has annoyed me—two things, in fact," he explained, as he followed the Doctor into the house. "Leyland has just been telling me that you are a fraud and an impostor; that you assumed another man's name and reputation, and came to my house just to cheat me. Answer me straight—are you Doctor Felix Boyd, the celebrated physician, or are you not?"

"I am not," he replied quietly. "I am Doctor Frank Boyd, far from celebrated, but with the same qualifications, I believe, as my more successful namesake, and not, I trust, without some skill and experience."

"Did you come to Fairburn Park to deceive me—to impose upon me?"

"Not quite," Frank replied, after a moment's hesitation. "When I got your message I had no doubt it was intended for me, and I felt very glad, for it meant money, and I was poor; but a little reflection showed me that there was the possibility of a mistake. I was unknown; as far as I could remember without a friend likely to recommend me to a gentleman living in the country. Still, I said, 'Some old college acquaintance may be living there, and has remembered me.' So I went. I was fortunate enough to understand your condition, and, I believe, be of some service to you. If you meant some other medical man, I am very sorry; but I think your telegram should have been more explicit."

Frank spoke very quietly, but with a fearless glance at the old gentleman, who seemed almost choking with rage.

"Your explanation is all very fine, sir; but I believe you to be a rank impostor. I dare say you will endeavour to explain away your other plot too—your design on my niece's fortune. I could have forgiven your deception practised on myself. All doctors think their patients fools, and so they are, or they would have none of them; but to abuse my hospitality, to entrap my niece into an intimacy, and actually succeed in getting her into your very house! I suppose you were quite congratulating yourself on the success of your plans."

Frank felt he had richly deserved to be thus misunderstood, but said quietly, "I am at a loss to understand your meaning, Mr. Churchill; will you kindly explain it?"

"I will not," Mr. Churchill screamed; "all I say is, I want my niece now—this moment. She shall not stay an hour longer in your house. Where is she?"

"I regret to say she is out—gone for a drive with my wife and child."

"Oh, indeed; and who else, may I ask?" Mr. Churchill said, pacing up and down the room. "Who else, I say?"

"Mr. Meadows, an old gentleman who has been for some time an inmate of my house. He was a friend of my wife's uncle in Australia, and brought us some news of him. He is quite a suitable protector for even Miss May Churchill. He is a gentleman."

"Indeed! a broken-down gambler, unsuccessful speculator, ruined spendthrift, who would retrieve his losses or rebuild his fortune by marrying an heiress."

"Mr. Meadows is over seventy, and, as far as I am aware, answers to none of your descriptions. I am still at a loss to understand your allusions, Mr. Churchill."

"You brave it out, sir! Really you do, cleverly, boldly," the old man cried, bringing his clenched fist down on the table. "But you must answer me one other question. Who is Mr. Bertie?"

"Here he is!" Frank replied, as the door suddenly opened, and Bertie West appeared for a moment,

and then quickly withdrew, seeing that Frank had a very choleric visitor. "Here's a gentleman inquiring about you," Frank continued. "Come in, Bert, and give an account of yourself."

only twice; still he remembered him, and knew that he was a gentleman; and Bertie had too much innate good feeling not to be courteous to a man so much his senior, no matter what reason he had for feeling



"He found the choleric enemy of the morning comfortably settled in the drawing-room."—p. 298.

CHAPTER XV.—A REVELATION.

BERTIE entered the room; not willingly, for he did not anticipate an interview with old Mr. Churchill as a pleasure, though possibly some time it might become a duty. Still, he held his head well up, and advanced with a frank fearlessness, born of the conviction that he really had nothing to be ashamed of or afraid of.

Old Mr. Churchill bowed stiffly. He had met Bertie

angry with him. For a moment they eyed each other severely, and then Mr. Churchill advanced a step. It seemed easier to rage at the Doctor about the matter that troubled him than speak of it to the real offender; and, after all, the sum of the offence was not so great. A handsome, gentlemanly young fellow fell in love with a pretty girl who had the misfortune to be an heiress; that was really the amount

of it; but the irate old Squire did not find it so easy to bring his accusations, when he called to mind that except Dr. Leyland's word he had absolutely no reason to suppose that Bertie had ever given Miss May Churchill a second thought. He did not look a bit like a man caught in a mean or underhand transaction; and whatever people may say about a bold front and hardened audacity, a man's face is an index to his soul. If his eyes can't speak the truth, they will not lie without betraying the falsehood. Bertie's eyes were questioning only, and they asked the questions so imperatively that the old man was forced to answer. Bertie's whole expression and attitude said plainly, "What do you want of me? What is your business with me?"

"Is it true that you are in love with Miss May Churchill?" the old man suddenly blurted out, leaning forward with both his hands on the table.

"Yes, it is true!"

"Ah, I thought so; and you entered into the plot with that man to try to marry her."

"I entered into no plot, and I have no present intention of marrying," Bertie replied quietly; "nor has the young lady the slightest suspicion of my feeling towards her," he added.

"Is it true that you came down to Fairburn with your sister, and insinuated yourself into my house with the view of winning my niece, and possessing her fortune? Is it true that you all planned the matter between you? Is it true that he passed himself off for another doctor, and obtained money by false pretences? Is it true that you also passed yourself off as a gentleman, whereas—"

"I am one! It is true that I entered your house under slightly false pretences, for I feared I should not otherwise be permitted to see you; but my friends knew nothing whatever of the little deception. It was harmless enough, and it gained my ends."

"Did it? I am the best judge of that," Mr. Churchill said, calmed by Bertie's quiet tones and steady look.

"Yes; I wanted to see and judge for myself what manner of man you were. I have seen; I have judged. You are the same man that turned his only daughter out of doors, and refused to cheer her death-bed with one word of pardon! You are the man that left her only child to a life of poverty and obscurity, while you wallowed in wealth! The man that left a helpless, miserable, friendless child to want and misery, to struggle through dark ways into the light, or die in the dark! Yes, you are the same! I had been told your true character, but I refused to believe it. I said, 'I will see and judge for myself. I will not condemn him utterly on the testimony of any other person.' But I knew you would not admit me. You would bar the door in my face, as you did in your daughter's; that's why I made your acquaintance as I did."

"Who are you? What is your name?" the old man cried, with an expression of almost terror on his face. "Who and what are you, I say!"

"I am Albert West, an artist; and, I regret to add, your grandson!"

"My grandson! May's child! You are mad—dreaming. She never had a son. Stay—come here; let me look at you. Yes, there is something of her in your face—but it's part of the plot, perhaps. I must have proofs—proofs! My grandson—May's child! It can't be!" he cried, glancing round helplessly. "I have been angry, excited. I'm getting confused, somehow; some one explain things to me."

And he sank helpless and almost fainting into a chair. Dr. Boyd was with him in a moment, and after a few minutes he recovered himself; but he seemed entirely subdued, and glanced at Bertie with a piteous entreaty for pardon—a sort of involuntary opening of his arms as if to embrace him, and then and there acknowledge him without the desired proofs. But Bertie held aloof. He was cold, proud, and stern. He wanted nothing from his grandfather—not even his love, and he said so with unnecessary emphasis. Moreover, he declared that it was solely to clear his friend from the monstrous accusations of Dr. Leyland that he made himself known at all. Then, as Mr. Churchill began to remember things, he asked for Mrs. Boyd.

"The child called you uncle; is she my grandchild too?" he questioned. "It would alter the aspect of Frank's conduct if his wife was Bertie's sister."

"No, Mrs. Boyd is no relative of yours, but she is the only sister I have ever known, her husband the only brother; yet, till this moment they had not even a remote suspicion that I was related to you. I was not so proud of my grandfather as might be supposed!"

"I don't know yet that I have any reason to be proud of my grandson," the old man cried, with a flash of his old manner; "that remains to be proved. If I find everything satisfactory—"

Bertie shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Pray don't take the trouble to inquire! Whether I am 'satisfactory' or not can't matter very much to you," he interrupted. "I have chosen my path in life, and I mean to walk in it."

"Still, I must have proofs that I am your grandfather, that you are May's son. Why, in that case you are my heir. You will be master of Fairburn; that's better than being a beggarly artist!"

"That's a matter of opinion," Bertie replied quietly. "Now I want once more to assure you that my friend Dr. Boyd is utterly incapable of the conduct that you accuse him of; also that he is as clever as any doctor in London or out of it; moreover, that he is a gentleman. As for Miss Churchill, I do not know whether you are aware that Dr. Leyland, who, I understand, has brought this monstrous accusation against my friend, has had ideas of his own regarding my cousin."

"True, true; I forgot that; I—in fact, I was too angry to think. I suppose since you are so intimate

a friend of Dr. Boyd's, I must not say any more; that is, I must not be hard on him."

"There is nothing to be hard about," Bertie replied sternly. "Your medical adviser sent a telegram to Dr. Boyd, asking him to meet him in consultation. He went, and did you a great deal of good. As far as I can see, that's the whole amount of the matter."

"The other Dr. Boyd does not seem to think so!"

Frank started and changed colour, but he was calm again in a moment. Bertie advanced and laid his hand roughly on his grandfather's shoulder. "Do you mean to say you have repeated this malicious slander to any one else—to Dr. Felix Boyd?" he cried.

"Leyland did, and I mentioned it too. If it's false, what does it matter?"

"Nothing, Mr. Churchill," Frank said, advancing a step. "It is quite as well he should know, but," he said in a lower tone, "it has sealed my professional

fate in Brook Street. Felix Boyd has a great name, great fame, great fortune, but he has not the great heart that can feel for a brother in adversity, and forgive a fault for which he has already greatly suffered."

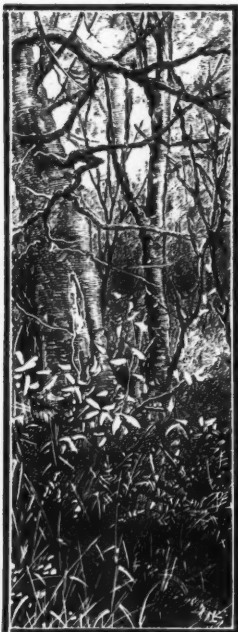
Then he left the room, and Bertie and his grandfather were left alone. They were still alone, and on far better terms when Mrs. Boyd and May returned from their drive, and Mr. Churchill did not insist on his niece accompanying him back to Fairburn that evening. Not only that, but he stayed to dinner at Mrs. Boyd's invitation, introduced Bertie to May as her cousin, and when Frank returned from his profitless and disheartening "rounds," he found the choleric enemy of the morning comfortably settled in the drawing-room, with a cup of tea in his hand, and Rosie nestled contentedly in his arms.

(*To be concluded.*)

BICENTENARY GLIMPSES.—III.

FRANCE IN 1685.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



FOR nearly a quarter of a century before 1685, a halo of manifold glory, the like of which she had never known, appeared to encircle France. From the year 1661, when Louis XIV., at the age of twenty-three, assumed the control of his kingdom, a marvellous series of successes attended his arms both by land and by sea. The army and navy were raised to a state of efficiency unknown before. Magnificent monuments, grand in idea, and not less grand in execution, like the Palace of Versailles, arose, at once to dazzle and delight the nation.

The manufactures and commerce of the country made a great bound, so that instead of depending on foreign countries for their finest products, France had her own manufactories, and in her silk works at Tours and Lyons, her Sèvres porcelain, and her

Gobelins tapestries, not to speak of coarser industries, could defy the rivalry of the world.

But France was still richer and more brilliant in her great men. Her literature showed a galaxy that seemed to bring back the Augustan age of Rome. It was the age of Corneille and Molière and Racine, of Pascal and Lafontaine and Montesquieu, of Malebranche and Boileau and Fontenelle. In the Church, Bossuet and Fénelon, Bourdaloue and Massillon, and many others, raised the pulpit to an eminence never reached before; while among the Protestants, Claude and Saurin, Du Bosc and De Superville, showed an eloquence more solid and hardly less brilliant. To command the armies there were generals like Condé and Turenne. Claude Lorraine shone in the realm of art. The king and his ministers were proud of so many intellectual princes, and founded institutions for the encouragement of art, science, and literature. The Academy of Music was organised in 1669, that of architecture in 1671. It seemed not unreasonable that the king under whom so much glory was added to France should receive the title of "the Great."

After all, much of the glory was mere tinsel, and in the vitals of the nation there might have been found symptoms of deadly disease. Parallel to all this growth, another process was going on. The king was steadily and deliberately stamping out every species of authority in France except his own. He was bent on making himself not only the supreme, but the only power in the State. He was possessed by the firmest conviction

that every one born a subject was bound to give the most implicit and unquestioning obedience to the sovereign. By divine right the king was ruler of the nation, and any resistance to his rule was a crime against God and against man.

Thus in France Louis XIV. was playing the same game as the Stewarts were playing in England. But he was playing it with much more skill and meeting with far less resistance than the Stewarts experienced. While riveting fetters on the nation, he flattered and gratified it; nor had he much opposition, for among all the great men that France now produced, there were none to be classed with the Pym and Hampdens, the Miltons and Cromwells, the Russells and Sidneys who saved the liberties of England.

Unfortunately, there was no point on which the king was more determined to exercise his absolute power than that of religion. He was resolved that all his subjects should be of the same religion with himself. He hated the Protestants, or Huguenots as they were often called, partly because they were of a different religion, and partly because they encouraged a spirit of independence which was not favourable to absolute rule.

Under the Edict of Nantes, issued by Henry IV. in 1598, the Protestants for nearly a century had enjoyed, in name at least, the free exercise of their religion. Louis hated that Edict, and determined that it should one day be recalled. This, however, was a difficult step, for as citizens the Protestants were numerous and prosperous, and singularly industrious; and most of them were animated by an intense and invincible attachment to their faith. Louis therefore had to proceed slowly with his design. For twenty years he subjected his Protestant subjects to a series of harassing and vexatious restrictions, in the hope of thereby wearing them out. But this policy was not attended with the desired success.

At last, in 1685, the fatal blow was struck, and the king being determined to exterminate Protestantism, the Edict of Nantes was revoked. No human being was to be allowed to live on the soil of France who was not of the same religion with the king. It is said that he was urged to this step by Madame de Maintenon, and his Jesuit confessor, Père Lachaise. It is certain that when the deed was done, and when all the devices of cruelty and torture were let loose to stamp out Protestantism, he received the congratulations of the Pope, and that even men of high character, like Archbishop Fénelon and Bishop Bossuet, and women of gay and gentle nature, like Madame de Sévigné, expressed their delight at the splendid service done to religion. The king was deluded with the assurance that the smile of Heaven rested on him for his courageous deed, and any relintings that might have been caused by the frightful misery which he in-

flicted on hundreds of thousands of the best and most useful of his subjects, were quieted by the belief that in a few years all would be tranquil, that the roots of heresy would be torn up for ever, and that the whole nation would present the beautiful sight of brethren dwelling together in unity.

Every one knows that in his own life the king was a profligate, and that the scandals of his court, while they shocked the clergy, remained unproved by them. When favours had to be asked, the wicked women who were about him were the persons most likely to be able to get them, and even the highest of the clergy did not disdain for such purposes to make use of their mediation. Between these ladies and the Protestants there was the same feeling as between Herodias and her daughter and John the Baptist. The Protestants, with their stern morality, were a disturbing element to all who were living evil lives. It is said that Madame de Maintenon had an understanding with the clergy that if she succeeded in getting the king to revoke the Edict of Nantes, they were to withdraw their opposition to her marriage with the king. The death of the queen, Anne of Austria, took place in 1683, and in 1685, the year when the Edict was revoked, Madame de Maintenon, it is said, was privately married to the king. But she was never recognised as his wife in public; and it must have mortified her greatly, that, though in a sense successful in her plot, the magnificence and the state and the honour for which she had planned it, were never really hers.

The magnificent festivities of which Versailles was the seat were carried on in a fashion unexampled in the history of the country, and without regard to cost. Feasts, balls, tournaments, and hunting excursions succeeded each other with wonderful rapidity, and kept the circle for which they were designed in a constant flutter of excitement. Gorgeous dresses, luxurious entertainments, costly equipages, with all the other necessities of such a mode of life, entailed an expenditure which even the magnificent monarch found it not easy to meet. Heavy taxation had to be resorted to, and the industrious classes had to bear the brunt. The country was indeed groaning under the weight of its taxes. And it did not put people in better humour when they saw how the money went. Already a low mutter of complaint might be heard—a mutter that became more loud in the latter part of the reign of Louis, which was as much crowded with national disasters as the first part had been replenished with national triumphs. Under his successor, Louis XV., the complaint that many millions of francs were spent for the king's pleasures, became more and more threatening. It was in the third reign, that of Louis XVI., who was really a better man than either of

his predecessors, that the dragons' teeth at last became armed men. The retribution was awful. In the punishment of the Protestants a most savage spirit had been evoked. The weapons that had been then brought into use were now turned against the class that had put them in force; and the horrors of the Revolution, the fate of the royal family and of so many of the clergy and nobility, were the natural fruits

which they enjoyed very greatly, and which could be objected to on no reasonable grounds. They were required to bury their dead secretly, by night. They were deprived of the liberty of printing their books. Parents were enjoined to give pensions to any of their children that should become Romanists. The payment of debts to their former brethren by Protestants who should turn Papists was discharged. The



LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

of the cruel and heartless spirit that had been called into activity against the heretics.

Notwithstanding the devoted loyalty of the Huguenots, and their high character as citizens, the Edict of Nantes, as passed in 1598, was observed all along very imperfectly, and they had often to complain of vexatious and unjust treatment, interfering grievously with the exercise of their religion. During the five years that followed 1660 (the year when Charles II. was restored in England, and the cause of despotism everywhere seemed to revive), the French Protestants had suffered much injustice and annoyance, owing to edicts issued by the king. They were deprived of the liberty of singing Psalms, whether in public worship or in their houses, a practice

liberty of holding classical meetings (presbyteries) was taken away. Priests and friars were granted leave to enter Protestant families, to come to the beds of the dying, and urge them to change their religion. The ministers were not allowed to call themselves ministers of the Word of God. A more substantial injury was, that many of their churches were pulled down, or turned to other uses, so that the people were deprived of the opportunity of worship. In a petition to the king it was stated that in ten years three hundred of their churches were thus destroyed. In 1680, a villainous Act was passed, depriving Protestants of all kinds of public offices or employments. They were declared incapable of serving in the customs-houses, the guards, the treasury, or the

post-office. Neither could they act as tutors or guardians, so that the children of Protestants who were minors, and these often in families of wealth and influence, were brought under the power of the Church of Rome.

But by far the most odious practice in these persecutions was that of the "Dragonnades." Dragoons were quartered on Protestant families just for the purpose of tormenting them into becoming "converts." The whole contents of the house were at the mercy of the soldiers. They were allowed to make the most extravagant demands. In many a house all the cherished heirlooms of the family, all the furniture, all the ornaments of the women, had to be sacrificed to supply their wants. But this was a small sacrifice compared with what had often to be submitted to. Short of murder, there was hardly a crime which the dragoons, who were usually of coarse and brutal character, were not allowed to commit with impunity. The great object was to make converts, and for this purpose the most atrocious cruelties and brutalities were often inflicted. Fire, as the chief historian of the times (Elie Benoist) remarked, was used by the dragoons as if it had just been created for their purpose. A common way of converting heretics was to force them to grasp a red-hot cinder in their hands till they had repeated the Lord's Prayer. A worthy woman having said the prayer in these circumstances somewhat quickly, was made to repeat the transaction, the dragoon giving her the time. Sometimes

rags or pieces of tow were wrapped round the hands or feet of the heretics, and set on fire. One poor fellow was stripped naked before a roaring fire, and compelled, three days running, to turn the spit till the dinner of the dragoons was cooked. These dragoons, too, had a horrible way of tying cords round the big toes and thumbs, and lifting men up by them till the cords cut into the bone. To vary the ceremony, the cord was sometimes carried across the face under the nose, and the whole weight of the body made to hang on the tenderest part of the face. Sometimes a poor fellow would be dipped into a well until he was all but suffocated. Lashes and blows and bayonet wounds were about the commonest part of the treatment.

The outrages on women were often too horrible to be even named. The brutal soldiers seemed to have a peculiar delight in torturing feelings that are far more sensitive than any bodily nerve. Mothers were tormented by being tied up near their infant children, whose cries for food tore their hearts, but could not be stopped without their renouncing their faith; and children, too, from five or six years and upwards, came in for their share of the cruelty. Little girls who were placed under nuns to be "converted," often showed wonderful pluck and firmness; and sometimes, in trying to escape, they went through adventures that might have made a romance. But a glance at some of these cases, and at what took place when, on the 18th October, 1685, the Edict of Revocation was issued, must be reserved for another paper.

ON LIVING TO OURSELVES.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.—I.



HE feelings with which men look forward to the coming of their last hour are many and various. There is the dread and the shrinking of the man whose conscience is warning him that there are bitter and terrible things written against him. There is the feigned and false daring of him whose life has been one of thoughtless disregard of all things true and holy. There is also the true and steadfast hope of the believer to whom Christ is indeed the Saviour. Yet, varied as these emotions are according to men's different characters, there is yet, I think, one feeling common to all—the thought that in that hour they shall be cut off from all the ties and connexions which have surrounded them in their life-time on every side, and shall be in some new and strange sense by themselves. We know this thought to have

weighed most painfully on the mind of one who was yet a true follower of His Lord.* "I shall die alone"—these were the words with which he looked forward to the end of life. He saw well that at that hour all the myriad links which bind man to his fellows will be broken up and shattered. In vain then will be the busy schemes, the projects extending far and wide, which served in his life-time of health and strength to bind others to him and himself to others. He will find in that death-agony that these will be riven asunder. He will be taught the lesson that unless man has other ties than such as these, he will indeed die alone and desolate, with no peace and no hope. And if these fail him, will he find more support in the union, such as it is, which exists between others who share in the same pleasures and walk in the same path of vanity? Will the silken thread hold firm when

* Pascal.

the chain of iron is shattered? Can he then hear any more the voice of singing men or singing women? Is it in that hour, when the body is worn out with pain, and the mind weary, and the heart faint, that the recollection of the hours of mirth and the joy which, in its selfish eagerness, took no thought of duty, can be a consolation to him, can be anything but a source of fresh sorrow from its contrast with the gloom and dreariness which is now present with him? Then crowds were round him listening to his words, sounding his praises, gratifying his wishes. Now he is in his sick-chamber, and death is coming nigh to him, and there is not one who can stretch out his hand and say, "Here thou shalt not enter." All the gloomy thoughts and forebodings which he was wont to put away from him as unwelcome visitors now throng around him, and will not be driven back. His heart is disquieted within him, and the fear of death is fallen upon him.

Nor is there sufficient strength even in the better feelings that spring out of those purer relations by which God has ordained that the affections of man, even in his natural state, should be controlled and purified, to prevent our feeling this bitter sense of loneliness at the time when our life shall be passing away from us. True, the ties in this case are more enduring; they do not fall from us, as did the others, with the first stroke that lays us low; they continue visibly to be with us in the ministering hands and gentle looks of those who are dear to us. We are surrounded with all the external tokens of affection, and we know that those tokens are true signs of the inward feeling; but yet, for all this, there will be, I believe, the same sense of loneliness, differing not in degree only, but in kind, from all we have ever felt before. We shall know that we are leaving those with whom we have lived for years. They cannot go with us; neither their tears nor their prayers, nor their kindness nor devotion to us, can now avail us. Apart from all human aid, with none of that human guidance which we have had in life when we were entering upon any new scene or strange country, we shall then have to encounter that which will be more new and strange and wonderful than any—we shall enter upon that other world *alone*.

And if what has been said is true of the solitude of death, it is, we feel, no less true that even in the action and enjoyment of life, surrounded though we may be by those who are bound to us by the several ties of business or pleasure or affection, there is at bottom something of the same kind still making itself felt. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Something there is in the inner life of every one which others do not share—some secretly cherished hope, some patiently endured suffering, the recollection, it may be, of some duty left undone, and now no longer in our

power to do; the loss of some privilege which we valued not when we had it, and for which we now seek, and seek, like Esau, in vain; the deep stain of some secret bosom-sin which we know to be dwelling in our hearts despite of our struggles against it, though the world has not seen it working outwardly; all or any of these may be the cause of our living in some sense apart from our brethren. We dwell among our own people, and yet each man walketh alone, and none will know his brother's heart perfectly until that day when no secret shall be hid.

This sense of loneliness, then, whether in life or death, is a feeling of which we are all more or less sensible. The thought that we are each in a manner isolated and separated from others is natural to us. And it is because it is thus natural—because it is the very frame of mind into which we are apt to fall when we think over our own condition, and the evil days in which our lot is cast, as though all this want of sympathy were a thing without remedy, that I have thus dwelt on it, in order to place in fuller contrast with it that statement which is no less a truth of Christ's Gospel than the other is a truth of human nature—the declaration in the text, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

To counterbalance this tendency of mankind to live in their inmost hearts alone, to throw some light and comfort into that miserable, self-wrought solitude of our nature, it was announced as part of the revelation of glad tidings that a man has other ties than those which are so incapable of really uniting him to others, so powerless to make his heart and their heart as one—that this separation from His earthly brethren was but to bind him to a more close and intimate union with One Who took upon Himself the form of man that He might give power to men to become the sons of God, that He, being Himself the great representative of our humanity, might stand to them in the place of all human relations, so that they who believe on Him, deserted though they may be by all others, with none of the joys of home, and with few or unreal friends, might yet be able to say, in all this apparent solitude, that they are not alone, because He is with them.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself." It may be well for us to stop for a moment here, imperfect as it leaves the truth which St. Paul enforces, because we shall, I believe, see better, by thus reflecting on the purport of that which is but half the truth, the full extent and meaning of the whole. By taking that part of the text which, if it stood by itself, would agree with, yet not rise above, the teaching of human wisdom, we shall learn to estimate more highly that part which is above, and shall detect, perhaps, that we too often take but imperfect

views of a truth which cannot be held too precious, and the depth of which is not to be lightly fathomed.

Now if this one sentence, "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself," stood alone by itself, apart from all connexion as a maxim announcing some general law of our nature, it would without doubt even then be very rich in instruction. We might learn from it to think of the innumerable relations with which every man is on every side encompassed, and the innumerable duties which flow out of them. Not one day, not one hour passes in which we are not called to action of some kind or other, and the results of our actions affect others besides ourselves, and may affect them unalterably either for good or evil. The hasty word or the suspicious taunt may destroy for years the kindly feelings of those who have been friends from their youth up; the light jest may taint the imagination of those who hear it long after the speaker has forgotten it; the indulgence in a single instance of a grudging and uncharitable spirit may crush in the heart of another the germs of love to God and man which might otherwise have borne fruit abundantly.

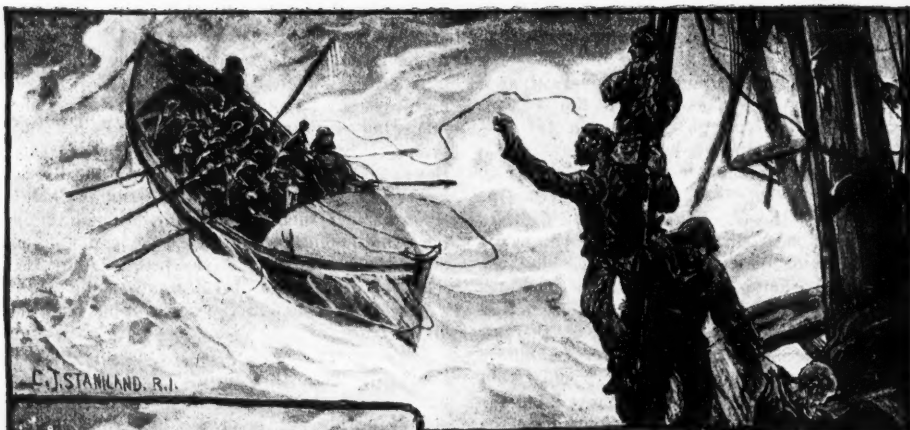
Nor is it only in these closer and more intimate relations that we should trace the bearing of such a principle. We are members of a larger society. Under God's blessing, we are the free citizens of a Christian country, and we live under the obligation to consider the interests of our fellow-countrymen as well as our own. None should live unto himself, and none should die unto himself. Though the time may be past when it was necessary for men to resist unto death or to suffer during life in defence of their country, they are not discharged from the obligation of seeking its welfare in their lives and in their deaths. It is their duty to do all that lies in their ability—to exercise every power committed to them by the institutions under which they live, for the good, the truest and highest good, of those who are of the same great family—to contribute towards the relief of their wants, when without that relief they would perish—to make the State in deed as well as in name a Christian State.

Such, I think, might be the lesson which a human teacher might have drawn from that one consideration which forms the first half of the Apostle's teaching in this place. It is, as I said, by seeing them in their just proportions that we shall the better estimate the new truth which he declared to mankind as the one adequate remedy for that want of real heartfelt union with others, which is the characteristic of our fallen nature—"None of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself;" and that not because we each have the ties of kindred around us, not because we are all sharers in the oneness of a common country, but

for another and higher reason: "for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or whether we die, we are the Lord's." This was to be the thought uppermost in the Christian's mind; this was to be not merely the feeling of high-wrought fervour, or the dream of a soaring fancy, but the principle which was to be his guide in his every-day, working life—to exert itself in the small things of the world's or the Church's history, as well as in the great and mighty, and to teach us that those small things, though in one sense indifferent, so far as the doing or the not doing the outward act is concerned, are in another sense not indifferent, because we should act or refrain from acting in the spirit of faith in that higher truth.

Observe, for example, the manner in which St. Paul introduces this principle. The questions which came before him—the eating herbs or meat—the observance or non-observance of certain days as holy—were in themselves of little or no importance. It was not in them—in the meat or the drink—that the Kingdom of God was to be found, and yet it was precisely to questions of this nature that St. Paul directs the application of the principle now before us.

Nor was this a single instance; nor was the truth so uttered a transient reflection, such as a man might make and act on at a given time, and then lay aside till it should be again called forth by the recurrence of like circumstances. Everywhere this is the prevailing thought that governs all his actions; not in one Epistle only, but in all, does he set it forth as that which is the true idea of the Christian life—that without which it would be no real life at all, would have a name to live, and yet be dead. In this very Epistle (vi. 11) we find the same truth urged as a reason for pursuing after Christian holiness:—"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." And again in 2 Cor. v. 15:—"We thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." And again in Gal. ii. 20:—"I through the Law am dead to the Law, that I might live unto God." And once more, in 1 Thess. v. 9:—"God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him." Nor ought we to forget that in the numerous passages where we read of our being one with Christ—or in Christ, or members of Christ—or of its being Christ that liveth in us, we meet with that which is substantially the same truth. What that truth is, in all its full significance, we shall see by-and-by.



GIVE HONOUR TO THE HEROES.

BY ANNE BEALE.

HEROIC deeds need no monuments: they are their own reward. Still, we love to honour the doers of them. The queen on her throne and the peasant in his hut recognise equally the beauty of self-sacrifice. Thus we have pensions, medals, and various awards for gallant exploits, both public and private. The presentation of a medal has become a popular form of expressing the heart's admiration for the personal risk of one life for the rescue of another; and our readers are invited to participate in thus acknowledging unselfish heroism by land and sea. Happy they who save life under any circumstances, but thrice happy, it would seem, when at the risk of their own. Instances constantly occur in mines, in factories, in blazing houses, on the river, and on the sea, which men delight to honour, and we would add our mite to the large sum of enthusiasm gathered for this purpose.

The subscribers to *THE QUIVER* have ever generously contributed to such good works as have been especially brought before their notice in this Magazine. It is well to feel an *esprit de corps* in all good deeds. They have jointly endowed a wing in an orphan asylum, a cot in a children's hospital; founded three lifeboat stations, and renewed the boat at Margate; contributed largely to the relief of the sufferers from the Lancashire cotton famine, and, more recently, to those from the famine in India.

They have never turned a deaf ear to appeals of a more private nature, but have given largely to the "poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind," in innumerable institutions, missions, and fields of usefulness. They are now asked to provide a

fund, the interest of which shall be applied to present medals annually to the unselfish hero—not to him of the battle-field, though he may be unselfish, but to him who would even die to save.

Our readers are also asked to make known to the Editor any remarkable instance that may come in their way during their daily life-routine. We all frequently hear of deeds that have been done without thought or desire of recognition.

Only the other day a child was floating down a river near London, while spectators screamed, but failed to save. A young lady threw herself in, swam towards the child, caught it, restored it to its friends, and disappeared in haste, lest her heroic act should be made the subject of remark. But for her the child would have been drowned, and as it was, she might have shared its fate, hampered as she was by all her feminine habiliments. The Grace Darlings of the world are more numerous than we suppose. The women of the "Mumbles Head," those of the bathing machines, who rescue so many lives, are but specimens of a "crowd of witnesses," unknown to the world at large.

And what of the lifeboat men? We have seen that same Mumbles Head, and the huge cavern into which the boat and its crew were driven; we have talked with one of the survivors of the brave sailors, and thus to some extent have appreciated the risks they run; we have even heard expressed a certain amount of disappointment that those who most deserved the honours bestowed did not receive them. How seldom, indeed, do those who man the lifeboat meet with other reward than that of the sense of duty done, or human life saved. This should and does suffice for the brave and true; but not for those who cannot participate in their acts, yet love to hear of them. We who listen, would fain reward.

And what of those who toil below ground, and in cases of explosions in the mines, or of fire-damp, or falling blocks, or rushing water, risk their own lives for those of their mates? Is there greater heroism than to mount into the vibrating basket, and descend the dangerous shaft, in the face of flames, or suffocating damp, in order to rescue some at least of the companions facing death in the dark bowels of the earth?

We have all heard the wonderful story of the Welsh miners entombed three days and three nights, and of their swarthy brethren who worked with axe and spade during all those hours to bring them forth from their living sepulchre. We know how they were at last saved, and how that telegrams shot north, south, east, and west to tell of the progress of the unflinching rescuers, and of the sounds of hymns that first encouraged them to persevere. The civilised world was awakened to a miracle

such as this; and sympathy, both in a material and sentimental form, overflowed the borders of the mine.

But of hundreds of exploits almost if not quite as marvellous, the world knows nothing. Here and there they become known to one or two onlookers, and these may chance to tell the tale. They see a husband or son sustained on the ascending raft by some devoted friend, himself injured, and laid at the feet of wife or mother; they see one boy drag a father from imminent death, and another rescue one who is a stranger to him; each thoughtless of personal danger, but panting to save.

And oh! what countless acts of unselfish devotion are there, occurring daily, unseen, save by the Eye that is never closed to a holy self-sacrifice. These receive their recompense, albeit not in this life. But to such, when reported, however privately, we would offer a token of the veneration we feel for the voluntary offering up of one life in exchange for another.

A gold, silver, or bronze medal: it is not much, and in bestowing it, we honour ourselves, perhaps, more than him or her who receives it; for from noble thoughts spring noble deeds; still, we will emulate one another, not only in doing good works, but in praising those who do them.

If sailors are said to walk the deck, or man the yards, with their life in their hands, and if miners labour in pit or excavation, holding theirs almost as loosely, what of the firemen and other courageous spirits, who meet the flames of the burning house in the hope of tearing its inmates from the jaws of the insatiable forked-tongued, many-headed monster known as FIRE? Are they not heroes? Yes; heroes, and for the most part sailors. Those who have braved the war of elements at the masthead, are best fitted to brave the fierce strife of the one awful element, on the fire-escape, or the roof of the burning building. Who has not felt a thrill of terror and admiration at sight of the brass-helmeted crew and their equally brave horses, as they tear through the streets with their crimson engine, towards some sudden conflagration? Who but has experienced a boundless thankfulness at the reports of men, women, children, saved from topmost storey, or chamber dark with smoke, by these our heroes of modern days? And not only at narrations of their enduring courage, but now and again at that of private individuals who have rushed into the flames to bring forth the victims they were devouring?

It is one thing to stand by and watch the awful catastrophe of falling timbers, gutted rooms, unroofed dwellings, and another to stick coolly to your engine among the scattering beams and sparks, or to mount the fire-escape towards windows where out-stretched arms are surrounded by forks of flame.

But the other day there was a fireman who, having saved the awakened and shrieking elders of a fifth-storey room, returned and forced his way through smoke and flame to rescue the unconscious infant—and did rescue it. Was there ever brave soldier deserved a medal more than he?

And what of the much-enduring policeman, who stands unflinching in the centre of conflicting carriages, restive horses, and unmanageable pedestrians? Oftener than we hear of, he snatches a child from beneath a wheel, withdraws a woman from a horse's hoof, and otherwise saves many a life. At nightfall, by the flowing river, he drags the would-be suicide from the water; he faces the burglar to defend the honest man; he risks his life in the pursuit of the criminal bent on violence, in order to protect ours. Shall we not award him a medal when he deserves it?

A medal! *One!* Why, we shall need numbers. Our readers must be wealthy and generous indeed, if the supply keep pace with the demand. To maintain a gold medal so long as *THE QUIVER* world endures—or as we express it in literary phrase, “in perpetuity,” two hundred pounds are needed; for a silver one only fifty. Here, as elsewhere, the motto is, “The smallest donations most thankfully received,” and “The more medals the merrier;” which adds alliteration to alliteration in a cheerful proverb. We have no doubt that before the year 1885 has done its work of good and evil, our readers will have the satisfaction of learning that they have been the means of giving pleasure to brave men and women whose deeds, but for them, would be unrecognised. Their contributions will not be wasted, but duly funded,

under the management of responsible trustees, until the principal shall yield interest sufficient to purchase the first medal or medals. May we all be there to see the first presentation!

The field is wide that opens before our subscribers. Their sympathies are not to be circumscribed by the lines already laid down. Railway-men, both above and below ground, are not only in perpetual risk of their own lives, but often save those of other people. Hard-worked and long-worked, like all our public servants, they are still capable of self-sacrifice. We should like to have seen a medal on the breast of him who saved a passenger train by in some way shunting his own empty trucks, and so imperilling his own life for the good of the many. Similar examples will occur to most of us. There is many a barge-man, too, and many a wherryman, who deserves the insignia. In whatever rank of life, or in whatsoever profession, these true heroes are to be found, we love them and their memories. To the dead we raise monuments, or charitable institutions, to perpetuate their worth; to the living we award medals or pensions, or substantial aid. The medal is enduring and unobtrusive, therefore we venture to commend this scheme of recognition of self-sacrifice to our readers.

We have only to add that collecting papers may be had on application to the Editor of *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.; that all amounts, however small, will be acknowledged in our pages, and that single donations of £1 and upwards will receive separate acknowledgment, in addition to publication in the lists in due course.

A LOVE SONG TO A WIFE.

TIS the beautiful love-breathing gloaming hour,
And the breeze is rocking each slumberous flower,
And 'neath the clustering hawthorn boughs
Lovers are breathing their tender vows.

Shy lids are drooping o'er radiant eyes,
And the air is full of delightful sighs;
Cheeks glow and dimple, and red lips part—
And, oh, how fondly heart answers heart!

For very gladness young pulses sing—
Ah, love is a 'wondering, witching thing;
An exquisite, tremulous, heaven-born strain,
That fills the soul with delicious pain.

We have been lovers for forty years:
O dear cheeks faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well.

O pale brow shined in soft silvery hair!
Crowned with life's sorrow, and lined with care;
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Those dear, dear records of faithful love.

Ah, fond, fond eyes, of my own true wife!
Ye have shone so clear through my chequered life,
Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way,
That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

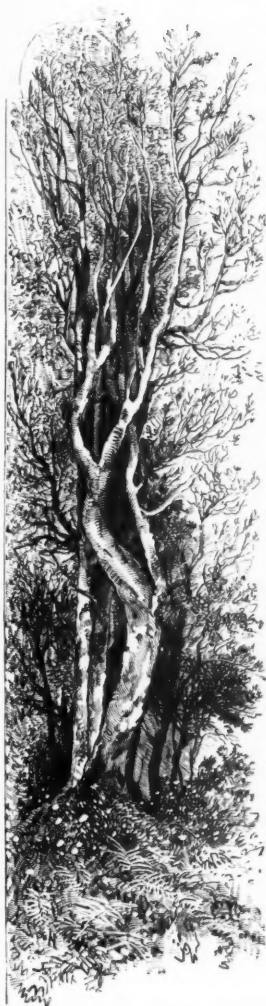
Worn little hands, that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving, and brave and strong!
Ye will never tire, ye will never rest,
Until ye are crossed on my darling's breast!

O warm heart throbbing so close to mine!
Time only strengthens such love as thine,
And proves that the holiest love doth last
When summer, and beauty, and youth are past.

FANNY FORRESTER.

"IN MEMBERSHIP."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUT OF REACH," ETC.



"AFTER all, I am only one in a crowd!" sighed a tall Pine tree.

The sigh was caught up and repeated all through the forest; there were many voices in the chorus that swelled so sympathetically, but it sounded only like one perfect harmony.

"And pray do you want a world to live in all by yourself?" asked a Squirrel, who had run up to the topmost branch of the discontented Pine, and sat there for a few minutes' rest, surveying the scene with bright, wide-open eyes.

The Squirrel happened to be rather a favourite, or perhaps he might not have received a reply to his somewhat impertinent question.

"I hardly think you can enter into my ambitions," the Pine answered, with another wave of his lofty head,

which again sent a sympathetic thrill through all the other trees close at hand. "You are so young, Squirrel; and besides that, you have everything you want. What I require is an individual existence!"

"And what may that be? Please be quick and explain, or my wife will be wondering where I am."

"There it is again! You are of some importance in your home, young as you are. If I could be first *somewhere* or to *someone*, no matter where or to whom it might be, I should be per-

fectly contented! But here I am, surrounded on all sides by trees exactly like myself. Of course there *are* a few exceptions, but the majority of us are all shaped much after the same pattern."

"Now, there I must totally disagree with you," said the Squirrel, suddenly becoming quite in earnest. "You may think there is no difference, but I assure you I find it quite another matter, and so would you if you had my long experience in climbing trees. You know very well you are considered one of the highest and most handsome trees in the forest."

For the Squirrel was very loyal in his likes and dislikes, and objected to hearing his friend underestimate his personal advantages. As a rule there was no danger of this, for the Pine held his head higher than most of his neighbours; and what he was suffering from now was not the pain of Humility, but the pain of Pride, which cannot bear to think itself of no reputation.

"The uselessness of life is at times appalling! nobody wants me; nobody is any better for my being here," murmured the Pine, taking no notice of the Squirrel's last words, and quite disregarding tiny voices of the forest that breathed softly all round him, "We have need of you." "There are too many of us in the world, that is the truth! We hinder one another unconsciously from getting on and becoming celebrated. If I were the only one of my kind, how much I should be sought after and admired!"

"Oh, if once you get to *ifs*, I must confess I can't follow you. Cheer up! you *are* a Pine tree, you know, and no amount of grumbling can alter you. It's getting late, so good-night," and the Squirrel, who tired of egotistical conversation as quickly as most other listeners, ran nimbly down the Pine's tall stem, and was out of sight in a twinkling.

And all night long the murmur went on under the stars, like a ceaseless refrain, "Only one in a crowd! only one in a crowd!"

The wood-ranger passed by the next morning, left some mysterious mark on the discontented Pine tree, and went his way, leaving many more of the same mysterious markings here and there in the forest.

"I wonder what *this* means," said the Pine; "at any rate, he has singled me out from all the others near me, so it must be some symbol of honour."

"You will very soon find out what it means," sneered a young Fir, whose one ambition was to shoot up as high as his neighbours. "The truth is, I heard him say you must come down to make room for us younger folks, who know how

to push our way upwards. *Your* time is over, I expect!"

The Pine felt some trepidation; but he would not show his fears on any account.

"I am going to be famous at last!" he said to himself many times during that day, by way of keeping up his courage.

The long hours passed by very slowly. Evening came with her lullaby, and night drew on, stayed the usual while, then left for morning to take her place.

Soon after sunrise a sharp, ringing sound was heard, whilst all the trees shivered with apprehension. The woodman had begun his work. Cruel work it seemed; the music of the wind amongst the branches was now disturbed, for all through the day crash after crash told how lofty heads were being bowed, and life-sap withering beneath the hatchet's sharp edge.

The Pine tree was one of the first to fall, and soon lay prostrate where for so many, many years he had held his head up proudly, the glory of the forest.

But he realised in death what he had never been thankful for in life. So many lesser lives were bound up in his that a sad scene of havoc followed on his destruction. Oak-saplings and holly-bushes were torn up by the roots, ivy-trails hung despondently, severed from their firm support, birds that had built their nests securely under his protection fluttered helplessly about. Though he had fallen, he did not fall alone.

I think it was a comfort to him, this lesson learned so late; and even now, ivy and all manner of forest evergreens are clinging round the wreck of his former self; whilst high up overhead the music of the pines seems set to these words—"Every one members one of another."

HELEN C. GARLAND.

DOROTHY CLEMENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLY BLIND," "BERTIE AND I," ETC. ETC.

LEANING back in her seat, Dorothy watched them—all her pleasure fading momentarily.

The great hall of Drayton was crowded. A series of interesting addresses on "Reading the Bible" had been given here in the autumn for some years past, and this was the first of the meetings for the year.

Dorothy Clements and her party of cousins and friends had arrived early, in order to secure comfortable seats; and then, with happy, expectant brown eyes, the young girl had looked eagerly, though half furtively, about her, while seemingly busy in arranging the skirts of her neat serge dress, and giving a nervous touch or two to the knot of fresh-gathered Michaelmas daisies at her throat. But for some time she had seen only faces that were entirely strange to her. Nevertheless, she had not appeared disappointed. There was much to interest her, simple country girl as she was—the lights, the crowd, the dresses of the ladies, even the continuous hum of voices had a charm for her.

And yet, even while she gazed, and while the bright colour of pleasurable excitement in her cheeks deepened momentarily, her thoughts had left the present, and were travelling backward.

Just a year ago to-night she had occupied a seat in that very gallery: and oh! how happy she had been! But her cousins, Bell and George, had been too occupied and happy themselves to observe her especially, and so it had come to pass that they did not dream of any tremblingly glad hope lying very near her heart for this evening.

They had had friends with them last year. They had new friends with them this year, and one of the latter was a Mr. Hilton, who had already been rather more attentive to Dorothy than she liked. He was seated beside her now—though for some moments he had been talking to Bell. And neither Bell nor George, as it seemed to Dorothy, had given a thought to a friend who had shared in all their pleasures last year, and who had certainly planned to attend the meetings this year: who had, moreover, added his persuasions to theirs, when they had begged Dorothy to promise, all being well, to come again.

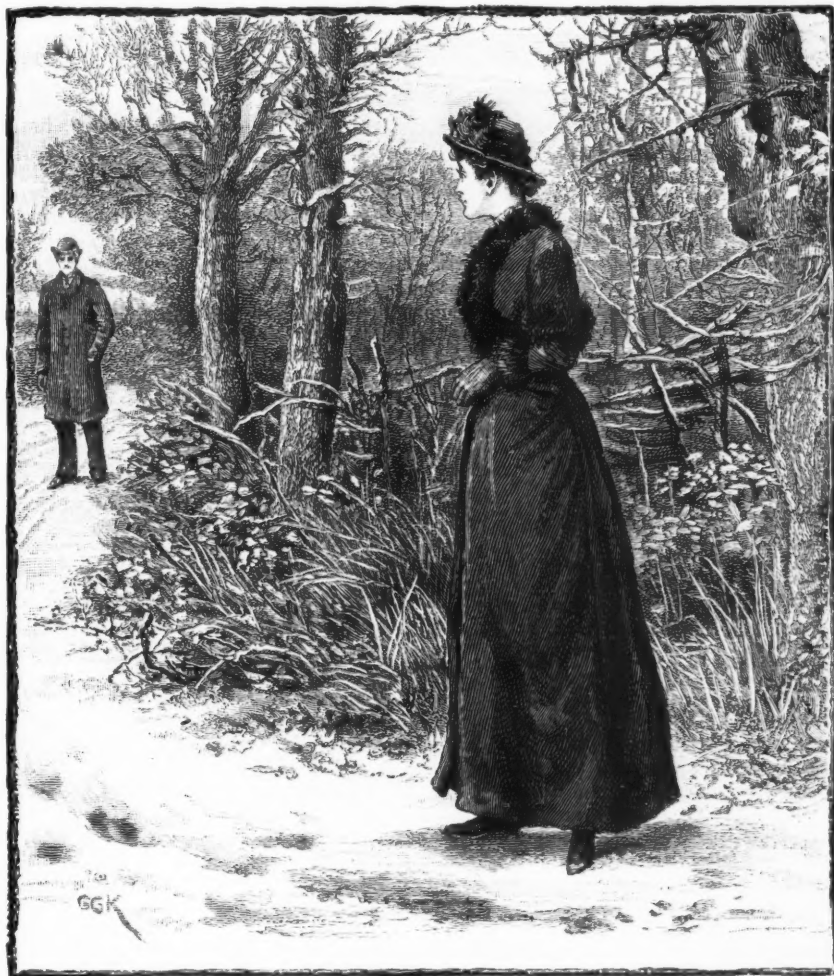
Dorothy had stayed a fortnight with her aunt and cousins; and each day had been like a little lifetime of happiness to her. And soon she had felt that Bryan Elton's name could never be forgotten by her. He had uttered no word of love, but his eyes had told a never-ending story that had filled and gilded many a lonely hour, when, at last, Dorothy had found herself at home again.

Yet how long—how very long the time had seemed! How dull the days, too, and how monotonous! But by-and-by Dorothy grew used to all the peaceful home ways and quiet daily duties once more, and her youthful impatience gradually wore off. And besides, the year was wasting, and the Michaelmas daisies growing taller every day, and the time was, in short, approaching, when Dorothy was to take another draught of the pleasure that had been so new and delightful to her before.

And now—here she was: and while she had been replying—not very fully or attentively—to

further remarks from Mr. Hilton, her colour had changed from red to pale—the bright light had died out of her eyes, and at length she had leaned back in her seat, cold and silent.

And for the remainder of the evening—while indignation, jealousy, hurt pride, humiliation, and sorrow, struggled by turns for the mastery in her bewildered and wounded heart—Dorothy watched



"There was Bryan Elton advancing towards her."—p. 311.

She had seen Bryan Elton enter with a young girl leaning on his arm—a beautiful young girl, with a gentle, delicate face, and large, wistful-looking eyes. And the two were sitting together now, not far from Dorothy's party; and Bryan Elton was to all appearance far too deeply interested to remember even to cast a glance round for Dorothy.

them; when she could do so, that is, without attracting undesirable attention to herself. And while she watched, she strove to answer readily and brightly, in her usual manner, any observations addressed to her by Bell or George, or Mr. Hilton, or any other of their friends, whenever, between the addresses of the different speakers, there occurred a few moments for conversation—

so learning to hide her living, beating heart, as many another had learned before her—as many another very possibly was learning *with* her, at that very hour, under that very roof.

But Dorothy was a Christian; and not one in name alone, but a follower of Christ in heart and soul. And in her sorrowful disappointment she remembered her Lord; and listened to *His* words, as they were read—"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment;" and carried away some of the remarks of the kind, thoughtful Christian man who expounded them, as one might have carried away sentences in a dream.

And at last the evening was over: and while speakers and hearers were alike departing, Dorothy suddenly became aware that Bryan Elton stood beside her. Just a quiet greeting and farewell—Dorothy receiving both coldly—and he had gone to rejoin the fair young girl he had brought with him, and at whose side he had remained the whole evening.

And Mr. Hilton gave his arm to Dorothy.

As soon as they were outside the hall, Bell said—

"I wonder who that young lady is!"—looking after Mr. Elton and his companion down the moonlit street, as she spoke. "We saw her with Mr. Elton the other day, if you remember, George?"

"Yes, Hilton says she has just come from abroad; and that she is an orphan, and a great heiress, I believe"—looking at Dorothy laughingly—"he envies Elton, do you know, Dolly?"

"I!" exclaimed Arthur Hilton, flushing angrily in the moonlight for an instant—but then, answering Dorothy's quick glance of surprise, he added, in another tone—"you never made a greater mistake, old fellow!"

George laughed, and they all walked on, chatting pleasantly—Dorothy with the rest. And no one guessed anything of the girlish hopes that had received such hard blows that night—blows that had struck at their very roots, just as they were springing up fresh, and green, and tender; and now—so it seemed, at least, to Dorothy's little romantic heart—they could never be what they had been again.

On the following morning there were a good many callers, and among them came Arthur Hilton and Bryan Elton. And when the latter arrived (only two or three minutes after the former) and the drawing-room door was thrown open, he saw a living picture which would remain before his mind's eye for many a day, of Dorothy standing before an open window, in at which the pale autumn sunshine was streaming, lighting up her pretty brown hair, and giving added beauty to her gentle, pleasant smile also as she took a large bouquet of brilliant chrysanthemums from Mr. Hilton's hands, which bouquet he had very

evidently just brought for her particular acceptance, and which was also receiving a touch of glory from the sunshine.

And next—having only given a cold, reserved greeting to Bryan—Dorothy sat down by the window, and began to rearrange her flowers, chatting smilingly the while with Mr. Hilton, but granting not even another look to Bryan, whose silence (for he was silent), amid all the merry laughter, and words as merry, was scarcely noticed. But he did not stay very long.

And after that day—she herself being generally accompanied by Mr. Hilton—Dorothy often saw Bryan Elton and the beautiful young heiress; but he did not call again. And the days passed; and soon the time came for Dorothy's return to her country home.

The journey was not a long one; and Dorothy—an only daughter—was soon clasped in her mother's arms once more. And then came the quiet every-day life again; and Dorothy had time to think: and time to talk to her mother also, and to tell her about Bell and George and their friends, though she said as little as possible of Bryan Elton.

Also, when alone, she went over that first evening in Drayton again, and the first address came back to her memory, with the words, "Judge not according to the appearance." But what had *she* been doing? And she sighed.

"He wished to speak to me, I know"—with another little patient sigh—"but I would not let him. Why did I not hinder Mr. Hilton, for whom I cared not a straw, from speaking? . . . It was not honourable or womanly of me—and I am, oh! so ashamed of it now!—I allowed him to hope. And then—when the meaning of what I was doing suddenly came to me—though, of course, I ought to have known it—and I *did* know it—before! I had no pity upon him, but took his hope away."

* * * * *

A few months later.

The morning was cold, and Dorothy was glad to get down to the warm, pleasant breakfast-room. She found a letter from Bell lying by her plate.

She read it, and put it aside again, then said, listlessly—

"Bell is engaged to Mr. Hilton, mamma."

"Is she, dear?" with interest. "But I thought—" And here came a pause.

"Never mind what you thought, dear mamma," and Dorothy was smiling brightly now. "It is all right; and just as I could have wished."

But she looked as dull as the wintry day, when she went up to her room again, and stood for a moment by the window, looking down into the bare garden.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked herself. "If I care at all for—him, I ought to wish and pray for *his* happiness, leaving my

own out of the question ; that would be highest, truest care."

Another longer pause, and then—

"And do I call myself a Christian? Then I ought to be able to say, Lord, here I am; do as Thou wilt with me. In spirit I cast myself before Thy throne. In love and adoration I submit wholly to Thee. Thy will shall be mine. What Thou wilt is all love. In patience, then, I will wait for what Thou wilt."

Was there no advance, no soul-development in all this? Oh, how much! In after years Dorothy saw it all, and gave thanks. But what came *now*?

Nothing that day, nor the next, nor the next. Patience had not finished her work upon Dorothy's spirit yet.

A whole month passed away; and then, one cold but dry and clear morning, as Dorothy was hurrying on her way along the pleasant lanes to the nearest town, in order to do some shopping for her mother, she started, and for a moment her heart seemed to stand still, for there was Bryan Elton advancing towards her.

There was a quiet hand-clasp; their eyes said more in a moment than their tongues could have made clear in a day; few words were spoken, and then Bryan turned and went with Dorothy to the town. And before she returned home, a new great joy had come into her life, and she was for the time wholly happy.

Appearances had said that Bryan Elton had loved the young girl whom Dorothy had so often

seen in Drayton leaning on his arm. And so he had loved her; and he did so still; for she was his dear and only sister. She had lived all her life abroad, he now told Dorothy; and after staying with him but a few weeks, had once more left England, and had since become the wife of a cousin and namesake.

And if Dorothy had judged altogether according to the appearance of things, and had not paused to think in time, she would to-day have been Arthur Hilton's wife. But now, when she entered her home again, and found her way to her mother, and hiding her happy eyes against her, whispered her story, it was Bryan Elton's name that Mrs. Clements caught.

"And he is coming this afternoon, mamma dear, and I am so happy! But it was all my fault that he did not come long ago; he thought that I was engaged. But when George happened to tell him about Bell—he understood."

Mrs. Clements smiled. Dorothy's story was not, to her, very coherent; but what did that signify? For now her child was happy, and she would be able to smile again, and to sing about the house and over her work as she had been used to do.

And Dorothy did so, and the years went by, and she was a happy wife and mother; and one of the lessons which she took especial pains to instil into her children's minds was, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

THE MOUNT OF BLESSEDNESS.

(SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS. PSALM THIRTY-SECOND—PART II.)

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, BRISTOL.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye."



WE have already dwelt upon the former part of this Psalm. We climbed this height of blessedness, where David sits and sings in the sunshine and the breeze, under a cloudless sky, and amidst freshness and beauty on every hand. We looked

across at the other height on the opposite side of the river—the blessedness of the first Psalm. We looked down into that black and foul depth of sin, into which David had gone, and we traced the steps by which the grace of God led him up out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and set him upon this rock, establishing his goings, putting a new song into his mouth, even of praise and thanksgiving.

Now we climb this height again, and sit again

beside the Blessed Man, and learn something more of what he found here, only reminding ourselves that we need not come as visitors. Thank God, each one of us may come and make ourselves at home here. We are the very ones for whom this blessedness is provided, and to whom it is offered. This height of blessedness is Calvary; and underneath the Cross there waits for each one of us this same forgiveness—full, conscious, triumphant.

Let us see what else David found here besides forgiveness. The Psalm does not end with singing about forgiveness; there is a very different strain, and a very different subject, immediately and almost abruptly introduced.

But note well, the Psalm does begin with forgiveness. Whatever else there may be for us, it begins with that—in knowing that our transgression is forgiven and our sin is covered; and in knowing it with such a knowledge that we

can sing of it with a triumphant joy. We must know that as surely as David did. You and I stand looking out into eternity with its great realities—the glories of heaven and the dreadful mystery of hell. In matters like this we must have more than an uncertain hope. I am not sure that God has given me anything until I am quite sure that God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven my sin. Whatever else God may have for us must begin with that—a *conscious forgiveness*—and if David found this in the twilight of his time, I may be sure of finding it in the blaze of Gospel noon. Come boldly and ask for it. Tell God that you cannot live without it. This blessedness is no vague thought; no logical conclusion; no inference; it is a blessed persuasion wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, given unto us that the Son of God loved us, and gave Himself for us. It is “the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” It is the revelation of the loving Father to the hearts of His children.

And notice, again, that *whatever else David found here, he makes very much of forgiveness*. Do not let us ever come to think of forgiveness as a little or a light thing. Think what it means—the infinite sacrifice on the part of our Father God, the gift of His Son, His only Son, the Well-beloved. Think how it comes at no less a cost than the shame and agony and dreadful curse of our Lord and Saviour. It is ever God's unspeakable gift—such a declaration of love, of condescension, of suffering, as must always amaze and overwhelm us.

But though David begins with forgiveness, and makes very much of it, yet he does not end there. We may avail ourselves of this *selah* at the end of his song about forgiveness. It means—“Let us meditate here; be still and think of these things.” And there is room for meditation. It seems as if we are such poor, foolish, dim-eyed creatures that giving prominence to any truth, however important, is apt to hide from us other truths, and so we run into mistake. This grand and glorious doctrine of forgiveness—conscious, assured, triumphant forgiveness—which cannot be made too prominent, yet is it apt to mislead unless we put a *selah* here. We must look into the truth carefully, and look around it circumspectly. Young people perhaps especially, and others too, hearing this doctrine of conversion insisted upon so often, are apt to think of it as such a mighty change that even though they love and trust and serve Christ, yet they scarcely dare think of themselves as converted. Most certainly this is no reason why it should not be preached with the utmost plainness and urgency, but it is a reason why we should guard this point. Salvation is *in Him*. Forgiveness is at the foot of His Cross. Never mind how you were brought there—that is His work, not yours.

Then, again, this insistence upon forgiveness is

apt to make others think that it is everything; that when they have found that, they have found all that there is—there is nothing else left to think about or to desire. There are some, indeed, who make their whole religious life only a *memory of their conversion*; that silenced every fear, that entitled them to every hope. Instead of living right out from that point, the great, full, wealthy life of God, they are just content to draw a kind of percentage or interest of peace and comfort from the recollection of their conversion. Beware of this mistake. Forgiveness is but the entrance-gate to the height and depth of blessedness that wait for us.

We are not to sit in the porch, lame and begging; we are to get up in Christ's name, and go on leaping and praising God right into the Holy Temple.

Then there are others who, hearing so much and so often of forgiveness, think they must come to God for that, and having that, they must get on as well as they can, striving in their own strength to be as holy as they can. There is no such word as try in the Bible, in this sense of it. God takes hold of our *try* and makes it TRUST. Forgiveness is the beginning of a life of faith, and it is faith right on, step by step, and right up to the very end.

And yet again, there are others with whom forgiveness means *feeling happy*. It is theirs if they can sing aloud, but it dies with the music. If they hear a sermon that stirs the soul and glows within them, then they think they are saved; but when to-morrow's dullness comes, they droop and fear. This is to turn things exactly upside down. David felt happy because he was forgiven, but he was not forgiven because he felt happy. And here now the singing is hushed. Joy is the flower and fruit of faith, but faith is not dead because the flower falls off sometimes; joy, of necessity, wears itself away, and the springs of its renewal are not in us, but in Christ, and we must go out of ourselves to find them.

Now, in his stillness, as David sits on the Mount of Blessedness, I think we can get at his thoughts. It is only when we have tasted the sweets of forgiveness—only when we have seen the great fulness of the love of God—that certain springs of repentance are unsealed within us. With eyes purged and a heart made tender, we see then what sin means—what a dreadful reality it is. With every faculty touched and thrilled with the consciousness of God's great love to him, David turns to think of himself. He recalls the passions that sleep within him—the dreadful possibilities of evil, so fierce, so revengeful. He thinks of the temptations that beset him, the strength of the world, the weakness of the flesh, the craft of the devil, and there sweeps over him a horror more black and dreadful than any hell. “Oh! can I ever come to grieve that love again!”

Well may he be hushed. And all his soul goes out in great longing for something more than forgiveness. He, with his passionate nature melted by the goodness of God, feels that the very gift of his forgiveness has brought another, deeper want—a want that every forgiven heart must know. “I want, oh my God, never, never, never to grieve Thee again. And yet, I am weakness itself, and all my way is full of hindrances!”

And again he sits in silence, and looks forth from the Height of Blessedness upon the way of his life. With tearful eyes he traces it, and sees how that it has all been a transgression, *a going out of the way*, a constant wandering. He had cried, “Restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation, then will I teach transgressors Thy ways.” But now, ignorant, foolish, crushed by the blunders and mistakes of life, he is smitten through and through with a sense of helplessness, and he feels only how much he needs himself to be taught. How can he go forth again? He is afraid to step, lest he should go astray—so impulsive, so rash, so swept away by the feeling of the moment, with temptations that surge and storm about him.

Then he lifts up those eyes of his, and sighs from the overfull heart, “I want more than forgiveness, Lord; forgiveness is a gift I cannot keep. I want deliverance, guidance, teaching, help, everything!”

And then God bends over him tenderly and speaks with an infinite love—“Child, thou dost want Me, and I will never leave thee. *I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye.*”

There, that is where forgiveness brings us; *into His presence*, into such close intimacy, into such heart-communion with Him. The great Jehovah, the Lord of heaven and earth, comes to us in gracious compassion as our Helper and Friend, our Teacher and Guide. The Cross of Christ is at the threshold of His banqueting chamber, whither He bringeth us, and His banner over us is love. Here we enter into the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Until then, God is either afar off—a mere catechism definition, a logical necessity as the Great First Cause of all things, or else He is the dreadful Judge, against Whom we have sinned. But now, in the Height of Forgiveness, He Himself cometh to us; He speaks to us, He holds us dear to Himself, and we look up with a new glad confidence, and cry, *Father!* This is the sweetest joy, the fullest blessedness, the richest privilege that waits for us on the Mount of Forgiveness—this heart-communion with God. And this is the purpose of our forgiveness. We, who were sometime afar

off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ, that we become the household of God. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the Law, that the bliss of Paradise may be ours, as God walks and talks with His child.

So may I go forth hand in hand with God; my weakness lost in His might, my ignorance swallowed up in His wisdom; no more lonely, no more unguided, no more wandering, but everywhere God Himself as my Helper and Friend. He is everything; I can hold His hand and look out triumphantly over all the way. I can cling at His side, and defy all foes. I can go now into the trackless wilderness, or through the murky night. *I will instruct thee and teach thee*, saith He. No want now, no weakness, but He is with me to supply it. No pleasure, but it finds a new joy in His presence; no gain, but it has a fuller worth in its consecration to Him. This is the glorious revelation of Calvary. *The Father Himself loveth you.*

I will guide thee with Mine eye. Think what gracious familiarity with Him this implies; what watchfulness and gentle teachableness He shall give. I can guide him who is afar off by My hand; I can guide him who is in darkness by My voice; but *I will guide thee with Mine eye.* Then must I be near Him, ever looking up; then must I walk in the light, as He is in the light, and my fellowship must be with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. *Be not as the horse or the mule*; bit and bridle must control and guide them. Pray God to take the stubbornness and prejudice out of us; pray God to take away the dull ear and the heavy eye, the slow perception, the sluggish consciousness. We want a heart that feels the hint of His desire, that vibrates at the breath of His bidding, that starts in glad obedience at the whisper of His will. The crowning glory of the Height of Forgiveness is more than deliverance. We learn a sweeter music even than that mighty revelation of the Father. It is this union and communion with Him, this tender susceptibility to His will, this bliss of His presence, this joy of His guidance—all the heaven of a pure love to Him, a childlike trust, a glad obedience.

And this new life is strong, and blessed, and triumphant, as we let this Divine presence come into us. The forgiven man has no more strength in himself than he had before; his strength is in God. Fling open wide the thoughts, and let Him fill the soul. “Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.”

Do not sing only of forgiveness; go on to find this glorious presence of thy Father, God.



"BE PATIENT!"

THE words came 'mid my weeping,
Like angels' soothing numbers—
"He holds thee in His keeping,
Who sleepeth not nor slumbers ;
Oh, deeply doth He cherish
Thy life, thou soul oppressed :
Fear not to faint or perish,
Thou whom the Christ hath blessed !

He sits beside thee waiting,
He watcheth all the sorrow !
The fires are not abating —
They may endure to-morrow ;
Yet never from thy grieving
The Saviour's looks are moved,
Lest thou shouldst be receiving
Too strong a flame, beloved !

And whilst His care enfoldeth
Each hour of His designing,
His face the Lord beholdeth
Within His silver shining ;
Then hath He sweet assuring—
Thy God, down-bending o'er thee—
That thou through much enduring
Hast entered to His glory.

The trial-fires shall soften
Beneath that daylight-splendour,
The pain that racked thee often
Shall die to hushing tender ;
And He who all in yearning
Chose once thy long, long testing,
Shall stay the heat and burning,
And give the weary resting.

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

CLEAN WITHIN AND CLEAN WITHOUT.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," "THE MAN ON THE SLANT," ETC.



THE picture before you is a likeness of Hezekiah Jarvis, odd man of the "Stornoway Arms," the chief hotel of Reachborough. The likeness is good, so far as it goes, even to the very hump on the back ; which has just as good a right to be represented as anything else, seeing it is an unmistakable part of the man himself. If you were walking down the street, and saw that hump moving along in front of you, you would know that Hezekiah was not far off—was, in fact, immediately in front of it—indeed, you would know that it was a part of Hezekiah himself.

It took a good deal to make that hump of Hezekiah's.

If you could dissect it with some scalpel which could cut into such things, you would find that much sorrow, much hard work, much loss had gone to make it ; and these had glued it so firmly on the good man's back that it could never be cut off, or melted off, or got rid of in any way, but must accompany him to his life's end ; and, at last, be buried with him in his grave.

Look at Hezekiah's face ; it explains the hump—or, if you like to call it so, the "round shoulder"—there is sorrow, and labour, in plenty there. He had bowed his back to the burden of life. At

the present moment Hezekiah is represented as engaged on a piece of work which often fell to his lot—the cleaning up the breakfast things of some one at the inn, who had either got up out of all common hours, or had come in from a journey, after luncheons had come on. All breakfast cleaning had been done before that by the regular people, and this, being an odd job, came, as it were, in the natural course of events to the odd man.

This job, even as all jobs, Hezekiah is doing well ; it is against his principles to do anything otherwise than thoroughly ; and, as you see, he is occupied in thoroughly cleansing and wiping out the cup, which has been recently used. There was a little sediment which seemed determined to stick, and Hezekiah was equally determined that it should come off.

"The inside must be cleaned first," said Hezekiah, "and then the outside must follow. Them God has joined together in the Scriptures ; and as it says in the prayer-book when folk are married, 'them that God's joined together let no man put asunder.' The inside and the outside be one flesh like ; and if they were so indeed, the world would be very different from what it is. I remember the text well," said Hezekiah to himself :—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter ; but within, ye are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and



"Fear not to faint or perish,
Thou whom the Christ hath blessèd."



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platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.' 'Clean within, and clean without,' that's what our parson says the Lord wants; and He doesn't want anything but what will be for folk's best. Folk think our parson a hard man: they'd like him better if he'd only speak smooth things to them a little more; but Parson Jones be the same inside and out. He knows the truth, and he tells it to them pretty plain.

"Ah me!" said Hezekiah to himself, "I never think of this inside and outside being clean all alike, but I remember our poor Daisy—our poor Daisy," ran on the old man, murmuring and muttering to himself as he polished away at the cup, just as if he had some one listening to every word he said. That story was the burden of his life: he told it to the cups and saucers when he cleaned them inside and out; he told it to the coats he brushed, and the wheels he washed, and pots and pans he scrubbed, and to no end of way-farers and drivers, and odds and ends of people who came from one cause or another to the "Storn-away Arms," and with whom he had any speech. It was the old story—the old man might be said to know it by rote, and so to go through it—with the same tale and moral; and almost in the same words. "Yes! I was once a farmer hereabouts—fifty acres of corn land, and a hundred of grass, and the homestead had six bed-rooms besides a parlour and kitchen—three barns and six sties, besides the stabling and yards. I paid my rent regular, and the agent said to me one day, 'Hezekiah Jarvis, if the Queen gave a medal for paying rent punctual, you'd have one on your breast to-day'—for at twelve o'clock the office doors opened, and I was there always a quarter to. And this here inn where I'm now what they call odd man—other folk have it now—my own would never have called me that—ay, Cleaver, who kept it, was an honest man, and I married my daughter to him; and all the milk, and eggs and bacon, and hay, and straw—and indeed, a most of what they wanted in the world they had from me. And they paid regular, like other folk; they never took advantage of me to the worth of a farthing. My own Daisy had gone—and this Daisy was almost like a wife to me, coming to the farm every day, to see I was looked after, and to give me a help any way she could.

"Well! there were three Daisies, one after another; but, do you see, it was only the first Daisy that was mine all out and out—the second was mine, but she was Cleaver's too—and the third, ah me! she was mine, but she was Litechaff's too—worse luck, worse luck! The farm is gone and the inn's gone, and all that's left is myself, and all the Daisies gone, and I'm 'odd man' here, where I used to be thought more of than any one who drove up to the door—ay, even with four horses and postilions, and the finest show that could be made.

"But I'll do my duty in that state of life to which I'm called. I did it on the farm, and I'll try and do it here, inside and out, in everything that I have to do with, big and small.

"I used to call her Daisy No. 1—ay, she was No. 1 every way—none above herself—that is the wife; and Daisy No. 2—two is next to one, and the daughter came next to the mother every way; and Daisy No. 3, she was my daughter's daughter, and when I tell you she was like her mother's mother, I've said all for her that a man can say.

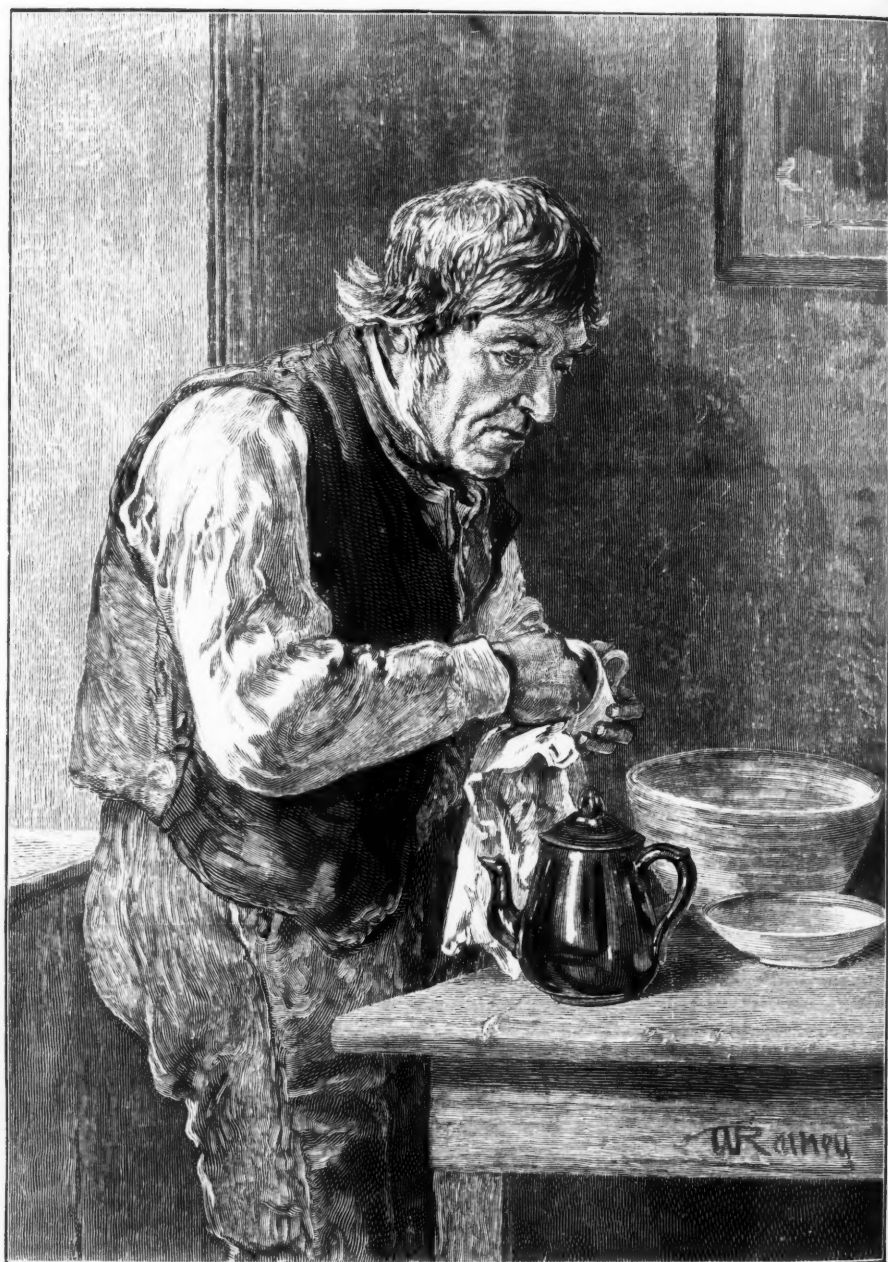
"She got to be twenty, poor thing, afore she died, or afore she was killed; for though no inquest was held upon her, I say she was killed; and if I'd had my own way, I'd have had her sat upon—that I would; and Shovels, our parish clerk, who'd have been sure to be foreman, says that if 't was for nothing but to oblige me, he'd have sat upon her with the greatest of pleasure, and he tells me he'd have returned a verdict of wilful murder against Charles Litechaff, whether the rest of the jury liked it or no. He'd have returned it, he said, by himself, and stuck to it even before the Queen in Windsor Castle, or the Houses of Parliament.

"Did I say Charles Litechaff killed Daisy?—that is Daisy, as I calls her, No. 3. They say the third is the charm; but no, no—the first was the charm, though No. 2 and 3 were very good. Well, he killed Daisy No. 2, that's No. 3's mother, and her husband too. Shovels always said there ought to have been three inquests, and he'd have brought in Charles Litechaff guilty three times. But I forgive him; bless you, there's no end of what we must forgive, for there's no end of what we are forgiven.

"Well, they were all doing very well, and Daisy No. 3, she was just eighteen; and I'd have matched her against all the girls in the country for a face that was as fresh and innocent-looking as the flower she was called after; and as to being a scholar, I don't know where she hadn't gone to—it was beyond me; I only know I was told she had left the 'Rule of Three' far behind. Bless her, it might have been good for her if she had stopped there—there's no knowing what's beyond; perhaps she met her troubles through being in these unknown parts.

"Daisy was too good a scholar for the farmers' sons about; and though they were decent lads, she wouldn't look at one of them. Poor child! she'd have been better off, and others too, if she had married one of them; but I don't blame her.

"Well! Charles Litechaff comes this way—he was "a commercial," new on that road—with a handsome face and moustachios that it would cost you extra to paint on any picture, they were so fine. Charles Litechaff had a tongue that would beat the 'Rule of Three' itself, and make figures talk all sorts of things, making them say



"I never think of this inside and outside being clean all alike but I remember our poor Daisy." p. 315.

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just what he liked himself. He'd say, 'Isn't that a *four*?' Then he'd cover the slate with figures, and 't would come out a six if he wanted to sell, and a two if he wanted to buy.

"Charles Litechaff was that fair-spoken that he got all the people in the place to order from his samples, and he was that pious that he gave a sovereign to poor Daisy's missionary-box, and asked her for the loan of her prayer-book in church. He says, 'May I read with you, Miss Daisy? for I like to follow, and not miss a word; and though I never go without my prayer-book, I forgot it on this journey.' He was creeping, that viper—no, I won't even call him names—that Charles Litechaff; he was creeping up the child's sleeve; and when she saw how handsome and clever he was, and when she thought him so good, and put that sovereign he gave with such a light heart over and against the pence that one and another gave with a grudging heart, she promised to marry him; ay, the rascal—did I call him a rascal?—no, I won't call him names, but that fellow—there's no sin in that—that fellow, Charles Litechaff, who Shovels says ought to have been hanged three times for murdering Daisy and her father and mother, and who ought to be transported besides for ruining me—yes, that fellow Charles Litechaff married her, and they're

all dead, and here I am waiting to be dead too.

"He was all outside, was that Charles Litechaff. His promises of love to the little Daisy kept only for a twelvemonth. He was all outside in his religion and his character, as might be seen in his way of doing business, where he was all outside too; and poor little Daisy—that was No. 3—she died of a broken heart before she was twenty, and her father and mother followed her from the same; and I—well, Charles Litechaff, your fair outside got me to go security for you. 'You'd make a fortune for Daisy and yourself in one year if I did'—and I did—and here I am.

"That's all I say. If you had been the same inside as out, there would be three folk living to-day who are dead, and I'd have been able to leave you two thousand and more. But I've kept my good name through it all. Inside and out I'm one. I don't know what's beyond the Rule of Three, but whatever it is, neither that nor anything else will change me. I am none the worse in the sight of God for being only odd man here. Things may seem to go cross, but if we put our trust in our Saviour, and do our duty always as if God were looking at us, nothing will work out better at the last than having been always the same, 'Clean Within and Clean Without.'"

SHORT ARROWS.

TWICE BLESSED.

COUNTRY children, free to roam amid flowering hedges, were mindful last year of the little ones in dull London courts and crowded houses, with whom the flowers are so precious and rare. When the blossoms reappear, may there be many to remember some city agency, working amid the poor, and imitate the happy children of Dursley, Gloucestershire, who week by week regularly supplied the scholars of Gifford Hall Mission with sweet spoils of field and garden. These were despatched on Fridays, arranged on Saturdays, the school was bright with them every Sunday, and then they bore their messages of hope to the homes of sick children or parents. One little fellow, lying on his death-bed, and doubtless longing to do some work of love for the Shepherd whose arms he neared, asked that the bunch which had been given to him might stand in the window, so that other children, as they passed by to school, might see his flowers!

BEARING PRECIOUS SEED.

A Christian worker, writing from Bismarck, in Dakota, tells of destitute fields where the Gospel-seed has been sown, and where there are already signs of harvest. Six hundred people, old and young, come

regularly on Sundays for Scriptural instruction, and many of these had not attended religious services for months or years. "Some," says the missionary, "confessed to me that mine was the first voice raised in prayer in their hearing for six years." Whole families sometimes crowd into a large waggon, drawn by oxen, and thus travel to the Union Sunday-school; and though the majority of the people in this new district are in struggling circumstances, they gladly do what they can to secure the privileges of religion for their children. Another labourer in the Master's field describes a Scandinavian settlement in a little railroad village in Northern Dakota, where the people have greatly suffered in condition and morals, but where an American Christian family is the mainstay of the school he has established. "Thus from place to place are missionaries going, planting, watering, encouraging and toiling, that they may 'come from the east and west,' and sit down in the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND.

The Orphan Homes of Scotland, which are under the energetic management of Mr. William Quarrier, of Glasgow, continue to be eminently successful in accomplishing their beneficent purposes. From the report of 1884 we learn that 1,047 children passed

through the Homes during the year. Of that number 775 boys and girls were permanently helped, while the remaining 272 received temporary assistance. During the summer there were 245 children sent to Miss Bilbrough's Home in Canada, where they were helped to suitable situations, or otherwise provided for. The total amount of money received during the year for the maintenance of the Homes, and in aid of the Building Fund, was £15,207 9s. 0½d., besides large quantities of clothing, provisions, and other articles. As the demands of the work are increasing at a rapid rate, Mr. Quarrier contemplates doubling the number of Homes at the Bridge of Weir. To accomplish this undertaking, the sum of £40,000 will be required. An important branch of the work is the Young Women's Temporary Home, the object of which is to train for service virtuous young women who are in a destitute condition, and who, but for the timely aid afforded them, would in all likelihood drift into vice. During the year, 29 of these women obtained situations, while others were suitably cared for, or sent home to their friends. The Children's Night Refuge, in connection with the City Home, has been a great boon to many children, who from one cause or another are found wandering about the streets or sleeping on stairs at night. The Evangelistic and Mission part of the work, carried on by a large staff of voluntary helpers, shows results of a most satisfactory kind—many having been brought under the power of the Gospel who hitherto had been living careless and godless lives. It may be necessary to remind our readers that the money required for the maintenance of these Homes, for the erection of the buildings, and for all other purposes, is sent by philanthropic and Christian friends, whose contributions are in all cases voluntary. It is purely a work of faith and a labour of love, and shows the efficacy of sincere heartfelt prayer. Such a useful and noble undertaking as these Homes are, deserves the support of all Christians who are blessed with worldly means, and who wish to do some practical work for their Lord and Master. All donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by Mr. William Quarrier, 318, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

THE MASTER'S STORE-HOUSE.

Writing recently of the good work done by the Toronto Mission Union in bearing the "old, old story" to those hitherto overlooked and neglected, we were misinformed in the fact that the friends have an assured annual income of sixteen hundred dollars wherewith to carry on their operations. The work of love proceeds, but the money receipts are less than stated above, and we find therefore that the needs are greater; higher, too, are the privileges of those who are willing to lend to the Lord, and send the hope of the Gospel to darkened and needy places, where, in their destitution, if not in actual

"Brethren to their brethren call
By the Love which loved them all."

NOT COMFORTLESS.

Those who carry on the work of the American Sunday School Union take up as a most essential branch the distribution of Bibles in various districts, and "after many days" it is often found that this quiet, faithful service has led to great results. A Western missionary in his visitations called upon an Irishman, poor and destitute, and so weakened by sickness that for three years he had been shut up in his miserable dwelling: so great was his need that he had not even a chair to offer his visitor; yet the wretched-looking room was holy ground, for the presence of the Lord was a reality there. The missionary stood by his bed, and sympathised with the sick man, asking him if he knew of any comforter. The sufferer held up an old, worn Testament, and said, "This book seems just writ for such as I. I find great comfort here." A Bible with larger print was given him, and the visitor left him, followed with blessings, and realising that in soil that seems least likely the blessed Word of God can bear fruit to His glory.

A PREACHERS' HELP.

We are glad to welcome, from the able pen of Mr. Paxton Hood, a book entitled the "Word of Proverb and Parable" (Hodder and Stoughton). This is a subject which Mr. Hood has, in a large measure, made his own, and both preachers and readers will find in it a great deal that is not only interesting but of great practical value. Every page of the work fastens upon the attention, and well rewards it.

"EVEN DOWN TO OLD AGE I AM HE."

In 1884 the Home for Aged Christian Blind Women (originated by a blind gentleman, who with his wife continues the superintendence) was comfortably located at "Mansion House," Hanley Road, Hornsey Rise, where visitors are welcome any week-day. In the former Home at Junction Road, the first inmate was a governess whose loss of sight prevented her from earning her living; there are now twenty-eight inmates, who receive every kindly attention, and who in their common sitting-room are busy day by day with knitting, crochet, etc. Many of them, by using books for the blind, are now able to read the Bible for themselves, and as some are too old and feeble to attend places of worship, religious services are held every Sunday and Thursday evenings, enlivened by the musical help of friends. Thanks to training-schools and colleges, the condition of blind children is less dreary than that of the aged, to whom, perhaps, their trouble has come suddenly and painfully, and who have no shelter save the workhouse; to such, for the Master's sake, this Home is open, and we are told that sympathy and kindness are unbounded. Little hands have gathered flowers to bear fragrance to the blind, and the children of St. Giles' Christian Mission Schools have subscribed their mites to bring comfort to these fading lives. Gifts of left-off clothes

and neat caps, suitable for old ladies, will be a welcome help, and any donations will be thankfully acknowledged if addressed to Mr. P. Terry, at the Home.

TINY CRIPPLES.

Ignorance, damp, and in some cases cruelty, may be held responsible for the sufferings of children who seem doomed to lifelong helplessness and pain, but it is a blessed fact that good food, ventilation, and surgical care, combined with tender nursing, work wonders in many of such cases. Some of those treated in the Cripples' Nursery (15, Park Place, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park) are reported cured, others so much improved as to look forward to useful lives; whilst, though forms may be quaint and feeble, the little faces are well content, and we hear of one child passing peacefully beyond the reach of pain, giving his toys to the others, and describing his visions of the angels. Whether his closing eyes saw heaven or not, it is good to feel that gentle human faces bent above him, and loving hands ministered to his needs. The home is meant for fifty children under twelve years old. In each case £13 a year is expected; but the expenses are great, and those whose nurseries are merry with healthy, rosy bairns are asked to remember these little creatures, enfeebled by curvature, paralysis, etc. There is a branch at Margate, where each child spends three months in the year. They are very fond of singing, and their Scriptural knowledge is surprising. Indeed, the Inspector reports their education as most satisfactory. Those too helpless to go out of doors lie and play in a sheltered garden, but on fine days there may be noticed on the way to the Park a little throng with crutches and instruments; passers-by make room for them, and policemen lift the tiniest where the road is crowded. Mr. Moody was so touched by the sight of these little ones that he said, "They move me more than a hall with thousands of people." Mrs. Kirk is the Lady Superintendent and Secretary.

"THE CHILDREN OF PEACE."

In a humble school at Catania, connected with the Waldensian Church Missions, the children have formed themselves into "The Society of the Children of Peace," being banded together to visit and help little ones who are sick, to spread the Gospel, and promote the keeping holy of the Sabbath day; in the Sunday-school at Naples, the children of their own accord united to create a "Sunday Observance Society," with the object of helping to develop their school. Great blessings are surely betokened to the Waldensian Missions in the voluntary efforts of these little Italians, from six to twelve years old. Indeed, the first showers of grace have richly fallen, for there are more than 2,000 Sunday-schoolers, nearly as many in the Mission day-schools, and nearly 500 in the night-schools. The colporteurs are doing noble work from house to house and by the highways, and signs of encouragement appear in many parts of

Italy. In 1861, a Waldensian student who had come to preach the Gospel at Rio Marina narrowly escaped death at the hands of an excited crowd—now the good news is heard with respect and attention: in 1560, Pascale, a Waldensian pastor, suffered martyrdom at Rome—now there stands a church in the Via Nazionale, and over the principal entrance is the inscription, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." Friends can greatly help the Waldensian Missions by taking collecting-cards, or promising annual subscriptions. Some churches and individual Christians have undertaken to support the whole missionary work of the Society for one day, giving for the same £25 per annum. The address of the secretary, Major Frobisher, is 118, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

A MESSAGE FROM CANADA.

Speaking of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley (which are at all times open to visitors), Lord Wolseley said, "Those who have instituted and supported these schools will earn far greater gratitude, and in the sight of God find more grace, than many who have spent their lives in monasteries." Farningham exists to shelter and train destitute little boys in danger of falling into crime, and Swanley takes orphan and fatherless lads, for whom a yearly payment of £20 can be made. The First Lord of the Admiralty has placed there several orphaned sons of sailors, whilst another child is the brother of "the Little Bugler of Kassassin." Some brought up in the Homes are now earnest Christian workers, one who works hard all the week being the leader of a Bible-class of twenty of the roughest lads in Manchester. The following extracts are from the letter of a little boy sent out to Canada:—"I am very happy in my home. My master and mistress are very kind. I get good meat, and have family worship every morning and night. As I am ploughing there are gentlemen, they come to me and say, 'Will, do you know where I will get a boy like you?' " Then follows the mention of the farm animals and of a Sunday-school prize received, and the letter draws to the sensible conclusion, "Seeing I have no more to say, I will now wipe my pen and stop!"

PRISONED SOULS.

Very dreary is the mental state of many a deaf-mute when the school-days are over; a scanty command of language prevents the enjoyment of ordinary books, and in the words of one of their number, "They hear not the joyful sounds the preacher utters, nor the heavenly tones of chants, anthems, and hymns." Kind hearts in Ireland are caring for such in various remote districts; the Deaf and Dumb Christian Association for Ireland exists to relieve distress, to circulate messages of cheer, to provide services and classes that may be readily understood, to give prizes for Scriptural knowledge, needlework,

etc., and to support a regular missionary. The latter—who received his training at the National College for Deaf-Mutes, Washington, America—tells us there are about 1,130 Protestants thus afflicted scattered over Ireland, most of whom have no regular means of grace. He remarks, “I was often surprised to find the mutes absorbed with interest in the Good Tidings more than in accounts of strange incidents of American life.” One and another used this expression, “Above all, I thank you for speaking comforting words.” Miss Austen, Blair Castle, Cork, is hon. treasurer for the southern district of this Society. We note that destitute girls have been transferred to Miss Elwin’s Industrial Home, 10,

Walcot Parade, Bath, where the funds are smaller than needed for this special ministry for Him Who

“Would have His weakest ever prove
Our tenderest care.”

“QUIVER” LIFEBOAT FUND.

The following contributions have been received since the publication of the last list:—E. and G. Peake, Bangor, 5s.; E. and N. T., Bury St. Edmunds, 14s.; J. and E. C., Sheffield, 5s.; G. J. Bellman, Farnham, 19s.; Mrs. Haycock, Souldern, 5s.; H. R. Hancock, Bath, 10s.; A Leeds Friend, £1; E. P. B., 1s.; Mrs. Peake, Malvern, £2 10s.; Mrs. Harris, Weymouth, 4s. Total, £729 13s. 10d.

“THE QUIVER” LIFEBOAT FUND.

DR.	BALANCE SHEET.		CR.
	£	s. d.	£ s. d.
To amount received to 14th January, 1884, and acknowledged in THE QUIVER	690	16 0	
To amounts received since above, and to 8th December, 1884.. .. .	38	17 10	
	£729	13 10	
			By amount paid Royal National Lifeboat Institution for lifeboat and carriage stationed at Margate (replacing the original QUIVER lifeboat at that station)
			630 0 0
			Balance in the hands of Cassell and Company, Limited
			79 13 10
			£729 13 10

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Editor proposes to incorporate the balance of £79 13s. 10d. with the new QUIVER HEROES’ FUND, with especial reference to the award of medals for gallant conduct in the RESCUE OF LIFE AT SEA—a disposition of the surplus which will be felt to be very appropriate to the purpose for which it was collected.

Donors of Contributions to this Surplus (i.e., bearing date subsequent to July 25, 1884) may, however, have their contributions devoted to any other charitable purpose on communicating with the Editor not later than March 15, 1885, after which date all the other contributions forming the surplus will be merged in THE QUIVER HEROES’ FUND.

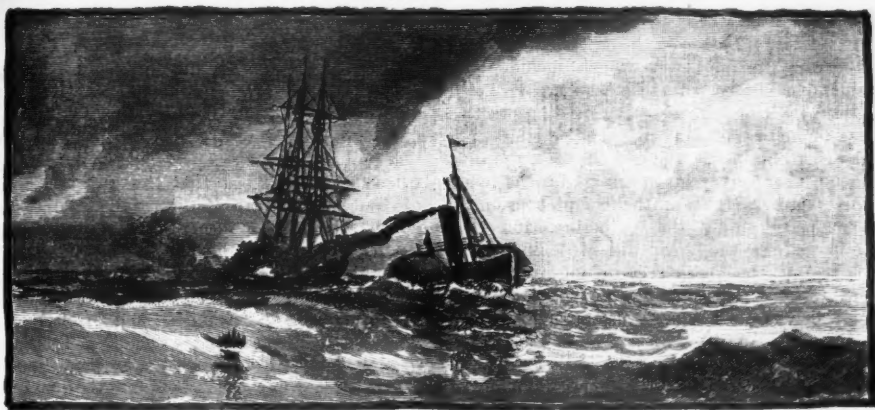
“THE QUIVER” BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

46. What proverb was in use to express the difficulty of carrying out some undertaking?
47. In what words does our Lord refer to the destruction of Jerusalem as the “coming of the Son of Man” to judgment?
48. Quote a passage in which Jesus tells us to be very careful in advising others.
49. From what passage should we gather that there was a friendly intercourse existing among many of the Egyptians and Israelites, in spite of the cruel treatment of the Israelites by the king?
50. What charge was brought against the Israelites by the Egyptians as a reason for their cruel treatment?
51. Which of the plagues first made the Egyptians feel that they were being punished by God?
52. From what passage do we gather that some of the Egyptians recognised the Divine power as displayed by Moses?
53. In what way did Jesus meet the question of the Herodians as to the duty of paying tribute?
54. How does St. Paul deal with the question of slavery?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

35. The plague of locusts. (Exod. x. 7.)
36. Matt. v. 20.
37. To the rejection of Himself by the people of His own country. (Matt. xiii. 57.)
38. Matt. xx. 28.
39. Titus iii. 1.
40. There is only one mention made of the personal appearance of Moses, and that is in his infancy, when he is described as “a goodly child.” (Exod. ii. 2.)
41. Exod. iii. 5.
42. The rod of Aaron swallowed up all their rods. (Exod. vii. 12.)
43. The year was ordered to begin henceforth with the month Abib, and not, as before, with the month Tisri. (Exod. xii. 2, and xiii. 4.)
44. Matt. xxiii. 8.
45. In that part which borders the district of Zoan, which is generally free from crocodiles; to which district the Psalmist refers in speaking of God’s work in Egypt—“He wrought His miracles in Egypt and His wonders in the field of Zoan.” (Exod. ii. 3; Ps. lxxviii. 43.)



SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESSES.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.



HAT teaching in classes is the best means of conveying instruction in Sunday-schools will not be questioned, even by those who are prevented by circumstances from adopting it. On the other hand, its most enthusiastic admirers will not deny that it may

with advantage be supplemented by "whole-school teaching"—that is, by addresses—from time to time. The two chief occasions when these are imperative are when any one visits the school for the purpose of speaking on some special subject, and when the superintendent or inspector desires to test the knowledge of the school as a whole, or to drive home into the minds of the pupils the teaching already given.

If these two objects could be clearly separated, addresses would be equally distinct, and be simply divided into "didactic" and "examination" addresses. As a matter of fact, however, it is almost impossible to divide them, for unless the scholars know something of the subject spoken about, a purely didactic address is simply an unintelligible jumble of words. On the other hand, examination alone—with no information conveyed by the speaker—though it is a test of knowledge, is no help to the teachers in their work. To be useful and interesting, both characters must be combined, the one or the other predominating according to circumstances. The necessity of proceeding to teach something new by attaching it to something already learnt, is very often overlooked, and speakers sometimes find fault with scholars for want of attention and capacity when they themselves are to blame.

In many schools the only addresses that have ever been heard are purely didactic, and when

questions are put it is amusing to watch the scared faces and to hear the trembling, uncertain answers of children to whom taking any part in the address is a novelty. In some few instances very extensive questioning is impossible, but in no address can it be entirely dispensed with without injury. It is an art to be acquired, and one which needs some little trouble to master, but it is worth all the care and attention bestowed upon it; and the process of acquirement is an admirable training to a speaker, for first experiments in it are about as well calculated to take the conceit out of him as any method he can discover.

It is a glorious sensation for a fluent and earnest speaker to go smoothly on, addressing a well-disciplined school in rounded and ringing periods. He sees that the future workers for God—the rulers of the world in the next generation—are before him, and being master of his subject, he feels that he is one of the noble army of teachers who fill the roll from the Apostles downward. But let that same speaker suddenly stop and put a few pointed questions on the matter contained in his last ten sentences, so as to find out how much information his hearers have gained, and his self-satisfaction will very speedily disappear. It may not be, perhaps is not, that the intelligence of an audience is no higher than that of its dullest member, but something very like that is true. Where many understand, almost the whole will have a sufficient idea to enable them to follow the speaker, but where there are comparatively few who are capable of comprehending the spoken words, even those few appear to lose their power.

There is a subtle oneness in all gatherings, whether of old or young, which makes the majority give tone to the whole. For this, among other reasons, written addresses are absolutely

inadmissible for audiences which include any considerable number of those who are not well practised in listening; listening needing practice quite as much as speaking, but that practice being more easily obtained. The eye, the face, the tone of the speaker convey his meaning quite as much as his words. If, then, the comprehension of the majority guides the gathering, and that majority misses the great aid of looking into the eyes of the speaker, watching his changing expressions, and catching the modulations of voice which so clearly mark speaking from reading, the grasp of the subject by the meeting is reduced as low as possible. While this is true of all audiences, it is doubly so of scholars, many of whom are young. Their ears are but imperfectly trained, and their minds but scantily stored with knowledge—and the less knowledge possessed, the more difficult it is to acquire more—and they have none of that respect for appearances which induces adults to sit quiet and appear interested even when they are not.

Again, it must be remembered that the words with which even an adult audience is thoroughly familiar are comparatively few, while the vocabulary of a school is much more restricted. The majority of teachers who fail do so by talking over their scholars' heads; and certainly more addresses miss their mark from this cause than from any other. A moment's thought will enable any one to picture the utter hopelessness which settled down on a number of scholars, from eight years of age upwards, while listening to an address of which the instruction "that they should manifest their confidence in God" was a fair sample sentence. Yet children will understand if they possibly can, for everything is new, and therefore attractive; but if their efforts fail once or twice, it is absurd to expect them to remain quiet and attentive on the bare chance of hearing something they can make sense of; they are not sufficiently anxious to be taught for that. If, thanks to the excellence of the teachers and the discipline, they should be kept in moderate order, they will be very quick to notice any trick or peculiarity the speaker may have; indeed, they will inevitably do that unless they are kept thoroughly interested. From noticing they will pass to imitating, consciously or unconsciously, to the intense amusement of each other.

The most important points seem to be that a speaker should be content to enforce one lesson; that he should link even that with something which the scholars know and which he and they are both aware they know; that the one lesson should be repeated over and over again, with ever-varied language and illustration; that everything should be expressed in words somewhat below what the average of all present can easily understand, and that the illustrations used should be of ordinary and familiar scenes, whether on

land or sea. The engraving on the previous page is indicative of a telling illustration of the value of timely aid in adversity. Even after observing these rules, the purely didactic address will probably be more or less of a failure, for the reason already given—that the ears and brains of the scholars are but partially trained and developed, and the degree of training and development varies so greatly among them. The eye, however, reaches its perfection of use very early in life, and if an object of some sort can be brought to assist the spoken words, a very long step is made towards success. To the use of the black-board reference was made in *THE QUIVER* for August last, and all that was then said as to its use in the classes, applies with even greater force to its use for "whole-school" teaching.

Where a board is not available, or practice in the use of it is wanting, other mechanical means must be found. One is easily provided in the hand, the fingers of which may be made to stand for the letters of the chief word of the lesson. An illustration will explain this better than any description. An address was given on the word "Jesus." The speaker held up his left hand and asked how many fingers there were. It was a simple question, and as all could answer it, many did, and every one became more or less interested. From that starting point the fingers were taken, beginning with the thumb, to represent the letters J, E, S, U, S, and then question and comment intermixed made these letters stand for "Just," "Eternal," "Sinless," "Universal," "Saviour." Questions elicited the meanings of these words, and the interspersed remarks, illustrations, and explanations enforced the lessons, and instructed all present by linking with the known that which was to be known. At the close, each finger being touched in turn, its connected word was given, then the hand was raised and the whole school appeared to read from it and their imaginations, the sentence, "Just, Eternal, Sinless, Universal, Saviour, Jesus." There the object for the eye was provided, and the desired end was obtained.

But it should be remembered that whatever mechanical means is adopted, it must be chosen wisely. There is a tradition that one of H.M. Inspectors of schools, who was an enthusiast in object teaching, came sadly to grief through thoughtlessness in this respect. He wished to magnify his office in a school he had been examining, and the two or three hundred boys were brought to attention for an address. His first question was, "Now, my boys, what am I?" to which a shrill voice, tremulous with anxiety to achieve distinction, replied, "A man." Admitting the fact, but somewhat at fault, he further asked, "But what else am I?" More boldly came an answer, "A little

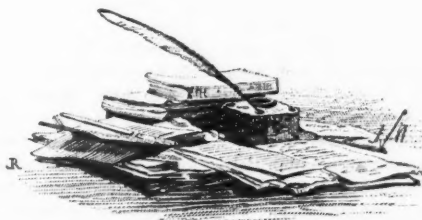
man." That had to be admitted too, but it was with a rather bad grace, and the "What else?" which followed was somewhat snappishly given. When other replies—unfortunately true—came eagerly from different parts of the room, the inspector is said to have retired in dudgeon.

A simple catch-word may sometimes be used in place of an actual object, the imagination being called into play to impress it upon the scholars. The word "Obey" is a good one for such a purpose, as it is easily spelt, easily understood, and easily fits with other words for teaching. For instance, it may be given as the chief point in the address, and after it has been impressed on the minds of the scholars, they may be told to add to it such words as "God," "Parents," "Teachers," making the sentences "Obey God," etc. This process of mental reading is less permanent than the real object lesson, and varies more in the impression it makes, because of the different mental powers of the hearers, but nevertheless it is valuable, and it has the advantage that it can be used anywhere and under any circumstances. It, like the object lesson proper, appeals to the minds of the scholars individually, and not solely to their aggregate mind; and, though the statement may perhaps appear strange, the two things are wonderfully different.

Examination addresses, though differing somewhat, follow much the same lines as didactic ones, if it is borne in mind that the object to be attained by them is not only to see how much the scholars know, but also to bring them to apply their knowledge intelligently, and to remind them that they know it. For these purposes the questions must be well within the boundaries of the lessons which have been given, and must arise naturally from them and from the replies. They must be clear and pointed, permitting but of one answer, and that not a simple "yes" or "no," unless that is to lead to an explanation of the "why." Simultaneous replies must be required, and constant repetition of the same question in different forms must not be

shirked because it is trying to the speaker. A keen watch must be kept for any sign of inattention—which means that the matter is not understood—and those who show such signs must be brought within range again by direct, judicious questioning. If the examination must be long, as in a quarterly review, it may be helpfully broken by a suitable hymn in the middle of it. Indeed, never-ending variety, always bearing towards the one end of instructing in the true sense of the word, must be the one principle kept in view. In that way address days will be profitable and pleasant to the scholars; and teachers and speakers will learn where they fail, and become wiser and better, as well as having a new field for the exercise of their talents in the Master's service. Inaudibility is a mechanical fault, and is easily corrected by addressing the first, and an occasional sentence afterwards, directly to the person most distant from the speaker, watching its effect upon him, and by pronouncing every syllable of each word distinctly.

May I drop into a personal vein by way of giving a word or two of encouragement? I was once giving an address on missionary work in India, and having the black-board and an effective outline, I kept the interest of all the scholars, and could feel that we understood each other. One teacher, however, troubled me, for he sat with closed eyes and an oppressed look which made me feel as if there were a failure somewhere. A few days afterwards I met him, and as we talked of our school, he made my heart glad by the remark, "I was very much interested in your address on Sunday, but I had such a fearful headache I could not keep my eyes open." Still, I found he had opened them from time to time as I put the new lines upon the board, and I learnt the lesson not to attach too much importance to isolated cases, but to try and make myself understood by the majority, for then every individual will receive whatever benefit his peculiar circumstances fit him for.

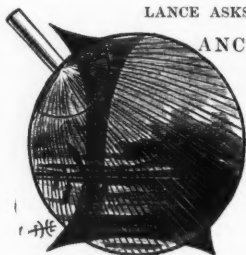


MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

LANCE ASKS QUESTIONS.



LANCE BALFOUR was not troubled with any of the mental reservations that harassed his cousin. As he emptied his pockets to fill Mrs. Glenwood's lap with fading violets, he told her how he came by them, and made all the inquiries his interest in

pretty Lucie dictated.

He was heard with flattering interest.

"You rescued from the violence of a tramp a young girl who must have come from our village! Poor young thing, how fortunate for her that you were near! Who could she be? I am sorry to say I do not know many of the cottagers yet. I have planned a round of visiting, which I shall undertake with Miss Asdon's assistance, and hope to enter upon it shortly."

"This maiden of mine was no lowly villager," Lance interrupted. "Though I am bound to confess that her cloak was threadbare, and her gown shabby, she had the air and voice of an educated woman."

Mrs. Glenwood considered, shook her head, and was repeating her regret that she had not yet made many calls in the village, when pale, silent Miss Asdon looked up from the letter she was writing.

"May it not have been one of the young girls from the Red House to whom Mr. Balfour is alluding?"

Lance asked no more questions then, for his mother was calling him. She was anxious for a manly, straightforward assurance that he had not taken part in any scheme to secure this interview with her, to reach Dr. Balfour before anything Elfreda might say could widen the breach she was beginning to despair of healing.

Lance wrote at her dictation. He could not say that he was sorry he had become a worker in iron. He knew that it was the work for which he was most fitted, and with the examples of such men as Nasmyth, Maudslay, and Brassey before him, he had not entered upon an inglorious career.

But he was heartily sorry for the consequences of what he had done. When he wrung from Dr. Balfour a reluctant consent, he had hoped that time would reconcile his father to a disappointment for which he was not wholly answerable, seeing that he was mentally incapable of reaching the goal set before him, and becoming a good classical scholar.

No success in life would be sweet while his father turned a disapproving countenance upon him, and Lance pleaded so earnestly for an unqualified forgiveness, that his mother, reading the words over his shoulder, flattered herself that they must win him what he asked for.

Inspired by this hope, she became more cheerful; no longer heard Mrs. Glenwood's plans with languid indifference, but offered suggestions that were gratefully received, and ere long was absorbing herself in the fitting up of a room in which concerts and lectures could be given for the amusement of the good folks in the neighbourhood.

Lance hammered and measured, held consultations with the carpenter, wrote to a London upholsterer for baize to cover the benches, and by being generally useful atoned for the absence of Percy, who was invisible for some hours, and only appeared at last to complain of headache, and beg his cousin to officiate for him at the dinner table.

"My poor boy," Mrs. Glenwood murmured as she watched him drag himself wearily up the stairs leading to his apartments. "My poor laddie!" Yet she smiled even while she sighed. She no longer held the first place in his heart, but she was too unselfish a mother to murmur.

Mrs. Balfour started.

"Does he then love Elfreda so well that it is pain—absolute pain—to let her go? I pray that she may never disappoint him!"

"She will not," replied Milly confidently. "See how firm, how steadfast she is, how ready to give up her own pleasure to secure some good for another! Remember, no one prompted her to go back to Mincester this day."

"If I could be sure that it was for her brother's sake!"

But the words were spoken too softly to reach the ears of Mrs. Glenwood, and Elfreda's mother did not repeat them.

In the midst of the multifarious duties he had undertaken, Lance contrived to find time to scour the immediate neighbourhood of the Lodge.

He came upon Matt Woods, leaning over one of his father's fences; but the young farmer, hanging his head sullenly, walked away without appearing to see him. Matt had made the discovery, accidentally, that the stranger through whom Lucie quarrelled with him was staying at the Lodge, and knew, therefore, that he must be avoided. Although it vexed him sorely to relinquish a yearning for revenge, it would never do to wrangle with the guest of the man whose best farm his father had just secured on very advantageous terms.

What else had come under Lance's notice his aunt

and Percy heard on the morrow at the breakfast table, while Mrs. Balfour was still sleeping off the fatigue and excitement of the previous day.

"That old bailiff of yours—Grimes—has kept

"Ha! is that the Red House?" cried Lance, his face lighting up. "I might have guessed it, though, for it is one of those warm, comfortable-looking square buildings that put to scorn all your modern



"A couple of children acting as models."—p. 327.

everything in excellent order. It is a treat to walk over your well-kept fields; and the plantations do him immense credit. But I noticed one exception. Lying in a triangular shape between your ornamental grounds and the village there is a house buried in trees."

"The Red House," muttered Percy, bending over his coffee.

villas, with their sham turrets—or pepper-box towers."

"I thought you were abusing it when you began."

"No, indeed—there is very little fault to be found with the dwelling. I went near enough to see that the windows are clean and neatly curtained, and the flower-beds under them full of gay blossoms already. It is the gates and the fences—are you listening,

Percy?—that are falling to pieces, while the trees want thinning sadly. I asked Grimes why this part of your property has been neglected, and he made no answer, only fixed his little round eyes on me, wagged his head solemnly, and stamped away. Is there any secret attached to the Red House? Does the family spectre reside there? If so, he or she makes good use of the broom and duster."

"What nonsense you are talking!" Percival Glenwood was not himself this morning, but spoke peevishly. "The tenant of the Red House is old, and objects to any changes, that is all."

"Her nieces were very kind to Miss Asdon when she met with an accident," his mother added. "But Miss Eldridge declined to receive me when I called, and she has not returned my visit. Elfleda heard a reason for this reserve, which is, I suppose, the true one. Miss Eldridge has converted the house into a female lunatic asylum."

By this time Lance had produced a very old leather pocket-book, and was turning over its leaves. That a desire to see Lucie again had something to do with his interest in the Red House he knew, but another reason was impelling him to continue his inquiries.

"Are you quite sure of what you are telling me, Aunt Milly? The name of Eldridge has a familiar sound in my ears."

"No, it isn't true; it cannot be!" exclaimed Percy. "Claire an attendant on lunatics," he added mentally, "wasting her youth and bloom in a madhouse!—I mean this tale about the Red House," he added aloud. "It is too horrible to be believed."

His mother looked up in surprise, for he had spoken harshly, abruptly, and she was vexed with herself for having repeated what might be but the merest idle gossip.

But now Lance broke in.

"Ah! here it is! I have refreshed my memory. You know I used to write a great many of my father's letters, and it was a rule that I should always jot down any addresses or other items that might be wanted again. I was not mistaken when I said I had heard the name of Eldridge before. Here it is, and the address, 'The Red House, Glenwood.'"

"But why was your father in correspondence with this old lady?" asked Percy. "You have no determined relations."

"True; but my father has a couple of eccentric spinster kinswomen, though the Misses Charlotte and Lottie Balfour would be highly incensed if a doubt were raised of their sanity," laughed Lance. "That they came to live somewhere here I am tolerably certain, but it's most improbable that they would take up their abode in an asylum. They are peculiar, but quite capable of taking care of themselves. If they are residing at the Red House——"

"They must be," Mrs. Glenwood decided, "for the very Dutch-looking servant who refused me admission spoke of Miss Lottie and Miss Sue."

"Ought I to go and see them?" queried Lance,

reminiscences of Lucie's blue eyes disconcerting him when he tried to put the question carelessly. "I know they used to worry my father sometimes by asking his advice on the most trivial subjects, but the blood of the Balfours is in their veins, and he would not like them to be treated discourteously."

"Neither shall they be!" Mrs. Glenwood assured him warmly. "I will call upon them to-morrow—no, to-day—and your mother shall drive to the Red House with me if she feels equal to it."

Even Percy cast off his melancholy, and became pleasantly interested, while Lance recalled for his amusement the events of a week spent with his father at the house of the Misses Balfour, then living at Edinburgh. They had insisted on regarding the hardy boy as a delicate Southron, and he could remember many an attempt to slip out of the house without the umbrella, muffetees, and plaid they forced upon him, as well as the sweet, sickly possets nightly brought to his bed-side to counteract the cold air he had inhaled in the course of the day.

Mrs. Balfour came into the room while her son was talking, and when appealed to, confessed demurely that she was out of favour with her husband's kinswomen. Many years ago she had offended against one of their pet prejudices, since when they had confined themselves to a stiff "Present our compliments to your lady," in their occasional letters to the Doctor.

She was provokingly indifferent about giving fresh offence by keeping them in ignorance of her visit to the Lodge; but as soon as Milly hinted that it would add to her comfort to be on sociable terms with such near neighbours, she was quite willing to do her best to propitiate them.

So Mrs. Glenwood's pretty Victoria, a present from her son, was brought to the door, and the sisters drove away together.

They might have had companions if they would, for Lance offered his escort; and on pretence of assuring himself that the harness was properly buckled, Percival walked down the avenue beside the carriage.

He would have preferred to speak to his mother alone; he stood in some awe of his aunt's penetrating gaze, and credited her with a power of reading his thoughts she certainly did not possess. Yet he could not let an opportunity slip of appealing to his mother to exonerate him from all harshness towards the aged mistress of the Red House.

Claire was naught to him. It was dishonourable to cherish her image; but he fancied he could be more content if he knew that she had ceased to regard him as an enemy and oppressor.

"You will not permit yourself to be repulsed this time, mother!" he cried wistfully.

"My dear boy, I cannot compel Miss Eldridge to receive me."

"Neither can she refuse you admission, as your visit is to her lodgers. Once in the house, surely your woman's wit will teach you what to do."

How urgently he pressed this upon her! Mrs. Balfour, noticing it, bluntly asked him the reason, and he felt constrained to tell the truth—if not all the truth—in his reply.

"I should like my mother to have an interview with Miss Eldridge, because, by some mismanagement on the part of Grimes, the poor old woman thinks I have incited him to treat her harshly. I am not yet an experienced landlord, Aunt Mary; I cannot pocket my rents without caring what my tenants say or think of me. I shall feel under a cloud," he added, laughing to disguise his earnestness, "until I know that my name is not banned at the Red House."

Mrs. Glenwood, to whom all this was new, drew herself up with as much indignation as she was capable of feeling. Her son, her generous—too generous—son, accused of oppressing an aged woman! Why, it was monstrous!

She threw down the reins, refusing to cross the threshold of a person by whom Percy had been so maligned, and when induced to think with him that Miss Eldridge laboured under some misapprehension that a few words might clear away, insisted on knowing on what grounds his accusers had founded such a charge.

But the ponies were fresh enough to demand all her care, Percy had already drawn back, and she was persuaded to defer her inquiries till her visit had been paid.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE RED HOUSE.

MRS. GLENWOOD, in spite of her placable disposition, was still feeling not a little sore at the injustice meted to her son when she stopped her ponies at the rickety gate of the Red House garden. Although an experienced gardener ruled over the hot-houses and parterres at the Lodge, he did not make as gay a display of spring flowers as the formal beds in that small plot of ground presented. Once inside the high privet hedge that sheltered them from the road, the array of crocuses, well blended polyanthus, and primroses, was charming, and evinced that much taste as well as care had been bestowed on them.

A very tall, stout lady, in a huge-patterned plaid dress, was sunning herself in the wide gravel walk leading to the porch. She bowed courteously, but kept her place in the centre of the path, so that the visitors had to pass on either side of her to reach the house.

The hall door was open, and just inside it stood a couple of children acting as models to a thin, tall elderly lady, in a large holland pinafore, who had set up her easel beside a window. On the broad seat below the old-fashioned casement, another tall, thin, elderly lady was sitting, her feet drawn up, her hands clasped round her knees, her bushy grey eyebrows knit in contemplation of the little rustics before mentioned.

They were looking hot and worried, under this

twofold infliction, and the younger—a girl—was on the verge of tears, though her brother tried to console her by whispered references to the bright sixpence that was to be their reward if they were patient.

The maulstick and palette were dropped with a clatter as soon as Mrs. Balfour became visible, and she was seized upon and hugged with a fervour she found rather embarrassing.

"Now, this is so very nice!" exclaimed the artist, Miss Lottie.

"It is more than nice!" cried Miss Susan, who had contented herself with raising and lowering Mrs. Glenwood's hands as if they were pump-handles. "That word is not at all poetical; why will you use it? It is delightful!"

"The good times have come at last!" the elder sister resumed. "Not that we have been moped!"

"Say pensive, or melancholy," Miss Susan entreated, *sotto voce*.

"But to take up our residence in this pretty"—"charming"—interpolated the poetess—"spot, tempted hither by the prospect of good neighbours, and then to be confronted for days and years by a bilious, irascible, crabbed old *militaire*, who never disguised his hatred of our sex, was, to say the least of it, disappointing."

"My sister will not leave home again for some time," said Mrs. Balfour. "Have you been comfortable here?"

"We are sufficient to ourselves, therefore we do not complain," said Miss Lottie, though she raised her handkerchief to her eyes. "After our sad reverses we were glad to hide our diminished heads. But Susan has behaved admirably; and it was very hard upon her, poor dear; just, too, as she was getting known in the literary world."

"One can write poems anywhere," said Miss Susan philosophically. "I was not so much to be pitied as Lottie, whose artistic tendencies required encouragement."

"But I gave way shamefully; I cannot deny it!" Lottie responded, with hands clasped and eyes upturned; "whilst you, on the contrary, ransacked your stores, and found comfort in the loveliest quotations—so sweet, so appropriate! I was a bear, and often told you to hold your tongue."

"But I was disagreeable too, Lottie, and would have had you sell your painting materials as useless. I am afraid I never have done you justice, my dear, but our friends will, when they see the high art decorations of our apartments. The picture Lottie is now at work upon," Miss Susan added, with a wave of her hand, "we propose to exhibit next year at the Royal Academy if we can persuade ourselves to part with it."

Mrs. Glenwood glanced at the canvas on the easel. It was bare, save where a feeble, very feeble, attempt was being made to sketch the younger of the children—the little girl who was now crying outright, terrified at the appearance of strangers.

"My models!" exclaimed Miss Lottie, startled by

the noise into recollecting their claims upon her; "I will dismiss them. Lead our dear guests into our sitting-room, Susan, and I will join them as soon as I have arranged for another sitting."

She was fumbling in her pocket as she spoke, and Mrs. Balfour, while following Miss Susan across the hall, heard her accost the lady in the large-patterned plaid. This dignified-looking dame had finished her constitutional, and was wiping her feet on the mat with much deliberation.

"So very odd!" cried Miss Lottie, turning her pocket inside out. "I could have felt positive that I put a sixpence here when I dressed. It's most extraordinary."

"Not at all!" responded the lady addressed. "You gave it to a beggar; I saw you. That's the way weak-minded people set the laws of the land at defiance, and encourage vagrancy!"

"Dear me, so I did!" Miss Lottie confessed. "I had quite forgotten. But he looked dreadfully ill; he said he had only just come out of a hospital."

"He said!" was repeated with a gesture of disgust. "Is it the first coin that has been wheedled out of your purse by such tales?"

"I have visitors; I am in great haste, and these children are waiting to be paid!" Miss Lottie cried hurriedly. "Will you, Mrs. Barnes, kindly lend me—"

But Mrs. Barnes was already interrupting her.

"Paid! for what? You stipulated for an hour, and they have not been here half that time! This is how the poor are demoralised! Why should these children be paid for work they have not done? It is a bad precedent—very bad! Why can you not see this with my eyes?"

"Oh! if you would please defer the argument," pleaded Miss Lottie. "I am so anxious to join my friends! The loan of a sixpence, and they could make up the hour another time—"

She was growing incoherent, and Mrs. Barnes waved her back.

"Go away to your visitors, you foolish, foolish woman, and leave the children to me. They shall eat up the odds and ends in the larder, and carry home to their poor sick mother the tea and sugar I've put aside for her; but no sixpences till they are earned. No, no!"

As the children went with her willingly, the little girl holding her hand, it was evident that, in spite of her sternness, they felt no fear of her. Miss Lottie covered her canvas as carefully as if the few strokes upon it were the germ of a Raffaele, and then tripped into the pleasant parlour, where the poetess was entertaining their guests by opening before them a scrap-book, in which were pasted the dozen or so of sentimental poems she had contributed to various local newspapers.

"Isn't this a charming room!" Miss Lottie demanded. "You see, we brought with us the best of our furniture, and Susan has such taste in arranging it, that the effect is, as you perceive, excellent."

"Gathered around us the relics of our former greatness," quoted Susan, and her sister listened, and looked at her admiringly, whispering that Sue always knew the right thing to say.

"The trees grow too close to your windows," Mrs. Balfour observed.

"Oh, not for meditation. A glare of light would distract Susan's thoughts when she is composing."

"Then you really consider yourselves comfortably situated here?"

"My dear Mary, what have we to wish for? We possess lovely surroundings—our books, our work, our favourite pursuits, and the pleasant consciousness that by our influence we hold together the band of unwedded women who reside here."

"Then you are not the only lodgers?"

"We do not call ourselves by so hateful a term!" said Miss Susan. "We are residents under Miss Eldridge's roof, and so is Mrs. Barnes, a well-meaning widow, whom we commiserate for her opinions. They are too highly pronounced."

"But she improves; yes, I can trace a marked improvement in her," Miss Lottie asserted, "ever since we have admitted her to our society freely. Then there is Miss Morris, a poor harmless creature whom we rescued from something like solitary confinement. She was a burden to her friends, so they shut her up in a back room in one of the closest, narrowest streets of London. Here she roams about the house and garden at will, and is well supplied with the flowers and grasses she amuses herself with drying; and I assure you that with a little instruction she has learned to arrange them very prettily."

"And the owner of the house, Miss Eldridge?" demanded Mrs. Glenwood, who could not forget the wrong done to her son. "I am afraid you have found her rather difficult to live with."

Miss Lottie slightly raised her eyebrows. When she and her sister first took up their residence at the Red House, their ideas of what was due to them as women of good culture and position militated with Miss Eldridge's importance as the sole survivor of a good old county family; and there had been "difficulties"—as Miss Susan acknowledged—which Claire and Lucie, unconsciously to themselves, had smoothed away. Time also rendered them all more forbearing with one another, and Mrs. Glenwood was answered with moderation.

"Our hostess is country born and bred, and has never enjoyed the advantages of such society as we have moved in, but we have quite ceased to notice her little peculiarities, for she is an invalid, rarely able to leave her room."

As soon as Mrs. Glenwood heard this, she repented her hasty speech, and was eager to atone for it. "An invalid! Ah! that accounts for so much! I hope she will never know how unkindly I spoke of her. Will you not prevail with her to receive me?"

"She will be most happy, of course," was the prompt reply.

"I am afraid not. My son and I, to our great concern, have learned that she has formed a bad opinion of us. This we do not deserve. We have erred in staying so long away. Of course, Percival's place was here as soon as he attained his majority, but the fault was mine, and if any one has suffered in consequence, it is I who must try and atone for it."

"Mrs. Barnes certainly has brought under our notice a few cases of oppression," Miss Lottie admitted; "and we know that she considers Mr. Grimes rather—well, I think the term she used was pig-headed; but then these were trivial—"

"No act that can bear the smallest stigma of harshness—nothing that savours of injustice—will be regarded as *trivial* by my son!" exclaimed the mother proudly. "Pray ask Miss Eldridge to give me a hearing, that I may convince her of Percy's good intentions."

"Do not excite yourself, dear Milly," said Mrs. Balfour; "things of this description generally right themselves."

"But in the meantime a poor invalid broods over her fancied injuries! I cannot go away without making an effort to see and undeceive her."

Miss Lottie softly clapped her hands in approval, and referred the matter to a young girl who had entered the room to bring in a tastefully arranged luncheon tray, while Mrs. Glenwood was speaking.

"My dear Claire, this lady is the mother of Miss Eldridge's landlord. You have heard what she said. I am sure I can stand sponsor for her good intentions. Lead her to *ma tante's* apartment, and say Miss Balfour requested you to do so."

"How very decided Lottie can be when there is occasion for it!" her sister commented in admiring tones.

But Claire bit her lip. It had been difficult to retain her allegiance to Miss Eldridge's prejudices when brought face to face with frank, gentlemanly Percival Glenwood, and she was completely vanquished by the sweet voice and kind eyes of his mother; but would the ignorant, obstinate old dame who had rehearsed her wrongs to every auditor for years, prove as easy to convince? Pain had soured her; she could make very bitter speeches; would she refrain from doing so to Mrs. Glenwood? Alas! nothing was more unlikely.

"*Ma tante* is suffering much this morning," she said at last. "If it would be possible, madame, for you to defer your visit to her, it might be advisable."

"Yes, yes, Milly, be persuaded to wait," her sister whispered in her ear. "You may be treated rudely, and I am sure it would be more dignified to take no heed of charges against the bailiff until they are brought before Percy in a proper manner."

But Milly could be quietly obstinate now and then, and this was one of the occasions. She carried her point without giving offence to her adviser.

"My visit shall be simply of condolence. I will be careful not to agitate the invalid by touching on exciting topics. You may safely lead the way;" and

she rested the tips of her gloved fingers on Claire's shoulder, wondering why the girl thrilled and grew pale as that light touch fell upon her. "Your aunt is fortunate to have so thoughtful an attendant."

As Mrs. Glenwood said this, she followed Claire from the room, but had scarcely done so when the tale Ellveda had heard recurred to her memory, and she nervously wondered whether there were any truth in it.

"You have other residents in the house besides the Misses Balfour," she ventured to observe, as she accompanied Claire across the hall, and her eyes rested on more than one closed door.

"Yes, we have Mrs. Barnes;" and then Claire stopped, for that lady was bearing down upon them with wrathful visage.

"Child, that Mollie girl has not carried out my orders! I bade her have a chop nicely grilled by half-past eleven. It is ten minutes beyond the half hour, and it is not ready. No excuses! I will not hear them. It would be just as easy to be ten minutes in advance of the time as to be behind it. Have I not argued this with you over and over again?"

"Dear Mrs. Barnes," entreated Claire, struggling successfully with her annoyance, "do not scold poor Mollie! I have but to lead this lady to *ma tante*, and then I will bring you your lunch."

"Mine! Did you ever know me to sit down in the middle of the morning to eat what I do not require—a strong, hearty woman like me? It would be ridiculous! The chop is for Miss Eldridge; why is she kept waiting for it? I have no patience with the stupid woman you pamper in your kitchen, letting her do as she likes in spite of me!"

But Claire, accustomed to these growlings, had led Mrs. Glenwood out of sound of them to hand her over to Lucie, who was standing beside the easy-chair of the sick woman, and remained there at a sign from her sister. No one could soothe the sufferer, when pain made her irritable, half so well as little Lucie; and no one would interpose as cleverly if she received Mrs. Glenwood's overtures with angry protests that the lawyers had no right to sell, without her sanction, the property she still fancied she was entitled to call her own.

Mrs. Balfour had grown very tired of her husband's kinswomen when her sister returned to her. She could not understand how they could be contented to live in this dull corner of the world year after year, absorbed in the contemplation of each other's genius.

However, she good-naturedly commended the industry displayed in Lottie's impossible storks and sunflowers, and she listened without betraying her weariness to the rough draft of the long poem Susan styled her "life work," and which was to outvie Wordsworth's "Excursion," but she had cast several glances at the door before it opened and Mrs. Glenwood appeared.

She was radiant with satisfaction. If she had not

succeeded in convincing Miss Eldridge that she was not ill-used, she had at all events persuaded her to believe that Percy was blameless, and extorted her consent to receive him.

She came back, followed by Lucie and Claire, the one carrying a basket of choice apples Miss Eldridge had pressed on her visitor's acceptance, the other bearing in her hands one of the exquisitely arranged bunches of dried mosses and grasses that deaf, silent Miss Morris, who had been helpless and harmless from her birth, employed herself in collecting.

"What pretty, graceful girls!" Mrs. Balfour murmured as she looked from one to the other; "and how domesticated they seem!" A remark evoked by the promptitude with which Claire collected Miss Susan's scattered papers and restored them to their case, while Lucie twitched Miss Lottie's apron straight, pinned up a torn flounce on which she was in danger of treading, and with noiseless celerity moved aside some vases that were in danger of being knocked down. "Miss Eldridge is fortunate in her nieces!"

"She is rewarded in them for an act of great generosity," responded Milly, in the same low tones. "They are not related to her at all. Do you remember how you and I went with the surgeon to see a poor foreigner, who died in our presence? Yes, you must, because you were anxious to know what became of the two little girls who were sleeping beside her."

"You told me their own people had removed them," said Mrs. Balfour hoarsely.

"Yes; when I inquired for them, they had disappeared, and every one came to the conclusion that it was by the agency of the tramps who infest this neighbourhood in the hopping season. In fact, I have only just learned that they have been here ever since."

"We shall be so grieved if you do not spend the rest of the day with us," Miss Lottie was saying, and Mrs. Glenwood broke off in what she was telling her sister, to express polite regret that she could not accept the invitation.

She was pressing the Misses Balfour to have a long day at the Lodge on the morrow, and renew their acquaintance with Lance, when a fall and a groan filled every one in the room with dismay.

Mrs. Balfour, seized with a gasping, choking sensation, had retreated to the door, with her eyes following every movement of Claire and Lucie. She did not know, or did not remember, that there was a descent to the hall of a couple of steps, and the consequence was that she fell backwards with great force.

The young girls flew to raise her, but the attempt elicited such cries of agony that Mrs. Glenwood began to wring her hands, asking distractedly what was to be done, and Miss Sue ran to find Mrs. Barnes, always a pillar of strength in any emergency. Had she not made more than one journey to the East in time of war to nurse the wounded? and

were there not half-a-dozen hospitals in London where her services were valued, and would have been thankfully retained, if she had not contrived to be always in hot water with doctors, nurses, and patients indiscriminately?

Under her directions Mrs. Balfour was laid on a sofa, fainting before it could be accomplished. She had twisted her ankle, and this so badly that it was evident surgical aid must be called in.

"Take me home to your house, Milly," she exclaimed, with all the energy she could muster, as soon as pain brought her back to consciousness.

"Impossible!" Mrs. Barnes declared. "You will not be in a condition to be removed for some days."

"Get a board, a door, or improvise a litter with a blanket. I will not mind what I have to endure, only take me to the Lodge without delay. You will not? Then I must try if I cannot walk there with the help of a stick."

But the attempt to sit up resulted in a return to insensibility, and the doctor, who was quickly in attendance, confirmed Mrs. Barnes' opinion. The injuries the ankle had sustained would necessitate an operation; Miss Lottie and her sister retreated to their chamber to weep in each other's arms; and Mrs. Glenwood—too frightened to be of any use—drove back to the Lodge to apprise Lance of what had occurred, and telegraph to Dr. Balfour at Manchester.

It was therefore on the compassionate faces of Claire and Lucie that Mrs. Balfour gazed when she awoke from her swoon.

"Is my punishment commencing?" she moaned. "Are they pitying me, *me*, who had no mercy on them? Oh! how shall I bear it? Will no one take me hence, before my brain gives way and I lose all power to keep my secrets?"

"She raves already; the fever will run high," Mrs. Barnes commented, and no further notice was taken of her wild ejaculations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COALS OF FIRE.

NEVER were two ladies more hospitable or more helpless than the Misses Balfour were when the wife of their kinsman became their guest. They insisted on giving up their rooms for her use, and carrying Lottie's easel and Susan's desk to one of the attics; and they wrote most pathetic descriptions of the accident, of dear Mary's heroism under the operation, and patient endurance of a fixed position, to all the cousins far removed with whom they kept up a correspondence; but they could not be relied on to administer a dose of medicine, or sit for an hour beside her couch. They believed that they were taking a fair share of the nursing, while in reality the greater portion of it devolved on Claire and Lucie.

To them, be it said, all duties fell that no one else cared to undertake. When mere children they had learned to execute tasks often beyond their strength.

to save poor blundering Mollie from the reprimands she was always incurring. As they grew up, active, clever, and willing, there was danger of their being over-weighted, but for Mrs. Barnes.

Miss Lottie never scolded; Miss Sue rarely; yet both ladies never hesitated to make use of their services, nor seemed to think those nimble fingers would often grow weary, those slender limbs ache with fatigue; while Miss Eldridge was quite as inconsiderate. But Mrs. Barnes, though she scolded too often and too sharply to win their affections, was their truest friend.

It was she who insisted that they should have some regular education, and in spite of Miss Eldridge's fretful protest that girls who had their living to get, need not know more than how to read their Bibles and mend their clothes, Mrs. Barnes was firm. She was rewarded by their learning well and quickly whatever they were taught; and at her instigation French formed part of the instruction they received from the village schoolmaster, who, fortunately for them, was a man of more than average ability.

This was all she could do for them at present. She was too prudent to urge their quitting the shelter of the Red House while they were very young, and now they had grown so useful as to be indispensable. Miss Eldridge was dependent on their attentions, Miss Morris must be guarded from harm, the Misses Balfour waited upon assiduously; and who should do all these things, comfort Mollie when she had breakages, or atone for her deficiencies in cooking, but Mollie's light-hearted, sweet-tempered maidens?

And now that there was another invalid in the house, and persons continually passing and repassing from the Lodge and the village, and Miss Eldridge obstinate in her refusal to let strangers pry into her poverty, on whom did all extra toils devolve but Claire and Lucie?

To them the days now passed as swiftly as a dream. The Red House was no longer the quiet abode of elderly women, where their own laughter often had to be hushed lest it should draw down rebukes from those who had outlived their youth; and to them the change was a delightful one.

What recked they that it entailed additional fatigue? The monotonous round was broken in upon at last. Carriages rolled to the gate bringing callers to inquire how Mrs. Glenwood's sister was progressing. Mrs. Glenwood herself came every morning, and who so kind and considerate as she? coming always with encouraging words for Mollie, and smiles and thanks for Mollie's maidens, whom she never ceased admiring and praising to Mrs. Balfour.

And not content with this, she would bring them gay aprons, pretty collars, and bows of bright ribbons, additions to their toilettes they had never before possessed.

Had her gifts been ugly and ill-chosen, they must still have evoked the gratitude of the recipients, for they were given with a motherly kindness that was irresistible.

Only Percival would look disgusted, and mutter that it was treating the young girls as if they were mere servants.

"And what else are they?" Elfreda, who had returned to Glenwood, looked up from her book to inquire. "I have been wondering whether the more energetic of the two could not be trained into a useful lady's maid. I should want one if I went abroad."

Percy gnawed his moustache. Claire, graceful high-spirited Claire, at the beck and call of his imperious cousin! It should never be, if he could prevent it.

Although he had curbed the boyish ardour of his love for the young girl, he admired her more deeply and more reverently than before. Both he and Lance were frequent visitors at the Red House; they never failed to present Mrs. Glenwood at the breakfast-table with a report of how the invalid had passed the night; and to obtain this entailed very early inquiries.

Sometimes it was Lucie they saw, but not very frequently, for Matt Woods chose to come across the hop-grounds about the same hour on the same errand; and his scowl, if he saw her timidly replying to the questions of the cousins, made her careful to keep out of the way.

So it fell to Claire, who would trip to the door half-shy, half-glad, her sleeves rolled back from her plump arm, a handkerchief tied, as she remembered Manon's, over the waves of her brown hair. But with what a downcast face she would listen when Percy spoke, never meeting his eyes fearlessly as she did those of Lance. Was it because she had discerned in them the deep, passionate interest in her that his sense of honour forbade him to avow?

Anyhow, Claire would go back to her work, feeling guilty she knew not why; and Percy would rush away to redouble his attentions to Elfreda, scorning himself the while as the weakest, if not the wickedest, of men.

Dr. Balfour had hurried to Glenwood, bringing his daughter with him, as soon as he was apprised of his wife's condition, but went back to his duties as soon as he had assured himself that she was in no danger.

"You are in such good hands," he said, "that I need have no hesitation in leaving you. With Fleda to supplement what your other nurses are doing, you will not miss me."

It surprised him very much that his self-contained, undemonstrative wife should cling to him, and cry on his shoulder, as if she could hardly reconcile herself to the parting.

It surprised him still more, when, instead of lamenting on his account her enforced stay at the Red House, she burst into reproaches.

"If my husband loved me as he used to do, should I be lying here in spite of my prayers, my entreaties to be removed?"

"You heard what your surgeons said," she was reminded. "The risk would be too serious."

"I would have risked that," she replied recklessly. "At the worst I should only have been a cripple. If you care for me, Allan, or if you wish to earn my gratitude, let me go back to Mincester with you."

She turned her face from him, that he might not perceive the look of misery it wore, and he watched her in perplexed silence.

Why had she taken this morbid aversion to the



"No one could soothe the sufferer . . . half so well as little Lucie."—p. 329.

Oh, don't say it is impossible, but send for a carriage, put me in it, and take me away."

"This is positively childish, Mary! I can understand pain making you restless, but not to this extent. And you heard the decision of your doctors. After their saying that on no account must you be moved, even to the Lodge, how can you imagine that I would be so mad as to attempt it?"

Red House? His kinswomen, if fidgety, were good-natured, Mrs. Glenwood was her daily visitor, and Mrs. Barnes was in her element; while the half-foreign-looking little maidens of whom he caught several glimpses seemed indefatigable.

Was she harassing herself about Lance? For her dear sake—never dearer than now that she was suffering—he would try and treat the boy more

cordially; and though he could not help being stiff and reserved when he and his son met by her bed-side, he gave her a cheque for fifty pounds to be transferred to Lance if she thought proper.

"Look well after your mother!" he enjoined on Elfreda, when bidding her adieu. "This illness is acting on her nerves. Do not let her worry herself about the boys or me."

"Why should she, papa?" queried the young lady. "They never passed better exams than they are doing this term, and your essays are being noticed in the reviews very favourably."

The Doctor raised his eyebrows a little.

"It's only too plain, child, that you do not comprehend the meaning of nerves or feminine weakness. Now, if this accident had happened to you instead of your mother——"

"I should have shut my door against every one but that Mrs. Barnes and the surgeons. Mamma is fussed over too much—a great deal too much. I am sure it interferes with her recovery."

The Doctor's "Humph!" was a doubtful one, and before parting with his daughter he reiterated his injunction.

"Be very tender with your mother; write me daily bulletins; and let me know the moment her medical men sanction her removal."

Allan Balfour departed, and his daughter, having promised all he demanded, walked back to the Lodge, to read an interesting review. Mrs. Barnes was resting, after the vigil of the previous night,

and the Misses Balfour, believing that Elfreda was with her mother, had retreated to their attic studio.

It always fell to Claire and Lucie to take charge of the invalid in the absence of her friends, and, thinking she slept, they stole softly to the window, and stood there leaning on each other, and watching the sun go down behind the hill.

They had been there so long—not a sound breaking the silence—that both girls started when Mrs. Balfour spoke, abruptly querying—

"Are you happy here?"

It was Lucie who said "Yes;" had Claire replied, she might have given a less prompt assent, for she cherished yearnings of which even her well-beloved sister was kept in ignorance.

Mrs. Balfour locked together the hands that were growing very thin, and told herself this sufficed. They were content; so let them remain.

But Claire, unconsciously to herself, had sighed, and the low, tremulous sound smote on the conscience of Mrs. Balfour. She drew the coverlet over her head; she would have calmed herself with all the specious arguments so often employed, but in vain. With a despairing gesture she flung back the bed-clothes. Lucie had drawn nearer, fearing that she felt worse. Her hands were wildly grasped, and Claire was told to approach too.

"Be patient with me!" she pleaded. "Promise to spare those I love, and I will tell you all!"

(To be continued.)

TEMPER—GOOD AND BAD.

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL, BROMLEY, KENT.

TWO things which are much spoken against are not always wisely censured. Money and Temper are often sources of great evils. But neither of them is necessarily so. If money were not a good in itself, then the abuse of it would not be a possible source of such mischief. Mighty ruins are not possible from lowly hovels.

Temper is often unjustly blamed. Abuse is seldom discriminating, and criticism is often one-eyed. You may call the noblest virtues by vilest names. A man of fortitude and unswerving rectitude of purpose (virtues which are not possible apart from temper) is often spoken of as "one who has such a temper." The truth being that men who find it convenient to change their opinions constantly when they discover that they cannot twist you to their purpose, and that you refuse to become a mere weathercock, are then glad to call such integrity by an evil name. It is no

defect in a man to have a temper. So has polished steel; that is both tempered and true.

Every true man must possess a temper. Temper has been defined as a "kind of inner atmosphere in which a man lives, and breathes, and works. We say the atmosphere has many varieties of *temperature*, and the analogies between the inner temper and the outer temperature are frequent and suggestive. Both range from zero up to blood-heat." In both we get a sky at times serene, and at times black and sultry. Sometimes the clouds threaten all day like a tease. The lightning flash is the quick temper. The summer shower that interferes with our proposed excursion is like the temper that spoils all enjoyment for the rest of the day. The little thermometer often corrects our fancies about the heat of the weather. We think it hotter or colder according to our own circulation rather than according to the real state of the weather. The thermometer corrects

us. If a temper gauge could be made, to be worn outside the dress, how often might it warn us not to approach the wearer just then? When we said, "I am sure I am in no temper," how the silent glass might contradict us! How often the glass would read "Depressed," when others thought it read "Set fair." "Sullen" would sometimes be a true reading for supposed seriousness. Often when men thought the glass stood highest, a vacuum would be the more correct reading. At our coastguard stations, and in our newspapers, we have all seen charts with black lines indicating every movement of temperature. The Meteorological Office keeps them all. So God has a chart on which is marked every thankful heart-throb, every sigh of penitence, every icy breath of murmuring, every cold wind of indifference, every violent tornado of passion, every sultry hour of fretfulness. The temper within is as important for spiritual life and health as the temperature without is one of the first conditions of bodily health, vigour, and enjoyment.

Our first duty with temper is wisely to control it. It is not an uncommon thing with persons of fierce and violent temper, to hear both themselves and their friends apologise for them. "Poor fellow! it is said he has such a terrible temper," as if it were some natural heritage and calamity, an accident over which the man could not be expected to exercise control, a thing far more to be pitied than to be blamed. Men set up a strangely lenient code of morals about bad temper. Men who would be most properly indignant if you suspected them of untruth or dishonesty, will quietly say, "I know I have a bad temper," as complacently as if they were really revealing one of their hidden virtues. Now no man will seek to control his temper unless he feels strongly that it is his duty to hold it in sway for Christ's sake, and that uncontrolled temper is a most serious sin in God's sight. If we brand evil temper as a sin, to be removed by God's grace, and as a weakness and disgrace to ourselves, we shall then take the first step towards true self-control.

How is temper to be controlled? Its reins are judgment, intellect, benevolence, and goodness. Driven with these fine reins well in hand, kept on the broad highway of holiness, the driver being a lowly heart filled with Divine love, it will not go far wrong.

What finer sight is there than a man majestically calm amidst irritating surroundings? What greater proof, either of wisdom or power, than when a man bids the heaving billows within him be at peace? Who so royal as Moses, as he stands unmoved in the storm that sweeps through less kingly spirits? No victory is either more gainful or sublime. Christ's sweet, not sullen, display of silence before His judges' mocking taunts, is one of the noblest exhibitions of manhood. Like the

traveller who quietly watches the storm in the lower valleys, from a lofty snow-clad peak, so towers the man above his fellows who is self-controlled and restful in the midst of wild tumult and angry passion. No one is so little his own master as he who is easily provoked by another's will. "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Our second duty is to seek, in training the temper, not to injure or destroy it. A temperless spirit is not the Christian ideal. It is one thing to ride, and control, and use a spirited horse, but it is an easier thing to kill it. Temper is a good gift to man, as steam to the engine, as fire to household or factory; only it needs, like these, wise control. It is an excellent servant, but a bad master.

Some people think it virtuous to say they have no temper. They scarcely realise, in their love for sweetness and amiability, that the glory of man is royal warm-heartedness, not the passivity of the fish. Sweet amiability which is too weak for temper, will prefer peace to righteousness, and out of such indifference any wrong may come to be permitted. To be without proper temper is to be a moral shuttlecock, making life a game, in which the motto is "Hush!" and enjoyment anyhow the pursuit. Courage and manhood cannot live in such a nature. False peace is bought to-day, to be heavily mortgaged to-morrow, with moral bankruptcy as the sure sequel. In many a home, if the first neglect or wrong had been kindly and wisely dealt with, and not passed over for peace' sake, a career of ruin might have been stopped, and hours weary with sorrow been bright with love. When a great and generous heart sees weakness injured, and expresses wholesome anger, it makes us feel safer to know there are such men. No feature of Christ's character is more beautiful or solemn than His power of righteous indignation. Christ lives with men in life's battle, while Buddha only dreams. Christ is the Master of life, and is never mastered by it. Temper controlled—not either wearing the dress of a false patience or resignation, much less killed—is the Christian ideal.

What, then, is the temper proper for a good man? The reply is, the temper that resides in God. That is, anger against wrong, not as a malignant passion, not as a passion dictated by selfish reasons, but repugnance to wrong (not to the doer but to the thing itself) from principle; unalterable until the wrong is altered. At the same time, this repugnance is mingled with sorrow, and earnest effort to put the wrong right and help the wrong-doer. In a word, the anger of love deeply grieved. A good man's anger will be like a spark from a flint, a work to bring it out, but, like the spark, when kindled soon over. If we may do nothing more, at least we may let the fire of anger die with the day. The old

Norman law of Curfew caused the eight o'clock bell to toll for the putting out of fire and candle, and we with sundown may well rake out the fires of uncontrolled temper, and so "let not the sun go down upon our wrath."

Meanwhile, let no man think he has obtained the mastery and controlled his temper until he is sure he has been fairly tried, and tried in his weakest point.

Some men are tried if things are slow, some if things are disorderly, some if things are not exactly upright or square; others with things noisy and unpunctual. Most of us have our specially tender place. We do not keep matches in every box in the house. A man does not blaze with each one of his faculties. One man loses his temper over a dinner not to his mind. To another that would be no trouble, but a button absent from a garment might be. Our motto should be that none of our faculties or powers shall be unused, dwarfed, or injured, but that all shall be developed, used, filled by and for Christ.

To "give way" to temper is the very "exaltation of folly." The reason, judgment, and conscience in a man are related to the passions as a master to a beast of burden. So long as we order and drive wisely and well, the Divine forces in us have their proper place. But if temper rules, then the master has come down from his seat and taken the place of the beast, and placed the beast where the master should be. An old author well says, "Pride robs me of my Maker, envy robs me of my neighbour, but temper robs me of myself;" and having lost myself I can neither have God nor my neighbour. Bad temper makes a man a curse to his friend, a slave to the Evil One, and a torment to himself. No enjoyment of any kind is possible to bad temper. Some sins do bring a present gratification; but evil temper can enjoy nothing—neither music, nor nature, nor books, nor friends, nor God. To be angry without proper control is, therefore, to revenge another's fault on one's own self. It is to take the ship's compass and charts and rudder and throw them overboard when a tempest rages, and all heaven's lights are gone. Nothing so disqualifies a man for friendship, incapacitates him for business, or interferes with enjoyment. Nothing so disorders all his other faculties, or so completely shuts out all thoughts of God, worship, or rest, and demoralises and degrades the whole man. How careful we ought to be about giving up the reins of temper! How carelessly we often allow temper to run away with us!

Evil temper spreads with startling rapidity. One evil look, another, a word, then how soon a torrent. Anger in the heart of Cain found Murder just outside waiting to shake hands with it. Bad temper is the greatest leveller in our world, for in a passion all classes become one. And

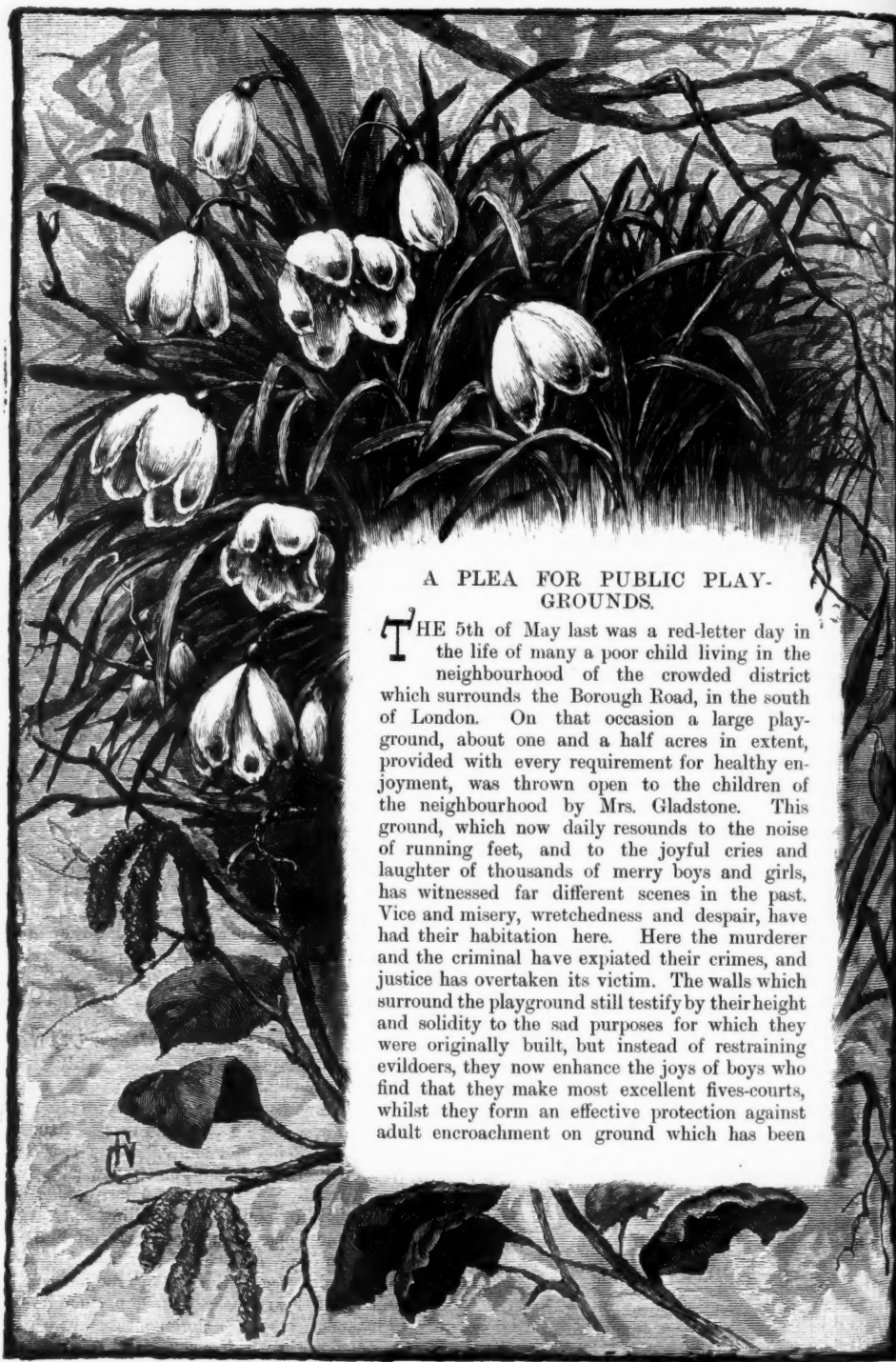
yet perhaps heated passion is not so fiendish as cool, calculating spite, the studied taunt and deliberate sneer; for violent passion does sometimes end in generous forgiveness, but cruel, cold spite yields to no tenderness, fades never from the memory of the sufferer. It is as a hair shirt to the spirit, and bitterness to the heart.

Few persons reflect how evil temper creeps into and invades the nature, and shows itself plainly in the features and whole bearing. The eyes become cold and vacant, except when they scorch, the face becomes pale, the lines of the face hard and contracted. Meanwhile, sharpness and acidity of intellect, harshness of judgment, and decreased affection, characterise the inner growth. If we think for a moment of the constituents of evil temper, they may amaze us. It has been called a confluence of irregularities. Its streams are envy, sorrow, fear, scorn, pride, prejudice, rashness, inconsiderateness, malignity, cunning, impatience, self-love. All these and other impurities flow in the torrent of evil temper. One drop of this torrent once allowed to pierce the banks of self-control, who can tell the end?

Our tempers, like all our faculties, come to us undeveloped and infantile. Most things are easily controlled in their infancy. Our tempers come to us to be trained. The more force there is in them, the more we may use them for good or evil. If we fail to control them, let us remember that as life advances dispositions will be produced in us which will be our misery and others'.

Let none of us become bad-temper tempters! Persons who would never induce another person to steal or lie, are not sometimes unwilling to tease. They find delight in giving petty annoyances, in chaffing and joking. Be careful how you wound a gentle spirit and harm a timid nature. If one frost touch the flowers, they are black, and droop their heads, no matter how many weeks of autumn sun may succeed. A sneer, a look may wound a gentle heart, and fill it with sad memories.

What a joy is good temper! What a blessing good-tempered people are! This is largely the secret of happiness in life. What a glow and light such a man carries with him to others! Some men are to you as a cloud over the sun; you feel at once cold and chilly. Some rise on you like daylight. Some beam on you sweetly as the flowers. Some are natural heart-singers, with large and luminous natures filling you with brightness and hope. Some oppress you like a dense London fog. Alas! that, in a world of so much fret and worry, with so many roughnesses, and tears, and heartaches, that any should be misery-makers. One can find no surer way of flooding our world with sunshine and brightness than by cultivating good temper.



A PLEA FOR PUBLIC PLAY- GROUNDS.

THE 5th of May last was a red-letter day in the life of many a poor child living in the neighbourhood of the crowded district which surrounds the Borough Road, in the south of London. On that occasion a large playground, about one and a half acres in extent, provided with every requirement for healthy enjoyment, was thrown open to the children of the neighbourhood by Mrs. Gladstone. This ground, which now daily resounds to the noise of running feet, and to the joyful cries and laughter of thousands of merry boys and girls, has witnessed far different scenes in the past. Vice and misery, wretchedness and despair, have had their habitation here. Here the murderer and the criminal have expiated their crimes, and justice has overtaken its victim. The walls which surround the playground still testify by their height and solidity to the sad purposes for which they were originally built, but instead of restraining evildoers, they now enhance the joys of boys who find that they make most excellent fives-courts, whilst they form an effective protection against adult encroachment on ground which has been

devoted to the exclusive use of children. "Horse-monger Lane" was the name of the old gaol which has now been converted into a playground. The Surrey magistrates have most generously granted to the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association a lease at a nominal rent, on short notice to quit, of half the site of this old gaol. Between £300 and £400 have been expended by the Association in levelling, in making a running ground, and in erecting swings, giants' strides, see-saws, jumps, five-courts, and gymnastic apparatus for the amusement of the children. How much the ground is appreciated may be judged from the large numbers which are in the habit of attending it. A census of the number of children visiting the ground was taken on four days, with the following results :—

Sunday, May 25th, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., 2,822;

Saturday, May 31st, 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., 2,372;

Sunday, June 1st, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., 2,315;

Monday, June 2nd, 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., 3,850;

—making an average daily attendance of 2,839 children. The ground has been divided into two portions, one for girls and infants and the other for boys, and there are two caretakers appointed by the Association, one of whom is a skilled gymnast. A portion of the ground is covered in as a refuge in case of wet weather, and care has been taken to provide for all the wants of the children. There is a plentiful supply of fresh water for drinking purposes, and benches are provided for the mothers who bring their charges, and are encumbered with infants. Certain low swings are especially reserved for the use of the "little ones," and the pleasures of the palate have not been forgotten. Sweets, cakes, ices, fruit, and cooling drinks can be obtained at the stall of the principal caretaker at the very lowest of prices; and a band of musicians, who are kind enough occasionally to give their services gratis, add greatly to the enjoyment of all present.

Notwithstanding the large numbers which daily throng the grounds, no serious accident has occurred, the most complete order has been maintained, and not a single complaint has come to the knowledge of the Association. Every evening at 6.30 the youths of the neighbourhood are permitted, subject to good behaviour, to enter the boys' portion of the ground, but are not allowed to interfere with the swings and gymnastic apparatus, which are reserved for the use of the younger lads. The young men chiefly patronise the running and steeplechase path, with its impediments in the shape of wooden fences and broad jumps, intended to represent water, affording excellent practice in running and jumping; and as the young men are only allowed in on sufferance, and know that the permission will not be renewed if they misbehave, they have proved of great assistance to the caretakers in maintaining

order. As with the young men, so with the young women. Every evening, at 6.30, the girls' enclosure is cleared of all the children, and the numerous young women belonging to the factories of the neighbourhood are permitted the run of both grounds. This experiment was tried at the request of some ladies interested in the girls, and has proved a marked success. The annual cost of maintenance is about £100. This is about the sum which it takes to give 1,000 to 1,500 children *one* day's holiday in the country. For the same amount, the Metropolitan Public Garden Association can give *double* the number of children a whole day's pleasure *every day in the year!* The children come from far and near—as far, even, as from Brixton.

Oh, that more such public playgrounds, close to the homes of the children in the poorer quarters of our crowded towns, could be established! There must be many a vacant piece of ground in London which might be turned to public advantage if only the landlord would convert it himself into a public playground or garden, or communicate with the Association. A public-spirited example has lately been set by the Duke of Westminster, who has leased Ebury Square to the Association; and another noble proprietor has offered to assist by throwing open several squares upon his property at present closed to the public, one of which is to be ready for opening in the month of October.

It is to be hoped that these excellent precedents may lead many other London landlords to do likewise. Would that the trustees of Lincoln's Inn Fields, for example, would think better of their refusal to permit the Association to provide caretakers, and guarantee them against loss, if only they would throw their gardens open to the poor children of the neighbourhood during the months of August and September, when the offices of the business men inhabiting the square are all closed, and their occupants dispersed over Europe in search of recreation and change of air. The poor children who swarm in the hot, stifling, narrow lanes surrounding these pleasant gardens, however, are not gone. The gutter, the close alley, or the dangerous crowded street are the only places where they can play and stretch their limbs. If they encroach on the pavement they become a nuisance to passengers, and are arrested by the police, whilst if they play in the road they are in constant danger of their lives.

There is at this moment a neglected open space running for several miles through the East End of London, which might with little cost be made into the most magnificent boulevard, if planted with trees and shrubs, and would constitute the most delightful recreation-ground for East Londoners, if only the Metropolitan Board of Works, to whom it belongs, could be induced to throw it open to the public and turn it into a public garden. I allude

to the embankment covering the main drainage system of London. Some years ago it was proposed to make a road at the top of it. We have enough streets and roads; let us, for a change, have a boulevard, from which vehicles shall be excluded. Efforts have been made by the Metropolitan Public Garden Association to obtain permission from the Metropolitan Board of Works to turn the numerous plots of land in their possession, which are advertised for sale as building sites, into temporary playgrounds by the erection of simple gymnastic apparatus, swings, etc., and the Association undertook at any time to give up possession and remove the apparatus on a fortnight's notice, and to provide caretakers, but for some unexplained reason the offers of the Association have been twice declined.

It is to be hoped that as public opinion becomes more and more alive to the cruelty of suppressing the playing of games by children in the streets, without supplying them with any places where they may legitimately give vent to the natural and healthy instinct which leads them to run and jump, and dance and laugh, public and municipal bodies will become more willing than they are at present to second the efforts of associations like the Metropolitan Public Garden Association.

A Manchester magistrate of my acquaintance told me that, on taking his seat for the first time on the bench, a boy was brought before him charged by the police with having played pitch-farthing in the streets. The magistrate expatiated on the evils of gambling, and suggested to the lad that some amusement, such as marbles, might be substituted. Having dismissed the boy with a caution, the magistrate ordered the next case to be brought forward, when, to his astonishment and confusion, he found that this was a similar one, only that in this instance the unfortunate child had been taken up by the police for playing the very game he had been lately recommending, and on asking the police why the child had been arrested for playing such an innocent and quiet game as marbles, he was told that *any* games caused obstruction to traffic, and that children playing in the streets were guilty of a public nuisance, and thus became liable to the law.

Since then my friend has spared neither time, strength, nor money in endeavouring to persuade the municipality of Manchester to provide public playgrounds, where children may legitimately prosecute their sports, obtain healthy exercise, and breathe air a little fresher than that of the confined courts and alleys in which so many of them reside. The exertions of this philanthropic magistrate have not been without result, and to-day Manchester and Salford hold an honoured position in the front rank of those towns which have provided their inhabitants with public play-

grounds and gymnasia. If these towns have found advantage from the establishment of such "healthier" in their midst, why should not all our large cities, and especially London, follow their example?

The question of the health of the younger generation of our city populations is a very serious one for England. It should not be forgotten that at this moment two Englishmen live in a city to one that lives in the country, and that annually some 300,000 more inhabitants are added to our towns. We are, therefore, an essentially *urban* nation, and are rapidly becoming more and more so; consequently, the standard of health and physique in our towns will have an ever-increasing influence on the health standard of the nation.

It is unnecessary to point out that the power and energy of a nation depend upon the power and energy possessed by the units which constitute that nation, and that if individual energy is sapped in the mass of the population by lack of physical strength and vital power, the work of that nation will be lacking in excellence and vigour, and it will have to take a lower rank in the world's hierarchy in exact proportion to the diminution its population has suffered in vital energy and strength, as compared with the progress or decadence which other nations have undergone in the physical condition of their populations.

Although plain living is said to be conducive to high thinking, the living, though plain, should be nourishing and sufficient, and should be accompanied by healthy conditions. A starved brain and body will, as a rule, produce starved work; and though it may be possible to show instances where good mental work has been turned out by exceptional men, who have struggled successfully against physical hindrances, it is impossible to show how much brain power has been lost to the nation owing to the vital energy of its possessors having been crushed by want of that energy and elasticity of frame and mind which is only enjoyed by those whose bodies are properly nourished, and who are living healthy lives.

The provision of playgrounds for town children is, of course, only one of many steps which it will be necessary to take if we wish to raise the standard of national health. But it is by no means an unimportant one; and if, as has been shown by the action of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, a playground can be *daily* provided for 2,000 to 3,000 children, at a cost of £100 a year, it is most sincerely to be hoped that the municipal authorities and vestries of London and of our large towns will turn their attention to the provision of playgrounds similar to that of Horsefonger Lane, and to those already established in Manchester and Salford.

For let it not be forgotten that to a very large proportion of the inhabitants of London, and of many other towns, public parks are practically inaccessible. Mr. Walter Besant, in an article (contributed to an evening newspaper) entitled "Gardens and Playgrounds," says:—"Consider—a park is really available for the purpose of habitual resort—that is, as a garden in which fresh air, flowers, and trees may be enjoyed, without fatigue and after the day's work—when it is within a mile or three-quarters of a mile. At a greater distance, the effort of walking there and back is too great to make its use habitual. For young children and for old people, I doubt whether half a mile is not too great a distance. Take, therefore, a pair of compasses, and plant one leg first at King's Cross: the nearest park is distant a mile from King's Cross. What use, then, are all these London parks to the children of King's Cross—that is to say, to those of Somers Town, Gray's Inn Road, and Clerkenwell? Place the point of the compass next at 'The Angel,' Islington: the nearest park is distant nearly two miles. Try next Hoxton Square: the nearest park is distant a mile and a half. To the children and the old people, therefore, of that vast region which lies north of the old London wall—a densely populated district, inhabited almost entirely by the working classes—London might almost as well be without any parks at all.

There are, therefore, for all these people no gardens or pleasant walking places; for them there are no playgrounds; there are no open spaces where they can sit down and talk at their ease; there is nothing at all but the streets. The children play in the streets; whenever it is not raining, they live in the streets; the old people take their walks abroad in the streets; the working-men in the evenings lounge and smoke their pipes in the streets. There is no chance of observing the approach of spring and the glory of the summer. Now, when one thoroughly understands that a park can only be daily useful to a small belt surrounding it, and that London children, to be counted by hundreds of thousands, can never use the beautiful park because they live too far off, he will, if he be benevolently disposed, take one more step, and inquire if this lamentable state of things cannot be remedied. And it will certainly please him to find out that he can himself assist to find a remedy, and that he can be told how to do so by applying to the Secretary of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, at 83, Lancaster Gate."

As Chairman of the above Association, I hope that many will take Mr. Besant's words into serious consideration, and will more particularly not omit to follow the advice contained in the last paragraph.

BRABAZON.

NOTHING TO LEARN.

A SHOP-BOY'S STORY.



HAVE good reason to remember my father's advice to me in early life. I was going after my first situation, at a grocer's shop, when he took me on one side, and said, "Now, mind, John, don't be ashamed to say you

don't know, if the master asks you anything he requires you do not understand. Remember, we all have to learn."

I listened most impatiently to what I then considered this unnecessary caution, regarding him as a foolish man, who did not know how to get on in the world; so, having formed my own ideas of what was right, I walked into the shop and inquired for Mr. Harris, whom I at once took kindly to; he looked good-tempered—anything but a bully—so having no fear, I said all I could to induce him to give me a trial, greatly exaggerating my capabilities, thereby impressing him with a false notion of what I could do. I saw that my point was gained, and that he considered himself a lucky man to get such a clever lad, adding sixpence per week on the wages he had paid my pre-

decessor. Just as I was leaving the shop, I was surprised to see a chum of mine (a sheepish-looking fellow) enter, asking to see the master. I passed close by him, observing, in an undertone, "You're too late; I've got the place." "You can't take both places," he replied. As this was the first I had heard of two boys being required, I said no more; my thoughts, however, were very busy on my way home.

Somehow, the fact of this second berth rather put a damper on my spirits. Was it equal? Was it better? were questions rushing through my brain.

My doubts were soon solved. On the following Monday we met again. A few words passed between us, when I discovered, to my chagrin, that Tom's was a second interview; in the first he had been questioned, as I was, with the result that "he did not know town well; could not make up neat parcels;" nor could he drive a horse and cart if required, so was put into the desk to take the cash, with two shillings per week more than I was to have.

It seems our schoolmaster had recommended us both, leaving it to Mr. Harris to find out which was

most fitted for the rough work ; so this was all the good I had done by scorning my father's advice. Of course, it was soon discovered that I knew no more of neat parcel-making than Tom did, and as to knowing my way about town, it took me half my time making inquiry, besides being often sent wrong, so that I was always getting bullied by the men for being so long gone.

Didn't I envy Tom, that's all ! While I was fagging about with heavy parcels, feeling too tired to keep about in the hot sun of July, he was perched up in his desk, taking money, giving change, looking as cool and comfortable as possible.

"This comes of knowing too much," said I to myself. "Father was right, after all." No complaint ever dropped from my lips at home, however, I not wishing him to know how foolishly I had acted.

Time passed on ; I had settled down to the life of a drudge ; my hands had grown hard and horny, while Tom seemed getting more smart every day. A coolness grew up between us. He looked down on me, while I sneered at his gentility ; at the same time I would have given anything I possessed to have changed places with him. One day the master called me into his private room, and told me that he feared I should have a very hard day on the morrow, as the man who usually delivered a large portion of the goods by driving a cart was ill, consequently I should have to carry them all, and to do so must be there an hour at least earlier.

Dreading the extra toil, I asked if I might use his cart.

"But you cannot drive, I fear," replied the master, who reminded me that I had failed in all the things I had told him I could do.

He therefore presumed I knew no more of driving than I had known of parcel-making or finding my way about. I was greatly tempted to tell a lie and declare I was used to driving, but learning from the past how useless it was to pretend any more knowledge of anything, replied that I had never learned to drive, but was willing to try.

"No, no," he replied ; "parcels can be re-done up, the delivery can be done even when a lot of time has been lost ; but who is to mend my poor horse's legs and repair the cart, besides perhaps having to pay for one you might run into ?"

This so provoked my indignation, that I hastily gave notice to leave, being heartily tired of my hard work. I don't think my services were very highly valued, for I was not asked to stay ; and before leaving I had the mortification of seeing Tom raised to a position as clerk to keep the books, and another boy brought in to take his place. "This comes of knowing nothing," said I, not reflecting at that time that Tom had proved himself better than he had represented, while I was no doubt a conceited young monkey who knew nothing, but pretended to know everything.

I see it now plainly enough, but at that time a strong feeling that I had been the victim of a

great injustice took possession of me, which resolved itself into a determination to be a drudge no longer. I next engaged myself to a butcher. I was to have a horse and cart to drive round for orders, then again to deliver the meat. No more long walks, carrying big loads ! The man who had charge of the horse commenced giving me a few hints about driving, seeing I was a novice, but I soon shut him up, leading him to believe I could teach him. Of course he said no more, and I jumped into the cart, feeling at last I had begun to live.

All went well at first, though I fear many whom I passed on the road were not at all sure I should not get in contact with their wheels. At last, while turning a corner rather sharply, I came upon a large pleasure van, the driver of which called me all sorts of ugly names, and told me to get on my right side. Now, in my ignorance, instead of changing to the proper side of the road, I simply shifted my seat a little to the left. At the same time, the shouts of those near, added to the close proximity of the van, so frightened my horse that it started off at a rapid pace. I used the whip, thinking to check the beast, but on it ran till the cart was dashed against a lamp post.

I was found lying on my back with an ugly cut on my head, though I was quite unconscious of the fact till I found myself in the ward of a hospital ; here I was laid up for some weeks, my friends being allowed to visit me occasionally. I was sorry to hear that my poor father had been blamed for allowing me to undertake to drive a cart, when it was clear I was ignorant of the very simplest rules of driving ; still, nothing would make me admit that I was in the wrong, being strongly of opinion that the driver of the van had caused all the mischief.

However, I did promise my father that the next place would not be undertaken so rashly.

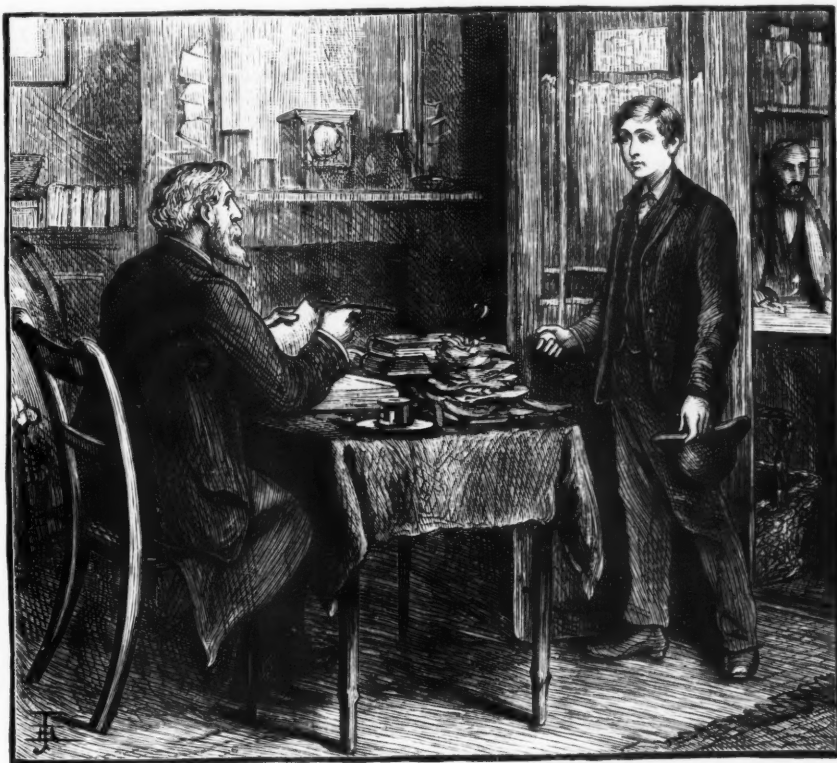
I was soon after engaged in a large warehouse, where many boys were employed, and I think it proved about the best school I could have gone to, for in an incredibly short space of time my failing was discovered. "Here comes wisecrack ! there's the chap who knows everything !" "Ask John—he can tell you all about it," besides many other such expressions, were continually said in my hearing, with a laugh and a jeer, till I began to think those who worked with me the most horrid set of lads I had ever met with.

They did not have to wait long before another specimen of my type entered our employment, so the diversion went on, but not at my expense. The new-comer was a tall, genteel-looking youth, who had just left school, and according to his own account, was the best in his late school at Latin, French, drawing, the three R's, and could beat all at cricket and boating. I was highly amused at the way this youth was led on—at one moment by professed admiration, the next by seemingly eager questions as to his various exploits—till I

could see how truly uncomfortable he was rendered when suddenly he would realise the fact that he was being led on to greater boastings than he had at first intended. He was constantly put to the test most unexpectedly to prove his assertions, much to his discomfiture.

I remember on one occasion the French correspondent was absent. Several of the boys heard the

too delighted to find he had a French scholar in the house; so nothing would do but Henly must go with him into the counting-house. The other youths meanwhile laughed most immoderately, and wondered what the sequel would be. In less than a quarter of an hour he was back in his place, feeling dreadfully disconcerted to hear the remarks about his great linguistic qualities. We never heard what had



"The master called me into his private room."—p. 340.

manager lamenting the fact, as some urgent letters required immediate attention. They lost no time in telling him that the youth in question was a good French scholar, and could take the place for a day.

Never shall I forget the utter confusion poor Henly was thrown into when asked by the manager if he would read and answer the letters. He stammered, turned red, then pale, which was attributed by the manager to diffidence, so every encouragement was given him to undertake the task. He pleaded sudden indisposition, and begged to be allowed to go home, which was refused, the matter of these letters being pressing, and the manager only

taken place in the counting-house, but could pretty well guess.

The lesson was not lost on me. From that day, I don't think anything would have induced me to make believe I knew more than I did. Upon several occasions sympathy nearly moved me to condole with him by relating my experience, but reflecting upon the matter, also judging how I should have received such overtures in my early career, I desisted, feeling sure that he would only learn as I had done, by repeated snubs ruthlessly administered.

I left this place shortly after, losing sight of poor Henly for a few years, till one evening not long since, after my tea, I took up an evening paper, and a

paragraph caught my eye relating to a clerk accused of manslaughter. Reading further on, what was my surprise and sorrow to find the accused person was no other than my old shopmate, Augustus Henly. I hastily read through the charge, which then left no doubt in my mind as to his identity. The old habit of knowing everything, it seems, had not been knocked out of him, and rather than deny that he could make out a Latin prescription, he had actually hazarded his opinion by giving the wrong one, with the serious consequence of the death of a child.

It seems a great friend of his had been entrusted by his mother with a prescription to be made up at the stores, which he carelessly put loose in his pocket, where there happened to be an old one for quite another complaint. He drew out the two, and was at a loss to decide which was the right one,

but remembering that his friend was not only a good Latin scholar, but also knew something of medicine, he asked which would be the one for a child with measles. He professed to read both most carefully, and selected one, telling his friend that was no doubt the right one, but it turned out that, knowing nothing whatever of Latin, he had actually risked this selection rather than own his ignorance. The effect of the drug was to check the development of the disease, throwing the poor little sufferer into strong convulsions, resulting in death.

Little had I thought before that such a sequel could result from a pretence of knowing everything. How thankful I felt that my stupidity had never reached to such a climax! I shudder while reflecting how small faults may lead even to crimes if not checked in time.

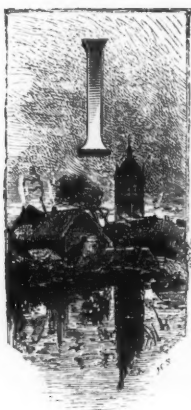
M. N.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

III.—DRESDEN.

"Pleasant pictures" and "precious stones" "by a riverside."



IN the year 1856 we visited Dresden, and spent between two and three weeks in the neighbourhood; in 1872 we repeated a sojourn there, and formed further acquaintance with the singular scenery of Saxon Switzerland. Königstein, the Bastei, Kuhstall, Prebischthor, and the Great Winterberg leave ineffaceable impressions on the memory of every tourist, and they often revive enjoyments afforded by the actual vision of their manifold wonders. The breezy heights, the sheltered valleys,

the grass-cushioned rocks, and the wooded labyrinths find resemblances elsewhere, but the picturesque, curiously fashioned sandstone formations—in fact, perpendicular columns of horizontal layers, as if cut out and separated by some intruding force of water—are objects of a kind peculiar to the district, and remain unique in the imaginative reminiscences of most travellers who have ever beheld them. They raise one's thoughts to Him Who has created them, and in Whose unsearchable mind originated all types of power, glory, and beauty with which our world is filled.

A lovely calm from day to day rested on the rural scenery of the Elbe while we were there, in

contrast with warlike movements of fierce soldiers, armed to the teeth, who trampled about the river banks in the time of Frederick the Great. We well remember three Sundays spent in the village of Schandau, where we attended worship in the white-walled little church, with a picture of Martin Luther on one side. The worthy pastor was preaching a course of sermons on family religion, and one morning dwelt on the history of David, and repeated, in tones of which the echo lingers still, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" In that hour of prayer and praise it was solemn and elevating to hear German psalms sung in unison, which, as they slowly rose and grew in depth of volume, lifted the soul to God, bringing home the words of the poet:—

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim.
Perhaps *Dunee's* wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs'*, worthy of the name;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise,
Nae unison have they with our Creator's praise."

But we must enter the city, where sights in the week prepare thoughts for the Sabbath; we found it so, and at the time, on the spot, jotted down the chief reflections which appear in the present paper.

Everybody has heard of, and multitudes have seen, the Dresden Gallery, with its "pleasant pictures." It would be foreign to our purpose to speak of them artistically—to attempt any criticism of their merits; our only intention is to notice two or three of them which are world-

renowned, and which suggest numerous sacred meditations. The works of Correggio are amongst the gems of the collection. Passing over the *Magdalen*, which, in a spiritual point of view, is not at all to our taste, and by no means serves to embody the idea of Christian penitence, we pause with admiration before the famous "Virgin and Infant" in the manger, world-known by the Italian word for night, *La Notte*. "Correggio," remarks Mrs. Jamieson, "has here converted the literal representation of a circumstance of sacred history into a divine piece of poetry, when he gave us that emanation of supernatural light, streaming from the form of the celestial Child, and illuminating the ecstatic face of the Virgin Mother, who bends over her infant undazzled, while another female draws back, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if unable to endure the radiance. Far off, through the gloom of night, we see the morning just breaking along the eastern horizon—emblem of the Dayspring from on high."

An admirable description, this, of the religious significance of a work of art! The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ falls on the sympathetic gaze of spiritual souls, not with a startling, tumultuous effect, but peaceful as the morning dawn upon the hills, gradually stealing across the conquered darkness. Correggio's Madonna is typical of devout and loving ones, who by God's grace are akin to Christ. The hand-veiled eyes of the shrinking woman who cannot endure the radiance, remind us of the obscure and fearful vision of what is Divine on the part of those who are at present untouched by the manifestation of the Spirit. Nor can we fail to catch from the speaking canvas the glorious idea that Jesus Christ is indeed the Light of the World, that the unclouded effulgence of Divine love comes not from classic schools in Greece or Rome, but from Bethlehem's stable, from the Child there born, the Son there given. And as we look and look again on Correggio's picture, we repeat Isaiah's words, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

Still more are we affected by Raphael's Sistine Madonna, standing on a cloud, with the Divine Babe in her arms, soaring with Him towards heaven, while Sixtus and Barbara are filled with devout and reverential wonder, and the two angelic children underneath, with an inimitable expression of innocence, look up to the marvel floating above their little heads. It is remarkable what an effect is produced on those who enter the room where this grand painting appropriately hangs alone by itself. We have watched the high and the low, the noble, the priest, and the peasant, how, as they have entered the door, a spell has seemed to come over them, and in silence, breathless silence, they

have sat down to look. We have never witnessed anything like the result produced by the sight of that picture. Another Madonna at Florence, from the same pencil, should be coupled with this at Dresden. There you have the human side of the group, the mother and her son, the maternal and filial relationship glorified, Mary pressing to her bosom the Child of all children, as an Italian wife might enfold within her arms a darling boy—the picture presenting a holy ideal of maternal love, a pattern for every mother in the world. But here you have a revelation of what is Divine, the Son of Man and the Son of God, the Word made flesh, sanctifying infancy by passing through that early stage of an existence common to us all. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness;" and if the mystery of God manifested in a man be great, greater still is the mystery of God manifested in a child.

Before pictures of this kind the mind begins to speculate on the true relation of art to religion, and of religion to art. Surely they are related, and the question for study is—how? Art has ministered to false religion, caricatured religion, and that again has produced superstitious, misleading, and harmful art: but truth and beauty, we are sure, are married together eternally in heaven, and why should they be divorced from one another on earth? Of the divorce there are examples enough in Dresden and elsewhere. At least truth and beauty approach each other, and join hand in hand in these achievements of Correggio and Raphael.

Next to the Dresden gallery, in point of attraction, are the *Grüne Gewölbe*, as they are called, or *Green Vaults*, being a number of low-roofed rooms originally decorated with green hangings. The Saxon princes of old were notable for their vast personal wealth, and they displayed it in collected treasures of dazzling objects of all kinds, reminding us of "the magnificence of Oriental despots, or the magic productions of Aladdin's lamp in the Eastern tale." There are works in bronze and in ivory, Florentine mosaics, engraved shells, carved amber, gold and silver plate, and precious stones. The latter include agates, rock crystals, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds. There are a number of rings, and amongst them two which belonged to the great Saxon Reformer. One has an enamelled seal, which he was accustomed to use, and another a cornelian bearing a rose, and in its centre a cross—altogether very curious and symbolical. I bought an impression of it in wax at Wittenberg some years ago, and our readers will be interested in a description of the symbolism given by Luther himself in a letter to Lazarus Spengler—

"As you wish to know if my seal is successful, I will tell you the thoughts I wish to be embodied in it, as indicative of my theology. First of all there is a black cross in a heart presenting its

natural colour, by which I intend to remind myself that we are saved by faith in the crucified One. If we believe with the heart, we are justified. Through it runs a *black* cross, because the cross mortifies and gives pain. At the same time, it leaves the heart in its original colour. It does not destroy natural affection. It does not

Apocalypse, respecting the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." The thought of a jewelled bride, as in a dream, melts into the image of a city full of "light like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal." "The building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto



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kill, but keeps alive; for the just *lives* by his faith—faith in the crucified One. But this heart must be put in the middle of a *white* rose, to show that faith gives peace, consolation, joy. The rose is *white*, not red, because white is the colour of spirits and angels. This rose is amidst a field of heavenly *blue*, for spiritual joy and faith are the beginning of future bliss, which is already embraced by hope, though not fully manifested. Round the *blue* field is a *golden* ring, to show that bliss in heaven lasts for ever, having no end, and is glorious above all things, even as gold is the most precious of metals."

Luther used to say about this seal that the heart of the Christian rests upon roses when he stands under the Cross of Christ—

"The Christian heart a rose-strewn pathway treads,
When o'er his way the Cross a radiance sheds."

The vivid imagination, the mystic element, the evangelical faith, and the devout fervour which dwelt in this extraordinary man, are seen in the typical ring preserved in the Dresden Green Vaults.

We were particularly struck, whilst examining the "precious stones," with the illustration afforded by them of that grand passage in the

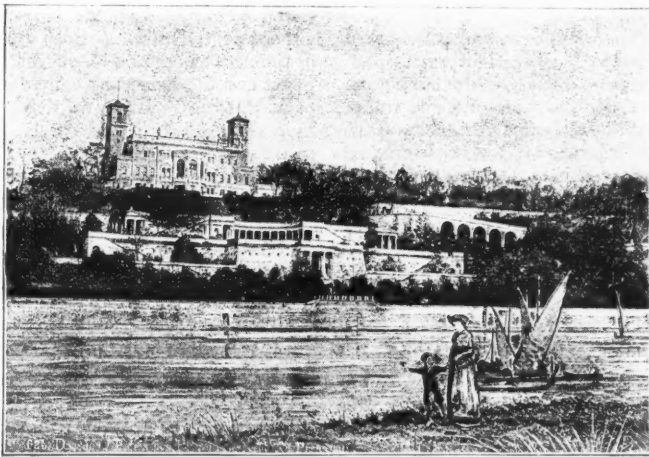
clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

Remarkable words! The foundation of the walls of heaven is laid in precious stones. Think of that, and then draw out the thought into such particulars as these:—Precious stones are pure, unpolluted; they can contract no inward taint; whatever gathers round them, they are "all glorious within." Precious stones, as their name imports, are of richest worth. Some are of priceless value. There is a green brilliant in the vaults weighing 160 grains = 40 carats. There is also the largest known sardonyx in the world—more than six inches long and four broad. There is a pearl in the collection, as large as a hen's egg. The money's worth of such things is incalculable. Precious stones are resplendently beautiful in colour, veined or perfectly transparent, without line or

speck. And precious stones are most enduring. They cannot waste, they cannot be worn away, they are among the earliest formations of nature, created in ocean depths, in mysterious caverns which no eye hath seen. Their age defies calculation. They began to be, no one knows when. They have lasted throughout the ages of the earth, and are destined to endure, we may say, through eternal ages. What befitting images, then, are they of that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God! He speaks to us in parables; He uses similitudes. What the eye can see and the hand can hold He employs as typical of what eye hath not seen, and what has never entered the human mind to conceive. From the known He lifts us to the discovery of the unknown. A heaven described in pale, hard, rigid abstractions would lose its power over creatures like ourselves, who are educated to apprehend spiritual things through the instrumentality of the senses. The twenty-first chapter of Revelation, therefore, is given us by Him Who knows what is in man. He speaks to us as unto children who can only know in part, and who must patiently wait until the hour when that which is in part shall be done away. Pondering St. John's vision at the end of the New Testament, and lifting up our thoughts

Now let us walk by the "river-side." The Elbe springs from under the south roots of the Schneekoppe or Snowcap, one of the high mountains which separate Bohemia from Silesia, and, in its onward flow, waters the district of Saxon Switzerland, rolls under the shadow of the Bastei and Königstein, and then, passing between gentle slopes and banks studded with villas and gardens, enlivens the borders of the city of Dresden, which it cuts in twain, dividing the old town from the new—being in the busiest parts crossed by the new Marien Brücke and by the old bridge, each composed of many arches.

The Bible has much to say of rivers, though the Holy Land does not abound in river scenery. Jordan is the only stream of much extent. That, and a few brooks occasionally swollen by abundant rain, were the only objects of the kind known to Scripture writers who had not left their native land. St. John, St. Paul, and others who travelled far and wide, would be acquainted with nobler waters than those of Palestine; but perhaps none of them had such associations with the thoughts of a riverside as we have who are familiar with the modern aspects and connections of great European streams. Rivers are chiefly employed in the sacred volume as types of Divine blessing. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come



THE PALACE, DRESDEN.

above the pollution, and the worthlessness, and the short-lived duration of earthly things, we are helped in our imaginings of the unseen, glorious world, so pure, so precious, so beautiful, so enduring, where we hope to dwell hereafter—by calling to mind the nature and teaching of precious stones.

ye to the waters." "The Lord shall be a place of broad rivers." "I will feed them on mountains by the river." "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God." Above all, St. John says, "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the

midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Beautiful picture that, surpassing every one in the Dresden gallery, and typifying the blessings of God's great salvation both in heaven and on earth.

It speaks of a river "clear as crystal." Few rivers of any magnitude are of that nature. The Elbe is discoloured by pollutions contracted in the course of its windings. The Tiber, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Thames, are also all of them different in their later from what they are in their earlier sweep. Yet the most dark and troubled waters were originally pure and bright. Get up into the mountains amidst snows and glaciers, and you see the fountains rushing out in virgin clearness. What an illustration that fact affords of the origin of humanity compared with its present condition! Perfect at first, worse than imperfect afterwards. The self-willed heart of man, and what has sprung up within its mysterious recesses, has corrupted and vitiated what at first was free from stain as a diamond at its core. A river of crystal-like purity at its source, of deep discoloration in its progress, is a symbol also of God's gifts to us in the history of their transgression from man to man. Truth in the Bible is pure, but what sediment gets mixed up with it as it proceeds through human intellects, and gets worked out in human systems! We might ask respecting many a river, as we see it at its fountain head, and then again under the walls of a city full of filthy drains, can it be the same? And so, as we contrast corruptions of Christianity with original Christianity as revealed in God's Word, as we see it before and after the deleterious admixtures, we

may well ask, Can *this* be the continuation of *that*? But tracing a river, you come to find the connection of its first with its last appearance, and how changes can be accounted for by the soil over which it has wound its way: so by tracing the history of religious thought you discover the sequence of its different conditions in primitive and present times, and how the alteration of its quality and aspect has been produced by discernible influences which have come in contact with its progress.

But the river of the water of life from the throne of God, as a spiritual vital power in the souls of men, changing and regenerating them, and preparing them for the heavenly city, is "clear as crystal" from beginning to end—from its first inflow in this world, to the glorious outpouring of it in the world to come. Opinions about it alter, human conceptions of it deteriorate and are darkened, but in itself it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. There are small rivers in Switzerland and the Tyrol which retain their purity throughout, and they forcibly remind us of the large river of God's love and grace through Jesus Christ, which has been running on and on for ages—blessed be His name—through the souls and lives of regenerated men.

Come, then, and let us sit down this Sunday night by a river "where prayer is wont to be made"—a river better than the Elbe—and let us devoutly meditate on the trees which grow on either side, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. Have we obeyed the voice of the Spirit and the Bride, saying, "Take of the water of life freely?" Have we tasted that the Lord is gracious? Have we gathered the fruits of salvation for ourselves? and are we scattering, wherever we are able, the beautiful healing leaves?

ON LIVING TO OURSELVES.

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.—II.



WE have seen something in Part I. of this paper of the significant contrast between that "living to ourselves" to which, left to the impulses of our lower nature, we naturally tend, and that "living to the Lord" which the Apostle tells us is the true law of our life as Christians. It remains that we should consider somewhat more fully the import of that latter phrase.

What, then, is conveyed to us in these words? What is the full meaning, and consequently

what are the duties, that follow from the truth that we as Christians should live unto the Lord? And here in some measure the common use of the language of mankind may serve to guide us. When, for instance, we see a man follow some one object, such, for example, as the attainment of some desired honour, or the pursuit of some favourite study, with more than usual eagerness, when all other considerations of ease or enjoyment or society are made subordinate, and every thought, wish, action directed to it as to a common centre, we say that such a man has devoted himself to that object, that he has

given himself up to it, that he lives in it and unto it. And so if that which occupies his whole heart in this way is not a thing but a person, we should in like manner see a like surrender of every other wish and affection to that one prevailing impulse. A mother watches over the bed of her child; she takes no thought of her own rest, or health, or ease. With a constant and loving perseverance she does everything for its welfare. She anticipates its every wish, strives in all things to give it pleasure, sacrifices her own wishes to its; in other words, she lives unto it. Nor can we doubt but that this expression of living unto the Lord denotes a like renunciation of ourselves, a like surrender of our own will, which fixes upon low and earthly objects, to His will, Who would direct us to a high and heavenly one, a like devotion of our lives to Him, so that we should henceforth be His faithful servants and followers, working in His cause and seeking His glory.

We can perhaps scarcely find a fuller confirmation of the belief that this is what we are called on to do when we are told that the true spring of the Christian life is that we should live unto the Lord, than the words which St. Peter uses in his first Epistle:—"Forasmuch, then, as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves also with the same mind; for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin, that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." (1 Pet. iv. 1, 2.)

If this, then, be the meaning of "living unto the Lord," if to live no longer to the lusts of men, to all the things on which men set their hearts, be the necessary consequence of the truth which is here set forth being realised in us, it remains that we should test ourselves by this law. We must see what are the lessons which flow from it one by one clearly and distinctly. We must set them before us that we may see how unlike our life has been to that high pattern marked out for us, how utterly absent it has been from us, or if in part present, how it has been marred and hindered in its working by our sinful affections.

And (1) what a protest does this truth present against the ends which men too commonly set before themselves as those to which their lives are to be devoted! How it fixes at once the sentence of unworthiness on those who rise up early, and late take rest, exert all their powers of mind and body for no other purpose than for their own interest, or power, or station, or respectability, and take little thought of God's glory or man's welfare; sympathise little with the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; care little for the spread and increase of Divine knowledge; are, as respects all that is good and holy, indifferent; not perhaps declared enemies of the

Truth, but as certainly not faithful friends. And if these are condemned, what shall we say of those who, in this age and with the light of Christian teaching, are living unto a yet lower self; who, day by day, bound down by the force of a habit which their own acts have brought upon them, think of but the pleasures of sense in their varied forms; in whom the love of the meat and drink that perisheth stifles and deadens all sense of nobler things, and renders them deaf not only to the voice of God, but even to all the higher and better feelings of humanity? Surely they might think that the time past has sufficed for their "excess of wine, and revelling, and banquetings," and that now they should, like those first converts from the foul rites of Paganism, turn from these, their "abominable idolatries," to serve the living God.

But the living unto self does not stop here, and therefore the living unto Christ demands a yet further surrender. Not only must men cease to live under the thralldom of the appetites and desires of their lower nature, but their higher faculties, their power of acquiring knowledge, and penetrating the mysteries of Nature, and searching into the accumulated treasures of human wisdom, these also must be brought into harmony with the Divine life which is the Christian's pattern. Noble as they are in themselves—lawfully as a man may, under given circumstances and for the good of others, make their development the main business of his outward life, they must not usurp the highest place in his inmost heart. No lower object than the highest must be enshrined there. None but the Lord of the Temple must sit in the Temple of God, and whatsoever else does so sit, "showing itself forth as God" (2 Thess. ii. 4), the same is to that man, whose homage it thus receives, a deceiver and an antichrist.

(2) The next lesson which may be drawn from this truth is that practical application of it which we find made by St. Paul in this very chapter. With that singular intensity of thought with which we find him constantly bringing forward some fundamental truth of Christ's Kingdom when the immediate occasion is an exhortation to what men might call an ordinary duty of life, he states this principle of living unto the Lord as though its chief import were its being a motive to peace, a reason why men should refrain from uncharitable judgments of others who differ from them on points which are not of vital importance. "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth unto the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not unto the Lord, he eateth not, and giveth God thanks" (Rom. xiv. 6); and then, in the words I have chosen for the text, "For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself; but whether we live, we live unto

the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

And how this consideration does act in preventing those unhappy divisions which have so frequently disturbed the peace of the Christian family, and which give great occasion to the enemy of the Lord to blaspheme, we shall perhaps see more clearly if we observe how it is the absence of that consideration which gives rise to those dissensions and embitters them as they grow up. Where men are not living unto the Lord, where in any shape they are worshippers of self, then all that they do and think, all they have been taught and brought up in, whether of form and ceremony or of speculative teaching, becomes part of *themselves*, and they treasure it up and defend it as something in which their own pride and honour are concerned; and hence when they meet with others who have been brought up differently, and do not use the same form, or if they use it, not in the same manner, or do not repeat the same set phrases—instead of seeking to win them by gentleness and persuasion to the truth, their self is offended, and they throw themselves into an attitude of hostility, or treat those who differ from them with an insolent contempt, forgetting all the time that they also may, to the extent of their knowledge, be really true servants of Christ, living unto the Lord in all things, whether they regard the day, regard it unto the Lord, or whether they regard it not, to the Lord not regard it.

And if, as too frequently happens, there are men on both sides who are living unto self and not to God, and who in this matter are defending the idols of self-will and prejudice, and not the cause of truth, or that not as such, then comes on the dark train of evils of which Church history records so many. Instead of the righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, each man caring for the weak conscience of his brother, and seeking not his own good but others', the scene is now a battle between two contending selves, and then comes on the bitterness of controversy, the unjust suspicion, the mutual recrimination, growing, in times when there is no outward check on it, into the actual struggle of force, the formation of religious parties the gathering of armies, and the use of the fire and the sword in God's name, and, as men think, for God's honour.

If, then, we would avoid either these greater evils, or those to which we in this age are more liable, of angry temper and uncharitable judgment, we must seek the one remedy in living unto the Lord, acting in all things with His will before us, and striving to accomplish that which we know to have been His purpose in coming

upon earth, the restoration of God's Kingdom among men. If we have this uppermost in our thoughts, and are sensible that we are determined by it in our judgment of things indifferent, we shall be ready to acknowledge that those whom we see living in obedience to the law of God may, when they differ from us, be guided by the same motive, and then the consciousness of this secret sympathy will be a stronger bond of union than can be broken by any external variation. Each party, so far as it is a party, will be ready to give up something so as not to offend the weak conscience of the other, and both will follow after peace, and things wherewith one may edify another. Had men thought more of this, and less of the disgrace of conceding anything, and of the honour of a victory, we might at this time have been united as one Christian nation, and it is only by thus thinking and thus acting that we can bring ourselves nearer to that union for which all men are longing and seeking in this or that direction, and seeking in vain, because they follow not the Lord's way, but walk in ways of their own devising.

We find then that the true bond of union among men—the true remedy against that feeling of loneliness and separation to which men are so easily led by the self-worship of their own nature—is this sense of their being united to Christ, and so living unto the Lord. In Him, as the Head of His Church, as the Representative of a restored humanity, they feel that they meet with the sympathy for which they have sought in vain among their brethren. He bare all their infirmities, and was like unto them in all things, sin only excepted, so that He can have compassion on them. And as they find that He is this not to them only, but also to all those who believe on Him, they feel conscious of a new tie binding them to their fellow-men throughout the world, not only because God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, but because all those who believe on Christ have a common Saviour and a common hope—one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. This it is which will gather them that are now scattered abroad into one flock, even if they are in a different fold, under one Shepherd. This, in giving life and strength to our prayers and efforts after holiness, will enable us more entirely to renounce the idolatry of self, will calm the angry thoughts and harsh words which now rage unchecked, will crush altogether that spirit of Party which now thrusts itself into all things, secular and holy, and defiles them all—and will give fresh energy to that love for all men, and especially for them that are of the Household of Faith, which is bounded by no limits of race or country.



LIFE'S HALTING-PLACES.



LIGHT and darkness ; sound and silence ; motion and rest ; these alternately are welcomed by the whole animate creation. Disturb the balance of Nature's adjustment, think to alter for the better her times and seasons, and you will find her wisdom was greater than yours, and a sense of suffering will follow to tell you you have disordered her arrangements, and so hurt yourself.

Nature's movements are all rhythmic and pulse-like, and it is the constant change produced by her *crescendo* and *diminuendo* which makes the freshness of our world.

We must not look at this question from an all-round point of view, for our paper is to be a short

one, but we may glance at the subject of motion and rest, dwelling more particularly on the delights of rest.

Motion and rest are, like husband and wife, absolutely necessary to each other in a perfect condition of things. The active and the passive are born for each other, and a state of death follows the divorce of either from the other. The inanimate creation would supply us with many illustrations of this, but we will confine our illustrations to the human family. Since rest, the passive side of motion, is rather out of favour nowadays, we will sing her praises more particularly. There is:—(1) the rest of growth ; (2) the rest of recuperation ; (3) the rest of development and change ; (4) the rest of death.

We see the rest of growth most beautifully illustrated by the life of the new-born infant; and of all life's resting-places none can be more hallowed, more grateful, more secure, to the human being than the mother's arms. Watch the baby splashing about in its bath, delighted to find it can disturb the quiet water with its heedless kick; notice it fighting the air with its tiny hands; flinging up the little arms as if it would reach everything it saw; and then, wearied with its exercise of strength, sleeping for hours both day and night. The babe's rest is the rest of growth; it could not both exert itself continually and grow; and so Dame Nature, the universal nurse, puts her unresisting child to sleep, that she may do great things for him.

And when we see the little babe at rest on its mother's bosom, smiling in peaceful satisfaction, we often see a reflex look of rest on the young mother's face, for she too is enjoying the rest of growth; not growth physical, but growth spiritual, for all her maternal instincts are being changed from bud to blossom, and sheltered from the rough world's grasp and rasp, she is herself becoming the perfect sheath within which the child may be protected until the time comes for him to face the problem of existence alone.

The rest of recuperation is the one illustrated by our engraving. Its sweetness is only known by those who have previously tasted the joy of labour. It is the man who has toiled hard for his family all the day who will most thoroughly enjoy the quiet, the harmony, and the affection of his home circle in the evening. If he had not put forth energy under uncongenial surroundings for their sake, he would not have returned so alive to the sensations of pleasure produced by the contrast of their ways to the ways of the world. It is the horse which has pulled a heavy load uphill in the broiling sun who will delight in a quiet standstill, with cool water to hold his nose in. And none of us can afford to despise wayside resting-places. We are ever passing on in life's journey, and it is "the cup of cold water," given by loving hands at the wayside resting-places, which gives fresh power to endure the burden and heat of the day. Such wayside resting-places should be cherished and sought for.

Many persons would be ready to give a *helping* hand to the overtaxed, to lend a sympathetic ear, or otherwise to afford a means of rest to their fellow-creatures, if they were confided in, and their sympathies drawn out. Pails of water or cups of water are not stood out ready by the roadside in case some one may require them. They need to be asked for; and this interdependence of human beings upon each other is not a thing to be struggled against, but to be admired

as a natural means of procuring friendly feeling and love.

But the number of those who thus show sympathy with unknown persons is small; most of us find ourselves stopping and procuring pleasures and relaxations for those we know. Let those of us whose energy leads us to undertake many labours remember that unless we respectfully woo gentle rest, recuperative rest, we shall find ourselves, with unbalanced brain and nerve power, left one day at the bottom of the hill, unable either to enjoy motion or repose, work or play.

The rest of development or change is not known to all. It is that dormant period which comes to those who, after they have attained their full being and have settled down to some particular line of life, yet turn aside, sometimes suddenly and sometimes slowly, from their own selves, so to speak; born anew from some new impulse received from without or from within, and needing time to remould the character on which it has fastened. It follows past action, it precedes future action of quite a different order, and usually it is misunderstood and misinterpreted by the onlookers. It is the rest of the caterpillar in the chrysalis; and the number of creatures destined to find wings here is small.

The rest of decay is only so called because we fix our eyes so persistently on that part of the circle of eternity we call time. There is really no such thing as decay; there is only transition from one form of life to another. Yet, viewed from the earthly horizon, death comes as the rest of decay; death partial in the sick and old, death complete to the old and the young, captured by disease and unable to break its bonds. Difficult as we find it to see the continuity of our existence through death to life in the resurrection body, we are wont to look very sadly on the rest of decay. We compare it with the rest of growth, of recuperation, and of development, and decide it is a process of degeneration. In reality it is the forerunner of the new development, and as such we should train ourselves to look upon it. And there is beauty in the folded hands and the unimpassioned gaze of old age; the road has been gone over, the work has been done, and peace succeeds progress.

We are treating only of life's resting-places, or we should be tempted to add a few words of cheer to the sorrow-laden who, like Noah's dove, find here no resting-place for the sole of their foot, reminding them of that wonderful hope-giving word, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God;" that rest which they will share with, and procure by, Him, Who, like the Father, is working six days, and Whose rest on the Seventh will bring in the long-looked-for rest of the whole groaning and travailling creation.

H. P.

"O God of Bethel! by whose hand."



Music by C. L. WILLIAMS, B.Mus.
(Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.)

Andante.

p

1. O God of Beth - el! by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;

f

Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led.

2.

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our Fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4.

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace. Amen.





"And, all intent, two children heard,
Faith written on each face."

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

HARASSED by foolish doubtings, born
Of pride in mental power,
I chanced to stray, one Sunday morn,
Beside a country bower—
A little cottage, creeper-clad—
And through the open pane
The Gospel story, sweet and glad,
Was told to me again.

An aged dame read God's own Word,
Spoke of His wondrous grace;
And, all intent, two children heard,
Faith written on each face.

And lo ! I saw myself once more
Sitting at mother's knee,
Reading the sacred writings o'er,
Trusting implicitly.

Oh, for the childlike faith of old,
That knew not doubt or fear,
That heard the Bible stories told
And held them very dear !
God grant such faith to me again—
The pure faith of a child—
To prison all my pride, and reign
With reason reconciled.

G. WEATHERLY.

THE WORLD AND CHRIST.

II.—CHRIST AND HUMANITY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"Come out of the man."—MARK V. 8.



T was a part of the policy of ancient tyrants to look upon suffering only when they were led to it by curiosity. It was a part of the policy of Christ to go right into its midst ; not from feelings of curiosity, but with the strong purpose of relief. We are told of two special occasions in old times upon which the Lord looked down into the secrets of a people's life. He visited Sodom to ascertain whether the cry of sin which had reached Him was not exaggerated, and He surveyed the afflictions of Israel in Egypt that He might devise the fittest means of rescue. In both cases it was mercy which prompted Him—to see in the one whether punishment might not be averted, and in the other how salvation might be insured.

I. Jesus Christ's presence was always offered thus, and was always welcome. Indeed, it is one of the chief advantages of the Gospel, that it adapts itself to every circumstance of human life. The elastic atmosphere of heaven fills each corner and cranny of the material world. It is a force pressing upon all sides for admittance, and carrying with it the very conditions of life. The religion of the Cross presses thus, fits in everywhere—an atmosphere in which the soul breathes freely and healthily, feels its own power and is buoyed up by its own joy.

In this way Jesus stood by the Lake of Galilee to assist the disciples in their work. The long night's effort had been a failure, and He showed how the blunder might be corrected. In this

way, too, He stands in the workshops of England, upon its cornfields and gardens, and in the midst of its markets and streets, and He is just as anxious here as He was there to help in the work of the world. For it is His work. In it as much as in pulpits and Sunday-schools, are we His stewards. The only demand He makes is that we shall not adopt the questionable devices of the world, nor fight the devil with his own weapons. "I cannot go with these," said David, when Saul clad him in untried armour, and if we take the devil upon his own chosen methods he will always get the better of the Christian.

So does Jesus visit the scenes of human joy. They made merry in the house of the Pharisee, and at the wedding feast of Cana. There is no hint that Jesus was gloomy and morose at either, but there is the strongest proof that His energy was directed towards the highest enjoyment and the fullest pleasure at both. Here, again, lies our short-sighted and crooked blundering. We have not believed the Gospel, and we have been at the utmost pains to put out Christ from our festivals at one door, and to leave another door ajar for Satan to come in. "At Thy right hand" (where Jesus sits) "there are pleasures for evermore."

In this way, too, does Jesus come to the scenes of sorrow. Indeed, it was in them He sojourned the most, and it was they that most of all obtruded themselves upon His attention. Palestine was then a huge hospital, without skill, and medicine, and physicians. The sick were there, but not their remedies. They lay at the

gates of the villages, they infested the highways from town to town, they congregated on the hillsides and in the desolate tombs; for the daughter of Sion was afflicted. Any eye looking upon such sights, and any ear listening every day to their appeals, must have endured intensest agony. And hence comes that truest conception of what Jesus appeared, which some of our painters have caught when they represent Him as of solemn and somewhat melancholy mien, with a countenance at once pained and confident. In this most truly He bare our griefs and carried our sorrows.

Thus Jesus surveys and thus He comes to our earthly life. Thus in the bulk, and thus in the individual, He stands at the door and knocks.

II. This is followed by an incisive and quick demand. "Come out of the man."

1. He recognises a *fact*. He does not, like Moses when he saw the bush, draw near to inquire what it meant. Nor does He stop to hold parley with Satan; or to argue, like our would-be wise men, about the origin of sin; or to conclude, like our gallants, that it is but one of the foibles and necessary failings of human nature. It is by such means that most of the wickedness of the world is permitted. To contend with Satan in argument is to give him the benefit of the conclusion. He is better and quicker at all the fallacies of logic than we are. To maintain or admit that sin is a necessity of our nature, is to condone its offences and to apologise for its committal. It is well to arrive at causes, but if experiments show a means of removal without explaining all the reasons, we are wise to shake off and crush the evil, even by a truncated and unphilosophic method. Jesus commanded; He did not explain.

His command involved a complete separation between the man and sin: "Come out." Conversion represents a fact. But so long as man turns from sin to God, so long it will tell us of the greatest of all earthly necessities. A part of it is a slow process. Another part is an immediate act. The resolution and the sacrifice do not need a lifetime for their contemplation; and yet some men think about these so long that they are in danger of never turning at all. They are like ships which make for a harbour, and refuse the winds which will carry them there. Jesus says, "Come out"—*now*, not to-morrow; *completely*, not by slow degrees.

III. See the *Result*. (1) The man is delivered. He made no question of his deliverance. He felt the separation: he knew that his salvation was come. Sin did not leave the country; it took its own leaps in the dark—down the hillsides, into the bottom of the lake. The victim was probably in fear that they might come up again. For what to demons were the waves of Tiberias? The hot floods of hell had not quenched

them; how, then, should these waters of a quiet inland sea? But whatever were his fears, our consolation lies in this—that they never returned. For He that had commanded ruled them still. Man is saved, not by his own confidence, but by the strength of His Master. He who turns us to Himself is able to keep us by him.

(2) The man is restored to society. That separation which sin always begets between man and man ceases when sin goes. Sin is the great disintegrator. The thunders shake the mountain tops; the fierce sun and the iron frosts crumble their hardest rocks: the splashing rains beat down and run into the rock crevices and loosen the turf, until the hill-sides fall; but neither of these, nor all combined, can effect upon the hills what sin effects amongst men. This wretched lunatic in mad frenzies of his distorted brain was a dreaded outcast, until the peace of God clothed him, and seated him amongst his fellows.

(3) He is at *rest*, for he sits at the feet of Jesus. Last night he was in the tombs, shrieking hideous, heart-breaking cries; now, before the countenance of the Prince of Peace, he is as restful as the star that sinks upon the western hills. "In my Father's house are many resting-places," which the world's wild tumults reach not; which the storms of heaven shake not: and when all is over, and heaped-up ruin lies upon the former abodes of man, this blessing at any rate is left behind, "a rest for the people of God."

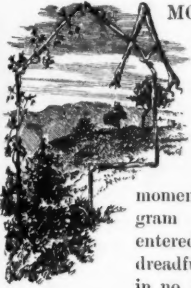
There is but one point more—our convert's *unanswered prayer*: "Let me be with Thee." It was disappointing that the first prayer of the living soul should be refused. Yes, it was refused; but not unanswered. The major premiss of all prayer is—Thy will be done. All prayers are of the minor premiss under that. And thus prayer offers a daily demand upon our faith, and the answer to our prayers is one of the strongest buttresses by which faith is sustained.

The man's request was granted in a way he did not comprehend. He was with Jesus still, because Jesus was with him; and that presence was the more fully secured because of the task which Jesus gave him to do—"Go home and tell thy friends." It was a severe test of the Cross—the hardest Cross to bear, and the hardest place to bear it in all the world. Many homes quench religion. To lighten them were like the effort to make a glacier blaze. But he who can openly and candidly and manfully, without affectation and without hypocrisy, bear the Cross within his own home, can bear it to the end of the world. He who can show in his own home-life the benefits of the Gospel, proclaims that Gospel as powerfully and successfully as did ever apostle or martyr. "Go home and cherish thy religion there: go home and tell it there. I have given unto thee everlasting life."

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," "DOWN IN THE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—BEGINNING AGAIN.



MONTH had passed since the visit of old Squire Churchill and the revelation about Bertie West, and Frank Boyd was making preparations for leaving Brook Street. He had told Madge everything, from the first moment the suspicion of the telegram not being meant for him entered his mind till the Squire's dreadful accusation, sparing himself in no way, and fully acknowledging the extent of his fault; and she had been equally candid with him, hiding her face on his shoulder while she confessed that she too had had her doubts from the first.

"We must have no more secrets, Frank," she said earnestly. "Together we might have been braver, and fought successfully against the temptation; having even a secret thought from you has been a heavy burden to me all these months, and I often longed for the poverty and troubles of the old time to draw us closer together—to make us one again. Dear, we must have no more secrets or half-confidences."

"No, Madge; we must walk together in future. But are you not afraid to begin again with me? have you not lost all faith and confidence in your husband?" he said sadly.

"I can never lose faith in you while I love you, and I can never cease to love you while I live," she replied, placing her hand in his. "As for the future, we will try to begin at the right end this time; we have learned that wealth, or at least ease and luxury, however acquired, do not bring of themselves happiness or contentment. I am *not* afraid to begin again with you, Frank."

"But I have been so foolish, darling: I have wasted my time, squandered your legacy, tarnished my honour, made myself and you wretched, and, worst of all, risked my self-respect and your love. For what? A trifling temporary freedom from anxiety. How hard it is for any one to tell where one single act of deceit will end—how worse than foolish it is to suppose that good can come from evil, or wrong ever end in right!"

"Perhaps, dear, when we fully see the wrong and repent it, we may be better able to follow the right," Madge said gently. "Have you thought about the future, Frank, and what you are going to do?"

"Yes, I have thought, but I am not sure that I have come to any definite decision. The prospect is gloomy enough, Madge; you are once more a poor man's wife, dear. Does the future discourage you?"

"No, Frank," she said, putting her hand in his; "nothing discourages me while we understand each other and have no secrets. But, dear, let us begin at the right end."

Easier said than done; still, Frank Boyd wished earnestly to atone for his error and retrieve his position; the great difficulty was to know where to commence. He had spent a month of intense misery since the departure of Mr. Churchill and May, watching his prospects in Brook Street diminish every day. It was poor consolation that Mr. Churchill condoned his offence, and even seemed inclined to forget it—that, of course, was for Bertie's sake; the old man, in his regret for having offended or misjudged his grandson's especial friend, was willing to make any concessions, and even offered to go round to Dr. Felix Boyd and tell him it was all a mistake about the consultation; but Bertie, rightly or wrongly, judged that it would only make a bad matter worse, and Frank agreed with him. Patiently, but with an aching heart, he waited the course of events after his visitors' departure. He had not many friends or even acquaintances amongst the West End medical men, still he was on neighbourly terms with several, and he fancied that they all looked coldly on him, and returned his salutation stiffly and with evident constraint when they met in the street.

One gentleman, Dr. Greenleaf, he had encountered frequently in some of the dark courts and alleys that abound even in the vicinity of Mayfair, and Frank judged that he went there to relieve necessities out of compassion rather than from any hope of gain. Once or twice they had met on the stairs of some wretched tenement, where human beings live huddled together like sheep in a pen, and die as patiently and pitifully as the animals they resemble. They stopped to exchange a few words about the cases they had just visited, and Frank entertained a very high opinion of Dr. Greenleaf's courtesy and goodness of heart. But a few days after Mr. Churchill's departure, he saw Dr. Greenleaf and Dr. Felix Boyd in the street; the former returned his salute as usual, but the next time they met he turned his head aside, with an expression of sincere regret and painful surprise on his kindly face.

"Another nail in my professional coffin!" poor Frank sighed bitterly. "No doubt he has heard the very ugliest version of my visit to Fairburn Park, without a single extenuating circumstance. Surely a great man like Boyd could afford to be a little generous! But it is a part of the punishment that inevitably follows deceit."

The end of another week brought a stiff, haughty letter from Dr. Felix Boyd. He wrote as a professional man might write to a quack or charlatan, saying that

if Mr. Boyd did not immediately cease practising in Brook Street he would take measures to compel him to do so, adding that if it ever reached his ears that Mr. Boyd again traded on the similarity of their

first, and found that his namesake held quite as good diplomas as himself—it was quite possible he might be just as skilful a man; so he wrote back a stiff, ungracious apology, adding that he hoped in future



"Bertie plunged headlong into the subject."—p. 359.

names, he would have him prosecuted for fraud or felony.

It was a stinging letter, and Frank wrote back a proud reply, asking by what right Dr. Felix Boyd or any one else presumed to forbid his following his professional career where he pleased, being a fully qualified medical man. Dr. Felix then turned to the "Medical Directory," which he should have done at

Dr. Frank Boyd would endeavour to confine his attentions to his own legitimate patients, and not meddle with those of Dr. Felix Boyd.

But the patients grew scarcer; even the "hereditary invalids" of Jimmy Tayler sent for their bills, and called in another medical adviser; and before the end of a month Frank knew that his position in Brook Street was irretrievably lost. After he had

told Madge everything, he felt decidedly better and happier, though the confession had been painful and humiliating to both. It was a terrible wrench to Madge to find that Frank had been no better nor braver than herself: it was a great grief to him that she should have suffered so much alone; but the trouble had the happy effect of drawing them closer together. But still the great difficulty remained—what was Frank to do? Just at first Madge suggested living it down; scandal and slander would, as a matter of course, grow and accumulate round the bare facts, but she said if they could only stay their souls with patience, time, that does everything well, would prove that Frank was not an impostor, and sincerely repented of his one great error. But when they talked the matter over it seemed entirely impracticable. They had no means of keeping the large expensive house going, and it might be many years before Frank obtained a footing in Brook Street. It was better to give up the struggle at once than waste time and energy fighting against impossibilities, Madge sadly agreed; even she saw that it would be foolish and painful to stay on in a place where everything was against Frank, and every person inclined to make the worst instead of the best of him.

It was only one little month—a month of bright sunshine, of gaiety, of the hurrying rush of eager, excited pleasure that constitutes what is called the London season—since Squire Churchill made his angry accusation in Frank Boyd's dining-room, and yet it seemed as if a lifetime had passed over the Doctor's head. He had disposed of the practice for a nominal sum, the best of the furniture was marked off for sale by auction, all Madge's pretty, dainty little trifles were packed away, and the house had the aspect of cheerless desolation that one associates with the presence of death, for on the morrow Frank Boyd and Madge were going to begin again. After much discussion and long earnest deliberation, he resolved to go back to the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Road. It was a sore trial: it was an open confession of his folly and failure, but it seemed the best—indeed, almost the only—thing to do. He had thought of emigrating, but that would look like a cowardly admission of guilt: it would leave a "wounded name" behind him. If he ever meant to entirely retrieve his position, he would have to "live out his life in the light," and nowhere could that be better done than in the old place where he had worked, hoped, suffered, and sinned.

No one had stepped into his practice in Brook Street, W.C. Even his house had stood empty, and Frank took it, and with the simplest of his furniture and his books, he returned to his first home, to the scene of all the early struggles of his married life. Madge agreed with him in everything. The sale of the practice and the furniture at the West End would enable them to live free from debt for at least a year, and perhaps have a little over; then if he failed entirely to make a living, she promised to accompany him to Australia at the end of a year.

There was an incessant roll of carriages, lights flashing, people hurrying hither and thither, a distant echo of music, a faint, heavy odour of flowers from a house on the other side of the street, where Mrs. Gerard's "second dance" was attracting hundreds of pleasure-seekers, as Frank Boyd and Madge stood in the moonlit drawing-room of the corner house in Brook Street for the last time, and with hands firmly clasped and tear-dimmed eyes, besought each other's pardon for the past before they buried it for ever, and prayed, silently but earnestly, for strength and guidance for the future, which they were to face on the morrow.

"The worst is over, darling," Frank said at last. "I seem to have shaken myself free from a heavy load, and feel clear once more. Dear wife, with you to help and encourage me, I am not afraid of beginning again."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE HEIR OF FAIRBURN.

WHEN Mr. Churchill and May returned to Fairburn Park, Bertie West, rather against his will, accompanied them. He did not care to be adopted by a self-willed, imperious grandfather; he liked his chosen profession, and was getting on at it. After years of poverty, neglect, and patient toil, it seemed unreasonable to expect him to throw it up at a moment's notice.

"Prosperity will spoil me—I know it will," he said to Mrs. Boyd on the night before his grandfather's departure for home. "Constant companionship with him will rouse all the obstinacy in my whole nature; the sudden possession of wealth will make me proud, selfish, exacting, and unreasonable. I was born poor, I have lived poor; much better leave me as I am."

"Nonsense, Bertie! I think it clearly your duty to meet your grandfather's advances half-way," Mrs. Boyd replied seriously. "Remember, he's an old man, and seems to cling to you for comfort and companionship. Besides, there's May."

Yes, there was May; and though Bertie could have relinquished ease, luxury, and position without a sigh, and found compensation in his beloved painting, he was not proof against the timid, pleading look in May's eyes, or her shy, entreating smile, so he sacrificed his individuality, and went. Mr. Churchill had accepted and taken complete possession of Bertie without any proof beyond his bare word and his striking resemblance to his mother. The certificates and proofs were all forthcoming, there was not the least doubt or mystery, but the old Squire scarcely glanced at them; he placed implicit reliance on his convictions, and accepted Bertie as his grandson and heir at once. If any proofs beyond documents were wanted, the Miss Hyde Parkers would be able to supply them: of all May Churchill's relatives, they were the only ones who took any interest in her after her marriage with Albert West. They never entirely lost sight of her during her brief life,

and at her death offered to adopt her only child, and bring him up as their own. But Mr. West loved the child, and could not be induced to part from him, and when, a few years later, he died suddenly, Bertie was too young to apply to his mother's friends. Still, his name was in Miss Selina's will as heir to a considerable sum of money; so that she, at least, had no doubt as to the existence of her cousin May's child, though for years she had been unable to find him. But there was something in Bertie's face and voice, in his bearing and expression, that convinced the old man more fully than all the documents and certificates in the world that the boy was really his only daughter's only child. It was strange and a little sad to see the grim, stern old man suddenly bend before his tall, handsome grandson. He clung to his arm in a confidential, appealing sort of way, looked up to him with a kind of proud proprietorship, consulted him about everything he did, and spoke of him a dozen times a day as the heir of Fairburn. Just at first Bertie did not like it; he felt much like a bird in a cage, pampered and petted, but still fettered; he was no longer at liberty, he could not go and come and do just as he liked; but after a few days spent in his mother's home he felt there was no going back to artistic Bohemianism. He was introduced and cordially welcomed as Squire Churchill's grandson, and after the novelty of the first few days, he did not dislike the greatness thrust upon him.

To be heir of Fairburn was to be a person of some importance in the county, and despite sundry modest disclaimers and weak attempts at cynical indifference, Bertie did not dislike being made a fuss of more than any other young fellow suddenly raised from poverty to a position of affluence and influence. The Fairburn estate was large, and, owing to the Squire's illness, had long been neglected; but from the day of his arrival Bertie was invested with formal powers and consulted on all matters of business.

"Property has its duties and responsibilities, its cares and anxieties, as well as its pleasures," the old man said gravely. "You must learn how to manage the estate, Bertie, and take my place in everything, now I am growing old and useless;" and after a wry face and an internal grumble, Bertie took to the new order of things very readily.

Before very many weeks the dreamy, contemplative artist, who fancied himself entirely devoted to his profession, was just as eagerly interested in agricultural pursuits, and spent several hours a day in the bailiff's office, looking over leases and agreements, studying plans for new cottages, and considering how the position of the poorer tenants could be improved. Sometimes May's fair head bent over the plans too, and Bertie listened eagerly to every hint or suggestion that fell from her lips, and invariably carried it out. They were happy days that followed that going home—long, golden, glorious summer days, that seemed to fly past, leaving only a delicious sense of rest, peace, and happiness behind.

Bertie had never spoken of his love for his cousin, and yet he felt certain that she knew the state of his heart, and did not object. She was always unaffectedly glad to see him, and seemed quite happy in his society, and the Squire took every opportunity of throwing them together. It was the dearest wish of his heart that Bertie should marry May, and settle down for good at Fairburn Park. He feared Bertie might grow tired of the quiet monotony of country life, and want to run back to the hurry and confusion of London and the excitement of his artistic profession. Once married, he would be safely anchored to home; there would be no longer any attraction elsewhere. But the Squire was quite wise enough to keep his wishes and designs to himself; he even went so far in diplomacy as to lay a proposal he had received for the hand of his niece before her in quite a favourable light, and was intensely gratified—though in secret, of course—by her indignant refusal.

"I always thought you liked Jeffrey Yonge," he said, looking at her closely from under his bushy eyebrows. "He's a very good young man, in every way eligible, and I have the highest possible opinion of him."

"So have I, uncle. I like Jeff very much, but I do not care about him in the way you think," May replied, blushing furiously. "Please tell him it can't be; and, dear uncle, say no more about it."

"Hum!" Mr. Churchill replied, with his grim smile. "Jeff may have a good deal more to say about it. A young fellow very much in love is not likely to be put off with such a very half-hearted answer." But May, with tears in her pretty eyes, declared that if she lived a thousand years she could never give any other answer, and added, quite superfluously, that she thought Jeff simply intolerable. Then the Squire put on several dark frowns to cover his internal satisfaction, and resolved to wait the course of events a little longer.

The circumstance did not trouble May very much, but it set Bertie thinking. Other suitors would probably come forward, and perhaps, while he stood diffidently on one side, some one else might step in and win her. That thought conquered Bertie's shyness, for somehow he had never quite got rid of the idea that May was an heiress, and he only a poor struggling artist. But the mere possibility of losing her gave him courage, and one day, in a few simple, manly words, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. May's reply was, like herself, truthful and unaffected. She loved Bertie, and saw no reason to deny it.

"Yes, I like you, Bertie; I think I have liked you always," she said softly. "Certainly I have thought more of you than of any other person ever since that day Rosie formally introduced you to me in the garden of 'The Silent Woman.'"

Bertie started. "What a selfish wretch I have been, May!" he cried. "For nearly three months I have hardly thought of the Boyds, and never written a single line; what must they think of me? But I

said prosperity would spoil me, and it has. I really did not think I could be so mean, so utterly wrapped up in myself; and poor Frank so tried and troubled, too. Have you heard from them, dear?"

"Not a line. I wrote to Madeline just after I came home, but I have had no answer, and, I confess, somehow I forgot," May replied; "but I'll write to-day."

"Better still, darling, I'll run up to town this afternoon and see them. I'll just tell grandfather what I've been telling you, and then, if he does not object——"

"I'm certain he will not, Bertie," May interrupted shyly.

"Then I'll ask him if I may invite the Boyds down for a few days. And may I tell them of our engagement, darling?"

"If uncle consents," May replied; and a few moments later the Squire came limping along the terrace with the aid of his stick.

"Some of you young people come and lend me an arm," he cried jovially; and while Bertie advanced to meet him, May beat a somewhat undignified retreat to the house. It was a famous opportunity for telling his grandfather of his hopes and wishes, and Bertie plunged headlong into the subject.

When the Squire heard that May had confessed that she liked her cousin, the old man's delight knew no bounds. "Why, we'll have a royal wedding, boy: such a sight as has not been seen in Fairburn since—since I was married myself. And I tell you what it is: we'll set to work at once; there's nothing to wait for, really nothing, and I want to see you and May settled before I die."

Bertie was quite willing that the marriage should be performed as quickly as was consistent with May's pleasure and convenience, but when he came to mention the Boyds, the Squire was not quite so enthusiastic.

"Have them, by all means, Bertie; the house is practically yours," he said, in answer to Bertie's wish that Frank and his wife should pay them a visit; "but though I have quite forgiven Boyd, I don't think he acted altogether fairly. He shouldn't have come here pretending to be somebody else."

"You don't understand, grandfather," Bertie cried, a little impatiently, for he had explained the matter a dozen times. "Frank did not *pretend* to be anybody; he had a telegram addressed to his house, and he came here. How on earth could he tell that you meant some one else of the same name? The only person to blame in the whole business is Leyland—how could he be such a stupid! and what a lot of bother he has caused!"

"I do not regret it, Bertie, since it has been the means of bringing us together. I might never have known you but for that unlucky message."

"Ah! but you forget 'what is fun to the boy is death to the frog,'" Bertie quoted. "Poor Frank has suffered, grandfather; and I assure you I would never have made myself known to you,

only to save Frank from an unkind and unjust accusation!"

"Then, how about May?" the old man asked, a little slyly. "Wouldn't she have attracted you to Fairburn Park, eh?"

"Not merely as your grandson," Bertie replied gravely. "If I felt myself worthy to seek her, and deserving of her, I would have come on my own merits, but on no other grounds."

"All's well that ends well," the Squire said, with a chuckle. "Fairburn, even with an undesirable old grandfather, is better than waiting for fortune to find you in a London garret. It's more comfortable, to say the least of it, to marry on a couple of thousand a year than grow old and grey waiting to earn them. Much better amuse yourself painting pictures to fill the vacant spaces of the gallery up-stairs than in producing 'pot-boilers.' May will give you a sitting, perhaps, Bertie, and I think she will not be the worst-looking Churchill there."

While the Squire was running on from one subject to another, chuckling occasionally to himself on the success of some of his most cherished plans, Bertie was considering what train he could catch to get up to town that afternoon. He wanted to execute one or two commissions for May—and once he remembered the Boyds, he could not rest till he found them. Therefore he pleaded "urgent business," and begging May to have some very pretty rooms ready, he hurried away after luncheon.

Within one hour Bertie was driving towards Brook Street as fast as a hansom could go, but as the cab stopped at the door he uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay; the house had an unmistakable "to let," or unoccupied aspect, and he felt a cold chill run down his back as he knocked at the door.

The house was empty; Dr. Boyd had gone away—the servant did not know where to—and the doctor who had bought the practice was abroad, and would not be back for six weeks.

Bertie turned away looking perfectly bewildered. Where had they gone? why had they left Brook Street? what could possibly have happened? Then it struck him that perhaps he might find a note or message at his old lodgings, and he drove straight there. But not a line awaited him; and while he stood considering what he should do next, his landlady bustled into the room, and remarked how glad every one was that Dr. Boyd had returned to Brook Street, as he had always been a good friend to the poor.

"Of course; I never thought of that," Bertie said to himself, jumping into his cab that was still waiting, and in a few minutes he was at the old house. There was something familiar in its appearance, and he seemed to know instinctively that Mrs. Boyd was there: her graceful individuality spoke from the very windows. Martha opened the door, and without waiting for an invitation, Bertie burst into the dining-room: he felt quite certain of finding some one there.

Mrs. Boyd was working by the window, and she

rose and greeted Bertie cordially, but he felt a strange cold sensation down his back: there was something in her face that chilled his exuberant spirits, and made him think that while he had been treading the "primrose path of dalliance" his dear old friends had been toiling through the "valley of humiliation." Madeline looked as neat and dainty as ever, her pretty brown hair waved away from her low, broad forehead; her dress was the perfection of graceful simplicity, her smile was as tender and gracious as ever, and yet at the very first glance he saw that she had suffered deeply, and could find no words to express his sympathy and regret.

"Do not talk about us, Bertie," she said gently, in reply to his eager questions, "but tell me about yourself."

"Myself? I am well, prosperous, happy; I am practically master of Fairburn. I could have helped Frank to weather the storm; *why* didn't he tell me?" he cried sadly.

"Better as things are, Bertie. We must work out our happiness, as well as our expiation, our own way; but I am truly glad you are happy and prosperous."

"But you and Frank will come to Fairburn and see us? May will have everything ready. Grandfather will be very pleased; surely you will come?" and Bertie drew a step nearer. "What good is it for me to have found fortune if my best friends do not benefit by it?"

"Later on both Frank and I will be delighted to visit you and May, but just now it is impossible; we cannot leave home," Madge said gently, but firmly. "Do not press the matter further, dear Bertie: it cannot be."

Later in the evening, when Frank came in, he said, just as Bertie feared, that it was impossible for him to get away; he could not even promise to go to Fairburn for the wedding. But Bertie seemed so thoroughly unhappy about that, and so disposed to think the Boyds were angry with him for what he called his neglect and selfishness, that Frank promised to take a holiday for that occasion, but Madge still maintained that she could not go, and that they must wait for better times before she and May met again.

CHAPTER XVIII.—JOHN MEADOWS' SECRET.

THE only person of all Frank Boyd's friends who seemed genuinely surprised at his leaving Brook Street was old John Meadows, the Australian. He had not heard a word of the scandal whispered so freely in the neighbourhood; he had not been told the story of the visit to Fairburn Park and its consequences; therefore, when Madge told him of their immediate departure, and the great change likely to take place in their position and way of living, he was genuinely astonished. He thought at first that it was a mere matter of money, and with some hesitation asked if he could be of any assistance; but

Madge shook her head sadly, and then, acting on a sudden impulse, she told him the whole truth from beginning to end. He listened in silence, but with deep interest, and when she asked for his opinion shook his head slowly.

"I don't know—I can't judge—I must have time to think. It appears to me your husband ought to have explained who he was, since you say the other Dr. Boyd is a *very* great man. I'll admit he was sorely tempted."

"And he has been sorely punished. But you must not think we want to get rid of you, Mr. Meadows; in our home in Brook Street—our old home, you know—there will still be a room for you; it will not be so pleasant or comfortable as here, perhaps, but still you will be welcome."

"Thank you; but I fear I have trespassed far too long on your hospitality as it is," he said roughly, walking impatiently up and down the room. "Still, I shall be very grateful for another week's shelter, just while I can find a place of some sort to suit me, and I will try to give as little trouble as possible. Believe me, Mrs. Boyd, I am very sorry for your troubles."

About a week after they were settled in the old house John Meadows left them almost as suddenly as he came. He had found rooms to suit him, he said, and would call in the course of time and tell them how he was getting on. But weeks and months passed without his coming near them, though Frank said he had seen him once in the neighbourhood. But one warm August afternoon he walked into the dining-room, just as Madge was writing to May Churchill, saying how utterly impossible it was for either herself or Rosie to be present at the wedding, fixed for the 1st of September. She laid down her pen and welcomed Mr. Meadows cordially; but he seemed somewhat altered.

"Did you think I had forgotten you?" he asked, rather gruffly. "Come over here to the window; I want to look at you, and to talk to you."

Madge obeyed with a pleasant smile; she knew Mr. Meadows was eccentric, but she was not quite prepared for his next question.

"Are you tired yet of being a poor man's wife, Madeline Boyd?"

"Not while the poor man is Frank," was the prompt reply.

"Hum! Then I daresay you will not thank me for the news I've brought you," he said shortly. "Your husband is a poor man no longer; your uncle was much richer than you imagined, and formed a far better opinion of you and your husband than, perhaps, you deserved. He secured you a thousand a year beside that thousand pounds legacy; but he wanted to know what use you would make of money before he entrusted it to you. He is quite satisfied—the fortune is yours!"

"How do you know?" Madge faltered. "A thousand a year! It is not possible that we can be so rich! Please, Mr. Meadows, do not trifle with us,

just as we are getting used to our—our present position. It would be too unkind."

"What I say is quite true, Madeline. I ought to know, for I am your uncle, John Meadows Hay."

she clung to him, sobbing and laughing, and acting generally quite unlike her staid, gentle self. "Frank, can you realise it?"

"I don't know, dear," he said gravely. "It



"Are you tired yet of being a poor man's wife, Madeline Boyd?"—p. 360.

Madge uttered a little cry as the old man took both her hands in his, and kissed her tenderly. "My dear, I have watched you; I have lived with you; I am satisfied." And Frank, entering the room at that moment, looked a little puzzled.

"Frank, Frank, come and help me to understand," Madge cried. "This is Uncle John, and he says we have a thousand a year. Think of it, darling," and

seems too strange not to be true;" and he glanced at Mr. Meadows questioningly.

"It's all right," he said, with a shrug. "Your wife has a thousand a year. I mean to start you fairly this time; and I've got a nice little house in the country, about two miles from Fairburn Park, where my niece and Rosie can come when they want a breath of fresh air, or wish to see their

friends, or to cheer up a lonely old man. In fact, I may as well tell the truth at once: I am a terribly rich man, dangerously, oppressively rich, and I have not a relative in the world but your wife and this child. I came to England a soured, selfish, suspicious old man. You have taught me that there is kindness and generosity still in the world. I was a stranger, and you took me in. You gave me of your best without any hope of reward, but, verily, you shall have it."

That was a joyful but solemn evening at the shabby house in Brook Street, W.C. Frank and Madge were too grateful, too deeply impressed, to say much about the good fortune that had suddenly overtaken them, but they felt all the more; and a few days later they were all at Mr. Hay's country house, just in time for the marriage of May and Bertie. They had a few quiet, restful weeks, and then, with renewed energy and zeal, Frank Boyd began his work again under better and brighter auspices; but he never forgot the lesson he had learned, and success could never possibly spoil him, for he knew his weakness, and was humble and tolerant in consequence.

Madge is no longer a poor man's wife, but she too is unspoiled by prosperity. Her life is now a busy

one. John Meadows Hay is rich beyond all the imaginings of his niece, but the money he earned so hard he has no desire to hoard. Having assured the future of Madge and Rosie, he spends his great wealth in doing good; and John Hay, the eccentric millionaire, is well known, his name almost a byword amongst the poor and needy. Amongst the many pathetic appeals to his charity and benevolence, he received one from a poor professional man, who said he had signally failed to make a living in this country, and desired to emigrate. It was Frederick Leyland, and through Madge Mr. Hay sent him sufficient money to pay his passage to Australia, and a small sum to enable him to start afresh. But he never knew that it was the wife of the man he had tried so hard to injure that had helped to start him afresh in the world.

Frank Boyd is now one of the most rising physicians in London, his wife almost too well known to need mention. Not being unacquainted with misfortune herself, she has learned to pity the wretched. With a free but judicious hand she distributes the wealth of her uncle. But prosperity has not spoiled her, and she never forgets that she was once A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

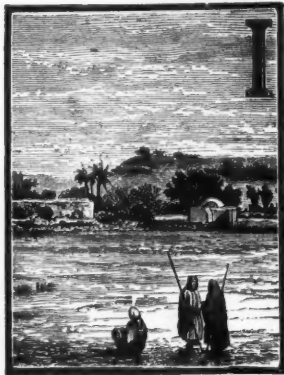
THE END.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SPECIAL LESSON FOR EASTER.

THE DISCIPLES' WALK TO EMMAUS.

To read—*St. Luke xxiv. 13—35.*



INTRODUCTION.

To-day kept in memory of Christ's rising from the dead. Remind of His being buried by Joseph—chief priests getting Pilate to seal the stone—set a watch of soldiers to guard the tomb. All in vain—death could not hold Christ. He died

of His own will for us—He rose to show that all was done—God satisfied—man forgiven. All shall rise after death to new life.

But as yet Christ's friends cannot believe He has risen. He had appeared to Mary Magdalene (John xx. 16), and Simon Peter (Luke xxiv. 34), but the rest knew nothing of this. Wait about at Jerusalem all day—hear rumours, but nothing

certain—at last two of them towards evening start for home.

I. A SAD WALK. (Read 13—24.) Can picture the start from Jerusalem—passing through narrow streets—lingering to hear latest news—going out through gates—leaving city behind—coming to open country. What do they talk about? Minds are full of all the wonderful events of the last few days—the triumphal entry into Jerusalem—the cleansing the Temple—the betrayal by Judas—the arrest of Jesus—His two trials, by Caiaphas and Pilate—His awful death—hasty burial. How they would go through it all! Who joins them? A stranger going the same way—cannot see his face in the gathering darkness—he joins in the conversation—hears the sad tones of their voices—asks the cause. What do they say? What did they think about Jesus? (a) *He was a Prophet.* He taught as a prophet—foretold as a prophet—especially that He would rise after three days. (b) *He was a Sufferer.* They tell the tale of His sufferings, but they cannot understand them. They hoped He was to be the Redeemer. But He is gone from them—dead; the three days He mentioned have expired, and He has not re-appeared.

II. A HAPPY TALK. (Read 25—35.) What did the stranger answer? Calls them fools, *i.e.*, wanting in understanding. Shows them that Christ must

needs suffer for man's sin. How does He show this? Reminds of types in Law of Moses—the bleeding lamb, etc. Reminds of prophecies in Old Testament—e.g., Isa. liii., and many others. Shows how man is sinner—sin must be punished—Christ the only sinless One—therefore died—but has now risen. What is the result? (a) *Their hearts burn.* (Verse 32.) His words go home—they feel they are true; at last they understand the Scriptures. What do they press Him to do? He consents, goes home with them—partakes of a simple meal—blesses the food. Have they ever seen such a thing before? What is the result? (b) *They know Him.* What a happy moment! The Stranger is their dearly loved Friend and Saviour. How could they have been blind so long? They look round, and He has gone. What do they do? (c) *They tell others.* Start back at once—long journey to Jerusalem. Don't mind fatigue. Find Apostles already knew the glad news of Christ's resurrection. All rejoice together.

LESSON. These same Scriptures ours. This same Saviour ours. Does it fill our hearts with joy? Then let us do all we can to tell glad tidings to others.

TEXT. *The Lord is risen indeed.*

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

NO. 9. SOLOMON.

To read—1 Chron. xxviii.; 2 Chron. i. (parts of).

I. A PIOUS FATHER. (Read 1 Chron. xxviii. 5—10, 20, 21.) David's long reign of forty years come to an end—was called man after God's own heart—loved and served God much—yet guilty of great sin. But having repented (Ps. li.) was pardoned. Was very anxious to build a temple for God—not allowed to do so, because had shed much blood. So spends last days in giving good advice to Solomon, a lad about eighteen. What does he urge upon him? (a) *To study God's Word.* What must he seek for and keep? (Verse 8.) Not merely what is written in the Law of Moses, but would learn God's will day by day. (b) *To serve God perfectly.* David had served God, but had fallen into grievous sin—wants his son to avoid his errors and give whole heart to God. Reminds him how God searches even the thoughts. Then he will have a happy and prosperous life. (c) *To honour God's House.* David has done all he can—has made the plan—collected the materials—arranged the order of Priests, Levites, and services. Now Solomon must carry it out—need have no anxiety—God will be with him (verse 20) and enable him to finish it.

II. A WISE SON. (Read 2 Chron. i. 1—12.) The king dead—David—shepherd, psalmist, prophet, king—the new king reigns. All in his favour. Country prosperous and at peace. Is himself young, vigorous, popular. People contented—willing to obey him. Notice two things:—(a) *He begins well.* Old proverb says, "Well begun, half done." What is his first act? He dedicates himself to God.

Assembles all the people at Gibeon. What was there? Moses' tabernacle with the brazen altar. What does he offer? This a public acknowledgment of God. Shows the people Whom he intends to serve. Desires them to join in public worship of God. (b) *Seeks wisdom.* Public worship not enough—must be devotion of heart to God. Question on the dream. What offer does God make him? What does he choose? Why does Solomon choose wisdom? Feels his own insufficiency. David was great and wise—he is young and ignorant, and with great responsibility. His prayer heard—he receives all he asks, and more—wisdom, riches, honour—everything to help the young king. What a happy and useful life lies before him! Alas! know how afterwards he fell away from God. Love of pleasure was his ruin. Still, so far, all is well, and his second act was to build a great Temple for God's House.

TEXT. *The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.*

NO. 10. THE CHILDREN MOCKING ELISHA.

To read—2 Kings ii.

I. THE PROPHET. (Read 16—22.) Who was Elisha? First hear of him seven years before this. (1 Kings xix. 19.) Was a farmer's son engaged in ploughing—Elijah, the Lord's prophet, called him to come with him—he did so—became his servant—"poured water on his hands"—went about the country with him—learned of him—was introduced to the different schools of the "sons of the prophets" (see verses 6—10), and at last was with him when he was taken up into heaven. What had he asked that he might receive? This double (or elder son's) portion was given him—he became Elijah's successor in his office. What then was Elisha? *The Lord's prophet.* Especially chosen for his work—set apart by God. As such had—*To sacrifice*, as Samuel did when went to anoint David (1 Sam. xvi. 5); *to execute God's judgment*, as when Samuel hewed Agag, King of Amalekites, in pieces (1 Sam. xv. 32); *to teach the people*, as when Elijah called them all to Mount Carmel and exhorted them to seek God. Also *to prophesy*, or foretell future things, as when Elijah told Ahab of God's judgment upon him and Jezebel for their sins. Therefore the prophet spoke to the people for God, and to God for the people. Must be honoured and respected as God's representative.

II. THE CHILDREN. (Read 23—25.) Where did this happen? Bethel a sad history—was where Jacob had his dream and worshipped God. (Gen. xxviii. 19.) But Jeroboam had set up golden calves and worshipped them. (1 Kings xii. 32.) Not only sinned himself, but made all Israel to sin. Thus whole place became corrupt. People idolaters—children not taught fear of God—therefore despised His prophet. What did they do? Mocked the aged prophet—insulted him not merely as a man, but as God's prophet. What did they say? Evidently had heard of Elijah's being taken up into heaven.

Yet not awed by the vision—only turned it into ridicule. How were they punished? This would show who Elijah was—God's prophet under His direct care. People at Bethel would feel this, and perhaps be led to fear God.

LESSONS. (1) *Warning*. Many passages in Proverbs full of warnings against disrespect to parents or elders. (Prov. xx. 20; xxiii. 22, etc.) Especially wrong to mock at any personal defect. (2) *Respect*. Learn to respect those over us—*parents*, as those who are set over us while young; *ministers*, as teaching us fear of God; *the aged*, as entitled to all help and consideration; *the infirm*, as wanting assistance. Special blessings promised to children who keep fifth commandment.

TEXT. *Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves.*

NO. 11. THE LITTLE MAID.

To read—2 Kings v. 1—5.

I. THE MAID'S MASTER. (Read verse 1.) All remember the story of the lion and the mouse. The lion strong, powerful, king of beasts, taking and treating kindly the insignificant little mouse. But the lion himself becomes a prisoner—is set free by the grateful mouse. Naaman, like a lion—bold, brave, rich, honoured, trusted by his master Benhadad, King of Syria—takes captive and is kind to a little girl. But himself becomes slave—to what? A dreadful disease. Leprosy means sores all over—unable to mix with fellow-men—incurable. What can he do? Many gods in Damascus, capital of Syria—can they help? No; are false gods. Many doctors also—are they of any good? No; disease is incurable by human means; he will only get worse—his limbs will one by one drop off—he must soon die.

II. THE MAID'S HELP. (Read 2—5.) Who was this little maid? A slave girl from some home in Israel—taken in one of the raids so often made by the Syrians—torn from her home, parents, friends—carried off to Naaman—made a slave in his house—waits on his wife. Naaman seems to have been a kind master—servants not afraid to speak to him. (Verse 14.) Treated this child with kindness—attached her to himself. What did she do in this strange land? (a) *She remembered God*. What did she say? Do not know how had learned about God—perhaps been taught by Elisha himself—probably her parents among the 5,000 who had not worshipped Baal. (1 Kings xix. 18.) Good to think of God always, but what a blessing to know Him in time of trouble—when away from home and His House. (b) *She did what she could*. How kind and loving she was—no wish to keep back her knowledge—to spite her master for taking her captive. She trusted in God—believed in His prophet—did what she could. Was her help of any use? Rest of the chapter tells us how Naaman took her advice—sought the prophet—was cured of his disease, learned to fear God. What a happy return home he would have! How he would value this dear child! Perhaps he would take her back to her own home.

LESSONS. (1) *Nothing is too hard for God*. Disease incurable by human means yields to His power. So with that other disease of sin. Return to God—seek pardon in His way, and you shall be made whole. (2) *The Ministry of Children*. None need ever think are too young or insignificant to help others. Cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

TEXT. *When I was in trouble I sought the Lord, and He heard me.*

BESSIE.

A SKETCH. BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



SHE had about the commonest name in Lyme Regis. Every second girl in the place was Elizabeth or Eliza. Not a family but boasted of one member called by this title—the soft, old-fashioned home-word met you at every turn, and seemed to suit the quaint little town, and the fine race of men and women who grew up in the midst of Nature's beauties, whom the genial air nurtured into fine and rich proportions, and who, content in their own little world, did not care for any other.

The women who were born in Lyme Regis liked to marry there; to bring up their children in the kindly old place; and when they died, to lay their bones beside their kindred. They were essentially

a stay-at-home race, and did not want to stir from the sound of the sea and the neighbourhood of the old Cob.

But Bessie cared. Bessie was the daughter of an old boatman who lived on the edge of the Cob—a strong breakwater going out far into the sea, and some centuries old.

She was a dark-eyed girl, with a smooth brown skin, and wavy soft black hair. Her cherry lips revealed white teeth when she smiled, and her laugh was reckoned merrier and her smile brighter than any other girl's in the place. Bessie kept her father's four-roomed cottage tidy; she tended the flowers in his tiny garden, and took pleasure in twining the creepers all over the little dwelling. But in her leisure moments she liked best to go down to the very edge of the Cob, and stand shading her eyes with her hands and gazing out far to sea. Not a fishing

smack, not a sailing vessel, not a gay pleasure yacht came in sight that Bessie's heart did not beat with a strange impatient feeling unknown to her more contented neighbours. She wanted to be on board those vessels speeding far away—away to other lands—to a new life which doubtless would be better and richer than the old. Bessie's mother had not been a native of the place, and people said that the pretty, dark-eyed girl inherited her restlessness from her; for Mrs. Evens had returned with her husband from a short fishing expedition, during which the folks said he had picked her up in some foreign port. She was shy and young, and could only speak a word or two of English; and when her baby was born, she died.

All Bessie's little discontents, her uncommon ways, her unnatural wish to leave Lyme Regis, were put down to this foreign mother, whose story and birthplace nobody knew. When Bessie was eighteen years of age, she became engaged to Jim Beere, a tall, fresh-coloured Devonshire lad.

"Now you'll settle down a bit, wench," said her father, well pleased when the news was announced to him; "you'll settle down and give over standing by the edge of the Cob, looking after what ain't likely to be yours. You'll settle down, and take to proper woman's ways."

Bessie pouted and shook her pretty head; and she also pouted when her lover showed her the neat little cottage he had secured for her about a mile out of Lyme, not far from the lovely Undercliff, and still within sound of the sea.

"You'll take me to London for our honeymoon, Jim?" she said coaxingly.

"Only name the day, lass, and you shall go where you will," answered the lover fondly.

Bessie was sincerely attached to Jim, and she hoped that a week spent with him in the Great City would cure her of that passionate longing to see the outside world, which almost frightened her sometimes.

Their wedding-day was fixed, but shortly before it came poor Bessie was exposed to sudden temptation. In the summer it was the custom for the Lyme Regis girls to earn a little money, to set themselves up in winter finery, by going out by the day or week to the many visitors who for about two months in the year thronged the little place to-over-flowing.

Hitherto Bessie had stayed at home with her father, and had rather looked down on the girls who went out in this way; but on the present occasion she was seized with a desire to obtain more money than her father could spare, to expend on her bridal finery.

It was easy to obtain her father's and her lover's consent, and being a deft and clever girl, she soon got employment with a family who had just come over from London.

There were two young ladies in this household, and they quickly took a fancy to Bessie, whose

beautiful face could not fail to attract attention. They began to talk to her, and to try to draw out of the shy girl her story. Some of it Bessie told, but not all. She lived with her father in a little house by the Cob. Yes, her father had the finest lobster-pot in Lyme. He should bring some up as often as the ladies pleased. Then she confided her own longing to see the world, her earnest desire to get away from the sleepy little place where she had spent all her days, her intense anxiety to see London and the other beautiful regions which were surely to be found outside Lyme Regis. But she told nothing about her engagement to Jim, nor of the wedding-day which was not a month off now. Alice and Maud Brewster began to like Bessie more and more. She was clever, she was bright, she had a quaint, half-foreign way which gave them pleasure. They talked about her to their mother, and their mother made a suggestion.

Soon the girls came to Bessie, with happy sparkling eyes, and, as Maud expressed it, the most delicious idea in the world—"If dear little Bessie liked, they would take her back with them to London, and she should be trained under their mother's maid; and then she could wait on them, and help to make their dresses, and no fear but she would see plenty of the world, for they were always going about!"

CHAPTER II.

ON the night after this proposal was made to Bessie, she went home with her small mind in a tumult. She was already so far led away by the sudden temptation, that she resolved to keep the young ladies' plan a secret from both her father and from Jim Beere. To go to London—not for a fortnight, but for months and months! To travel in foreign lands, to see that lovely, lovely world, for which her whole soul pined—oh! how delicious it all sounded. Jim came in and talked about a piece of new furniture he had just purchased for their little cottage, and said further that he supposed their banns would be called on the following Sunday; but Bessie was not interested in the new clock poor Jim had bought, and turned a deaf ear to the proposal about the banns.

"I can't be hurried," she said in a sulky voice.

"But, Bessie dear, you promised; you know it is to be in a month."

"The banns need not be published next Sunday," repeated Bessie, and then she went out of the room.

All that night she lay awake pondering over her temptation, and in the morning the poor weak child had made up her mind. She would accept Mrs. Brewster's situation, and go back to London with her and her young ladies. As to Jim, he might wait if he liked. Perhaps she might marry him in a year or two, when she was tired of the world; certainly their wedding must be postponed for the present. Knowing, however, that a considerable fuss would be made—that her father would oppose

her strongly, and the neighbours perhaps say disagreeable things, she resolved to do the thing secretly, and to slip away to London without telling any one.

To accomplish this was not very difficult. Mrs. Brewster only knew the bare fact that Bessie had a father, and when the girl told her that she would like to leave Lyme and enter her situation in London, she concluded that the old man had given consent. Then Bessie further proposed that she should meet the family at Axminster; she was sometimes allowed to go to Axminster, and there would be nothing at all extraordinary in her going now, when her wedding was supposed to be so near, and when she would naturally want some extra finery.

"I'm going to Axminster to-morrow, father, by the early coach," she said one evening.

"Ay, ay, lass; but can't you wait for Jim to drive you over, and save the coach fare?"

Jim had a pony and trap, which he hired out in the summer.

"The pony is to be out all day to-morrow," replied the young man; "but if Bessie will wait until Saturday evening, why, sweetheart, I might go with you to choose the gown!"

Bessie reddened, but held firmly to her determination to go by the coach on the following morning; and Jim, who hoped that she was intending to hurry on their wedding, felt too well pleased to interfere.

The next morning Bessie rose early. Badly as she knew she was behaving, she had a poor little wish to clean up the cottage, and to get her father's breakfast as comfortably as possible. She fried bacon for him, and poached eggs, and when the old man sat down to eat she stood by and served him.

"You're a deft lass, and Jim will have a good wife," he muttered; and then Bessie turned away, and wondered to find a sudden lump in her throat.

Jim had given her a canary, and the pretty little songster used to like to have his cage hung outside the window. The last thing Bessie did before she changed her working dress was to give the bird some groundsel. Half an hour later she was hurrying away from the Cob and all her old life. She was seated on the top of the coach with some strangers close to her—on her way to London.

CHAPTER III.

SHE was not a very clever scholar, but she had managed to write a few lines to Jim, and she slipped her letter into the post-box at Axminster. She had no sooner done so, than a pang went right through her heart. Now indeed her fate was sealed. She had given up her dear honest Jim, and she must go forward. It was of course quite delightful to go to London; but still—well, she wished her heart would not ache so badly, and wished she could get her lover's face, when he called her "sweetheart," the night before, out of her mind. It was a wet and drizzling evening when

the tired party arrived at Waterloo—and here her first disappointment awaited Bessie. Mrs. Brewster received some news which disturbed her very much. Presently she came to the young girl.

"Bessie, I have just learned that there is a case of scarlet fever amongst the servants in my house. The young ladies cannot return. Let me know at once if you have had the complaint, for if not I must put you into lodgings for the night, and send you back to Lyme in the morning."

"Oh, please, ma'am, I'd be real afraid of lodgings in this great place, and I don't want to go home, and I'm sure I had the fever," answered the frightened and bewildered girl.

Mrs. Brewster hesitated for half an instant.

"I *know* I had it," insisted Bessie, her face growing white in her terror of the unknown lodgings to which she might be condemned.

"Well, well, if you are sure, jump into that cab, then," said the lady, and Bessie nearly sobbed in her relief.

That night Mrs. Brewster said to her husband—

"That young girl from the country—she says she had the fever, but one can never tell. I shall send her into lodgings in the morning."

"She is all right to-night," replied her husband; "for of course she is far away from the cook's bedroom. If she does not go near the bedroom, with the precautions we are taking she must be safe."

But, alas! this was just what Bessie was not. Having lived all her eighteen years in a four-roomed cottage, the great London house completely bewildered her. She was shown up to an attic which she was to share with another servant—oh, how different it looked from her snug little room at home!—and trying to return to the servants' hall, she had stumbled into a wrong wing, and not seeing any one about, and hearing voices in a certain room, had softly opened a closed door, intending to ask some one to direct her. She was instantly conscious of a peculiar smell, and saw that the room had a shaded light. At once it flashed across her, with a feeling of sick horror, that this was the room where the scarlet-fever patient was.

She closed the door as softly and quickly as possible.

No one had seen her, and she resolved not to tell; for if she did, she would be surely sent away to lodgings, and perhaps even forced to return home, and she dared not go home, but she lay awake the greater part of the night wondering if she really ever had scarlet fever.

There came a night when the poor young girl, who had been so ambitious to see the world that she even forsook her father and faithful lover to obtain her desire, knelt in fear and trembling by her little bed. She had kept it a secret from every one that she had been near the cook's room, and now her punishment for all her deceit had come. Her head ached, her throat was sore, she knew she was going to be very

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"The last thing she did."

"BESSIE: A SKETCH."—p. 366.



ill. Oh, how little she liked London, after all; how she longed and longed for her father's humble cottage once more. She would have gladly gone back now had it been possible. She would have gone back humbly, and never asked to see the great world again.

"Oh, God, don't let me die away from father and Jim," she sobbed. "Oh, God, forgive me for being such a bad girl!"

After this followed days in which she was only conscious of a terrible, dreary sense of nothingness—days in which all memory was blotted out.

She was very ill, and the doctor shook his head over her, and the servants wondered how she had taken the fever when such precautions had been used.

At last there came an afternoon when she opened

very weary and heavy eyes, and gazed around her with perfect consciousness.

"I am so lonely," she said, in her feeble, broken voice. "I want to go home; I want Jim."

"I am going to take you home, dear. I am only waiting until you are quite strong," answered in a quiet tone the voice she loved best in the world; and Jim himself stood by her side.

"Oh, Jim! how did you get here?"

"Mrs. Brewster telegraphed when you were so ill. She found out your father's address. I have nursed you all through the fever. Oh, Bessie! you won't leave me again!"

"Never, never! Am I going to get well, Jim?"

"The doctor says so, and I don't mean to leave London until I can bring you back as my little wife." Nor did he.

THE GROWTH OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE VENERABLE ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON OF MACCLESFIELD. THIRD PAPER.



WE have seen that the earliest words of our New Testament were not written with any purpose of making a book, nor were they exactly intended to state or expound any definite doctrine. They were designed for the comfort of a Church from which St. Paul had been hurriedly driven away; a heart much lacerated, but therefore much opened, by suffering, pouring itself into hearts which needed consolation and strength. But the words,

being what they are, are such as no Church would willingly let die; nor was it the purpose of the Holy Ghost that they should die. They are living words. They have spoken comfortably to many generations of the Church, and they shall live and comfort to the end of time.

We have now to approach Epistles of a very different character, though written, in like manner, to meet a particular occasion, and speaking, not exclusively, yet certainly in their first intention, simply to those to whom they were addressed—I mean the great and wonderful Epistles to the Corinthians, which stand next in order of time to those sent to Thessalonica.

We shall briefly trace the intervening history. We left St. Paul at Corinth, abiding with Aquila and Priscilla, the tent-makers.* At first in the synagogue, afterwards in the house of Justus, when the Jews as usual opposed themselves, he

testified that Jesus was the Christ. He abode in Corinth a year and six months, with apparently much to terrify him, but with cheering words from his Lord, "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set upon thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." There, accordingly, a great Church was founded, converts being gathered in both from Jews and Gentiles; even Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed. In proportion to the success of the Gospel was the enmity of the unbelieving Jews. They dragged Paul before the tribunal of Gallio on the charge of teaching men to worship God contrary to the law—in other words, of teaching men a way of salvation independent of the law of Moses. Gallio would not interfere, and so strong by this time was the Gentile sympathy with Paul that the Greeks took Sosthenes, who had succeeded Crispus as chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat.

At length* Paul sailed from Corinth for Syria, and just touching at Ephesus, he arrived at Caesarea, on the shores of Palestine, and went up to Jerusalem, and then immediately down to Antioch, his starting point. His ever-memorable second missionary journey was completed. During it, besides confirming his earlier Churches, he had founded those of Galatia in Asia; and in Europe the Macedonian Churches of Philippi, Thessalonica, and Berea, and the great Church of Corinth. It was now the year 54 of the Christian era, the seventeenth

* Geography and chronology are the eyes of history. It is hoped that some map of St. Paul's journeys may be constantly referred to by readers of these papers.

* Acts xviii. 1-22.

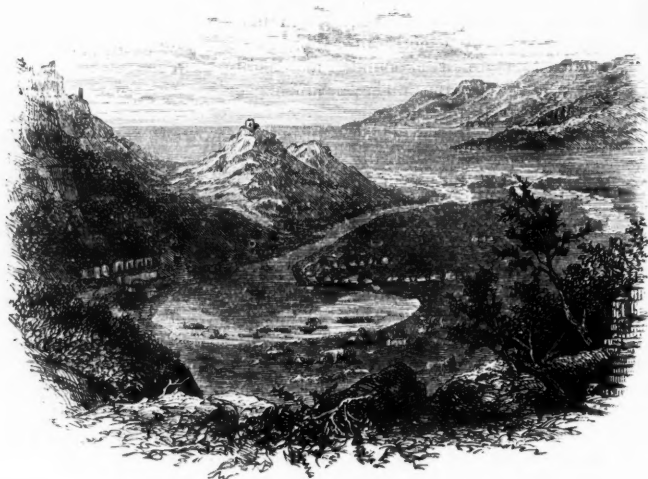
since the Apostle's conversion, the twenty-fourth since the Ascension.

But Antioch was no longer the Apostle's home; nor had he any one home, if by home we mean the abiding-place of the heart. His heart was in his Churches, and he soon set out to revisit these, having it in his mind also to press on even to Rome. Among others,* the Galatian Churches again came under his view. They were already changed, though not yet revolted, and St. Paul † found it needful to speak to them serious words of warning. Then from the highlands of Phrygia ‡ he descended at last to Ephesus, the great Ionic capital—the meeting-place of East and West; with a vast Oriental population, in no small part composed of Jews; but even more Greek than Oriental, and, in latter days, almost as much Roman as Greek. Aquila and Priscilla had previously accompanied him from Corinth, and he had left them at Ephesus, where they were now ready to welcome him on his return. And, meanwhile, they had found and taught the eloquent Apollos of Alexandria, and had sent him to Corinth, where he helped them much which had believed through Grace.

It is impossible to describe the Ephesus of St.

multitudinous sorcerers, who at last, in their penitence, burned their books of magic, worth £2,000 of our money, but of how much more value was money then than now. Think of the Jews lending themselves to the practice of these magic arts, and when they heard of a new conjuror, as they took him to be, invoking his name upon the demon-stricken sufferer. And then think how, amidst all the Babel of nationalities and religions, of pursuits and interests, of superstitions and, alas, of profligacies—even here, think how mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. Truly a great door and effectual * was opened to St. Paul at Ephesus, though there were many adversaries. But if we wonder at his success, let us not forget the labours which achieved it. "Remember," said he afterwards to the Ephesian elders, "that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

All this while, came upon him daily the care of all the Churches: pre-eminently the care of the Church of Corinth. That Church had—at least outwardly—flourished and grown. But with growth came the vices of growth. In the first place there was that fruitful source of schism which everywhere wrought for the marring of



SITE OF EPHESUS.

Paul's day in a few lines; and yet I must trust to a word or two to bring the picture before my readers. Think of the great port, crowded with ships; think of the magnificent temple of Diana, the greatest and most splendid Greek temple in the world. Think of Demetrius and the craftsmen who had their gain therefrom. Think of the

* Acts xviii. 23.

† Gal. iv. 16.

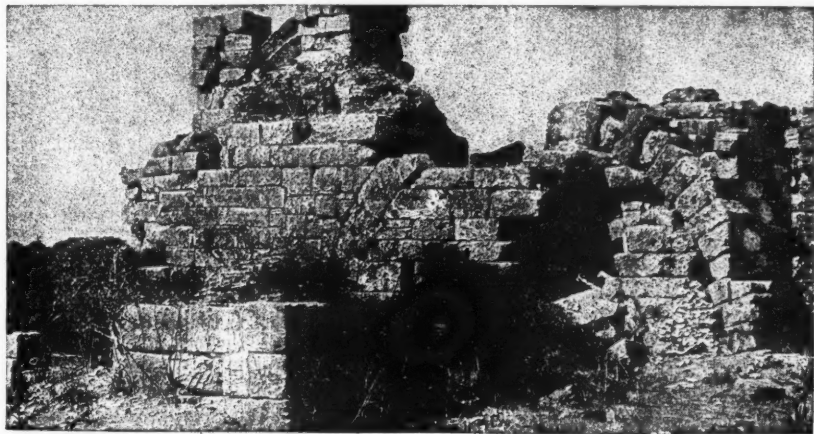
‡ Acts xix. 1. "Upper coasts" = highlands.

the Apostle's work. Jewish Christians from Jerusalem were present claiming the authority of Cephas or Peter for their teaching, depreciating Paul as of altogether inferior authority, and seeking to bring the disciples into the bondage of the Mosaic ritual: so a party started up, whose watchword was "I am of Cephas." And, innocent of such purpose himself, yet the eloquence and

* 1 Cor. xvi. 8, 9.

learning of Apollos made him the head of another party, and "I," said some, "of Apollos"; and thus the followers of Paul himself became a party, "I of Paul"; and there were those who, perhaps wearied with these contentions, claimed for themselves an especial simplicity and purity—"We of Christ." * In this way the sad and desolating story of party-spirit, which has repeated itself in every age since, began to be told. But with all

lack of that charity which edifieth. They wrote him a letter consulting him on many and various matters of controversy, and disclosing the presence of a grievous spirit of error among them of which they seemed themselves utterly unconscious. The reply to that letter was his first Epistle to them, the longest, and in some respects the loftiest, of all. I wish we had time to read it in its place in history.* As it is, my reference to it must be of



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, EPHESUS.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. T. Frith & Co., Belgiate.)

its parties, the Corinthian Church was full of life of a certain kind; and full of a confidence near akin to vainglory. "Now," writes the Apostle, ye are full, now ye are rich, ye have reigned as kings without us." † There was no question too abstruse for them to investigate, no mystery too deep to explore. They were wise men after the flesh; but yet they had little of the hidden wisdom of God. Their eyes and ears and hearts were busied upon matters which they clothed with interest to themselves; but the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, the things which are revealed only to those who love God, by Him who searcheth the deep things of God ‡—these they saw not.

The intercourse between the two cities of Ephesus and Corinth was easy and frequent. St. Paul accordingly soon heard of these divisions, and he heard also of their sins—in one instance at least sin of the grossest kind. He knew, too, of their wrangling disputations in the law courts before unbelievers. And now only too direct evidence came to him of their vaunting in that knowledge which puffeth up, and in their

the briefest. It owes its grandeur in part to the grandeur of the Apostle's Spirit and to the impetuous eloquence in which he clothes his message. There is no mood of thought to which he does not give expression. Now it is tenderest compassion, and again keenest irony. Now fierce denunciation, and then contemptuous scorn—not of them, but of their senseless conceit. We do not wonder at their own dictum. † "His letters," they said, "are weighty and powerful," and, of a truth, it is not difficult to understand how startled and electrified they must have been when the trumpet tones of this Epistle sounded in their ears. But while it is true that it owes much of its lightning force to the fact that it is an Epistle full of the passions of a noble soul, yet this does by no means exhaust the account of its greatness. There is incomparable power exhibited in the treatment of every question. Every human fallacy is torn to shreds, and the mind is perpetually being lifted up out of the mazes of man's reasonings into the clear light of God's truth. The reader never doubts for a moment St. Paul's modest assertion—"I

* 1 Cor. i. 11-13; iii. 4, 21-23; ix. 5; xv. 8-11.

† 1 Cor. iv. 8.

‡ 1 Cor. ii. 6-11. 1.

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* The Epistle should be read here, not minutely, but so as to grasp its general purport.

† 2 Cor. x. 10.

think also I have the Spirit of God." But the crowning glory of this Epistle is that it contains two chapters which are wholly unrivalled in the literature of the world. Who shall regret the idle and profane conceit of the Corinthians about their spiritual gifts when we remember that to these we owe the hymn of praise to the Charity which never faileth? Who shall be sorry for their blunders about the resurrection of the body, when, were it not for these, we should not have had the magnificent vindication of the eternal life of our complete humanity which has filled the hearts of millions upon millions of God's people with the divine enthusiasm of the hope which maketh not ashamed? In truth, there is no other more striking instance in the Bible of that wisdom which suffered the errors and sins of a few to become the occasion and the means of saving, and guiding, and uplifting the Church of all ages.

St. Paul had already determined * to leave Ephesus, before the occurrence of the riot excited by Demetrius the silversmith. When the uproar was ceased he fulfilled his purpose. He called the disciples and embraced them, and departed for to go into Macedonia. No account is given us in the Book of the Acts of his journey, but he supplies some details himself in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians.† He tells them of the trouble which befell him in Asia—that is, at Ephesus—how he was pressed out of measure, above strength, inasmuch that he despaired even of life; how from Ephesus he passed up to Troas, where a door was opened unto him of the Lord: yet he rested not, on account of his anxieties concerning themselves. He had sent Titus to them, but Titus had not returned, and therefore Paul had crossed over into Macedonia, hoping to find him. He looks upon himself as a captive, led about at the chariot-wheels of Christ, and he rejoices and is thankful thereat. Likely enough it was at this time that he went as far as Illyricum, on the west coast (the Adriatic coast) of Northern Greece, preaching the Gospel.‡ But for our purpose we have only to note that, finding Titus in Macedonia and receiving from him a cheering though chequered account of the Church in Corinth, he wrote to them his Second Epistle. How shall we speak of it? Begin to read it, and you will find yourself reading the infinitely pathetic words of a broken but trustful heart. Tribulation, sufferings, affliction, oppression, a sentence of death, these are its mournful words. It was out of much affliction and anguish of heart, he tells them, he had written before. If he fainted not under his overwhelming burden, it was only because of the greatness of the ministry of the New Covenant, the treasure entrusted to him who was but an earthen vessel. But at the end of the ninth chapter there is a remarkable change of tone, so remarkable

that some have imagined what follows to belong to another epistle altogether. One writer considers, however, that more probably a messenger, bearing very different news from that of Titus, had arrived from Corinth. New opposition to Paul had sprung up; new and intolerably shameful calumnies had been uttered against him. One or more amongst them had used vulgar taunts about his "mean presence" and his "contemptible speaking." They had made lying charges against him, the purest-minded, the most self-sacrificing of men; that he preached the Gospel for gain, and that he appropriated the moneys which he collected for the Saints. And if one replied on behalf of the absent Apostle, "Well, but he wrought with his own hands, and never was a burden to us,"—"True," they answered; "but that was only a blind. He was crafty, and caught you with guile." These evil tidings came to the ears of the Apostle, and if they reached him while he was engaged in writing his Epistle (for these letters took time; they were not the work of a single day), we can understand how the tenderness of the beginning should give place to the fiery indignation of the close. And yet the pathetic tone is not all gone. His plea is still the meekness and gentleness of Christ. He still throws himself on their mercy to suffer his words of foolishness. He still reminds them of his labours, his stripes, his prisons, his deaths off; his perils of waters, of robbers, of the Jews, of the heathen, in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea, ah! and among false brethren; his weariness, painfulness, watchings, hunger, thirst, fastings, cold, nakedness. It is as if some cruel knife had cut the heart to its very core, but had not stilled its quivering; and as if we were permitted to look in upon its agony.

We do not know directly what the effect of the letter was, but we know that he himself followed, perhaps after no long time. St. Luke's brief record is, "When he had gone over Macedonia" "and had given them much exhortation, he came into Greece [that is, to Corinth] and there abode three months."* Memorable months, for in them were written the Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans—the Epistles of Christian liberty—so different from one another in tone, so completely at one in doctrine.

Of these I cannot now speak. Let me close by recording that the first Epistle to the Corinthians was written at Ephesus about Easter (to which feast a reference is probably made in the fifth chapter) of the year 57, and the second from Macedonia, after a few months, in the following autumn. Nero, under whom Paul should win the crown of martyrdom, was already some three or four years upon the throne, and the atrocities native to his character were beginning to be seen.

* Acts xix. 21.

† 2 Cor. i. 8—ii. 14.

‡ Romans xv. 19.

* Acts xx. 1—3.

RESTFUL TALKS IN THE RUSH OF LIFE.

III.—"THIS IS THE REST." BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



E bear many burdens! "Yes," you say, "we all do! and how then can you talk to us about Restful Hours in the Rush of Life? For we know what this Rush of Life is. It is not mere force of endeavour, nor energy of will, which constitutes the noise and rush." Quite true. My friend, there is much of the mystery of sorrow, of the might of temptation, of the pain of misconception, of the care for others, mingling with this Rush of Life.

It is no new experience. *We* cannot get rid of the battle or the struggle, nor could our fathers, but we *can* get rid of the anxiety of it. What cannot calm trust in the Great Saviour do? "Casting all your *anxiety* upon Him, for He careth for you." So reads the Revised Version.

Get rid of anxiety or care, and you can get on. How do you bear the weight of the atmosphere? How much is it—fifteen pounds to the square inch, or fifteen tons weight on each full-grown man. How do we bear up against it? How is it that we do not feel it save on very hazy days? Why, by the wonderful elasticity which God has given to the body, so as to adapt it to this enormous pressure of air.

What a lesson for us! We want the elastic mind, the elastic heart relieved from care and all that we mean by anxious thought. Christ *for* us; Christ *above* us; Christ *in* us;—this is what we all need to feel.

The Messianic Psalms are full of this ideal of rest. Take for instance the twenty-second verse of the fifty-fifth Psalm:—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." If by an act of faith we can each do *that* now, we shall enjoy another Restful Hour in the Rush of Life.

When Thackeray was once being shown over a house, and all its useful adaptations had been revealed to him, he startled his domestic guides with the question, "And which is the cupboard that you keep the family skeleton in?" The idea was odd, but the occasion of its utterance gave a racy significance to it, just as old truths interest us afresh when set in the jewels of some appropriate words. We know that what is true of the family history is true of the personal life. There are rooms in our nature in which the secret sorrow is hidden. God alone understands the mysteries of each spiritual soul. The counsel given us is not consolatory alone: it is corrective. For it teaches us not to lock our "burdens" up in our hearts, and then try to gaze with stolid

indifference on the world, but to look them all in the face, to weigh them thoughtfully, and then to cast them on the Christ.

We appreciate the friendship which has a power of subtle sympathy. We shrink from the cynical and the critical. We know enough of life to understand that the most envied, the most successful, the most honoured, have thorns in their roses, and brackish springs mingling with the fountains of their delight. No life is one of unbroken satisfaction. Some friends have a wondrous power of lightening sorrows and mitigating grief, and we prize *them*. But the Divine mind—the Divine heart—what cannot these do? And this is the glory of the Incarnation—that it has "taken the manhood up into God."

The very act we are called upon to perform is a *moral* one. We dare not, cannot cast the burden if it is one born of self-indulgence, or of corrupt gambling and cruel greed; we cannot cast care, if we still continue to create it. If we with our own moral inspection see that our burden is connected with no penitence, no sorrow, no desire after God, we cannot find rest. No! it would make religion immoral if it gave licence to carelessness, or put a premium on vice, by allowing laxity concerning character. But we may cast the burden as those who desire not only a Saviour's pardon, but a Saviour's purity and peace.

Restful Hours are needed by *each*, for the burdens of life are personal to the nature that has to bear them. Some are sensitive, some are stern, some are phlegmatic, some are nervous. The answer to the criticism that individualism feeds selfishness is this, that such is only a *false* and unworthy individualism. When a man cares for himself *in the best sense*—that is, for the life of God in his soul, and for the divine development of his conscience and heart—he is really doing his *best* for his fellow-man. To pretend to a carelessness about personal life, so long as the community be more happy, *sounds charitable*; but it is irrational and impious. It supposes that indifference to one's own soul can co-exist with real care for others. This can never be. To adopt such a theory would be to leave a wilderness of moral life within our hearts whilst we talked philosophically about the betterment of the race. The man who cares most for his own soul, who appreciates its priceless value, who strives to win Christ, and to live a life of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, is the man who best can serve mankind, and can best help millennial dawn of Christ's Kingdom. It may be said, Why wish for Restful Hours in the Rush of Life? Why not cultivate a spirit of self-forgetful indifference? The answer is, that such

abnegation kills the man himself. It subdues him, not to the wise authority of fatherly discipline, but to the base tyranny of stoicism. This is inhuman, and it cannot be made Christian. It turns the warm flesh and blood of a living humanity into the cold chiselled marble of dead sculpture. We are to *live*! We are to be earnest—and sensitive; we are to take interest in things. For we are made to be grieved and gladdened; to be aroused by the calls of duty, to be saddened by the shortcomings of our own souls.

There is moral beauty in this. To be so made as to feel the burden of a cowardly spirit, and to feel the burdens of a selfish, sinful heart, needing renewal—so made as to seek a strong Son of God Who can save us, Who is the Friend and Brother of every man born into the world, Who takes our burdens not to set us free for self-indulgence, but to help us in the heavenward ascent—is a good thing. It is *not* selfish, then, personally to seek for rest, unless it be selfish to wish to be like God, and so to exercise more divine influence on others.

II. Restful Hours are needed for us all, for all men are burden-bearers.

There has been no repeal of the law, "In sorrow shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." Read the patriarchal stories. Jacob, Joseph, Ruth, all had troubles; some in their children, some in their exile lot, some in their earthly estate, some in their hand-to-hand fights with habit. These histories, like the most prized of our poems, are precious because they are true to the world's consciousness, for they embody sighs of sadness as well as strains of joy.

No devices of human genius can hide the fact that the heart is often faint and weary; the vessel may have white sails and a beautiful prow as she dances over the waters, but do not judge the ocean by its days of holiday and rest; look at the many scattered wrecks upon the shore. There are sorrows everywhere; go where you like, to the lofty hills where the pressure of the atmosphere is scarcely felt, to cottages half-smothered in the blossoms of summer, to the abode of plenty where there is no anxiety of poverty, and there the recording angel of God could tell you strange things! Everywhere the pulse of life beats at times very painfully. Then comes the question, As the broad earth contains her anodynes and remedies for physical illness, as out of her laboratory the wise physician can cull his curatives, cannot nature do this in a moral sense? Is there no paradise yet undiscovered, no land where storms, and blights, and famines of the heart never come?

No; there is balm in Gilead alone! There is help in Him Who alone takes the government on His shoulders. Earthly Samsons cannot help us; the gates of Gaza are light as thistle-down compared with the burdens of one human heart.

Worry need not wear us down; the bent

shoulders of the heart need not make us aged in our youth, for we can cast our burden on the Lord.

III. Restful Hours come to us because we trust One Who is Son of Man and Son of God.

There are many sons of men; there is only one Son of Man! How beautiful the expression—not Son of David, not Son of Mary, but the Son of Man. Man! The term is not narrowed by patriotism or place. Son of Man, and yet, as the centurion exclaimed, "Truly this is the Son of God."

Wonderfully was Christ qualified, as Son of God and Son of Man, to sympathise with burdened souls. No divines may be able to expound the mystery of His temptation, but He was tempted. Neander, Olshausen, Stier, have tried expositions of it, but it is more than all their explanations—"Tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

Nor have we exhausted the mystery of Christ's sympathy, His choice of a life that had in it such human burdens, such weariness, such sighs, such cares! His oneness with us is more than in our flesh; it is in the human mind and heart.

Seated high in heaven, is He changed? No; He is still the "Lamb as it had been slain." You say Christ had supreme power! Yes; but He emptied Himself. Hunger, shame, forsakement, bereavement, scorn, solitude, desertion, were painful to Him; and in fellowship with our life He was "The Man of Sorrows."

What Rest it gives to know that He can bear "every burden"—not as wealth eases poverty, or culture patronises ignorance, or as physicians touch the nerve that does not pain themselves, but always as the sympathetic Brother born for adversity. This, in addition to the Divine Redemption—to the love that endured the Cross and Passion—is the preciousness of Christ. No tears that fall for us in trouble's hour are so precious as Christ's. No smile after some victory is so inspiring as the Great Victor's. No hand-pressure is so full of tenderness. No companionship is so complete and comforting. Christ is not a God above the clouds, in a chariot of power. He who has ascended up on high is the God-Man, the Man of Sorrows, our human Brother, as well as our Divine Saviour.

IV. Restful Hours come to us by corroborative histories.

We are not as sons of men trusting in the Living God for the first time. All varieties of burden Christ has borne. The troubles of Peter and Thomas were very different. They were the outcome of diverse constitutions and characters. The despised lot of Zaccheus was very different from the respected position of the anxious nobleman. Yet how wonderfully did Christ's words of sympathy meet the needs of each separate soul! Amongst the crowd He felt *one touch*. "Somebody hath touched Me," He said. Just

so is He touched now with the anxieties of each separate life-history.

And it is here the *moral* aspect of the case comes in. We do not find Christ bearing the burdens of the envious, nor sympathising with discovered hypocrites. It is sorrow for sin, not sorrow for its discovery, that touches Him. He could be very angry, and all great natures can be. Oppression, avarice, cruelty, perfidy, selfishness, awakened His disdain, and brought forth the scourge of His bitterest reproof. But He could and He did feel for and with all who were sad and weary, and He healed all the broken in heart, and bound up their wounds.

Some people pride themselves on intellectual and æsthetic sympathies—they have a delicate eye for landscape backgrounds; they can appreciate the sapphire sea, and the gold and amber glories of dawn; they can detect the delicate differences in the diapason of sound, and feel the tranquilising influence of musical harmonies. Yes, but all *that* costs them nothing. Christ had a quick, delicate perception of the world's sorrows. He sympathised with doubt and care and woe. He undid the heavy burdens. He let the oppressed go free.

All history, then, attests Christ's grace and power. Is His arm weakened or shortened? Is He lost in the immensities? Is His personality gone? No; He is here this very hour:—"Lo, I am with you alway." And we need Him still, not only in our human griefs, but in the struggles and sorrows of the soul, and we can find Restful Hours only at His Cross.

V. Restful Hours will come to us, for we have the distinct promise—

"And He shall sustain you." Some burdens Christ eases by taking them from us. Some He turns into ministrations of strength by sustaining us while we press forward as travellers on the heavenly way. Alas! some of us hesitate to go to Him. Some doubt. Some fear. Some cast part of their burden on Him, keeping some one special trouble to themselves, as though *that* demanded all the energetic heroism of a personal care.

Others do not *cast* them; they have ceased the arduous of endeavour, and the spiritualities of prayer. Burdens will not drop away like the avalanche at the breath, or at the step of another. They will not *loosen themselves*; they must be cast on the Lord.

Some lives are wonderful. The darkness was no darkness to them, for they enjoyed the light of Christ in the chamber, and their abode turned into the pavilion of God. The bread of necessity was sweetened by the flagon of the wine of Christ's love. We wonder at some humble heroes of faith and patience. Yes; and heroines too! There are unpublished melodies more beautiful than any that were ever sung to any instrument. They have come from suffering spirits, made glad and restful in the Lord. Blessed truth! There is no burdened heart reading these words but may find Rest in Christ. He asks us to understand *Him*—to know Him by trusting Him and obeying Him. This if we all do, we shall become Christian sufferers that, though they keep their wound, lose its pain, and though they carry their responsibilities, yet lose the burden of all anxious care.

DOLLY SEFTON'S MISTAKE.

"**M**OTHER dear, do you think we can do with a visitor?" Dolly Sefton said, looking up from an open letter. "I've just had a note from Amy Harding saying she is not very well, and longs for a breath of fresh country air, and a look at our roses."

"Roses in September!" Mrs. Sefton interrupted impatiently. "If she said she was interested in our new threshing machine I could understand it. But there! I never had any patience with the girl. Doesn't know a green gosling from a hedgehog, and couldn't tell whether turnips grow on trees or carrots in a conservatory. But have her by all means, Dolly, if you like," and Mrs. Sefton bustled away to her farmyard, wondering very much what her sensible, practical, industrious little daughter could see in a dainty, city-bred, mincing young lady like Amy Harding. Dolly meantime read her letter and read

it again. She was a simple, warm-hearted, unaffected little country girl, born and brought up on a farm that had been the admiration of the parish during her father's lifetime, and was the wonder and envy since, for Mrs. Sefton managed it as surely no farm was ever managed before. She was a woman who always said "Come and do this," instead of "Go and do that," and the result was simply marvellous. One day the farm would be Dolly's. It had been in the possession of the Seftons for a couple of hundred years. Thrift and industry for two generations had considerably increased its value, and in the village of Bover Dolly was considered almost an heiress. On the strength of that, her mother sent her for a year to a fashionable boarding-school to be "finished," and there she made the acquaintance of Amy Harding, whose father was a fashionable doctor in London. The girls kept up an intermittent correspondence. Amy once spent a fortnight

at Longgrass farm, and Dolly spent four delightful, bewildering days in Kensington. Then came a long silence, followed by a brisk correspondence of a few months; and then Dolly wrote to tell her friend a wonderful piece of news—she was going to be married.

"Not immediately, of course," she said, in her quiet, unemotional way; "but Robert and I are engaged, and I'm sure you will be glad to hear that a good man wishes to make me his wife."

Amy laughed at the sober, earnest letter. "Just like dear, prim little Dolly. I can hardly imagine her being in love or engaged," she said, laughing merrily. "Her whole soul seemed too bound up in crops and chickens, and making butter, and I should like to see the good man, too, who wishes to marry Dolly Sefton. I must pay a visit to Longgrass Farm."

So she wrote a loving if rather gushing letter, full of nice wishes and congratulations, and expressed a keen wish to see her dear friend, drink milk, smell roses, and astonish the natives generally—first, by her beauty; second, by her elaborate costumes; but most of all by her supreme and refreshing ignorance of everything connected with country life. Gregson, the head man, smiled scornfully at her questions. He did not believe such ignorance natural, for his own part, and not her pretty face nor her pretty ways could reconcile him to her, while she did not know the difference between after-grass and mangold wurzels. Mrs. Sefton, too, was pityingly condescending, and offered to teach Amy how to become a good housewife; but she laughed, and held up her pretty hands in comic despair.

"We never keep house in London, Mrs. Sefton," she explained. "Papa sometimes tells the house-keeper if he wants anything particular; she tells the cook, and there it is at dinner. If I were to say a single word, she would probably leave!"

"But suppose you were to marry a man poorer than your papa—what then, my dear?" Mrs. Sefton asked gravely.

"Oh! but I won't; and if I did papa would have to give us money," Amy replied carelessly. "I don't in the very least know how to be poor!"

Dolly thought of those words when she was writing to Amy, and did not forget to mention that Robert Ashton, the man she was going to marry, was very poor.

"He's only our curate—not very handsome nor clever, but so good," she said, in her simple, straightforward way, "and we love each other dearly!"

Amy thought she would like to see Dolly's lover, and in a few days was on her way to Longgrass Farm, having easily persuaded her father that a few days in the country would do her good.

Dolly was pleased in a quiet way to see her friend, but she would have been just as happy alone under the heavy-fruited trees in the dim fragrant garden, sewing quietly and thinking of Robert.

He was not particularly pleased when he heard of the coming of Miss Harding. He could not get to the farm very frequently, as the vicar was old and

feeble, and there was a good deal of work to be done in the parish; and when he did have an hour to spare, he liked Dolly all to himself. They could talk over the happy future, discuss their plans, and spend in anticipation the dowry Mrs. Sefton promised her in furnishing their new house. The presence of a third person could hardly be welcome, and a young fashionable lady from London, who would exact all sorts of attention, and require to be perpetually amused, would be simply intolerable.

Robert Ashton had lived in London once, and mixed in the same sort of society as Amy Harding. He knew far better than Dolly how dull she would find a country farm-house, despite all her protestations to the contrary, and how little hesitation she would have in amusing herself as best she could. The reality exceeded even his imagination. Amy came down prepared to be graciously patronising to the lovers, instead of which she became prettily imperious to Robert Ashton, and almost ignored Dolly. He was good-looking, despite Dolly's disclaimer, and accomplished, and every time he came to the farm she made him sing, or turn over her music, or talk with her in the twilight, or read Tennyson under the apple trees, while she lounged in a low chair, and Dolly stitched away industriously at dainty and useful articles intended for her new home. Robert did not altogether like Amy's complete appropriation of his time and attention, and yet he could not help being amused at her unconscious egotism and selfishness. Dolly, stitching placidly, saw it all with a curious dull sensation of pain. Amy evidently liked Robert, and was doing all in her power to fascinate him. He seemed only too willing to be pleased, and neither took much notice of her. They often talked of things she knew nothing about, places she had never seen, people she had never heard of; she thought her lover was enjoying Amy's society too much to take any heed of her, forgetting that Robert was too courteous to show any want of civility to her friend, and being a proud little woman, with plenty of self-control, Dolly gave no sign that she noticed what was going on. Amy's fortnight lengthened to a month. "Glad September" gave place to brown October, and she was still amusing herself at Longgrass Farm, and from constant companionship Robert found himself frequently thinking of pretty Amy Harding.

One day he started suddenly, as from a dream, gave himself an angry shake, and resolved to go home for a week. Dr. Stuart, the vicar, grumbled, but Robert was firm, and that afternoon he went to say good-bye to Dolly. He found her in the garden, and had only time to say a few hurried words of farewell before Amy joined them.

"Going by the four train—how delightful!" she said, when he was gone. "I'm so glad I did not go this morning, as I intended. I hate travelling alone!"

Dolly did not drive Amy to the station that day, and Mrs. Sefton, who had her own ideas, was too

angry and indignant to observe that Robert Ashton looked both genuinely surprised, and the very reverse of being pleased, at seeing who was to be his travelling companion.

"Mother dear, do consent; indeed, the change will do me good," and Dolly looked up entreatingly. "I don't blame Robert a bit—she's ever so much nicer than I am, and I know Amy could not help liking him—who could?"

"He's not worth a second thought; and she—Well, I'm not surprised; but I don't like your running away, Dolly; it looks as if you were grieving for him!"

"I shall grieve a little, mother," was the quiet reply; "but I will not break my heart, nor fret myself into a fever. What I want is a change and occupation. Let me go for six months, mother dear, and I promise to return to you cured. I could not bear to see him just now, and hear what I feel sure he has to tell me. Please let me go!"

"As you will, child; you know best how you feel about the matter; for myself, I'm only angry—very, very angry. Robert Ashton will hear a word or two from me on the subject, and so will Dr. Harding!"

"Oh! no, mother; surely you will not say anything. I should not like Robert to know how I feel, and as for Dr. Harding, what can he possibly have to do with it?"

"He may have a good deal both to do and to say," Mrs. Sefton replied grimly. "Of course, if you have set your heart on going to Chesterton, there is no use in my saying more."

"Thank you, mother dear. I can never remember your denying me anything in my whole life. I am sure a few months with Miss Long will do me a great deal of good."

Chesterton was the county town, and Miss Long the head nurse at the Infirmary. She had lived for many years in Bover, and often spent her holidays with her relatives there. Dolly and she became great friends, and to the simple, quiet country girl, whose life was so uneventful, it seemed simply grand to live in a busy, populous city, and nurse the sick, especially as Miss Long did it for pure love, and from a desire to be useful. She had a good happy home, and no occasion whatever to be a hospital nurse; but Isabel Long was a woman who felt that while there was work to be done in the world it did not behove a woman to sit at home and fold her hands in idleness.

To her, in the first real trouble of her life, Dolly Sefton turned instinctively. She was a quiet, undemonstrative girl, but she felt deeply, and that two of her trusted friends should have proved false, wounded her too sorely for words. A few months amongst people that suffered far more than she did, a glimpse at pain and real misery, she thought, would do her good, and in helping others she might perhaps forget her own pain and sorrow, and become

unmindful of the crushing sense of emptiness that seemed to darken her life.

Before the end of a week she was with Miss Long at Chesterton, thirty miles from Bover, as completely out of Robert Ashton's world—so she thought—as if she never had lived in it; and her mother had taken a holiday, it being a slack time of year on the farm, and gone to visit her own relatives in Devonshire, a thing she had not done for a quarter of a century.

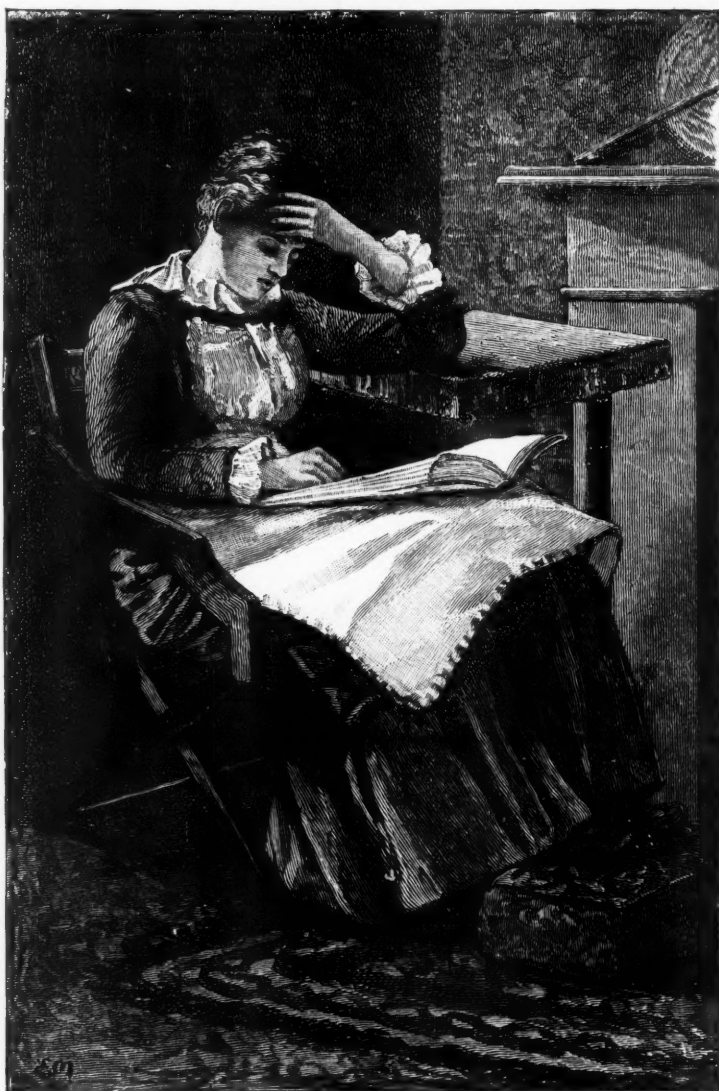
Dolly had no very definite idea of what she was going to do when she went to Chesterton, but Miss Long soon found her occupation. She was not going to be a nurse by profession—her mother would not consent to that; but there were many little things she could do for some of the patients, and Dolly did them cheerfully; but somehow they did not bring the peace and contentment she fancied. Her thoughts would wander to Robert and Amy, and she felt a faint, sad longing, to know how they were getting on. Even when her day's work in the convalescent ward was over (and it was a *real* day's work, with forty querulous patients to be read to, talked to, and amused), and she sat in Miss Long's pretty little room, with an open book on her knee, her thoughts wandered away to Bover, to Longgrass Farm, and to London, where, no doubt, Amy and Robert were enjoying themselves. "I could have borne it better if they had only told me," she said to herself often; "I seem to feel Robert's want of candour as much as his faithlessness. As for Amy, poor girl, she will have to pay dearly enough for her present happiness. She can never make Robert Ashton a fitting wife, nor take an interest in his work." Some such thoughts were flying through her brain, as she sat by the fire one evening, about two months after she left home, apparently reading, in reality "dreaming of the days that were no more," when one of the nurses said there was some one asking for her down-stairs.

"Miss Long says the gentleman can come up here, miss," she added; and almost before she knew it Robert Ashton was in the room.

"Dolly!" he cried, with outstretched hands. "Dolly, my darling! why did you run away without letting me know? Why did you leave me? Why has your mother been so cold, and so reluctantly given me your address? Tell me the truth, darling; anything is better than the suspense I have endured for the last two months!"

"I—I hardly know, Robert," she faltered, seeing truth, love, and loyalty in his face; "but I think, dear, that perhaps I have made a mistake."

Robert thought so too, and it did not need a great deal of persuasion to induce Dolly to return to the farm, and fix an early date for the wedding. There were no explanations nor painful confessions, for Dolly seemed to realise, after that first glance into Robert's face, that Amy Harding, or any one else, could never take her place in his heart. Mrs. Sefton forgave Robert too, and seemed a little ashamed of her



"She sat with an open book upon her knee."—p. 375.

suspicions, but she could not so easily forgive Amy, whose thoughtless vanity caused them all so much pain.

Dolly's mistake had one good result. She never doubted Robert again; no single shadow of mistrust ever clouded her happy married life. Mrs. Sefton still lives on at the farm, and Robert is no longer a poor curate, but vicar of the pleasant and prosperous

parish of Bover, where Dolly's two months' nursing experience and training serve her in good stead amongst the poor. They never mention Amy Harding, nor has she ever invited herself to Long-grass Farm or the Vicarage, and perhaps we may gather from this that she is a little ashamed of the part she played, and sorry for the pain she so thoughtlessly caused Dolly Sefton.

H.

THE DOOR OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY IN VERSE.

THERE came to a golden portal
 Together, at close of day,
 A little blue-eyed maiden,
 An old man worn and grey.
 By diverse paths they had travelled
 To meet outside that door;
 They had scaled the rugged mountains
 And crossed the gloomy moor;
 And the feet of the child were bleeding,
 And torn the old man's hands,
 Climbing Earth's thorny summits,
 Pacing Earth's arid sands.
 Timidly at that portal
 The little maiden tapped,
 Waiting till it should open,
 With eager face and rapt,
 But the old man cowered before it,
 With downcast eyes and sad—
 Faint hope of a joyous entrance
 That weary wanderer had!
 Slowly the great door opened,
 And One with looks so mild
 Stood there on the threshold asking
 "What wouldst thou here, my child?"
 A star on His forehead glittered,
 And His robes were dazzling white:
 "What wouldst thou here, little maiden,
 At the portal of Life and Light?"
 "O Sir," the young child answered,
 "I have followed your guiding star,
 I have crossed the terrible mountains,
 I have come so far—so far!
 "For I wished to be found for ever
 Where God's dear children be—
 Kind Sir, please let me enter;
 Have pity, I pray, on me!"
 Then the Porter, stooping, kissed her,
 And laid His hand on her head,
 And up in His arms He took her,
 And, tenderly smiling, said:
 "In sooth, my child, you are welcome,
 One very dear to Me!
 Come hither, and I will show you
 Where God's dear children be!
 "For I know in the horrible desert,
 In the midst of peril and sin,
 That My guiding star you have followed,
 And kept you pure within!"
 Wistfully then the old man
 Looked up, and moaned and wept,
 Then with despairing gesture
 To the feet of the Porter crept:
 "I also have crossed the mountains
 And paced Earth's arid sands—

"Alas," said the Porter sadly,
 "For the brow that Satan brands!
 "Speak now! In the horrible desert,
 In the midst of peril and sin,
 My guiding star hast thou followed,
 And kept thee pure within?
 "Thou art silent—thou canst not answer!
 Thy looks betray thy fear,
 For only the souls of the righteous
 Can hope to enter here!
 "And thou—thy heart go question,
 What hast thou denied for Me!—
 I pass no slave of the passions
 Where God's dear children be."
 "Nay, take the old man with you
 Whilst I wait here instead!"
 Cried the little maiden, weeping;
 But the Porter shook His head.
 "Only," said He, "who conquer
 Themselves in the earthly strife,
 Find sure is the promise and price
 That Death is the Gate of Life."
 "True," wearily sighed the old man,
 "But even at close of day,
 Thou hast said, the lost returning
 Thou wilt not cast away;
 "And I, though my soul is polluted
 By sin, and seared my brow,
 Believe that Thy hand in mercy
 Can cleanse me even now!"
 With a look of deep compassion
 (Ne'er was such marvel seen!),
 "Rise up," said the Porter, gently,
 "I will that thou be clean.
 "I have not forgotten My promise,
 My word let no man doubt;
 Still, whosoever cometh,
 I will not cast him out!"
 Then on the old man's forehead
 He placed a pierced hand—
 Passed from his soul the darkness,
 And from his brow the brand!
 And the child looked up at the Porter
 With a smile so fond and dear;
 And she saw in His eyes of pity
 The glistening of a tear!
 Then, on through the golden portal
 Together, at close of day,
 Went the little blue-eyed maiden,
 And the old man worn and grey;
 Following the Porter's guidance—
 What guide so good as He?—
 They have come at last to the garden
 Where God's dear children be!

J. H. D.

RESERVE FORCE IN CHARACTER.*

BY THE REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D., NEW YORK, AUTHOR OF "JOHN KNOX," ETC.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.



UT another means of acquiring this reserve force is the constant habit of watchful obedience. When in times of excitement and danger a great leader comes suddenly to the front and shows that he has the very qualities which the occasion needs, it will always be found that he has been preparing himself—unconsciously perhaps, but yet really—for years, by the careful discipline of daily labour, for the work which is now so successfully done by him. While others were asleep he was at his toil, and by the study of many earnest months, and perhaps also the labour of many midnight hours, he has been laying up that reserve supply on which at the moment of necessity he was able to draw. Thus though the revelation of his ability may have been sudden, the growth of it has been gradual; and because in times of quiet and safety he kept up the discipline of work, the emergency which swept others into oblivion has only floated him into fame.

But the same thing holds in the spiritual department. If in our daily life we seek to form and maintain by the help of the Holy Spirit, and through faith in Christ, a holy character, then when the testing hour comes we shall be able to stand. But if we have been satisfying ourselves with merely nominal Christianity, and have not endeavoured to carry out in every respect the principles of the Gospel, then the crisis of sudden temptation or unexpected trial will only reveal our weakness, and we shall be proved to be none of Christ's. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much," and by doing every thing, even the most minute, as unto the Lord, we shall acquire strength for the doing of that which is greatest and most difficult.

The daily work of the blacksmith not only leaves as its result the articles which that day he has made, but adds also a certain deposit to the strength of his arm and the skill in his craft, which he has in store for the undertaking of something else. So every time we perform a duty out of regard to Christ, the soul is made thereby so much the stronger for something else; and every time we overcome a temptation through faith in Christ, the soul is made thereby so much the mightier for the resistance of the next assault. The daily life of the man who meets every duty as something to be done for Jesus, and bears every trial as something to be borne for Jesus, has

its result not only in the doing of these duties and the bearing of these trials, but also in the deposit of reserve force, which is left thereby in the character for future exigencies.

Here, as it seems to us, is the full meaning of that store of oil which the wise virgins carried with them; and if that be so, it gives new point to the injunction at the close of the parable, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." For the Son of Man is coming to us every hour of every day. Each new hour brings new duties and responsibilities from Him to us. The last one we have had laid some new obligation on us. It brought with it some work to be done, or some evil to be resisted, or some privilege to be improved. Have we risen to the occasion? Have we done the work, or resisted the evil, or improved the privilege, for Christ's sake? Then we have come out of that hour stronger than we were when we went into it. We have brought out of it with us some reserve force of character on which we may afterwards draw. But if we have neglected the duty, or slighted the privilege, or yielded to the evil, then we have come out of that hour weaker than we were when we entered it, and less able than before to resist the temptation by which we may be beset.

Thus, whether we will confess it to ourselves or not, there is a constant process going on within us either of invigoration or deterioration; we are making either deposits in, or drafts upon, the character within us, according as we seek every day to serve the Lord in all things, or to serve ourselves. If we meet Christ continually as He comes to us in the common duties of a common day, we shall not be alarmed when at last He comes in state with the flaming outriders of His majesty. He is the same Christ, and our acquaintance with Himself will keep us from being terrified with the accessories that are round about Him.

And it is to be remembered that we cannot draw upon each other here, for when the crisis comes each has to face it for himself. In the house of a well-known citizen of Boston there is an exquisite group in marble representing the wise and foolish virgins. The wise is kneeling in the act of trimming her lamp; and the foolish, with a face full of the most pathetic entreaty, seems begging from her a share of the oil which she is pouring in to feed the flame; but her sister, with a look of inexpressible sadness, and her hand uplifted as if to guard her treasure, is as if she were saying, "Not so!" It is a touch-

* Copyright.

ing rendering of the wonderful parable, and we were not surprised to hear that as a well-known New England essayist looked at it he said, "She should have given her the oil."

Who has not often sympathised with that feeling as he has read the parable? We are apt to think that the five sisters were a little stingy, and that their selfishness was not at all in keeping with the benevolence which the Gospel enjoins. But to such an objection the answer made by the owner of the group to the man of genius is conclusive: "If," said he, "you and your neighbour have each signed a bill for a certain sum, to fall due on a certain date, and you by dint of energy, and perseverance, and economy, have been able to lay by just enough to meet your own obligation, while your neighbour, wasting his hours on trifles, has made no provision for the day of settlement; and if on the morning on which the bills fall due, he should come beseeching you to give him some of your money to help to pay his debt, would you give it him?" That is a pecuniary illustration, and there is no evading the force of the argument, even when it is so put. But the parable treats of character, and the very pith and marrow of its teaching is that character is not transferable. You cannot give to another that reserve force which you have accumulated in yourself through God's grace in a long experience of holy living, neither can you receive from him

any quality which days of trial and obedience have wrought out in him. As a thoughtful writer has said, "Every person represents something, stands for something; as was said of Bias, the wise Greek, 'Himself is the treasure that a whole life has gathered.' He stands for the wealth of being that a thousand struggles have contributed to form." Now he cannot, if he would, give that away. He cannot, if he would, share that with another. Each one must make character for himself. How important, therefore, that we should make it after the pattern and on the principles of the Lord Jesus. Here is the plan, "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

Thus the faith is the first, and the love is the keystone. But the faith must itself rest on Christ. Let us begin with that, and go on after this plan; and let us be careful also to take the vessel of reserve. Let us draw deep out of the Scriptures; let us be habitual in our application to the Mercy Seat; let us meet Christ as He comes to us in the events of every day. Thus, curiously enough, the longer our lamps burn, the larger, too, will our reserve of oil become, and in the end an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

A REAL BIT OF SUNSHINE.

NO one living near the Clapham Road has a right to be melancholy, for there is sunshine enough and to spare at the Stockwell Orphanage, and to mingle with the children there must assuredly conquer the "blues." It was a cold, bitter morning when our journeyings landed us at the entrance, where we were confronted first by a fire-escape, then by a number of merry, chattering boys, just out of morning school; they wore no uniform, and seemed as free as air—as much unlike the Oliver Twist sort of poor boy as heart need wish. Besides the grounds, they have a large covered play-room, where tongues and feet were hard at work, silenced instantly by the headmaster's signal, to do double duty later on. The boys were skipping away as dexterously as girls, and the exercise is encouraged for the sake of their health, as many children sheltered here inherit weak constitutions from their parents. Everywhere beautiful texts were shining, such as "Love one another." "When I awake I am still

with thee;" and everywhere, too, fires leaped and danced with a generous warmth that many a child, was evidently enjoying.

This institution being as little like an institution as possible, the children live in families, each house being superintended by a matron, who has the help of a trustworthy woman. The boys and girls take part in the household work, though they are in school morning and afternoon; and some of the exercise-books we saw would do credit to our little folks trained in expensive schools. One child quite bordered on the poetic in her composition concerning Thomas à Becket, but the fires of authorship had not spoiled the clear, neat handwriting which the teachers are successfully forming. Some well-meaning friends have afflicted the lending library with literature of severely antiquarian appearance; we were not surprised to hear that the children are far more eager to obtain bright, healthy story-books, and perhaps the book-shelves of some of our readers possess two or three volumes of this class which would go round and round the Orphanage, bearing ceaseless delight.

The girls' houses are opposite those of the boys, the grounds lying between. They play parted by no formidable fence or wall (instantly suggesting thoughts of climbing), but by a neutral garden-path, and a pretty raised bank, and

philanthropy which was extending its benefits to her need, but a large doll (the "baby" of No. 1 house) was brought into prominent notice, and established on the lap of sorrow, and ere we left little Lily was in a condition to under-



A REAL BIT OF SUNSHINE.

as it is perfectly easy to invade forbidden territory, of course nobody wants to.

In one house that we visited, a little girl in mourning (one of a family of ten) had just come in, much afflicted at the sight of so many fresh faces; the kind, sensible matron knew better than to reason with the child just then concerning the

stand a promise of remembrance at Christmas-time.

What child existing does not revel in the possession of a *cupboard*, to be arranged and rearranged, tidied and untidied, with regularity? We rejoiced to see that at Stockwell each child owns a locker, where such entrancing pursuits can

go on indefinitely, and where juvenile treasures may withdraw to retirement. This is one of the many surrounding tokens of a real children's home that we find is represented already in the golden streets, for children who have shared its love and passed to heaven are tenderly remembered here. On one of the houses there is this inscription—

BRAY'S BRICKS.

IN MEMORY OF ERNEST EDGAR BRAY, ONCE OF THIS ORPHANAGE, BUT NOW OF THE FATHER'S HOUSE. HE GAVE HIS LITTLE SAVINGS TO THIS HOUSE JUST BEFORE HE FELL ASLEEP; MARCH 9, 1880.

To the infirmary (happily as a rule very free from serious illness) Mr. Spurgeon, the head of the Orphanage, has come sometimes to pray by a dying child, and to brighten the little sufferer by the gift of a bird, or cake, or sweet flowers from Mentone, and better still the touch of a loving hand.

It seemed natural to hear that the orphans give little trouble; child-nature must be more depraved than we can imagine if evil can be victorious at Stockwell, where friends meet on Sundays to conduct children's services and a Sunday-school, and where some of the young ones gather to-

gether in bands for prayer. They are taught the truths of our common Christianity, the "cottage-homes" receiving children of parents belonging to every Christian denomination. Orphanhood and need are the required conditions; nor is there any voting system, for a committee selects the cases in order of helplessness. Mr. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, gratefully receives any money-aid towards supporting the boys and girls, but gifts of food, clothes, toys, etc., should be sent to the Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, headmaster at the Orphanage.

As we left the children behind, we were shown the new board-room, with its painted window representing Mr. Spurgeon and another gentleman debating the foundation of these homes with a lady—the widow of a clergyman—who gave £20,000 as a nest-egg for the work. Day by day the three kindly faces look quietly out from a setting of beautiful tints, touching them less gently, less tenderly than the prayers of the poor they have blessed; and above them, round the top of the window, is the motto of the Home—"God's Providence is our Inheritance."

SHORT ARROWS.

A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD.

THE description of the French charity—unpretending but very real—that is carried on in Paris under the title of "*L'œuvre de la bouchée de pain*," may be new to our readers. It was instituted by M. Bourrief, and it consists in the gift of a slice of bread and a glass of water to any hungry wayfarer who likes to rest awhile within the simple shelter, where he finds a counter and two long benches, and a neatly attired attendant who offers him refreshment without any hesitation or questions as to his business. Bread and water can attract only those who are in danger of starvation, so the charity is not likely to be abused, and it is well suggested that a similar movement might be started in London on behalf of the destitute and wandering. We hear that great success has attended this work of compassion abroad; who knows how many hopeless ones have gathered courage, how many fainting lives have been strengthened anew because pitying hearts and hands have fulfilled the Saviour's bidding, "Give ye them to eat"?

A WORD IN SEASON.

About fifty-five years ago, two young men, just starting on the journey of life, were taking an evening walk together, when one of them found courage to speak a word for Jesus, and besought his careless companion to consecrate his life to the

service of God. Up to this time the other had neglected his Bible, and left off even the form of prayer, but he could not forget the appeal. When he reached home he knelt down, and saw his need of a Saviour as never before, and he ever after cherished the memory of that occasion as the date when he was first led to seek the Lord. He who had not been ashamed to own his Master before his friend, went out afterwards to labour as a missionary in Jamaica, whilst the one whose spirit had yielded to his entreaty remained behind to interest himself for thirty-eight years (as long as health and strength remained to him) in Christian labours, and especially in the religious training of children and young people. The influence of that wayside word, spoken in the name of the Lord, will spread from generation to generation unto eternity.

IN SEARCH OF ROSES.

Now, when the bright summer days are rapidly drawing nearer to us, we begin to ask ourselves, "Where shall we go for our summer holiday?" Do we, when we are planning our own pleasure, ever give a thought to those poor little ones for whom there is no holiday from year's end to year's end—whose whole year must be spent in the crowded court or alley of our great city? We can at least lend a hand to the Children's Fresh Air Mission, which is endeavouring to help these helpless little ones, finding out little pale faces in garret and alley, and sending them for three weeks

into rural districts in search of roses. Some responsible resident undertakes to supervise them, and cottagers take in the little ones at 5s. a week, giving them motherly care which money cannot purchase. Some of them for the first time see farmyard animals, the delightful process of hay-making, and many a beautiful page of nature hitherto unopened to them; and the fact is revealed to their shadowed and overcrowded lives that there is plenty of room for everybody in God's bright and beautiful world. In 1884 nearly thirteen hundred children were thus set free among the flowers, and many more may be helped this year if our readers will respond to the appeal made by the treasurer, Mr. Walter Hazell, 6, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. To go back to their cheerless London homes is very hard for the children; sometimes their country friends soften the "good-bye" by a suggestion of seeing them again "next year;" and it is possible to procure the fulfilment of many a childish hope and dream, even where we cannot subscribe to the funds of the Mission, by offering to receive or distribute little visitors in country places.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

About four years ago a few Christian men knelt down together and started the Bowery Mission, New York, in the name and for the sake of God. Since then, the one room they rented has expanded into the whole house, and the doors have been opened every night, that the Gospel hymns may echo to the streets, where, amid saloons, dancing-halls, etc., there pours a ceaseless crowd, representing almost every nation and tongue. The upper part of the Mission Hall is comfortably fitted up for young men; the room below is large and bright, and therein has been uttered many a testimony as to salvation from misery and sin. One young fellow wandered into the Mission on the day he came out of prison, and was led to the Cross of Calvary. He is now superintendent of another mission, and his case is not exceptional, for the singing brought in ex-convicts idly lounging by, who before leaving the service cried to God for mercy. The "Jerry MacAuley" Mission, New York, was commenced twelve years ago; the superintendent was formerly a slave to drink, but in that dark district he now proclaims the Saviour day and night. At the twelfth anniversary, merchants and sons of toil, silk and cotton garments crowded together to praise the Lord for young and old, needy and hopeless ones brought by this Mission to the Mercy Seat. The superintendent has been left a fortune, but he goes on working to save poor drunkards, and his labours are richly blessed.

"BEHOLD, THY SALVATION COMETH."

Many persons believe that the Jews have a glorious and culminating part to play in the history of the race, and that the Christian Jew is he who can best interpret the Old and New Testaments, throwing

antiquarian light on dark passages, and seeing all heaven and earth with the eyes of Abraham, David, and Paul. Speaking of his love for the Hebrew inspired writers, an eminent author said, "And how can I but love their *children*, and yearn over them with unspeakable pity?" Many a heart that shares this yearning will rejoice in the words of Joseph Rabinowitch, an influential Jewish leader, who has found favour in official circles, and received permission to introduce his writings into Russia. Surely the Lord has remembered His people when M. Rabinowitch thus appeals:—"Children of Jacob, let us take each other by the hand and return to Jehovah. Let us rise and take upon us His yoke, under which there is rest for every living soul; let us unite together to bend our knees before our Brother, Jesus of Nazareth, our *Messiah*, Who was, Who is, and Who shall be for ever."

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

The following testimony was lately given by a working man, and it may cheer those who labour amongst the young:—"I don't know exactly how to put it, but I've heard tell as how teachers of little children don't get much encouragement, and don't see much fruit of their trouble. Well, I think the lady that takes the infant class and teaches our little chap would like to know what good he has done me with one of his hymns. I'd got an anxious load to bear, and I was carrying it on my mind day and night, never thinking about the Lord, Who could have given me rest, but I became so worried that one night I lay tossing about and couldn't get a bit of sleep, I was that perplexed. Our little boy was ill, and he woke up restless too, but what does he do in the dark but break out into singing, and it seemed like a message right into my heart; it was only a child's hymn, learnt among the infants, but it was just what I wanted then. My little chap sang on about Him I had forgotten, and then and there I was able to gather up my trouble every bit, and I took it to my Father."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

In the year 1842, two travellers returning from Africa to England (to seek for workers who would build in that Dark Continent a habitation for the Lord) were driven by the trade winds, their ship being struck by lightning and dismantled, across the Atlantic to the West Indies. There many a heart was roused to enthusiasm, and many came forward for the fight against superstition, disease, and vice. When the two pioneers reached England, one of those who rose up for mission service was Alfred Saker; nearly forty years later, after a lifetime of danger and difficulty, he cried in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, (breathing his fading strength into the words), "Oh, that I had another life to go out there! Should we not give the African some of our bread and a draught of our water?" The improved condition of the natives, and their interest in the Gospel and sacred singing,

are pledges that even for Africa the day of grace has dawned. China still appeals for believers who will take up the warfare of the Lord; it is possible that recent events in Tonkin may actually open a door for Christian work, and on every side there is a cry for labourers for the waiting harvest-fields. We heard lately of one young man, distinguished in cricketing circles, who has been so deeply impressed by the love of God to his own soul, that, leaving all else, he has devoted himself to missionary service in China.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

A Bible colporteur travelling in Germany, and meeting here and there, like his fellow-workers, with resistance and discouragement, stopped to read and pray with a dying youth, and several others in the house heard him speaking of eternal things. After seven years he had again occasion to visit that neighbourhood, and a woman greeted him joyfully with the tidings that she had long been a believer, and her daughters and her son were also converted. The colporteur's words years since had led her to seek the Saviour; and though he had himself forgotten the incident, he was greatly cheered when one of the daughters reminded him she had been then a little girl, and like the rest of the family she was in much distress, but her heart had treasured the beautiful German lines the visitor repeated to them. The colporteur realised how much blessed fruit unknown by us will be visible hereafter, and he laid again to heart the verse with which he had comforted them:—

"Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
He will hear thy faintest word;
Tell Him all thy soul's distress—
He in grace will surely bless."

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT."

The Rev. P. B. Power's little book, "Further Proceedings of Mr. Truffle," sets forth, in the author's happiest vein the claims of the worn and aged workers of the London City Mission, veterans who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and who ought certainly to be allowed to rest, and to be spared a little before they go hence. We provide for the declining years of those who have fought our battles by land and sea; surely, by the accumulation of little upon little, some substantial endowment will be forthcoming for the heroes of the Cross, who perhaps for fifty years have known difficulty, discomfort, and weariness for the sake of their Lord. Not that they are likely to spend their retirement in arm-chairs! We read of them: in old age ministering in forest-depths to gipsies, receiving inquirers at their cottages, doing good service by their very presence in the villages to which they have retreated, and where their devoted zeal seems to lift them above their infirmities. Of one who set apart a room in his house for the reception of criminals (and whose forty-four years of toil contained marvels surpassing fiction), it is said "he preferred to work on to the last, doing what he could." As a specimen of the usage

sometimes received by these undaunted men, we note an instance in which a missionary was entrapped into a house on pretence of being needed by a sick person, and where he found himself a prisoner, reviled and ridiculed by a crowd outside. He drew back for earnest prayer, and then opened the window, Bible in hand read the 53rd of Isaiah, and preached the Gospel to the astonished throng. He was presently released, after the exclamation, "Well, certainly the fellow has pluck!"

WINNING THE BATTLE.

One out of many cases in which a heart on fire with love to God and man has conquered coldness and resistance is that of a young man who met the Christian visitor's first conversation with the words, "Don't trouble me; I am all right," but who, being called upon again in his illness, declared, weeping, that he had been thinking about religion, and he was not fit to die. The missionary spoke to him of the love of God in laying down His life for us, and next day he heard that "Jim" had borrowed a hymn-book from a child whom he had heard singing "Jesus is mine." The poor young fellow seemed able now to appropriate the words, and sang, in his feeble voice—

"Now I have found a Friend—Jesus is mine."

Tired with singing and speaking of the mercy of Jesus, the sick man fell asleep, but smiled even in unconsciousness. Then he himself took up the preacher's part, for, when he felt able, he sent for his "mates," and begged them to seek the Saviour, who had forgiven him. Towards midnight, the heart of late so careless and despairing engaged in prayer, and then, with a parting cry of triumph, entered into rest.

"THE CHURCH'S TREASURES."

A tender and beautiful title this—bestowed by a minister on the 50,000 children of the ragged-schools who are being shaped by faith and prayer to shine, we trust, for ever, "when He cometh to make up His jewels." "I remember many lads who have turned out a credit to us," says one of those who count it a privilege to be a ragged-school teacher. "Only the other day a smart fellow saluted me, and reminded me that but for the education we gave him he would then have been a street arab; he is now a sergeant in the City Police." In one of the schools the master objected to the learning of a daily text of Scripture as unnecessary; but on his death-bed he said that if those texts had done no other good, they had proved a blessing to *him*, for they were then his comfort and support. But the truths of religion have taken hold of *many*; boys and girls have been lifted from the very lowest depths, and though they have come to school in some cases simply to create disorder by putting out the lights, letting birds fly, setting dogs loose, etc., it has been found possible not only to control them, but to change them into blessings for our city, our land, and our colonies.

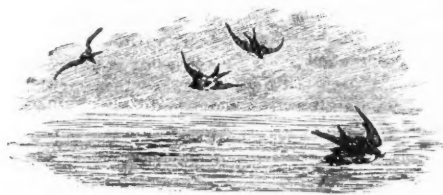
"I HAVE MUCH PEOPLE IN THIS CITY."

Atheism and superstition have their votaries in beautiful France, but the shadows are passing, for after centuries of resistance Paris is open to receive the Gospel. In June, 1879, a company of French, American, and English pastors and friends quietly assembled to constitute the Paris City Mission, and every knee was bent, and the blessing of God implored upon the new society; now, despite the prevalence of infidel-halls, there is within the French heart a craving for religion, and a desire to hear both sides as to Bible truth. At first the people could scarcely understand the novelty of a Christian man seeking them, Bible in hand, to talk about salvation; but the quiet work from house to house goes on, in addition to public efforts for Christ, and many a glorious success is the result. One whose attention had been aroused by the missionary was

asked on his death-bed the question, "Are you saved?" and smiling, whispered, "*It is done!*"

A BOOK FOR THESE TIMES.

In Dr. Momerie's recently published sermons on "Agnosticism" (William Blackwood and Sons) there is much food for thought; and though the preacher contents himself with demonstrating the fallacies of agnosticism, rather than emphasising the truths of revealed religion, it is scarcely necessary to say that he has performed his allotted task with marked ability and success. These sermons are well worthy the attention of ministers and others who are called upon to deal with the heresies of the day. Our readers will not be able to endorse Professor Momerie's views in some particulars; still, these pages will be sure to convey many useful and valuable suggestions to a thoughtful mind.



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

55. Who was it caused a national rebellion by refusing good advice?
56. What prophet fled for his life when threatened by a woman?
57. What people were specially commended by God for their obedience?
58. What king was specially punished by God for his disobedience?
59. In what way did the inhabitants of Keilah show their ingratitude to David?
60. On what occasion did Aaron lay aside his High Priest's dress when serving in the Tabernacle?
61. What two prophets made use of a "girdle" to illustrate their teaching?
62. What commandment is denominated as "The Royal Law"?
63. The prophet Amos, speaking of the Captivity, says, "I will carry you away beyond Damascus." In what way does this differ from the statement made afterwards by St. Stephen?
64. What two persons are mentioned as having saved St. Paul's life?
65. What act of cruelty is reported of the descendants of Simeon in the days of King Hezekiah?
66. On what day of the week was the vision of God granted to St. John in the Isle of Patmos?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

46. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." (Matt. xix. 24.)
47. Speaking to the Apostles of their Missionary Work, Jesus says, "Verily I say unto you, ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come." (Matt. x. 23.)
48. "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend you." (Matt. vii. 6.)
49. The women of Israel are told to borrow of their neighbours and of those who sojourn in their houses. (Exod. iii. 22.)
50. The charge of idleness ("Ye are idle"). Among the Egyptians idleness was considered as a great sin, and one for which punishment would be inflicted in the final judgment. (Exod. v. 17.)
51. The plague of lice, of which the magicians said, "This is the finger of God." (Exod. viii. 19.)
52. It is said, "He that feared the Lord among the servants of Pharaoh made his servants and his cattle flee into the houses." (Exod. ix. 20.)
53. By laying down the principle of giving to man the submission due to his authority, and to God the honour due to Him. (Matt. xxii. 21.)
54. He teaches slaves to be obedient to their masters, to be honest and gentle, and to try and please in all things. (Titus ii. 9, 10.)

MAY-FLOWERS.

Oh, buy my flowers, sweet flowers, where dews
are shining,
Fair, clustering blossoms, whispering of the May;
At early morn, where woodland paths are twining,
All tenderly I bore these buds away.

The tide of busy life rolls by unheeding,
The crowd moves onward like a surging sea—
No time to listen to a woman's pleading,
No thought, my baby sweet! for you and
me.



For sake of little lips to sunlight breaking,
When unto children's eyes the flowers appear,
For sake of sick ones, unto comfort waking
When once again they feel the fragrance near,

Oh, buy my flowers! my buds of consolation,
That come as heralds of the summer rose;
Spread ye afar their holy ministration
Of deathless hope amid a city's woes.

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They see not, 'mid the tumult and the riot,
The lack of bread—the tears that fain would fall—
Nor that green grave, o'erlaid now and quiet,
Where, oh, my baby! we have laid our all.

Yet clasping *these*, my flowers of resurrection,
And hushing *you*, how can I know despair?
Our God hath all things in His vast protection,
And He will hearken to the widow's prayer.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

BY THE REV. E. L. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO HER MAJESTY'S FORCES.



YOUNG married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time.

Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass soon broken. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.

"Drive gently over the stones!" This piece of advice, which is frequently given to inexperienced whips, may be respectfully suggested to the newly married. There are stony places on the road to happiness which, if not carefully driven over, may upset the domestic coach. The first rock ahead which should be marked "dangerous" is the first year of married life. Here, especially, it is the first step that costs; as a rule, the first year either mars or makes a marriage. During this period errors may be committed which will cast a shadow over every year that follows.

On awakening suddenly from sleep we feel put out and rather cross. May not the young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship and the fascination of the honeymoon? Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered,

and settled. For the first time, husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married state to which the other has to grow accustomed. They have now to live no longer for themselves, but for each other, and the lesson is not learned in a moment. In all things indifferent the husband and wife must be willing to yield, however new it may be to them, however different from what they themselves thought. Self must be sacrificed in order thereby to gain the help of another beloved existence. A lady once asked Dr. Johnson how in his Dictionary he came to define *pastern* the *knee* of a horse; he immediately answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commencement of the matrimonial journey. The young couple have not yet learned the dangerous places of the road, and, as a consequence, they drive carelessly over them.

Newly married people are generally warned by their more experienced elders to beware of the first dispute; and certainly a want of self-restraint mars home life more than anything else. Still "it's hardly in a body's power to keep at times from being sour," and we must not attach undue importance to the little tiffs of early married life. Generally speaking, there is not much fault on either side. Some men are inclined to be cross in the early morning, or on returning home in the evening, because their minds are intent on unpalatable items in the day's business. Forewarned is forearmed; the fact that it is so should be duly recognised, and nothing done to ruffle or annoy them. It is a great mistake for a man, in his early married life, to be overdone with domesticity. The young wife, if she is wise, does not insist on her husband giving up his club, male friends, and all the interests of bachelorship. She, probably, is quite content with his company alone, but she is aware that a man is apt to weary of the *toujours perdrix*. Appearances should not be disregarded in home life; husbands attach much importance to what others think of their wives and their homes. It is a part of the science of home life to present a good face to the world; it argues bad housekeeping to be seen at a disadvantage. At the same time the young wife must never dwindle down into a mere housekeeper and head nurse, with a spice of the dressmaker. She must keep her place as a companion. A good wife is a priceless treasure; and the husband is none the worse that he is made to realise she is a lady, and to be treated as such.

Surround your lord with tender care and thought for his comfort, but it does not become you to fetch and carry, and wait on him hand and foot, or he will come to expect it as a right, and think the less of you rather than the more therefore. From the very first expect and demand respect, and you will get it.

"How," said a gentleman to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter, seeing that you have directed it to her husband?" "That I have managed without the possibility of failure," was the answer. "She will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner." This puts in a lively way the well-known fact that it is impossible for married people to keep secrets the one from the other. But even to make the attempt is to enter upon ground so very dangerous that scarcely any amount of cautious driving will prevent a catastrophe. When Miss Welsh and Carlyle were engaged to be married, the former induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them, and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by insisting that "two households could not

live as if they were one, and he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was all his own," adding that "the moment he was master of a house, the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders." Married people should be left alone at least for the first year. "Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."

After the honeymoon, husband and wife too often renounce not merely those pretty arts to please which belonged to the time of wooing, but even common politeness towards each other. And yet politeness, like charity, should begin at home.

The honeymoon is over, and the young couple have exchanged their chrysalis condition for the pleasures and duties of ordinary married life. Let them begin by forming a very high ideal of marriage. Now and on every anniversary of their wedding-day they should seriously reflect on those vows, which are too often taken either in entire ignorance of their meaning and import, or thoughtlessly, as though they were mere incidents of the marriage ceremony.

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ILL AT EASE.



SCARCELY had the wondering girls obeyed Mrs. Balfour's summons, ere she repented it. The impulse to make confession was already passing away, and she was reminding herself of the consequences that would ensue.

"And, after all," she mentally argued, "what had she to tell? The little she knew

was so vague that surely she would not be justified in raising the hopes of the sisters, and destroying the peace of mind of a whole family, by repeating it."

She looked furtively at the expectant maidens. Did they guess at the nature of the communication she had been on the verge of making?

Ah! no. In those sweet young faces she read nothing but sympathy with her sufferings, and a very natural curiosity to know what she could have to say that required prefacing so oddly.

"I should like to be your friend," at last she faltered; "I will—yes, I will—befriend you," she added, with more earnestness. "Speak to me freely. Let me hear what your own wishes are with regard to your future."

"Have we formed any?" debated Lucie, with one of her sunniest smiles. "I think not; they would involve our leaving the Red House, and how could auntie spare us now she is lame and suffers so much? You are very good, madam; but we are content to remain where we are a little longer."

"You may be, but your sister is not," said Mrs. Balfour, for Claire had retreated a step, and was gravely regarding her. "She does not speak. She is keeping back something she knows or—or suspects. Make her say plainly what it is."

Again the speaker's excitement astonished both sisters, though they continued to attribute it to her extreme weakness, and the feverish symptoms the medical men had not succeeded in allaying.

"I was silent," said Claire gently, "lest you should think me too outspoken. I should not like to seem ungrateful to you, but——"

"Ungrateful to me!" Mrs. Balfour repeated in an undertone of satire.

"But your generous offers perplexed me. You would be our friend, you said, and my heart swelled

with gladness. Who would not be proud to enjoy the friendship of the ever-kind Mrs. Glenwood's sister! But in the same breath you said you would befriend us, and that word breathed a different meaning to the other. Did it not imply that you look upon Lucie and me as objects of compassion?"

"I would atone to you," Mrs. Balfour murmured; and Claire smiled proudly.

"It is as I said. You mean us well, madam. You have heard our story, and you grieve for us because we are orphans, and know not our name or our birthplace; you would atone—that is, you would make amends for the neglect of the relatives, if we had any, who have not sought us out. But why should you? When our Father in Heaven took from us Manon, He did not leave us alone in the world. We have *ma tante* and Mollie—poor, loving, faithful Mollie; and we are strong, healthy, and neither ashamed nor afraid to work for our daily bread. While we can help ourselves, why should we permit others to help us?"

"But we thank you; with all our hearts we thank you!" added Lucie, anxious to gloss over aught that might sound harsh in her sister's speech. "If any trouble should come upon us, we shall remember that you have said you will be our friend, and after you are well, and have left the Red House, you will come sometimes to see us, will you not?"

But Mrs. Balfour had turned away, and closed her eyes. Was she tired, or was she offended at the rejection of her offers of assistance? Anyhow, she never repeated them, and indeed, her interest in the sisters appeared to die away. They came in and out her chamber all day. Was it not Claire and Lucie who kept it in such dainty order? Who else decked it with their freshest flowers, and took care that the fish, and game, and jellies, sent from Mrs. Glenwood's kitchen, were always set before the invalid in so dainty a form as to tempt her flagging appetite?

They believed they had given offence, and regretted it; but how could they know that Mrs. Balfour frequently feigned sleep that she might avoid speaking to them, or that the long hours of her wakeful nights were spent in struggles to banish them from her thoughts.

If she did succeed, alas! what did it avail her? Their place was taken by a vision so terrible that she would start up in bed to clutch at some kind hand, praying in an agony of terror not to be left alone.

It was Manon she saw at those moments—Manon, passing away on her straw pallet in the outhouse—her dying eyes, her failing breath, commending to strangers the little ones for whom she could do no more.

With a conscience never at ease, who can be surprised that Mrs. Balfour's recovery was so slow as to perplex her medical attendants? Morning after morning they found her with burning hands and sunken eyes; and Mrs. Barnes, who insisted on keeping the night-watches, reported that her patient seldom slept till dawn.

They talked mysteriously of the shock the system had received, and suggested the removal of their patient to the Lodge. This might have been effected in a reclining chair, but Mrs. Balfour would be satisfied with nothing less than Mincester, and the length of the journey thither rendered the risk too great.

However, nothing was left untried that love could suggest or money procure.

Elfreda, though she took up her abode with her aunt, devoted a certain number of hours daily to her mother, arriving at the Red House as punctually as she quitted it. Milly—ah! where could there have been a more devoted sister than Milly? And Lance, though not even his enjoyment of Percy's society could reconcile him to enforced idleness, deferred his return to the forges and workshops in which he sought for fame and fortune, until his mother could herself bid him go.

Mrs. Balfour embraced him passionately when she knew that it was for her sake he was prolonging his stay, and yet she was never quite happy in his presence. If he looked into her eyes with that frank, fearless gaze that imparted a certain degree of nobility to his irregular features, she would wince and sigh, and draw her handkerchief across her lips with a troubled gesture.

"Mamma would get well faster if she did not lie here and worry," Elfreda said one day, in her mother's hearing.

"What have I to worry me?" Mrs. Balfour demanded, speaking sharply and suspiciously.

"What indeed?" was her daughter's reply. "In times of illness, when the bodily powers must be dormant, I suppose the mental ones are increasingly active. Perhaps you let your thoughts carry you back to some omitted duty, and dwell upon it too much. Mrs. Barnes says you are frightfully restless at night. Are you light-headed then? Do you find yourself talking of the fancies that harass your brain, as I did when I had the scarlet fever?"

Mrs. Balfour took the alarm. What if she should reveal to her nurse all the doubts and fears disturbing her? The dread of doing this lent her fictitious strength; she pronounced herself considerably better, and the effort to appear so gave to her wasting powers the stimulus they needed.

With the aid of a crutch, she limped from her bed to a couch by the window, and showed herself eager for the society she had hitherto found irksome. Miss Lottie and Miss Susan were welcomed, and encouraged to spend with her as much of their time as they pleased, and Mrs. Glenwood's plans entered into once more with an avidity that, to any one less single-hearted, would have seemed suspicious. Dr. Balfour began to express hopes of soon having his wife home, and Elfreda thought herself justified in relaxing her dutiful attentions, and devoting to her own affairs some portion of the time she had hitherto given to her mother.

This she divided between her favourite studies and Percy, who, as she avowed to her father in one of

her letters, wanted an immense deal of rousing to a proper sense of his responsibilities. She honoured him for being the best of sons, but how unfortunate it was that Aunt Milly should have instilled into him

smiled significantly when they met them ; callers at the Lodge congratulated Mrs. Glenwood, and praised the beauty of the bride-elect, and Milly, when alone with her boy, would try to discuss with him the



"What is to be done with these?"—p. 392.

notions which, however commendable in a woman, were apt to drag a man down to a level far below that to which her cousin, with his prospects and abilities, should aspire !

Influenced by these opinions, she became Percy's companion in all his walks and drives, expounding to him her views with an eloquence and fervour that bore down any opposition he presumed to offer. The villagers

desirability of looking for a house to which she could retire with her younger children, loving him all the more dearly for the agitation with which he shrank from the subject, and refused to listen to any plans that involved a separation of their interests.

Percy himself was never so miserable, as now that every one believed him to be the happiest of men. He lacked the courage to undeceive his mother, and

knock down the airy castles she was building; he could not bring himself to avoid Ellfeda, knowing that such a step would stamp him as fickle and dishonourable in the sight of her parents, and lose him the esteem of Lance; yet, had Claire bestowed on him but one kindly glance, he would have braved all, endured all, for her sake. So arch, so merry, as she was, till he approached her—so gracious in her bearing to every one but himself—why did she either vanish as soon as he drew near, or, if unable to do that, respond to his essays at conversation with averted looks and chilling monosyllables? Did she, in spite of his endeavours to propitiate Miss Eldridge, still regard him in no other character than that of the avaricious landlord?

Brooding upon his difficulties did not make him the most cheerful of companions, and Lance, finding himself shunned, began to suspect that he had outstayed his welcome. This increased his longing to get back to work, especially as the foreman had written to say that, unless he did return soon, his place would have to be filled up.

He had given his mother more than one hint to this effect, but she was too much preoccupied with the thoughts over which she brooded continually to attach any importance to what he said; or it may have been that she could not reconcile herself to another parting with her only son. But he had been idle too long, and was now determined to remind her that he must labour, in order to live, and frankly entreat her to let him go.

Long ere this he had become far more at home at the Red House than Percy, who, conscious that he was harbouring feelings he dared not reveal, was always shy or embarrassed in the presence of sharp-sighted Mrs. Barnes, or any one else who might divine his hopeless love for Claire.

The skilled hands of Lance Balfour had soon found plenty to do in a dwelling occupied solely by women, and he would laugh sometimes as he recounted the nails he had driven in the course of his visits there. Within the first hour he spent at Miss Eldridge's, he had oiled the creaking latch that harassed the now helplessly infirm old woman, mended the wire of her bell, and contrived a telephone that worked between her chamber and the kitchen, saving her young attendants many weary journeys to and fro. Doors and shutters that could only be closed by tremendous efforts soon yielded to his manipulations, windows were made to open that had hitherto defied all efforts, and such ingenious little contrivances were put into force to lessen the toils of Mollie and her maidens, that they were never tired of admiring his ingenuity. Indeed, after he had made a long disused roasting-jack spin round as merrily as of yore, the astonished Mollie never spoke of him without awe. "He was so terrible clever!" she said, "there worn't nothing he couldn't do, if he give his mind to it!"

Yet with all Lance's busy wanderings about the old house, he rarely exchanged more than a civil greeting with Claire and Lucie. They flitted past him

in the passages; they sometimes brought him messages from his aunts or his mother; or might be seen helping Mollie at one end of the scullery while he sawed and planed at the other; but they were as incapable of getting up an idle flirtation as he of responding to it. If his eyes would often rest on them pityingly—for how could he help seeing how heavily they were tasked?—he never forgot that they were defenceless orphans; whilst they, on their part, were generally too much engaged to think of him at all.

Up the stairs, swinging in his hand a contrivance to support his mother's embroidery frame, went Lance one morning to moot the subject of his departure.

It was always difficult to find her alone, now that the doctors had whispered a suggestion that cheerful society might be advisable. If Mrs. Glenwood or Miss Asdon were not beside her assisting in working, Miss Lottie was sure to be there engaged on the portrait of Mrs. Balfour that was to be her gift to her kinsman; or Miss Susan, with a business-like array of pencils and slips of paper on the table, would be wading through one of her efforts at poetry, and appealing to dear Mary for rhymes to words that never would rhyme satisfactorily.

On this occasion, however, he found no one with his mother but Mrs. Barnes, for whom, as a domineering and inconsistent woman, he entertained an aversion only kept in check by gratitude for her excellent nursing.

Both ladies were too much absorbed in some occupation to hear him open the door. On Mrs. Balfour's thin face there was a deep crimson spot he did not like to see, for it was the flush of pain or nervous excitement; yet what was there to agitate her? The rug laid across her knees was strewn with patterns of dress materials, and she was quietly discussing with Mrs. Barnes the respective merits of French merino and cashmere.

When her son laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder, she started and cried out, yet checked his apology so peevishly that he saw he could only make his peace by turning the current of her thoughts in another direction.

"Are you choosing a dress for yourself, mother? Then let me pay for it. Now that my father has behaved so liberally, why should not I indulge one of my old boyish longings, and buy you a pretty gown before I leave you?"

She looked gratified, though she answered that she should be quite content with a less expensive present. By-and-by he might send her from the North a woollen shawl, in which she could wrap herself as she sat by the fire on winter evenings thinking of him.

"Why should I not give you both?"

"Because my wardrobe is so well stocked that it is unnecessary. Besides, these tints are too light for my wear."

"Then you are not choosing for yourself?"

It was Mrs. Barnes who replied, for Mrs. Balfour seemed to have some difficulty in doing so.

"As if your mother, young man, were not too sensible to deck herself, at her age, in pale dove-colour or silver-grey! Black and brown are the only suitable hues for matrons and widows after they have passed their fortieth year! Don't tell me it's the fashion that rules these things. Fashion is not going to make *me* look ridiculous, I can assure you!"

Lance bent his head courteously. He never suffered himself to be entrapped into an argument with the speaker; she would have liked him better if he had. As it was, she always spoke of him as a most self-willed young man, whose sullen, silent obstinacy must be a great trial to his parents.

"Of course *you* don't agree with me," said Mrs. Barnes irately. "Some young people think it clever to set themselves in opposition to their elders. I ought to be a thankful woman that I have been spared the anxiety of a family. Now, that"—and she laid a pudgy finger on a sober slate-colour—"that is my choice; there is nothing else here that would be half as suitable. Ten yards will be ample for making, and a piece to put aside for mending with; ten yards, if the dressmaker is warned that there must be no waste, and no ridiculous and unnecessary furbelows and fal-la-las. Shall I write the order?"

But Mrs. Balfour hesitated, and turned over the patterns irresolutely. Had she been alone with her excellent but tyrannical nurse, she might have yielded the point for peace' sake; but the presence of Lance gave her courage to defend her own opinions.

"There are prettier shades of the colour you have chosen, but they are all too grave to satisfy me. I still incline to something more cheerful, and as it is to be my gift, we will, if you please, adhere to my first selection—this cream cashmere."

"Call it dirty white, if you want to be truthful," retorted Mrs. Barnes, eyeing the delicate fabric scornfully. "When I was young, we never heard of such a thing as cream-colour, and this is only fit to be worn in the height of summer. Why, it would have to be dyed to render it of any service—dyed brown. But you'll do as you like, I suppose!"

"Certainly," said Lance; and his interposition did not lessen Mrs. Barnes' annoyance.

"Yes; you'll take your own course. People who ask advice always do. I am glad I am able to wash my hands of it. No one can say that I had anything to do with choosing such a high-tighty wedding-dress."

Away she went, with her nose in the air, and Lance looked at his mother and smiled.

"A wedding-dress did she say? Is it for herself?"

"My dear boy, what a ridiculous question! Yes, there will be a wedding here shortly," Mrs. Balfour hurriedly added, "so I thought, before leaving, I would make an addition or two to the trousseau of the bride."

"Has Miss Sue's ideal turned up at last?"

Wonders will never cease! What is he like, and where does he come from?"

But Mrs. Balfour did not take her son's merry questions in good part.

"Be serious, Lance, if you please."

"Serious, mother! Why, surely it does not concern Elfreda? With all her eccentricities, she does not contemplate a hasty marriage at the home of her bridegroom?"

"I told you plainly enough that the wedding will be *here*. That is all that you need know about it; but if you must have your curiosity satisfied, the bride will be the younger of—of Miss Eldridge's nieces—Lucie."

"And the bridegroom?" asked Lance, speaking slowly, and only just above his breath.

"He is the son of a well-to-do farmer and hop-grower. I know no more."

"You mean Matt Woods? Lucie married to him! It would be cruelty, and it shall not be!"

CHAPTER XX.

"IF THERE BE ANY CAUSE——"

IT is doubtful whether Mrs. Balfour was more astonished at this outburst than Lance himself. Like many another cool and methodical man, he was scarcely conscious of the depth and strength of his feelings, until a spark aroused them and they became his master.

But his mother had grasped his arm and was staring at him.

"Are you mad, Lance? What is this girl to you? You cannot have contemplated marrying her yourself!"

"Not being quite a lunatic"—and he laughed constrainedly—"I have not. She is a child—a sweet, simple, innocent child—and if she were my sister no one should dare to speak of love or marriage to her till she had seen something of the world. Marry her! I dream of carrying such a delicate little blossom into the grime and smoke in which my days are spent? or ask her to endure the shifts and privations that will be my lot for years to come? No, mother, I am not mad enough for that! If I sought a wife at all, I would wed Claire. She is made of stouter stuff than her sister, and she and I between us would shelter poor little Lucie from such usage as she gets here."

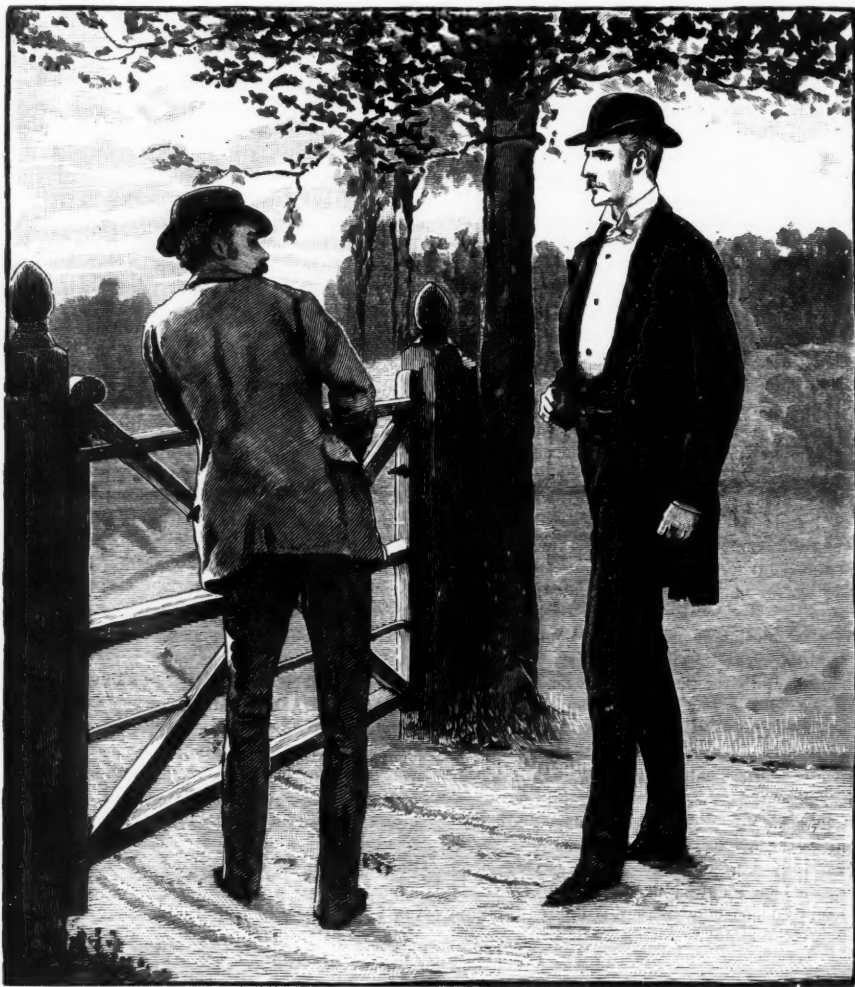
Mrs. Balfour put up her hand with an impatient gesture.

"Having treated me with this absurd harangue, please explain the drift of it. I cannot comprehend why you are taking such an extraordinary as well as uncalled-for interest in these girls. You must have some reason for it; some reason you are—" her voice trembled strangely now—"you are ashamed or afraid to avow."

"Mother!" and Lance threw back his head proudly, "from any lips but yours these words would be an insult, and you must have cruelly lost faith in your son, or you could not have uttered them."

"You have misunderstood me," she replied, but did not explain away the speech that had sounded to Lance like an accusation. "You misunderstood me," she repeated hastily; "let us say no more about it.

"Your father writes me word that there has been an outbreak of scarlet fever at Mincester—in those streets near the river. It would be most unfortunate if it were to spread to the college. I shall be so glad



"He was leaning over the gate . . . when Percy joined him."—p. 396.

You came at an unlucky moment. Mrs. Barnes has nursed me so carefully that I cannot refuse to hear all she has to say; but if you had been five minutes later her tirade need not have been inflicted on you."

Lance picked up some of the strips of cashmere his mother had tossed on to the floor, but he did not speak, and in the same hurried, excited fashion she went on talking.

to get home, that I may take proper precautions against it."

"What is to be done with these?" asked Lance, tendering her the patterns.

"Put them on the table, anywhere, or let them lie—they are of no consequence. Aren't you sadly out of your element here? For a young man who found teaching too finical an occupation, and could only be

happy while emulating the village blacksmith, you play the idler wondrous well!"

Lance bit his lip. Had he deserved this? But he was too affectionate a son to resent the sharp words he attributed to the peevishness of suffering.

"I came to you this morning to ask you not to think me unkind if I run away from you," he quietly replied. "I have outstayed my leave to an unwarrantable extent. I came for days, and have been here for weeks."

"If you choose to go, can I prevent it?" asked his mother querulously. "It will not be the first time—will it?—that you have set my wishes at nought."

This was unjust. When Lance first left home it was with Mrs. Balfour's sanction. She had seen that he would never get on with his father, and had acquiesced in the separation as a lesser evil. But he made no attempt to defend his conduct, merely observing that he would say his good-byes that day, and start by an early train on the morrow. "Elfreda," he added, "must promise me a daily bulletin till you are quite strong again, and then you will write to me yourself, will you not, mother?"

Ashamed of her irritability, Mrs. Balfour put her arms around her boy, as he knelt on one knee beside her, but she neither spoke nor wept. How could she invoke a blessing on him, while her conscience forbade it? or weep those tears of mingled joy and sorrow that would have softened the pain of their parting, while she knew she was sending him from her lest he should discover that she had a secret to conceal?

"Yes, I shall write as soon as I can get away from here," she said, when he repeated his request. "I almost envy you, Lance, the power of going where you please and when you please. What would I not give to be able to shake myself free of all that clogs my spirit, and seek, in change of scene, the greatest boon of all—forgetfulness!"

"I am sure my father will be pleased for you to have a few weeks at the sea-side. Cannot you go to Scarborough? If you were as far north as that, I daresay I could contrive to have a peep at you while you were there."

But the suggestion was not favourably received.

"I hate the sea! Don't talk as if I were a child who wants amusing! I shall go home, and take up my duties. I might do more amongst the poor, and I will! One cannot be very unhappy when one is doing one's duty, eh, Lance?"

"My dearest mother, when were you ever known to neglect yours?"

She smiled, as if his praise were very grateful to her ears; yet, the next moment, complained of being fatigued, and bade him leave her to rest. But Lance—although the least distrustful of mortals—could not be satisfied with this dismissal, and declined to accept it.

"If you are tired, I will read you to sleep; but don't send me away, because I have something to say to you, and may not have another opportunity."

Mrs. Balfour groaned inwardly. She knew but too well what an ordeal lay before her, and that there was no avoiding it.

"Any one but him! any one but my honest, true-hearted boy!" she murmured. "If I lie to Lance, I lose his love and faith in me for ever! If I tell the truth, he will urge me to do what I cannot, dare not do."

"I must speak to you about this hateful marriage," Lance was saying. "Of course, you have been too ill to know much about the circumstances; but, believe me, it ought not to take place!"

Mrs. Balfour locked her hands together, and wrung them fiercely, looking at her son the while as if, in her anguish, she could have cried out, "Ah! why dost thou, of all others, torment me so?"

Lance did not perceive that anything ailed her. He was gazing thoughtfully at the creamy material he continued to hold between his thumb and finger.

"Mrs. Barnes had right on her side when she said this delicate fabric would not be suitable for a wedding in which Matt Woods was the bridegroom; but she fails to see that her remark is quite as applicable to the bride-elect as to the wedding robe."

"Go and tell her so," said Mrs. Balfour abruptly. "Neither your opinions nor hers concern me. Why am I doomed to be dragged into this affair?"

"Why, indeed!" echoed her son. "You evidently think, as I do, that such an union would be preposterous; though, with your usual good-nature, you have been persuaded to further it. I daresay Mrs. Barnes and those silly old maids—they are not likely to be within hearing, are they?—have induced you to believe that Lucie's heart is in it?"

"Who says that it is not?"

"Why, I do, mother. She is frightened of the fellow. I have seen her shrink from him with unmistakable aversion. Only the other morning, as I sat by the window yonder, repairing the lock of your desk, I saw Lucie dart out of the house to hide in the orchard because he had just ridden up to the door."

"You speak of him with a contempt that is quite misplaced. Do you know that the young man's father is one of the wealthiest farmers and hop-growers in the neighbourhood?"

"I know that Lucie dislikes him—I am positive of that—and quite fail to see why she is being urged into matrimony at all. Will you tell me?"

"I cannot tell you anything," he was pettishly interrupted. "For mercy's sake cease to harass me. Am I never to be at peace? They assured me it would be an excellent match for the girl, and a home for her sister. I was only too thankful to hear it."

"They!" repeated Lance with disdain. "Yes, I can very well understand how it has come about; such women as Mrs. Barnes and Lottie Balfour are always making matches or else marrying them, and you have been drawn into thinking with them without an idea that the poor child was being victimised. But it must not be; you see that now, don't you?"

Mrs. Balfour moved restlessly on her softly cushioned sofa.

"If she is willing to wed the young man, how can I—or why should I—forbid it?"

"But how can she be?" demanded Lance, adhering to his text. "These busy old women may have talked her into consenting because she is accustomed to obey them, and does not know how to refuse; still, this does not alter the fact that she fears and shrinks from him, and that he—oh, I haven't patience to dwell upon the preposterous idea of mating that gentle, delicate little creature with a conceited, ignorant oaf like Matt Woods!"

"His parents approve; they will be kind to her, and as Mrs. Woods is an invalid, the young couple will live at the farm," Mrs. Balfour explained, forgetting that she was evincing a closer acquaintance with the details of Matt Woods' wooing than she had acknowledged to.

"In other words, Lucie, who is a drudge, if a happy one, here, will exchange her slavery at the Red House for a worse form of bondage; and not only wait upon Mrs. Woods as closely as on Miss Eldridge, but be the white slave of Mrs. Woods' husband and son."

"Now, Lance, this is taking a most exaggerated view of a very simple piece of business, in which neither you nor I have any right to meddle."

The young man was silenced for a few moments by the tone as much as the words in which his mother expressed herself, but ere long he had started up, crying, "Where is Claire? She has sense and spirit enough on ordinary occasions! What can she be thinking about now? I'll go and find her, and open her eyes to the folly, the worse than folly, of letting her sister be sacrificed just because Mrs. Barnes thinks it expedient."

"Stay, Lance—oh, stay!"

His mother spoke so faintly that he hurried to her assistance. She signed to him to give her a glass of water, and to seat himself at the foot of her couch while she steadied her voice sufficiently to address him.

He was always very patient with her, and waited uncomplainingly till, with averted face lest he should read in her eyes how false, how cruel she was, she contrived to murmur—

"Be ruled by me, dear boy, and don't interfere in this matter. Nay, hear me out before you reply!"

"I am listening," said Lance; and yet how long it was before she was able to proceed! He would have thought that in her weakness she had fallen asleep, but for the restless twitching of the hands that twisted and tugged at her shawl continually.

"For some time past," she said at length, "the future of these girls has weighed upon my mind. At Miss Eldridge's death this small community may be broken up, and what will become of them? I feel that I cannot go back to my comforts and luxuries at Mincester till I have assured myself that they will never want."

"You are always thoughtful for others, my dearest mother!" said Lance fondly, and he would have kissed her forehead had not her pained, "Don't, pray don't!" deterred him.

"If Lucie is satisfied——" she went on hesitatingly, but inquiringly.

"Put that idea out of your mind," her son firmly insisted, "for it is an impossibility. The weakest of women could not, in the course of a few weeks, pass from positive aversion to such an amount of affection as would justify her in marrying."

"It is most unfortunate," Mrs. Balfour sighed.

"That the child should have such ill-judging friends? I agree with you. But, mother, you will put a stop to their foolish schemes. With your energy and strong common sense, it cannot be very difficult to make even Mrs. Barnes understand that Matt Woods must look for a wife elsewhere."

"How can I interfere?" his mother asked, taking refuge in the oft-repeated argument. "They will say it does not concern me."

"If you will not, I must!" said Lance, so decidedly, that Mrs. Balfour sat up on her sofa, crying—

"Impossible! Do you forget how much injury you might do this young creature by such uncalled-for interference? What would the world say of her for permitting it?"

Lance reddened, for this was too true to be denied; but the next moment he was smiling.

"How is it we have both forgotten the very person who, of all others, could help and befriend Lucie—Aunt Milly? She is such a tender-hearted little woman, that she will be the best protectress the poor child could have. I'll go to her directly."

But Mrs. Balfour was clinging to him, and excitedly forbidding it.

"No, no! I will not have Milly appealed to! I will not have these girls forced upon her notice. Lance, you shall not worry my poor sister with your sentimental objections to a marriage of which every one else approves. Lucie is free to accept or refuse her suitor, and it is shameful that you should talk of your father's relatives and myself as if we were plotting against the girl's happiness instead of trying to secure it! Go back to your forges and your inventions. You have stayed here too long!"

"So we lose Lance to-morrow," Elfreda observed to her cousin that evening. "Does mamma, in her gratitude to the spinsters and widows at the Red House, propose replenishing their kitchen for them?"

"What an extraordinary question! and what connection has it with your brother?" asked the astonished Percy.

"Perhaps none; but I fancied that mamma might have been empowering him to select cooking utensils, and so on."

"Cooking utensils!" echoed her auditor.

"Why, does it surprise you? What could be a more appropriate present to that funny Mollie and her helpers? Mamma always prefers the useful to the agreeable."

"Cooking utensils!" said Percy again.

"They make all those sort of things at the iron-workers', don't they?"

"My dear Elfreda! can you fancy old Lance manufacturing a saucepan or a flat iron?"

"No, indeed; but, then, I never have been able to understand him; least of all, now that he stoops to take his orders from one of Miss Eldridge's servants."

"I do not comprehend."

"Neither do I," said the young lady, who was rubbing out a crooked line in one of her drawings; "but I heard him say to mamma, as he left her room, 'Of course, I shall remember all you have said; but I shall make a point of hearing what Claire has to say on the subject before I quit the neighbourhood.'"

Whether Elfreda spoke in all simplicity, or with a covert desire to make mischief, who shall say? If the latter, she had been as successful as she could desire. Miss Asdon, who sat at a writing-table not far off, happened to raise her eyes to the face of Percival Glenwood, and was frightened at the fury of jealous rage that darkened it.

CHAPTER XXI.

RIVALRY.

LANCE BALFOUR did not quit the Lodge on the morrow, as he had purposed. His own interests might suffer by the delay, but this was of less consequence to him than the accomplishment of the purpose on which his heart was set—the deliverance of Lucie from what he still termed the hateful addresses of Matt Wood.

So far, he had only failed and blundered; his mother, on whose assistance he had depended, refused it, and forbade him to seek Mrs. Glenwood's. To appeal to Mrs. Barnes would be to expose himself to a torrent of ridicule, and neither Lottie nor Susan Balfour could be relied on. But a glimpse of a little pale face and a pair of blue eyes, dimmed with much weeping, strengthened him in his determination not to let poor little Lucie be sacrificed to the expediency of making a good match without an effort to prevent it.

What was Claire about, that she neither saw her sister's unhappiness nor interfered to prevent it?

This was partly explained by the fact that Miss Eldridge, having one morning awakened from a doze to find Lucie in tears, had been seized with a dread that those tears were shed for her because she was dying. Clinging to life, in spite of the racking pains and infirmities that made every passing hour a burden, she banished the weeper from her chamber, and would have no other attendant than the more cheerful Claire, whom she so wearied with her exactions, that Mrs. Barnes had to interfere, and insist on being allowed to take the young girl's place occasionally, while she snatched a sleep or went into the garden to breathe the air.

It was in the garden Lance sought her as soon as

he had left his mother, but he sought her in vain, though Mollie had assured him she was there.

It was all the more perplexing, because, as he drew near a walk, so overgrown with the tall privet planted on either side as to be known as the Dark Alley, he felt sure he heard steps that receded as he approached. They went in the direction of a queer little old-fashioned summer-house at the end of the walk, and there he expected to find the person he sought, though why she was avoiding him he could not imagine.

Claire had always been on cordial terms with Lance Balfour. Though they had rarely spoken together, they contrived to understand and appreciate each other. He saw in her a bright, energetic young creature; less equable in temper than Lucie, less patient under wrongs or slights, but brave and generous always; whilst she was quite capable of admiring in him the perseverance with which he plodded on in the course he had chosen.

He would have no hesitation in speaking to her a few words of friendly remonstrance on the score of Lucie. Did he not feel that her sisterly love would instantly take the alarm, and give the less courageous girl a powerful champion, whom not all the harangues of Mrs. Barnes could daunt? Claire would not misunderstand him as his mother had done; she would not think him over-officious; yet, if these were her steps he was following, why had she fled at his approach?

He reached the summer-house, and would have entered, but some one held the door from within. He demanded who was there, but though the hurried breathing of the person refusing him admission was distinctly audible, no answer was given, and, disconcerted by such unusual treatment, Lance turned on his heel, and walked away.

"Am I, as my mother hinted, an intrusive idiot? a Don Quixote tilting at imaginary obstacles, and espousing a cause that needs none of my aid?" he asked himself. "I cannot force my help or my advice on either of these girls. If Claire avoids me, no matter what her reasons, I cannot make her give me a hearing; yet, to go away convinced that poor little Lucie is being unfairly dealt with is frightfully exasperating."

Perhaps it was Lucie herself who had hidden from him in the summer-house. He was about to return and ascertain this, when she crossed his path. But not alone. Mollie, her round face beaming under a huge basket of clothes balanced on her head, was following her to the meadow, where the linen of the ladies of the Red House received its weekly bleaching.

Lucie, with her customary shy, pensive smile of greeting, would have passed on, but her companion caught her by the sleeve, and with an air of importance, accosted Lance—

"You be so clever, ye know, Muster Balfour; you could make that leg stop in the old arm-chair that's lost its back, couldn't ye now? 'T wunt stop

for me, nor the three nails I 'ammered in. If any one can master him, it be you."

Lance smiled.

"I am glad some one appreciates my tinkering, Mollie; but I'm afraid your chair must be handed over to the carpenter, for I am going away."

Lucie started. Did she recognise in him a friend, and regret his departure? And Mollie gravely shook her head as well as the weight on it permitted.

"Be you ever coming here again?" she inquired. "Don't you look to find us when you do. I'm a goin' away too—me and my pretties; an' the old ladies will have to wait on themselves."

"You are going? But where?"

"Away somewheres," was the indefinite reply.

"There's lots of places, ye know, besides this, and lots of people to go and see."

As this was not very satisfactory, Lance appealed to Lucie, who was looking as surprised as himself.

"Is Mollie in earnest? Are you seriously thinking of quitting the neighbourhood?"

Her lip quivered.

"Is it not almost impossible? Mollie has heard my sister wish we could see more of the world, and dreams that she can be gratified."

"I never dreams," Mollie declared. "Tain't dreams that I'm 'termined to have a nolliday, and take my pretties wi' me. They shan't stop here to be vexed no longer—that they shan't!"

Her voice grew angry, and she stamped her feet, turning a deaf ear to Lucie's soothing whisper.

"I won't hold my tongue. There ha' been something wrong in the house ever sin' she came. There's no laughin' nor singin' now, but cryin' an' mopin' all day long. It's she that have done it. I ha' seen how she looks at my pretties, and I'll take 'em away; I will, I will! It was all right till she fell and hurt her foot, and had to stop here and be waited on."

"You forget that you are speaking of my mother!" exclaimed Lance haughtily, and lifting his hat to Lucie, whose timid looks deprecated his wrath, he walked on. He could not have trusted himself to

say another word, for all the world was out of joint, and the only remedy was to take a brisk walk.

After an absence of some hours, he came back to the Lodge, footsore and weary, but strengthened in his resolution to make an appeal to Claire before he started for the North. If the simple Mollie had detected Lucie's unhappiness, it was high time that some one interfered on her behalf; and who could, or rather would, do this but her sister?

He was leaning over the gate at the end of the avenue, watching the last golden gleam of light fade in the west, when Percy joined him. The young master of Glenwood was in evening dress, and the contrast reminded Lance that he owed his host an apology for having been absent from the dinner-table.

But he had scarcely begun to speak when Percy broke in—

"That will do; you need not treat me with a dose of sickening civility which means nothing. Whether you stayed away to pursue your own designs, or because you felt ashamed to face my mother and Elfreda, I neither know nor care."

Lance recoiled, staring at the white, angry face that glowered at him.

"Phew, lad! what's in the wind now? have you had an after-dinner nap and——"

Percy raised his clenched hand.

"Don't sneer at me, or taunt me, lest I should be tempted to forget that you are my kinsman and my guest. I was a fool to invite you hither; but I thought you were still the old Lance who could be honoured and relied on."

"Yes?"

The coolness of the query increased Percy's rage, and he hissed a reply that robbed his cousin of all his wonted self-control. In an instant they had become enemies for the first time; the one goaded into fury by the injustice dealt to him; the other—ay, what had roused the good-humoured Percival Glenwood to a pitch of madness that robbed him of all mastery over himself?

(To be continued.)

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

I.—HIS GOSPEL.

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REMARKABLE character is at once perceived by every reader to belong to the Gospel of St. John. No one can pass to it from the first three (or Synoptic) Gospels without feeling that he has entered a totally different region of thought, and is called upon to contemplate the great

Evangelical verities from quite another standpoint. These peculiarities of St. John's Gospel

will be dealt with, and accounted for, in the course of the following papers.

Speaking generally, there may with truth be used respecting the Fourth Gospel those striking words which one of the Popes is credited with having uttered in regard to the whole Bible, that "it contains shallows where a lamb may wade, and depths in which an elephant might drown." No part of Scripture presents a greater number of passages suitable for the feeble understanding, alike

of tender infancy and of declining age. Such utterances as "I am the good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," are among the first texts which the young commit to memory; while the aged saint, when almost everything else has escaped his mental grasp, will be found keeping a firm hold of such a declaration as—"In my Father's house are many mansions," or, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." No chapter in the Bible is more in use by the city missionary in his simple addresses and earnest appeals, than is the third chapter of St. John's Gospel; and no passages of Scripture suit the mother better in instructing her children than does the beautiful story of the woman of Samaria, or the simple account which is given of the inmates of the home at Bethany whom Jesus "loved."

Yet, notwithstanding this apparent simplicity, the Fourth Gospel is the most difficult and profound of all the Evangelical narratives. It has been found so by theologians of every age. In it they have discovered materials for their abstrusest speculations. The Logos-doctrine, with which it opens, has furnished a topic for the widest learning and the deepest research. These seemingly mysterious teachings of the sixth chapter, with its bearing, real or supposed, on the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, has been a battle-field on which the champions of different Churches have often struggled with unyielding pertinacity and devotedness. The two apparently contradictory, yet in reality complementary, statements of Christ (chap. x. 30)—"I and my Father are One," and (chap. xiv. 28), "My Father is greater than I," have been brandished in controversy by zealous disputants, often with more earnestness and fervour than with discretion or conclusiveness. And to name only one passage more, the words of Christ (chap. xv. 26), when He speaks of the Third Person in the Trinity as "the Spirit of Truth which proceedeth from the Father," have been the chief theological ground for that lengthened separation which has now existed between the Churches of the East and West. The Greek or Eastern Church regards them as clearly sanctioning her contention that the Holy Spirit "proceedeth" from the Father only; while the Latin or Western Church maintains that the words are to be taken in connection with other declarations of Scripture (such as Rom. viii. 9, etc.), and therefore insists on the doctrine of the "Double Procession"—that the Holy Spirit proceedeth both from the Father and the Son.

Enough has thus been suggested to set before the reader the peculiarly interesting and remarkable character of this Fourth Gospel. Let us now proceed to the consideration of some points connected with it which seem to have the weightiest claim upon our attention.

And, first, as to its *Author*. This inquiry leads us at once to what must be regarded as one of the most burning questions connected with the Biblical criticism of the present day. Nothing is more characteristic of a certain school of critics than the dogmatism with which they set aside the Johannine origin of the Fourth Gospel. This is not the place to go into any elaborate discussion of the question, but we may, without entering into controversy, set before our readers the following reasons why they may confidently cling to the belief that the Gospel before us is an authentic production of the Apostle John.

Internal evidence clearly leads to this conclusion. Could any one but an eye-witness have written those graphic narratives which it contains? Refer to the account given of Nathanael (chap. i. 45—51); to the wonderfully vivid portraiture of events presented in chap. ix.; and to the equally striking delineation of the circumstances attending the death and resurrection of Lazarus preserved in chap. xi., and an irresistible impression is at once made upon the mind that the writer was present at the scenes which he describes. We are, in fact, led on, step by step, to the following conclusions—that, as none but an eye-witness could have written the accounts contained in the Gospel, that eye-witness must have been an Apostle, and that Apostle could have been no other than St. John. In the remarkable epilogue to the Gospel, we read (chap. xxi. 24)—"This is the disciple which testified of these things, and wrote of these things;" and in a previous verse (xxi. 20) the disciple referred to is identified with "him whom Jesus loved." Now, as we learn from the Synoptists, there were three of the Apostles specially honoured by Christ. These were Peter, James, and John; and, as it is impossible to think of either James or Peter as the author of the Fourth Gospel, we are clearly compelled by the writing itself to look to that other disciple whom Jesus loved (chap. xx. 2) as its author: it is, as it claims to be, the production of the Apostle John.

External evidence, again, is decidedly in harmony with this conclusion. The testimony of the Ephesian elders (who, in all probability, appended the two concluding verses to chap. xxi.) has already been quoted. And then, we have the evidence of Tatian, who wrote a "Harmony of the Gospels" about the middle of the second century, and who, through a most interesting discovery recently made, has been proved to have used our existing *four* Gospels, and these *only*. But Tatian was a disciple of Justin Martyr, a still earlier witness, and must, of course, have learned from his master to set the high value he did upon the Fourth Gospel as the work of an Apostle. In like manner, Irenæus, in the same century, constantly quotes the work under the name of St. John. But Irenæus was a disciple

of Polycarp, who had himself been a hearer of the Apostle; and thus, by a chain of the closest reasoning, we are led, in dealing with the external evidence, to the same conclusion as that already reached on internal grounds—that the writing before us proceeded from the pen of St. John, “the beloved disciple” *par excellence* of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Next, we have to consider the *Date* of the Gospel. This is a very important point, as enabling us to deal satisfactorily with some of the most striking peculiarities which it presents. And every critic is agreed as to the comparatively late date of the Fourth Gospel. It is generally referred to the last quarter of the first century, and nearer the end than the beginning of that period. There is a very ancient tradition that it was written by St. John at Ephesus towards the end of his life, and in response to a very earnest appeal made to him by his disciples that he would put on record his reminiscences of the life and teaching of the Saviour. Nothing could have been more natural than that such a request should have been addressed to the aged Apostle. And the contents of the Gospel exactly correspond with the circumstances in which it is thus said to have arisen. There is a tone about it which manifestly implies that it was of later date than the other Gospels. St. John was evidently addressing quite a different world from that to which the writings of the earlier Evangelists were addressed. Christianity had had time to permeate society, had travelled far beyond its birth-place in Palestine, had been laid hold of by human philosophy, and was already made the basis of much pretentious but erroneous speculation. Hence the manner in which St. John begins his narrative. His primary object is to set forth the true Logos-doctrine, or, in other words, to give an accurate description of the Person of Christ in opposition to those Gnostic and Docetic views which were becoming widely prevalent. Now, this clearly points to some such date as that indicated above. The Gospel could not have been written till some time near the close of the first century, and it is exactly such as might have been expected from an Apostle who composed it at that period in the history of the world and the Church.

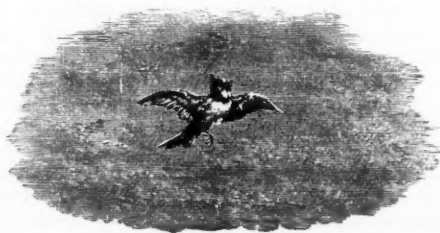
The date being thus fixed, let us look at some peculiarities of the Gospel in the light of the con-

clusion reached. Difficulties have been found in the two following facts—first, that the *style* of the writer is so different from that of the supposed same writer in the Book of Revelation; and, secondly, that the *substance* of what he records stands so far apart from what is found in the Synoptical Gospels. Let us see what bearing the date which has been assigned to the Fourth Gospel has upon these points.

With regard to the difference of style referred to, nothing could be more natural, if the works were separated in date by little less than a quarter of a century. The language in which the Apocalypse is written represents the rough Hebraic Greek to which St. John had been accustomed from his childhood in Palestine. The much smoother, softer, and more classical Greek of the Gospel, again, is exactly what we should have expected from one who had been long resident at Ephesus, and who had had much practice in the language as there spoken. Thus, the so-called difficulty ceases to be a difficulty at all, and resolves itself into an additional confirmation of the truth and naturalness of Scripture.

As to the very different complexion presented by the Fourth Gospel from the first three, that too admits of an easy explanation. It is obvious that, on recalling the language of Christ so long after He had listened to it, St. John could not fail (subject, of course, to the necessary guidance and influence of the Holy Spirit) to impart to it the colouring of his own mind, and the characteristics of his own style. This sufficiently accounts for the diversity of form between his Gospel and the three others. And as to the difference of matter which they contain, it was, as an ancient Father of the Church observes, the special function assigned by the Holy Spirit to St. John, “to compose a *spiritual* Gospel.” He developed in his own way, and as directed by the Divine Spirit, those great seminal truths to which he had listened from the lips of Christ—truths for which he had perhaps a greater receptivity than any of the other Apostles—and thus he presents to us a *complementary*, not a contradictory, view of the Saviour’s teaching, to that which is set before us in the Synoptic Gospels.

We shall deal with some other interesting points connected with St. John’s Gospel in a subsequent paper.



A MISSION UNDERGROUND.

BY ANNE BEALE.



HAT can we do for these people who make the Christmas Eve and the Christmas Morn hideous by their awful revelry and profane jests?" mused the Rev. Sidney Vatcher, of St. Philip's, Stepney, E.

Midway between the overcrowded, densely peopled thoroughfares of Commercial Road and Whitechapel Road, at the

back of the London Hospital, stand St. Philip's Church and Vicarage; a broad, quiet area before the Board-school children are let loose; noisy enough when they overflow their playground round about the church.

But it was not of these the Vicar mused when he asked himself the question quoted above, but of the ever-shifting throng of men and women that jostled one another in the great metropolitan highways above-mentioned, ten thousand of whom were in his own particular parish. Of all days in the year, the one which we celebrate as the birthday of a Saviour should be purely and innocently kept; but what road was the multitude treading? Something must be done before another Christmas dawned; but what? The most reckless and riotous must be invited to spend Christmas Eve and Morn in more Christian fashion; but how and where?

There was no mission-hall belonging to St. Philip's which would hold the guests; no spot capable of receiving even the more respectable members of the congregation, save the vestry, already utilised for mothers' meetings and other purposes, to the danger of death by suffocation.

Yes, there was the crypt! Underneath the spacious church were vast, dark dungeons, full of refuse matter; rooms, in short, into which never dawned the light of day. Was it not possible to turn this to account? The thought was father to the deed. The rubbish lying there for nearly a century was cleared out at much expense of time, labour, and money, and something like pillared catacombs were revealed to the light of gas, which was laid on as the first experiment. This novel banqueting hall was opened on Christmas Eve. The guests bidden were of the outcast class—many of them thieves, well known to the sergeant of police, one of Mr. Vatcher's energetic *aides-de-camp*. Of course, friends laughed and discouraged, as is often their way when novelties touching the pocket and involving possible appeals for help are proposed; but none the less was the

opening a grand success. In spite of nondescript tables and seats; of loose and uncertain flooring; of bare, dank walls and interminable intersecting pillars, the crypt of St. Philip's was a wondrous sight that Christmas Eve. We have been to thieves' suppers and low lodging-house teas, and a variety of similar entertainments, but they have been held in cheerful and ornamental places; here was a feast given to guests of a similar class, in what was possibly originally intended as a mausoleum. They came at five o'clock on Christmas Eve; they stayed till past one on Christmas Morn. They sang hymns, they listened to kindly speeches, and yet they were not weary. The bodily refreshment was not all; the spiritual was also welcomed; for truly they were as little accustomed to the one as to the other. And neither entertainers nor guests will ever forget that strange inauguration of what it is hoped will be permanent.

Since that first supper the crypt has witnessed other gatherings, almost as strange. Shall we rise very early in order to be present at one of them? This is a breakfast given to starving children. Each morning at eight o'clock some fifty or sixty hungry little ones assemble by gaslight to partake of steaming cocoa and wholesome bread, under the kind surveillance of the Vicar and his wife. We watch them feel their way down the dark stairs and amongst the forms, to long, low planks formed into tables, at which they seat themselves. One of these polished tables was once the shutters of the house in which the philanthropic worker, Edward Denison, lived. He laboured in this parish when East End volunteers were few, and spent his scant strength and mighty energies among the so-called "outcast" population. In the handsome church above this pillared crypt is a stained glass window sacred to his memory. "He being dead yet speaketh," and many now follow where he led.

The children who enjoy their breakfast so thoroughly are all either orphans or offspring of the sick and out-of-work. Each case is sifted; and but for this timely meal, each recipient must go to school either quite or nearly fasting. Whether this state of things is the result of "the sins" or misfortunes of the parents cannot accurately be determined; indeed, could any of us assign the just origin of our visitations? But certain it is that the young creatures can learn when they are fed, but fail to pass those awful "standards" when they have nothing to eat. This we have said before, when an appeal was made to the readers of THE QUIVER for the

Board-school dinners, to which they liberally contributed nearly one hundred pounds.

And in so doing they helped on the good work we are now contemplating, for Mr. Vatcher obtained a grant from the parent society, which has enabled him to institute dinners as well as breakfasts in this his crypt. If we have time and patience to tarry below ground till noon, we may watch the preparations for the dinners, and see where and how the meals are cooked. The crypt kitchen is as curious as the rest of the establishment. It is in a recess, and has been fur-

it is feared, facilities for the spreading of disease. We want the whole area to be like this side," he says, as we stumble along in the semi-darkness. We suddenly find ourselves out of darkness and into light, as we pass through a door unobserved hitherto, into a sort of broad corridor, which turns out to be one side of the crypt already made habitable. We now understand the sort of hall that may be formed out of this long-disused crypt. Into this side, light and air are admitted by means of oblique windows; the floor is concreted; the pillars have been whitewashed,



DINNER IS READY !

nished on one side with a stove for the making of the morning cocoa, on the other with a thirty-gallon boiler for the production of soup. A long table and an ample supply of crockery-ware divide the two apparatuses, and this particular corner was inaugurated as a soup-kitchen on Christmas Eve, 1883, with the approval of the Bishop of Bedford. On that occasion turkeys and other Christmas cheer intended for the vicarage were cast into the boiler, together with other ingredients; and soup such as none of the guests had ever before tasted was the result. During the ensuing year numerous meetings were held, which have given to the very poor a taste of pleasure, and let rays of light into their existence, even in this dark place. But all this good is about to cease unless means are afforded to the Vicar to concrete all the floor. "The treading of many feet has already worked up the surface of the ground into grit and dust, thereby affording,

and seats placed round them; cupboards have been created somehow; a stove inserted; and a narrow but comfortable apartment formed. Many operations are in progress here; the most remarkable, perhaps, is a weekly meeting of the blind. A deputation waited on the Vicar to ask for the use of this room for their Sunday reunion. They liked to meet, but had no place of rendezvous; they could "see" that there was light, and feel that there was warmth, and that was all they needed.

Accordingly, each Sunday afternoon, a large company of blind, with their juvenile guides, manage to descend the stairs and assemble in this portion of the crypt. They sing hymns and enjoy a social gathering, partaking of tea before they separate. Two hundred names are on the books, and they come from all parts. Again, we may remind the readers of *THE QUIVER* that they kindly helped to provide a monster tea for these

very people and others similarly afflicted. Thus does benevolence work in a circle, and we constantly pick up the bread we have cast upon the rippling current. But what was to be done with the juvenile guides while their sightless patrons were enjoying social and religious intercourse? Our pastor of many resources answered this question by forming a class for them in another corner, separated from the corridor; and here every Sunday a kind teacher meets and instructs them. Although neither fee nor reward is expected for this Christian act of kindness, both

Hence arrive the children for the dinner, and we leave the comparatively light and cheerful corridor for the gloomy dining-room. Not that the young people are at all gloomy; the odour of the excellent soup enlivens them, and they eat with a will. It is contemplated to charge a penny for these dinners, according to the wise method of present-day philanthropists, of encouraging self-respect and decreasing pauperism; but they will still be free in cases of certified extreme destitution. That Board-school teachers sympathise with this work is certain. Only the



THE CHILDREN'S DINNER.

arrive, even while we are pondering over these circumstances, in the shape of a small harmonium. This has been subscribed for and purchased by the blind themselves, for their Sunday afternoon use, and will be at the service of the Vicar on other days. We rejoice with him, while he places it appropriately, and thinks of the pleasure it will give at the various mothers' meetings, classes, emigration parties, and the like, to be held here. One of the long cupboards is full of clothes, prepared for poor women about to emigrate, Mrs. Vatcher being secretary for the Stepney association; the other of books for a lending library. There is not even a schoolroom at present connected with the church, for the excellent church schools were given over to the School Board before the advent of the present incumbent, and, save for Sunday-school purposes or an occasional entertainment, they are restricted to Board-school uses.

other day, two orphans, who had been daily partakers of the dinners, were removed to an orphanage, and a petition came from a teacher that they might be replaced by two others specified, who were equally destitute. It is unnecessary to repeat here the fact that numbers of children are literally starved; but let us acknowledge thankfully that Board-school dinners, begun in Lisson Grove, are gradually spreading over London.

As we watch the eager, hungry guests of to-day, we are resolved, God helping us, that they shall not, at least, be deprived of dining-room, and consequently dinners, for want of an appeal to the benevolent. Money alone is needed to convert this roomy crypt into a large mission-hall. What has been effected on one side must be done on all. The floor must be excavated and concreted, the walls mortared, and oblique windows let in from the base of the church on

the other sides of its circumference. This completed, innumerable moral, physical, and religious agencies will be set on foot for the benefit of old and young. It is contemplated, in addition to classrooms, parochial meetings, youths' institute, mothers' meetings, reference and lending library, provident, breakfast, and dining-room for invalids and school children, to institute a gymnasium for the boys. This has been a dream of the good Vicar's; let us make it a reality. For thirty-four nights of the year, some seventy or eighty boys will be drilled and exercised into vigour on the payment of one penny a night each, will be kept out of the wild temptations of the streets, and, while trained bodily, will be led to spiritual progress by good advice and example. The pence will not only pay the drill-sergeant, but will, it is hoped, keep the playground, which surrounds the church above ground, in order. Economy must be the motto of all well-digested schemes, when public money has to be accounted for; and gas is expensive when used by day as well as by night. Once let in the daylight through the aforesaid oblique windows, and this item will decrease.

When the hungry urchins are fed, they cheerfully remount the stairs, the elders lugging up their juniors, and repair to the Board schools. Be assured they will learn all the better on repletion than on emptiness, since the brain needs feeding as well as the other bodily functions. To judge from the juvenile reading public of to-day, it should be copiously nourished, for books it will have, good, bad, or indifferent. Another glance into the corridor suffices to prove this fact, as well as the excellence of those three windows provided with so much difficulty and expense. One of the long, panelled cupboards is open, and a goodly supply of books visible. A young lady who has travelled all the way from Hampstead to superintend them, is patiently waiting on sundry children who come and go, bringing back one volume and carrying off another. It is the afternoon for exchanging the library books, and so well are they appreciated that several of the youthful readers begin to devour their mental food before leaving their library. But for energy and concrete, the one as strong as the other, they would have had neither library nor playground. One little ragged boy has wrapped his book up in a somewhat doubtful handkerchief, and stands with pinched face and thin hands to warm himself at the stove. He is a type of thousands in this ever-widening metropolis, many of whom are homeless, numbers depraved by bad example, all hungry. Let us, for the sake of the child-loving Saviour, stretch forth the hands of our charity towards them, and help those who are spending thought, heart, energy, prayer—nay, life itself—in the struggle to raise them and their parents from

the crypt-like darkness of sin and unbelief, into the eternal light of Everlasting Love.

We leave darkness for light literally, as we quit the crypt, again mount the stairs, and look about us. The poet's fine words greet us—

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast Forever
One grand sweet song."

This is the motto of the children's playground round about St. Philip's Church, and we are invited by its pastor to aid in the construction of a suitable entrance and flight of steps hence into the subterranean prospective mission-hall. Even a political economist must rejoice in such utilisation of space and appropriation of funds. What was once an area of smoke-dried grass is now a concreted piece of ground, where six days in the week, when mental labour ceases in the neighbouring Board schools, physical power may be gained. How much is accomplished by a little forethought! Breakfast and dinner for starving little ones below, recreation above. And the most abject of cavillers ceases to grumble when helpless and irresponsible childhood is in question. Here Jew and Gentile, Churchman and Nonconformist, meet, for neither in crypt nor playground is an inquiry made as to the sect of the frequenter.

We want no more forcible proof of this than the words inscribed on the fountain erected in the centre of the playground. They are as follows:—"In affectionate remembrance of Leonard Montefiore, who loved children, and whom all children loved, this playground has been laid out." And this is the outcome of a true Christianity, albeit the Jew believes it not as yet. When the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, spends a life in benefiting alike his own people and those alien to him; when, again, the Jew aids the Christian in providing breathing ground and water for the children, in memory of one of his own race; and when, in Paris, the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild adds a schoolroom to Miss Leigh's orphanage: we may humbly hope that God is bringing mighty things to pass. As we watch the children drink of the water of the elegant fountain, trundle their hoops, or play at hide and seek on the asphalted pavement, or book in hand from the subterranean library, sit on the low seats provided for them here and there, we say with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice," and has done them, as is His wont, through human instruments.

Will those "instruments" still work on vigorously, in conjunction with the Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, until his much-needed underground mission-hall is made suitable for all parish purposes?

ESSIE'S WAITING.

BY THE HON. KATHARINE SCOTT, AUTHOR OF "MISS BROWN'S DISTRICT," ETC.



ES, little Essie, I'm coming; but wait a minute." Aunt Esther is standing on the bridge by the mill, and looking over the flat meadows apparently at nothing.

"Oh! *do, do* come on, Aunt Es!" the little voice is saying, and Aunt Esther turns with a very gentle smile.

"Yes, Essie, you'll have to learn to wait. Waiting is the hardest part of life, and there's a great deal of it."

Aunt Esther's front tooth had been knocked out many years ago, and one eye had a droop, and her face was pale, or rather, pale brown, and the hair that used to be so plentiful and glossy was done up in a small, tight plait under her plain black hat. She was not beautiful—and yet she was. The five-year-old Esther was looking up at the forty-five-year-old Esther, and something of this feeling was passing through the little head.

"I do like your funny old face, Aunt Esther; I do love you; but I'm sure, if you don't like waiting— Why don't we go on?"

The small hand was tugging away, and the restless little feet are off now into the green soft meadows, flying along to the golden marsh-marigolds which are flaming in the spring sunshine; and then over the little foot-bridge to the shallow water where the forget-me-nots are spreading a blue bed.

The little hands clutch and pull, and that afternoon the miller's parlour is gay with posies, when he comes in to his tea. The old red house stands glowing in the evening sunshine—the miller at the door. If he had known the lines he would have been saying—

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it, never still;
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

He loved it all, and had spent all his days there, but he did not seem to love anything else much.

Fifteen years later, the green meadows were the same; the patient-looking willow trees had grown slowly on; the mill had got older and more picturesque—even the old mill-wheel had grown beautiful with years—but not so the old miller. He was more cross-grained, more selfish than fifteen years before.

"Surely, Ned, you love little Essie too much to spoil her happiness in any way?" Aunt Esther is knitting in the porch—Uncle Ned is smoking gloomily; tall, bright Essie is amongst the strawberries, and Tom Purves, the Scotch clerk in a large business lately started near, is watching her. So also is the rich young brewer from Newton Bridge.

"The love of money is the root of all evil. The old, old story; love is going to make Essie unhappy now—the course of true love never did run smooth."

Aunt Esther's thoughts were all jumbled up, and her usually placid face looked quite puckered.

"The hay is going to be carried this afternoon, Aunt Esther, and I'm off to it."

"Very well, child; go by all means."

Tom Purves thought it would be diplomatic to give half an hour to the old miller over his pipe, and so successful was he that he felt he had fairly earned his treat of a couple of hours in the hay-field after. All the men and maidens were out, the girls in a long row raking up the scatterings of the sweet masses which were being hoisted on to the long carts. Essie was at the end of the row, and would not for the world have let anyone see how often she had glanced towards the stile and the path from the mill; and she raked in the most industrious manner when at last Tom appeared suddenly over the hedge by her.

"I've been having a long chat with your uncle; but let me have your rake now; you have worked hard enough, and made yourself quite hot." Essie's cheeks were rosy, certainly, but it might be the reflection from her pink sun-bonnet. Tom was fain to think it was not all the hot day, nor yet the raking, that made the firm little hand shake as he touched it.

Little Essie was "little" no longer, but tall and erect, with a crown of ruddy-brown hair, and large, soft brown eyes—eyes that Tom longed to look into and read to the depths. This last year had been like none that ever had been before to Essie—full of something quite new—and it was only the last few weeks she had begun to find out why, and who *her* king was—Tom, with his red head and Scotch face.

By-and-by, Aunt Esther is buzzing about the hay-field, with a slopping jug, dispensing tea all round. The sun is sinking slowly in the west, flooding all the now empty meadows, and lighting up the old bit of ruined abbey which stood just across the little foot-bridge. The two Miss Esthers and Tom are resting by the hedge, watching the carts slowly creaking home with their fragrant load—the men whistling—the women gathering up baskets, rakes, and small children—the grass-hoppers are click—click—clicking—the old church clock is slowly groaning out eight o'clock. "I feel ready for a walk, don't you, Aunt Es? You look like it, I must say," laughed Essie, looking down on the little lady.

"My dear child, there's no end to your liveliness; take a walk and welcome; but let me wait and rest."

"All right—you like to practise what you preach, Aunt Es—so wait, and off I'll go."

She was still rather like the five-year-old Essie—scudding over the field—off to the stile—picking the big June daisies. "Miss Esther isn't easily tired,"

Tom was remarking. "Tired! Bless you, no! She's as full of life as she can be! I wonder sometimes whether it will all be knocked out of her by-and-by."

"God forbid!" Tom muttered, and in his secret heart he prayed, "Not if I can guard her life."

Miss Esther was certainly tired, or she would have noticed Tom's face, and been more interested in his remark that he would walk on to the ruins and find "Miss Essie."

Aunt Esther leant back on the bank and gave herself up to reflections—about the miller and his increased crankiness, and whether the bad seasons had anything to do with it, or whether it was so much flour being imported—the setting sun was almost obscured to her mind's eye by sacks of meal.

Miss Esther, junior, was resting too, now, in a little side chapel of the old ruined abbey, perched on a stone, with her lap full of daisies and wild roses; the pink sun-bonnet over her arm, and her big eyes fixed on the glowing sky. Tom had been wondering for a week past how, or when, he could speak to the woman he loved, and as he turned the ruined bit of wall, where the grass was so soft and mossy, his step was not heard. He took her by surprise, and his own heart gave a jump as the brown eyes turned and he caught the sudden look of half-fearful joy and saw every bit of colour fly from her face.

Essie was usually glib enough of speech, but the roses and the daisies were her refuge now, and she jumped from her seat, scattering half on the ground.

"Essie," began Tom, in a very strange voice, "Essie, this is a solemn place, and I have come to ask you a solemn question. Will you be my wife?" Tom gasped. "I love you—God only knows how truly; I have loved you since I first set eyes on you, and each day I love you more." Essie's thick lashes were resting on her changing-coloured cheeks, and she lifted them suddenly with the look that Tom had prayed for—the look that is given by most women but once in their lives. The sweet, firm mouth only said, "Tom—I will." What distant shadow made Tom ask, "Will you love me, *trust* me for ever? Never change, Essie—never—never?"

"For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer, I love you—I love you, my king, my king."

A nightingale was pouring out its evening anthem, and sang, and sang over their heads.

The old miller was away for three days, and as for writing to him, that was out of the question, so Tom and Essie had to wait for his blessing, and rejoiced in the meantime with Aunt Esther's—tender, sympathising Aunt Esther.

Essie's first love-letter was a grubby scrap brought by the baker's boy:—"Meet me at the stile at 12.30. I am summoned to London." Essie's happy feet took her there half an hour too soon, and there Tom found her, and carried away her picture in his heart.

Essie, leaning on the stile in the glory of the June noonday sunshine—the soft air blowing round her—

sunshine on the rosy face—sunshine in the sweet eyes—her bonnet shading her soft brown hair—her rosebud-sprigged cotton and her large holland apron—twelve o'clock at the mill was a busy time, and Essie was in her working suit.

Nature and sunshine sometimes mock us in our grief, but at other times they seem to be doing their utmost to rejoice along with us.

There was only an hour before Tom's train, but in that short hour was a wealth of joy.

An old rook perched on a tree warned them their time was up. "Tom, will you take this and give me a bit of yours?"

Essie was shyly looking up, holding a lock of her soft hair in her hand—and Tom's knife served to place one of his yellow curls by it.

"Tom"—and the steadfast eyes looked gravely up at him—

"Then take it, love, and put it by;
This cannot change, nor yet can I"—

not even when *this* is grey," touching her sunny head.

"Amen," said Tom. "This shall go into my Bible by-and-by—into my purse for just now."

"Not much in your purse," remarked Essie.

"No—not to-day—nor any day, I'm afraid! But a man can work."

"And women must weep!" laughed Essie. "I don't like that—do you, Tom? I will try and do something better than that."

"My love—my own! God keep you from having to weep; God help me to work, and to do for you all that is in my heart."

Only the old rook saw the lovers' parting.

Essie's work went lightly the next two days, and then Uncle Ned returned. He was always in a good humour when a calamity had befallen any one, and Aunt Esther looked up anxiously as he entered the parlour.

"Well! how are you?" rubbing his hands. "Where's Essie? Got some news for her. Look here, Esther," lowering his voice, "that young brewer is after her; I'm sure of that! He's a good match; plenty of cash about his business! And here's a piece of news. Tom Purves is *said* to have been making a mess of his work, and done his employers out of two or three hundred. Essie needn't smile at him any longer! Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the old man. Aunt Esther was white, and almost paralysed in her chair.

"Ned! brother! what are you speaking about? Surely *that's* not true!"

"Well, so I've heard, and why shouldn't it be true?"

"Because—because—— Why, Ned, Tom Purves has asked Essie to be his wife, since you left, and—and—— Oh! it's impossible!" and Aunt Esther broke down.

"Asked her to be his wife! And she, what has she said?" thundered the miller.

Essie's tall figure stood in the doorway. "*She*—Uncle Ned? she said, *Yes*." Essie had sometimes been afraid of him and his tempers, but she was not afraid



"Leaning on the stile in the glory of the June noonday sunshine."—p. 401.

now. She came quickly forward and laid her hand on the old man's arm. "Uncle Ned, I have been waiting and hoping for your blessing. He is a good, true man; he loves me, and I love him."

Essie's voice was very quiet, and there was a touching, simple innocence in her words and look.

"I've got a different story for you, my girl! Your fine lover never had much of a fortune, and now he's got into a peck of trouble. Muddled away his master's money, and his name is disgraced—yes, disgraced. No! no! no nonsense for me! Coming

after you, thinking he'd get my money next. Not that there's much to get, though." And the miller strode out to his meal-sacks, leaving Essie rooted to the ground till her eyes fell on Aunt Esther in the window.

"Aunt Es! Oh! dear! don't look like that—here's some water. *You* don't believe what Uncle Ned says!" and the tender, firm arms were round Miss Esther.

"Oh, my darling, my darling! he's so cranky; it'll go hard with you—I know it will."

"Aunt Es, I *know* he has not done wrong—and I'm not afraid of anybody; and—there! *there he is!*"

Essie was on her feet with a radiant look, as over the bridge, dusty and tired-looking, came Tom—Tom himself.

In another moment she was by his side, but he stopped and drew back. "Essie, a great trouble has come—a great disgrace has fallen on me, and you must know all before—before I let you speak to me."

Tom's voice trembled. "A large sum of money has been taken from my employers. They think—the world will think—that I have taken it. Essie, I cannot even tell you what I know about it—but as long as my name is disgraced I could not ask you to share it; and what money I have must go to repay what, God knows, I have never touched."

Essie was white and trembling, but as she raised her head the colour flushed into her face again, and the brown eyes spoke volumes more than the quivering lips. "For better, for worse—you remember, Tom. I *love* you; I trust you." The words were scarcely spoken when Uncle Ned stood by them like an avenging judge. "Young man, follow me! and niece Esther, go on!"

The miller seated himself in his big chair in the parlour; Miss Esther trembled on the window-seat.

"What have you got to say for yourself, you scoundrel?"

Tom was tall, and at the taunt in the words he threw his red head up nearly to the rafters.

"Sir, three days ago I asked your niece to be my wife. I hoped to come to-day for your consent. I come instead as a disgraced man, but in God's sight I am perfectly blameless."

"And you've not one penny?"

"No, sir. I have not. What I had laid by must go, and I must not—I dare not—claim the promise given me."

"Claim it! Indeed not! You leave my house, and never you enter it again, nor speak to my niece without my leave."

"Uncle Ned! Oh, Uncle Ned! please—please listen. He is not disgraced—he has not done wrong. He cannot explain now, but if he could you would see how untrue this is."

"And, pray, what do *you* know about it?" sneered the old man. "Ha! some of the money that is gone was paid to the ticket clerk the day he went up to London, for a ticket by that train—a five-pound note! Everything is against him. Pshaw! none of your nonsense."

"Uncle Ned! I know *he* had not a note."

"And what do you know about his money? I suppose your fine lover has been begging of you."

It needed all Tom's respect for old age and love for Essie to restrain him at this moment. But Essie was like a queen in her quiet strength, as she clasped her hands tightly and stood before him.

"Uncle Ned, I met Tom in the meadows on Tuesday, the day—the day after he spoke to me.

Aunt Es let me meet him on his way to London. I am not ashamed to say I love him"—and the pure brow was lifted—"love him and trust him. I gave him a bit of my hair," poor Essie's cheeks were glowing at this public revelation of her sweet secret, "and he put it in his purse, and we laughed about the money he had—only some shillings; that's how I know. And, Uncle Ned, I can *never* change from what I have promised him—never!"

"Never is a long day; and he is disgraced, I tell you, and no one belonging to *me* shall have aught to do with him."

"Uncle Ned, if he is disgraced, then so am I; for all that I have is his—now I have promised to be his wife."

"All that you have, indeed! and pray what's that?"

"Myself, Uncle Ned—my whole heart." Tom made one step forward.

"Stay! Young man, you say good-bye to this young woman—and you leave this house, and never a word more between you till you are cleared. There! do you hear?"

There must have been one soft spot in the miller's heart, for as a low half-groan broke from Tom's lips he took out his large watch. "I give you ten minutes, and then you go," and he walked out.

Aunt Esther in the window was for those ten minutes both blind and deaf. She only heard the door close, heard Tom's heavy footsteps down the path, and then Essie crying bitterly. After a few minutes she came forward and laid her kind hand on the bowed head.

"Child, I'm sure now he's innocent. I'll not doubt him; and time will pass. You must wait, my darling—wait."

There was silence for some time. At last Essie moved.

"Wait, did you say? Wait? Oh! Aunt Es, here's my trial come! Yes, I'll *wait!*" and into the poor, crushed young face came a look of patient womanly strength that went to Aunt Esther's heart; and it was a relief when poor Essie broke out pettishly, "But please don't say time will pass. You know that is what's always said to people in affliction, and I'll try for Tom's sake not to be that. But as for time passing quick, you *know* it *won't*."

True enough. A world of joy and sorrow had been compressed into that one week, and the weeks would go wearily now till they grew into months, and the months into years.

And Tom—he knew he must go, though the very fact of leaving seemed an acknowledgment of guilt. His employers wished to hush the matter up, but they would not keep him, and it would be better for many reasons to be away.

Wednesday evening was the choir practice, and if Tom might not speak to Essie, he might at least see her, and hear her voice again. It was a cloudy, rainy July evening, and the air felt chilly. Tom lingered amongst the tombstones, trying hard to

battle with his own heart—love, anger, sorrow, seemed all struggling for the mastery. He went quietly into the old church and seated himself behind one of the pillars, where no one could see him.

Marshman, the village shoemaker, was the organist. The church was dark excepting a light by the organ, and the boys and girls were all in the chancel and out of sight. Tom could only see the grave, musical face of the shoemaker. He was a real musician, and Tom's troubled mind was by degrees soothed—almost stupefied—when suddenly came Essie's voice, clear above the others, like a lark mounting up and up. She had caught sight of Tom's figure in the shadow, and here was the last bit of work she could do for him just now—sing to him so that the words might strengthen and cheer him.

Marshman looked round after a minute. "Miss Esther, your voice *is* developing. Let me hear you alone; just step here and let us have this as a treat for ourselves."

Marshman little knew why, but never before, and never after, did he hear his favourite pupil sing as she did then.

"O rest in the Lord... rest... rest... wait—wait patient—ly for Him——" It died away gently, almost sobbingly. And Tom went; and Essie waited.

There are a good many different kinds of waiting. Some people wait with their hands in their pockets, kicking their heels, metaphorically; some wait hopelessly, letting their whole nature lie fallow; and some wait, as Essie was determined to do, brightly, hopefully, so that when her "sweetheart" returned he might find her in one sense unchanged, and in another so many years wiser, better, and more ready to be his "helpmeet." All the same, the waiting was not easy; happy girls with prosperous lovers looked down on her, some openly expressed their surprise at her letting her name be coupled with one in disgrace, and the elderly people shook their heads. Aunt Esther never shook hers, that was a comfort; and Uncle Ned, having done his worst, was rather kinder than usual.

Four years went by—five years, six years. Any-one who wondered at the miller's pretty niece not being married, and heard a rumour of a "love affair" six years ago, laughed carelessly. Six years ago! what could that matter?

Some people's hearts are whole in six months, or even six weeks, and some, God knows, bear never-healed wounds for sixty years!

Nobody saw Essie on her knees by her little, childish wooden chair, nobody saw the tears then, nobody guessed where the brave, cheerful spirit was obtained. Nobody saw, either, what probably would have shocked some if they had, Essie spending time gazing at herself in her little glass, brushing her thick hair, looking steadily at her own reflection, wondering if she was getting to look soured, dis-

contented, puckered, or if when Tom came he would find her face what she strove to keep her heart—unselfish, bright, and brave.

One November Sunday all the village was moved. Miss Esther, senior, had died suddenly. In the morning she was at church, in the afternoon she was gone—Essie's best comforter and friend. Two weeks later the old miller "was taken with a stroke," and poor, sorrowful Essie watched by him for a week, and was cheered by one remark—"I believe that fellow was honest, Essie; I did you a wrong. God forgive me!"

It was her one little bit of comfort when all was over. The miller had not prospered for many years, and everything had to be sold, and Essie was going—where, she did not quite know; for a week to the old clergyman's house, till she had time to think.

It was the last afternoon in the old mill. There was nothing but straw and paper lying about, one or two chairs on their heads in the garden; nothing left of all the dear home look; and Essie, wrapping a shawl round her, fled to her favourite place, the old abbey. The meadows were swampy here and there, the trees bare, a few disconsolate rooks perched on the willows—it was all sad and desolate, and Essie's heart was failing her. Even the abbey seemed too desolate—she turned quickly away down the old path till she got to the stile, and there she stopped to take breath.

A sweet little comforter was on the thorn-bush in the corner, where the roses and the daisies grew long ago; one little robin twitting out its cheerful song. Essie had learnt to pick up little crumbs of comfort here and there, and she leant against the stile with almost a happy look coming over her face, then turned to go, and before her was—Tom!

She did not do the right thing; she did not faint or scream.

Without any great surprise, she put out both hands, and his strong arms were round her, his broad shoulder resting her weary head; and the robin, having done his work, hopped away.

"My love, my love, you are not changed!" Tom was gazing at the lovely face, which had but grown in strength and womanly beauty. "And you have suffered and waited!"

"Tom, I have tried to grow—tried to be worthy of you. And, Tom, are there 'silver streaks in golden hair,' or will the old bit match still?" And Essie's tears and laughter were mixed. Tom was clear now; but he never told—and Essie, his true, trusting love—never asked, for whom he had borne the long disgrace.

The sun made a struggle through the thick December gloom, and a pale gleam fell on them.

The rooks rose in a flock over their heads, and went cawing home. It all looked very sober, very grey, but two faces were lighting up one path, two hearts were singing together.

THE FURNACE AND THE LAMP.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM, NORFOLK.



It might seem paradoxical to say that Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, was at once a believer and an unbeliever; and yet it would be in a sense true. Nor was his an uncommon case. Like oil and water, faith and unbelief may, and often do, exist together in the same heart. And as, when the vessel is at rest, the oil will rise to the surface, but when disturbed will combine with the water—so, when life glides on peacefully, it is easy to trust in God, whereas trials and temptations stir up our latent doubts and fears. So it was with Abraham. His complaint about the delay of the promise had been answered by the challenge to count the stars, and the assurance, "So shall thy seed be." To the childless patriarch's reason this must have then seemed impossible, but his faith "laughed at impossibilities, and said, It shall be done." "He believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." So genuine and unhesitating was his reliance in the bare promise of Jehovah, that he was thereby justified. He, who could read his heart, accepted him as a true believer. Nevertheless, the very next moment the sceptical question rises from his lips, "Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit the land?" Abraham was then probably a riddle to himself, just as many a true-hearted believer is at times now. Yet, how patiently and tenderly did the Lord deal with him, even as He deals with ourselves. By sacrifice as a ground of confidence, and sensible signs of His favour, He led him on to a higher exercise of faith, until, like an unblown rosebud, it blossomed into a full and happy assurance. Such is the Divine method still.

1. The Lord answers his doubts first by a command. His faith is strengthened by obedience. He said unto him, "Take Me a heifer of three years old, and a she-goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon." Abraham understood that they were for sacrifice. Accordingly, he prepares them by cutting them asunder, with the exception of the birds, and laying the pieces one against another. This having been duly done, he is left waiting in silence and solitude, and guarding the victims from birds of prey. With the New Testament in our hands, and especially the Epistle to the Hebrews before us, there can be little doubt about the meaning of all this. That "without shedding of blood is no remission" is a great principle which has marked God's dealings with fallen man from the very first. Although

the blood of bulls and goats and other dumb creatures could never take away sin, they prefigured the One perfect offering of Him who said, "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God." Was the patriarch admitted into covenant in the first instance by sacrifices, and pointed to them as the assurance of the Lord's faithfulness to His promise? In like manner are we directed to the atonement on the Cross as the one meeting-place between the Holy One and the unholy. There we see exhibited, as in characters of flame, the unbending justice which required such a sacrifice, while we vainly strive to grasp the boundless mercy, shining as with rainbow hues, which provided it. No after-thought was there to meet an unexpected necessity, for Christ was "the Lamb foreordained before the foundation of the world."

"I will not sin," wrote good Archbishop Leighton, "because my Father is the just Judge; but for my frailties I will hope for mercy, because the Judge is my Father." In the like spirit, a good old Christian woman in humble life, on her dying-bed, being asked the ground of her hope, replied with great composure, "I rely on the justice of God." Seeing that her reply excited surprise, she added, "Justice not to me, but to my Substitute, in Whom I trust."

The first answer to Abraham's doubts and fears was given through typical sacrifices; our refuge from the upbraidings of conscience and the terrors of the broken Law is in the complete satisfaction for sin of the Lord Jesus. Such has been the happy experience of countless believers. One touching instance may be mentioned.

A lady was awakened from a life of worldliness by the faithful preaching of the late Dean of Cork. She was long in a state of deep spiritual anxiety, and thus simply described to Dr. Daunt her deliverance from it:—"When I heard your loving invitation to come to Jesus, I just tried to obey, but could not. At last, the other night, as I lay awake, restless and miserable, I thought I would repeat, 'Just as I am;' and when I came to the fourth verse, some voice seemed to whisper in my ear, 'This is coming to Jesus, this saying, "O Lamb of God, I come," from the heart, and He will in nowise cast out.' Such a flood of light as filled my soul! I saw the whole thing, and went to sleep with the mountain of my sin and unbelief all gone. But when the morning came, Satan suggested that it was all mere excitement. By the help of God's Spirit, I again cast myself at my loving Saviour's feet, and my peace is with me again, and I am so happy!" Very real was the change, for she

became a decided, useful, as well as rejoicing Christian. Like Abraham, she entered into covenant with God by sacrifice.

2. It remains for us now to notice by what sensible signs the patriarch's faith was confirmed, and in what corresponding ways the Christian's confidence may be strengthened still. The long day of watching and waiting was at length closing. The sun was going down, and, as in an Eastern clime, night came on immediately. The weary watcher fell into a deep sleep, and "Lo! a horror of great darkness fell upon him." Amidst the solemn silence the Divine Voice penetrates his inward ears, foretelling the fortunes of himself and his posterity. When it had ceased, a most expressive vision is revealed to his mind's eye. "Behold, a smoking furnace and a lamp of fire passed between those pieces." How significant were these two symbols of Israel's long succession of trials, and of the presence of Jehovah in their midst. Egypt was, indeed, as Moses afterwards reminded his people, like an iron furnace, wherein they were refined and fitted for their high position as God's witnesses to the world. The furnace has in every age been the sure sign that God hath not cast away His people, but that they are still beloved for their fathers' sakes. Nor has the lamp of His truth and presence ever been altogether withdrawn. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them; in His love and in His pity He redeemed them, and He bare them and carried them all the days of old."

But the vision still speaks to all Abraham's children in the faith. Times there are in their experience, when a horror of great darkness falls upon them, and they are called to pass through some furnace of affliction exceeding hot. They may be tempted in their impatience to think it a sign of God's anger, and to regard themselves as cast off from His favour; but faith learns to

discern in it a pledge of the everlasting covenant. Suffering with Christ is a mark of adoption, the wholesome discipline of a wise and loving Father. "He has only one Son without sin, and therefore no son without suffering."

The Rev. J. Newton, once a godless sailor, and afterwards an eminent clergyman, called one day on a family, whose great success in business was, he feared, rendering them indifferent to the one thing needful. With his wonted faithfulness, he was warning them of their danger, when the news arrived of the serious illness of one of their children. Claspings the father's hands, he said: "God be thanked! He has not forsaken you. I do not wish your babe to suffer; but I am happy to find He gives this token of His favour."

Well is it for the child of God when he can feel it to be so, and can see the smoking furnace accompanied by the lamp of fire. Such a lamp is God's Word, when lighted by the Holy Spirit. The darker and thicker is the smoke, the brighter do its precepts and promises shine out. Nay, more than this: the furnace and the lamp, passing between the victims of his sacrifice, were to Abraham the effectual signs and seals of the covenant. A compact made in this manner amongst men, whether in those early days or in later times, was a solemn form of adjuration; the offerers thus declaring that, should either side violate their agreement, they would deserve to be treated as were their victims. So did the Lord say in effect to His doubting servant, "As truly as I live, as surely as I cannot die, so assuredly will I fulfil My word." Thus, "God, willing to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things [His promise and His oath], in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us."

WON BY A PICTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BORNE BACK," "MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES," "IN TRUST," ETC. ETC.

ETHEL VARYNS' father had been an artist, a "regular born genius" every one said who knew him in his quiet country home. But then the favourable opinion of country friends is not always reliable; neither are "born geniuses" as a rule always successful in life; that is, if we regard the making of much money as success. Charles Varyns never became rich or famous.

As soon as, by extreme industry, and contrivances enough to take the romance out of any one, he earned a moderate—a very moderate—income, he married. His choice did not fall on "a girl of the period," but

on a simple country maiden whom he had loved in his village home. He bore her, happy in his love, to share a city lodging and the precarious existence of an ill-paid artist.

"Was his life a failure, his hope illusive, his love of art an idle dream?" he asked himself as he lay on a sick-bed, some years later. Oh, how he longed for a breath from the open moor, of heather and hillside! Or—or the fresh sea-breezes from an open bay he knew full well, into whose waters he had loved to plunge in boyhood!

Ah! not until he was going out of the world did

he learn the secret without which life can never be a success. He saw the sin which he was unable to expiate, put away by the sacrifice of Another. He realised deliverance from its bondage, and being placed on a new footing with God, he saw that he had missed the right path in life because not led by the Almighty hand which alone could support him in death.

The hope in which he died lived in his widow's heart. He had the prudence to insure his life, which secured to her a small sum. With this, and what she could make by the sale of his pictures, she returned with two daughters to her early home.

She tried to bring them up in a simple, useful, housewifely way; her care was repaid by both with the tenderest affection. Only from her earliest childhood it became evident that Ethel, the elder, inherited her father's gift.

Ethel, who was twelve years old at the time of her father's death, had often sat in his studio and watched him at work, though she had not taken regular lessons. She not only knew how to mix colours, but had the true artist's enthusiasm about laying them on, with the tintings, and effects of light and shade. As she grew towards womanhood she cultivated this talent more and more, and was found constantly at her easel.

At length a bright day dawned. She sent a picture up to town—a view of the bay for whose breezes her father had pined, from a bold headland. It was placed in the Royal Academy, and a little later sold.

Poor Mrs. Varyns was in a flutter of delight when Ethel poured a little golden stream into her lap. This was practical proof of her daughter's talent. She immediately set about making the cottage more comfortable, re-covering chairs and table, new dresses for the girls, etc. From this date the easel had a recognised and important place in their little establishment.

It was at this time Mrs. Varyns received a letter from a cousin whom she had not met for twenty years. She turned pale as she read. Her daughters flew to her in alarm.

"My dears," she exclaimed, "my cousin, Mrs. Adderley, is coming here—here to this place. She is rich and great, and used to laugh at me for being so countrified when she invited me as a girl to her grand house. Now I feel sure she will be positively ashamed of us, and I—I feel dreadfully afraid of her."

"Is that all, mother?" replied Ethel, relieved.

"All? I think it is tremendous news!" cried Florence, whose life was so commonplace and dull. "But where is she coming to, mother? Surely not to this—" she was about to add "cabin," but checked herself and added "cottage."

"Oh, no, dear; how could you think of such a thing? Mrs. Adderley has taken Greydown Towers. It is such a lovely spot; so sheltered from the bay; and, I am thankful to say, at least two miles away from us."

Florrie got a bright idea.

"What if your cousin should do something for

Ethel?" she said. "It would be grand if she could help her on."

A flush spread over Ethel's face, but she was silent. The hope of her heart was in her look.

"Has Mrs. Adderley a family, mamma?" she inquired. "I suppose it would be wrong to wish she would not bring them here."

The girl was sensitive, and shrank from the idea of being looked down upon by rich young relatives.

"She had several children," was Mrs. Varyns' quiet reply. "I know not how many are living. Remember, they are your cousins, Ethel."

In a few days Mrs. Adderley arrived. Mrs. Varyns was the only one at the station to meet her.

She was a tall, handsome woman of about fifty, rather restrained in manner, and conscious of her own importance. She was accompanied by her son, a fine, well-built, well-dressed young man, whom she called George, and a delicate-looking daughter. A reason for the mother's visit to this seaside retreat was apparent in her anxious glances at this daughter. Mrs. Varyns' heart went out to her in true sympathy when she saw that the girl was deformed.

"I want to see my cousins," May Adderley said, in a thin, weak voice, which yet was not in the least querulous. "I thought they would have been here."

Mrs. Varyns replied they had not expected her.

"Can they come to-morrow?"

"Certainly, and with pleasure."

May smiled a little incredulously, as if the visit to her might not prove a pleasure.

It was the beginning of an intimacy which was agreeable to all the young people. From the first, May Adderley attached herself to her cousins. The element of strength in Ethel's character fascinated the weak girl, while Ethel's reputed talents won her confidence and admiration. Many a day they spent together on the breezy cliffs, and Mrs. Adderley rejoiced to see a healthier colour upon her daughter's cheek.

It was not long ere an ill-defined fear drove Ethel back to her easel. At the same time a well-defined fear led Mrs. Adderley to desire to discourage the intimacy.

"Your mother is not well off, my dear," she began one day when by a mere chance she had met Ethel alone.

The girl simply assented.

"Do you not think you could help her?"

Poor Ethel flushed with mingled feelings, in which shame and displeasure were prominent.

"I am doing so," she replied a little proudly.

"You are aware I have one gift——"

She paused. It seemed so like self-laudation. Mrs. Adderley went on—

"We have a picture-gallery at home. I have pleased myself in making a collection for George. You know he must marry well some day, and settle down. Well, I have one picture I prize more than any—a portrait of an uncle, whose adopted daughter I was. The colours have faded, and I was taking it

up to town to be renewed. I could not trust you with that. You are too young and inexperienced, and would lay on too much. But if you would please me, as a test of your art, would you try and make a copy of it?"

There was a good deal in this speech that Ethel very much disliked, and the tone was high. Nevertheless, with perfect confidence in her own powers, she quietly undertook the task assigned to her.

Day by day went by, and the young painter shut herself up with her work. May protested in notes, verbal messages, and even called for her in vain. The happy quartette of Greydown Cliffs was effectually broken up. Mrs. Adderley secured her point; Ethel was kept at home.

And day by day the picture grew beneath her hand into the likeness of the dim original. She had toned down the colouring to make them as nearly alike as possible.

Then a thought came into her mind which gradually grew into a purpose. It was to fill in this sketch as it might have been at first.

She put away from her her own copy, and covered it out of sight. Then she placed Mrs. Adderley's portrait upon the frame and sat down to study it.

The soft light came in through the lattice window which looked out on the cottage garden. On the table was a bunch of flowers in a plain stone vase. They were a gift from Greydown Towers, and every blossom was telling a tale. Sitting there opposite her easel, lost in thought, Ethel did not know how pleasing a picture she formed.

How strangely the past and present were blending in her mind! The dead father—his high aims, his life of struggling and death of hope.

Was his hope hers? she asked herself. If not, why wait till she could get no more of earth to seek for it? If it could brighten the glazing eye, could it not brighten the visions of youth?

And she had so little—so little on earth. To her distorted fancy just then life scarcely seemed endurable.

She roused herself from this state of despondency, and fell to considering the portrait again.

The old man whose likeness was before her must have had a young past. He had a heart which once beat warmly. Had he loved?

Then there seemed to come out to her from the dim canvas strange lines of disappointment, regret, endurance. And in the faded eyes was a feeble yearning, which aroused an interest in the young artist almost akin to pain.

She woke with a start from her reverie, and came back to the present to find some one addressing her.

"I almost regret my intrusion," a man's voice said. "It does not seem right to interrupt such a study."

"A brown study," she replied, trying to smile. "You know I have to paint that picture."

"I know you were good enough to undertake it, but I am not willing you should do so at the expense of pale cheeks," he returned.

The tone of authority was very pleasant to her. George Adderley's will must be considered in a matter which so nearly concerned her.

He would not see her suffer.

She nerved herself to answer quietly.

"I am always pale," she said. "I should be paler still if I thought I could not work out my present idea."

"And that is——?"

"To imagine what the old gentleman before me felt before I can tell how he looked. Can you help me in this?"

The appeal—the mere idea of her dependence upon him, set the strong man's heart in a glow. Restraining himself, he answered steadily—

"I think I can. My mother was adopted by him. In youth he had loved a beautiful girl, but some misunderstanding arose between them, and they parted, never to meet again. So his life was marred."

"And hers? Oh, it was cruel."

"My mother says there always seemed a shadow on his life, almost of affright."

"Thank you," Ethel said. "You have helped me so much! I can set to work now with my heart. It will be telling a story."

But George Adderley was silent, and when he did speak, what he said had nothing to do with the picture. It was—

"Ethel, I love you."

And when the girl declared "she never could be his wife at the cost of his mother's displeasure," he only smiled, and said—

"For her approval I can wait. No mistake can part us now that I know you care for me."

"But I never said so," she faltered, not knowing how much her look revealed.

"Then, dear one, you shall say it now," was the fervent declaration.

And Ethel, like a weak woman, obeyed.

"George," Mrs. Adderley exclaimed, some days later, "I am won."

Her son showed his appreciation of the remark by rising from his chair, putting his arm round her neck, and kissing her vigorously, to the exceeding damage of her new cap.

"I knew you would be!" he declared.

"Yes, I have been won," she repeated, tears now standing in her eyes. "That picture is the perfection of art—it is a written history. The girl who painted it must have heart, imagination, soul; in a word, genius of a high order. She is worthy of your love."

And George Adderley only answered as lovers ever will do, that "he was not worthy of hers."

But Mrs. Adderley never knew what an ambition was awakened in the reverie opposite that picture. She only saw how that ambition, which stretched away beyond earth, and had its highest link in heaven, blessed and coloured her son's future life.



H O M E W A R D.

THROUGH shade and shine the journey
lies
Beneath the ever-changing skies,
Our finite skill can ne'er divine
If one day shall be dark or fine:
God hides it from our anxious eyes.

How well for him who daily tries
By faith to pierce the clouds' disguise,

And sees the Father's glad design
Through shade and shine!

O Thou, Who art the Only Wise,
In mazes dark my way advise;
Let bitter days with sweet combine
To make my life more truly Thine;
Thus led by Thee, my song shall rise
Through shade and shine.

S. S. McCURRY.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

No. 12. JONATHAN'S PAGE.

To read—1 Sam. xx. (part).

1. **T**HE STORY. (Read 24—42.) A simple story of a page boy at court of Saul, King of Israel. His special duty to wait on Jonathan, the prince—Saul's eldest son. How pleased he would be to be appointed—how hard he would try to please!

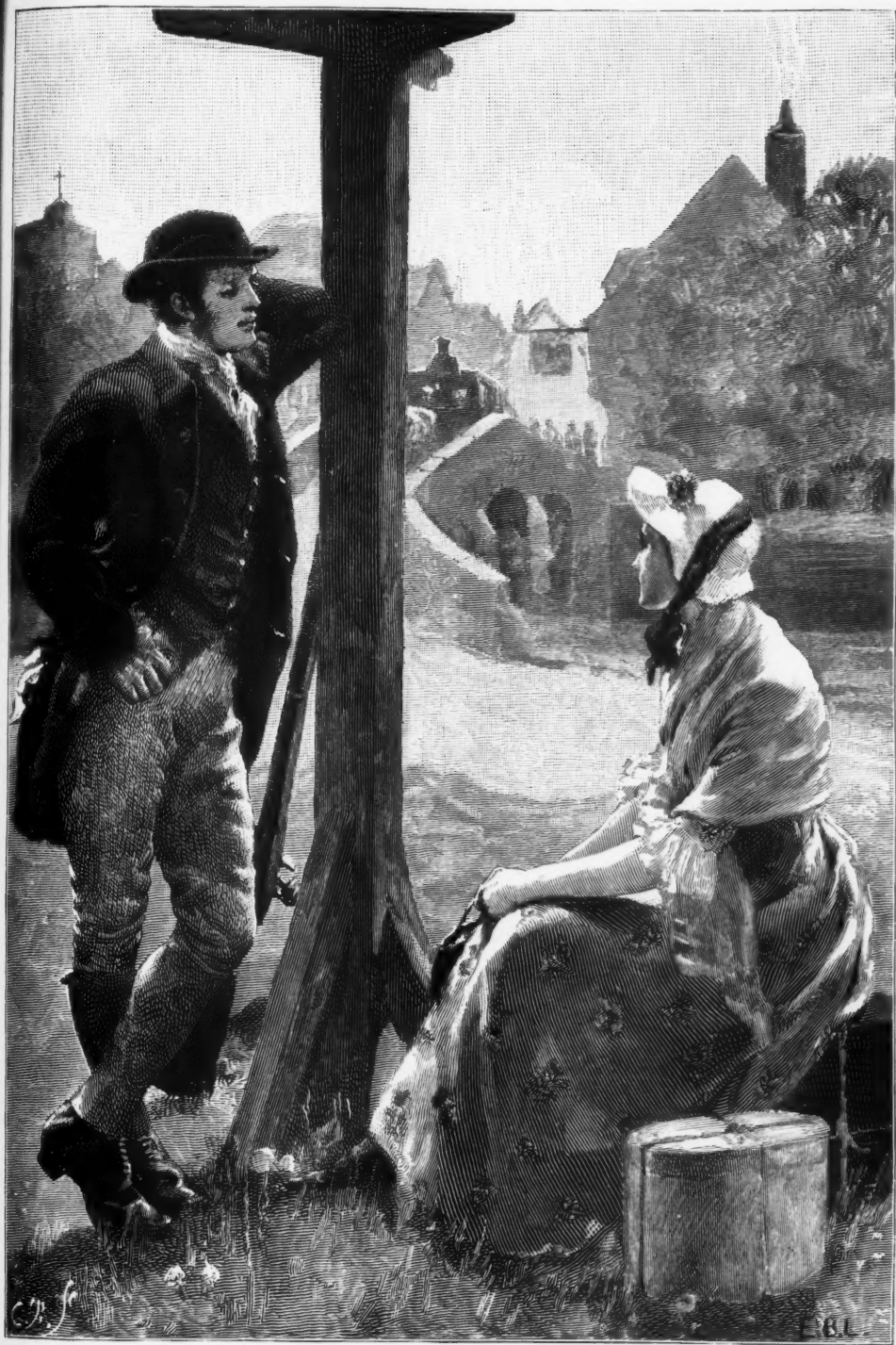
Four persons come under notice—(1) *Saul*, the king. He seems angry—why? David is not in his place at the table. But how came David there at all? Remind of his killing the giant—being sent for to play the harp—marrying Saul's daughter—living at court. But Saul became jealous—had tried to kill him—now is angry at his staying away—threatens Jonathan in consequence. (2) *Jonathan*, the prince. What did he think of David? Loved him with all his heart—they had become bosom friends. But what does Saul say? (Verse 31.) Was not this true? If David reigned, Jonathan would not. Still

was not jealous. Loved David with unselfish love—so suffers for him, as Saul actually aims javelin at his own son. Jonathan determines to warn David. (3) *David*. Where is he? Hid in the field at Ramah. (Read 1—3.) Has told Jonathan all his trouble—how Saul hates him—what danger he is in—makes an appointment to find out whether Saul has changed at all towards him—is now waiting anxiously for news. At last he and Jonathan meet (41, 42)—he hears there is no hope for him with Saul—he must leave the palace—be a wanderer. So they part with tears and prayers and blessings. (4) *The page*. What has he to do? Jonathan is practising his shooting—he has to pick up the arrows. Jonathan keeps shooting them farther and farther beyond the lad—he keeps running on and on picking up the arrows. Perhaps he wonders why he is sent away; but he does as he is told, and David and Jonathan meet.

II. LESSONS. (1) *Obedience*. The lad just did as his master told him, without asking reasons. Good model for all servants. (2) *Diligence*. The lad ran

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"Through shade and shine the journey lies,
Beneath the ever-changing skies."



about with eagerness, just as he was wanted. This diligence in business the duty of all—doing it as unto the Lord. (Eph. vi. 5.) (3) *Unconscious influence.* How little the lad knew that he was taking a part in his nation's history! David's leaving palace was date of Saul's forsaking God. So all things, however small, work out some end. Duties ours, events are God's.

TEXT. *Even a child is known by his doings.*

NO. 13. THE WIDOW'S SON.

To read—1 Kings xvii.

I. THE PROPHET. (Read 1—7.) A story of the time of the Kings. Who is King of Israel? A bad man, with a worse wife. Idolatry covers the land. A prophet comes forward—who is he? First mention of Elijah. What does he say? No dew nor rain—no growth of grass nor corn. What will the result be? A famine throughout the land—one of God's sore judgments. Thus people who joined in King Ahab's sin share his punishment. What becomes of Elijah? God takes care of him—ravens feed him—is under God's protection, therefore not forsaken. (Ps. xxxvii. 25.) At last brook dry—he goes north.

II. THE WIDOW. (Read 8—16.) Elijah has come away from land of Israel to Sidon—comes to a village called Zarephath (or Sarepta, Luke iv. 26). Whom does he see? What is she doing? Probably just outside the gate in the valley, under the walls where rubbish thrown. He is tired and thirsty after long walk, so asks for water. What does she do at once? He is a stranger—wears strange dress, but he is in want, and she can do something, so she does it. Her cup of water will receive full reward. (Matt. x. 42.) What else does Elijah want? Alas! she is very poor indeed—come to the end of all her means—has but a mouthful of food left, and has a son to support—how can she help him? But what does Elisha say? He has a message from God to her. What is it? Can picture the struggle in her mind—can she trust this stranger—can she trust his God? She decides to do it—fetches the meal—feeds the prophet, and lo! there is more left! The whole family are fed. The stranger has indeed proved to be as one of God's angels. (Heb. xiii. 2.)

III. THE CHILD. (Read 17—24.) A sad day comes. Sickness in a house always sad—but this is a child—an only child—and his mother a widow. What does she say in her deep trouble? Does Elijah answer angrily? No, he prays. No instance before this of dead being raised—still, he believes in resurrection, and he knows God's power, so he prays very earnestly—he stretches himself on the dead child. What does he see? The eyes open—a little colour comes into the pale cheeks—the child moves. What a happy day in that poor home! The mother's faith in God is confirmed.

LESSONS. (1) *Hospitality.* Kindness to strangers especially important. Who was it pitied us when far off, and came to our relief? (2) *Power of*

Prayer. All pray—but do we pray earnestly—believing we shall have? That is the way to pray. (3) *Resurrection.* As this first child rose so shall all. But he died again—at last day all will rise with their bodies and live—where? Happy they who will be for ever with the Lord.

TEXT. *The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.*

NO. 14. THE SHUNAMITE'S SON.

To read—2 Kings iv. 8—37.

I. THE BIRTH. (Read 8—37.) Another story of a prophet—who is he? Have heard of Elisha before when Elijah ascended. He is poor—dependent on the people for a livelihood. Who shows kindness to him? As poor widow did what she could for Elijah, so this lady and her husband do what they can for Elisha. He has to go about the country preaching and teaching—they will furnish a room and keep it always ready. What very kind people—they do not wait to be asked, but think of this themselves. How pleasant for Elisha always to find his room ready—how soon would feel at home in it! Begins to think what he can do in return—so sends for her. What does he suggest? Would they like to be presented to the king—obtain some royal favour? No, they prefer their quiet home. But what does he find makes her unhappy? So in God's name he tells her she shall have a son.

II. THE DEATH. (Read 18—30.) Years pass on. Elisha still goes sometimes to stay at Shunam. His kind friends not tired of showing him hospitality. What of the child? Has grown a boy—like a boy, joins in all going on—goes harvesting—gets a sunstroke—is carried home to his mother—she nurses him till he dies. Riches cannot save from death. What does his mother do at once? Rides off to the prophet. He has shared the joys of their family life—she will go to him in trouble—perhaps he can help. What did Elisha tell Gehazi to ask her? (Verse 26.) What was her answer? It was well with the child, for God had taken him—still it was sad for her to part with her only child. Who tried to thrust her away? Just as disciples tried to prevent mothers bringing their children to Jesus. (Mark x. 13.) But Elisha had learned to weep with those that weep, so he went with her to her home.

III. THE RESURRECTION. (Read 31—37.) Whom had Elisha sent before him? Gehazi had done as he was bid—laid the prophet's staff on the child—but no result—outward signs useless without prayer. Now Elisha goes in—he remembers what Elijah his master had done—does the same—prays—stretches himself on the child—prays again—walks up and down—at last his efforts rewarded—the child lives. Verily, God does answer prayer.

LESSONS. (1) *Death is certain.* Comes to all sooner or later. Many children die—see small graves; many middle-aged die—all old must die soon. (2) *Death may be sudden.* This child died after one day's illness. Often hear of similar cases, or of

accidents. May be our case. Therefore learn to be always ready, to live each day as if our last.

TEXT. *Prepare to meet thy God.*

NO. 15. ABSALOM.

To read—2 Sam. xv., xvi. (parts of).

I. ABSALOM'S REBELLION. (Read xv. 1—10.) Remind of David's being anointed king when a youth—early part of his reign prosperous and happy—then came trouble. David guilty of great sin—took another man's wife—was punished by having great troubles in his own family. One of his sons murdered by his own brother Absalom. Perhaps David been too indulgent a father. Now seems afraid to punish Absalom—lets him live at Jerusalem, but will not see him (xiv. 28). What does Absalom begin to do? David getting old and unpopular—Absalom young, handsome, pleasant manners, becomes popular. Gets a band of young men, his friends, as body-guard—sits in gate of city as if to hear causes and minister justice—expresses regret at his want of power to help (verse 4)—pretends he wants to be reconciled to David—so steals people's hearts away. Worse than all, pretends to want to pay a vow to God—all the while is preparing a rebellion against David—getting himself set up as king. At last gets his wish—messengers sent out—people flock to him—he is proclaimed king—David flees from Jerusalem.

All this arose from Absalom's being a spoiled child. Not corrected by his father when young—grew up self-willed, rebellious—turned against his own too kind father—brought shame and disgrace upon him. Are there none like him?

II. ABSALOM'S DEATH. (Read xviii. 5—18.) At last David takes decisive measures—sends an army against Absalom. What charge does he give about him? How his loving heart yearns over this erring son? What was the result of the battle? This the Lord's doing. David been punished enough—now God helps him put down his enemies. Absalom's army completely defeated—fly in all directions. Many killed in the wild places in the country. (Verse 8.) Where is Absalom? Had fled among the first—dashes off on his mule—gets into a forest—head catches in the fork of a tree (not his hair, as generally quoted), is caught off his mule—left suspended.

Who sees him? Soldier tells Joab, the captain. Did not Joab know David's command? Yes, but is David's enemy. Therefore will take his revenge by killing his son. How does David bear this news? (See xviii. 13; xix. 1—4.) What an awful end to a bad life! Absalom cut off in prime of youth—midst of sin—without warning or time for repentance. His sin had found him out.

LESSONS. (1) *A Father's Love.* Can see in greatness of David's love for an erring son picture of another Father's love. Who is he? (Ps. ciii. 3, 13.) Remind of Parable of Prodigal Son—God longing for sinners to return to Him. Can we resist such love? (2) *A Child's Duty.* Must learn to

avoid Absalom's faults—led him into sin. Was vain, self-seeking—hasty in temper. Led on to murder and rebellion. Cut off in his youth.

TEXT. *My son, let thine heart keep my commandments.*

SPECIAL LESSON ON THE HOLY SPIRIT.

To read—Acts i (part of) and various.

INTRODUCTION. To-day called Whitsunday, or White Sunday. Day the Holy Ghost given. Some think because old custom on this day to baptise large numbers of persons—dressed in white; or because Holy Spirit gave Apostles "wit," meaning wisdom.

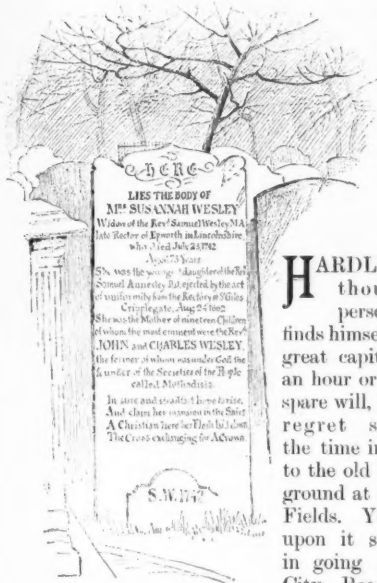
I. THE PROMISE. (Read Acts i. 3—8.) Christ assembled with His disciples on Mount of Olives—what does He talk about? They are to preach His Gospel, extend His Kingdom through the world, (Mark xvi. 16.) But must wait a little first—for what? Where were they to wait? What would the Holy Ghost give them? Why would they want power? Most of them unlearned fishermen, how could they help to convert the world? By their own power would have been impossible, but it was God's work, therefore He would help. We shall see how.

II. THE FULFILMENT. Apostles received power in various ways. (1) *To preach.* (Read ii. 14—17.) This the first sermon after the Holy Spirit given. Who preaches it? Cannot read whole sermon; but he plainly and boldly tells them of their sin in crucifying Jesus. (Verse 23.) What is the result? Three thousand persons convinced and converted. (Verse 41.) Here was power indeed. (2) *To work miracles.* (Read iii. 1—8.) This the first miracle done by the Apostles. Notice, was done in public at three in afternoon, in presence of crowd at Temple, on a man forty years old (iv. 22); could be no mistake about it (iv. 16). Afterwards read of many more wonderful miracles—all done in the same way—in name of and through faith in Jesus Christ. (3) *To plead.* (Read iv. 6—14.) This miracle brought trouble on Apostles. Who imprisoned them? What answer did Peter make to the Council? Spoke with power of the Holy Ghost. No wonder the chief priest marvelled. Then commanded them not to speak or teach at all in the name of Jesus. (Verses 18—20.) Did they obey? No—were bold to refuse such orders. (4) *To speak with tongues* (ii. 4). This most useful help, otherwise would have to spend long time in learning different languages. (5) *To read hearts.* (Read v. 1—4.) Story of Ananias well known—pretended to give up all he had, but kept back part. How did Peter find him out? By power of Holy Ghost. The lie was against the Holy Ghost, so He gave knowledge to Peter to discover it.

LESSONS. Same Holy Ghost works still. Gave Apostles special power and wisdom as needed. Will give like power to us at all times. Power to resist sin—to speak boldly for Christ, to work for Him, etc.—is given to all who ask.

TEXT. *Be filled with the Spirit.*

THE GRAVEN RECORDS OF BUNHILL FIELDS.



HARDLY any thoughtful person who finds himself in the great capital with an hour or two to spare will, I think, regret spending the time in a visit to the old burying ground at Bunhill Fields. You come upon it suddenly in going up the City Road. No

longer used for burials, the path which leads across the centre, paved principally with tombstones, is an open thoroughfare, the enclosure on either hand being railed off with iron railings, the gates of which are locked to prevent children playing among the graves. But for any one wishing to wander a little while among the graves and find out some of their memories, there is no difficulty in obtaining admission within either enclosure, and when the gate is locked behind you, you are free to pursue your researches at will.

It was on a late August afternoon that the writer first became acquainted with Bunhill Fields. The sky was a soft grey, almost threatening rain, which seemed to harmonise with the spirit of the place better than a glaring sunshine, while a soft, sighing wind stirred the branches of the balsam poplars, and sent the leaves in showers to join those already scattered in abundance amongst the long grass.

"The within are gone to rest," one reads on the end of a sarcophagus curiously sunk beneath the surface near the southern wall, and the words are a sort of keynote to the thoughts that rise in the mind — thoughts of a bygone generation, with its eloquence and its wisdom, with alike its greatness and its obscurity, its joys and its sorrows, its trials and its triumphs, all mingled here in one common burying place, all passed alike to the land where "the arch at rest."

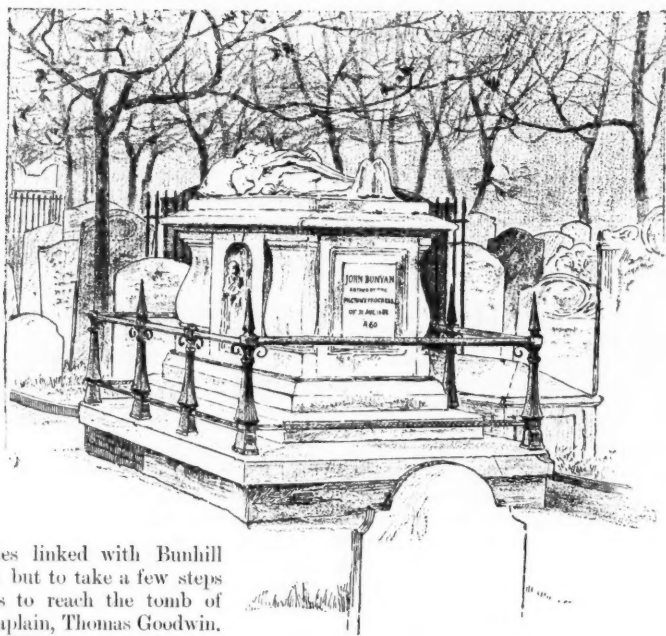
Conspicuous on the south side, the most casual

observer can scarcely miss the monument erected some twenty years ago to the memory of Bunyan. The recumbent figure of the Dreamer is almost as worn-looking as if it dated back, like the stones which surround it, a century or more, instead of being the tribute almost of our own day. The square, solid tomb, with its cameos on either side, in one of which the pilgrim slowly and laboriously pursues his way, bending under the weight of his burden, while in the other he stands a freed man before the cross, as the heavy load rolls away into the empty sepulchre, is, by means of photographs and engravings, one of the best known of the tombs in any of the London graveyards.

Another great man lies not far off. On a large square tomb, carved with an urn and shield, stand out prominently the words "John Owen, D.D." The tomb originally bore a lengthy Latin inscription from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Gilbert, of Oxford, but this becoming obliterated in time, has been replaced by the simple name cut in bold letters. Hither was the great preacher borne from Ealing, where he died, escorted by a great concourse of mourners and friends. "A prince and a great man had fallen in Israel" that day, and the Nonconformists of London were not slow in acknowledging their loss. Twelve days before, the dying man had written his last touching letter to his friend, Fleetwood, at Stoke Newington. "I am going," he wrote, "to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather Who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. The passage is very irksome and wearisome, through strong pains of various sorts, which are all issued in an intermitting fever. All things were provided to carry me to London to-day, according to the advice of my physician; but while the Great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live and pray and hope and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible that He will never leave us nor forsake us."

Fleetwood's own tomb is close by, a square sarcophagus, with a shield carved at either end, having on one side the words, "Lieut.-General Charles Fleetwood, 1692;" on the other, "Dame Mary Hartopp." The late Sir Charles Reed thought that no less a person than Oliver Cromwell himself lay interred beneath this stone, and that this would prove to be the true solution of the mystery which overhangs the ultimate fate of the Protector's remains. But this seems scarcely likely, although the old Puritan burying-ground would be a meet place for the greatest Puritan's last repose.

But if we can scarcely claim Cromwell among



the great names linked with Bunhill Fields, we have but to take a few steps across the grass to reach the tomb of his favourite chaplain, Thomas Goodwin. This tomb had, like Owen's, a lengthy inscription, but, like his, it has worn away with time, and has been replaced by the name alone. Goodwin's life-history is an interesting and eventful one to follow. From English training to the quietude of Arnheim; thence, when the Long Parliament invited the Nonconformist ministers to return, to Anchor Lane, where he gathered the nucleus of the congregation which now meets in the City Temple. Appointed President of Magdalen College in 1650, we find him settled at Oxford till the summons of the Protector called him to Whitehall. There he had rooms assigned to him and a high and important place to fill until the Restoration, when he retired into obscurity, escaping imprisonment but suffering fines. Still preaching regularly, now at Fetter Lane, now in his own house, age neither abated his zeal nor dimmed the force and impression of his words and his example. He lived to his eightieth year, dying February 23, 1679. His successor at Fetter Lane, the Rev. Thankful Owen, survived him only two years, and lies buried in the same grave.

Turning down the path on the south side, a square, upright stone a little further on, by the edge of the walk, marks the resting-place of a veritable heroine, the mother of the Wesleys. "She was the mother of nineteen children," her epitaph tells us, "of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God, the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists."

"In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The Cross exchanging for a Crown."

Firm and rigid as a Roman mother in the early training of her children, Mrs. Wesley had the happiness of seeing them all grow up into godly men and women. She had the true spirit of the old Puritans. "Had I twenty sons," she said, on the occasion of John Wesley going to Georgia to preach to the Indians, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed though I should never see them more." "Children," she said on her deathbed, as John Wesley and his five sisters stood round her, "as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." A vast multitude thronged the old burying-ground on the day of her funeral. It was on a Sunday, August 1, 1742. John Wesley read the burial service, and preached from Rev. xx. 12, 13. "It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw," he said afterwards, "or expect to see on this side eternity."

Not far from Mrs. Wesley's grave we come on a name once noted in another walk of life—"Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A." The same stone commemorates his first wife, Rebecca Watkins, and her family. It is only the other day one read of the death of his second wife, better known in the literary world as Mrs. Bray, though fifty years have passed since Stothard was laid to rest here.

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It may be noted that most of the rhymed inscriptions appear to date from the end of last century and the early years of the present. Many of them, however, are so worn or moss-grown as to be past deciphering. One notices quaint Puritan names on many of the stones—Hephzibah, Prudence, Patience, Faith, Hester, Judith, Rebna, Trazah. The frequency, too, of French surnames tells of the Huguenots whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought over to settle in Spitalfields and its neighbourhood.

The outlying parts of the graveyard have a sadly forsaken air. The grass grows long and dank, there are one or two iron seats broken down and lying helplessly, and heaps of rubbish here and there. The front, facing the City Road, shows more signs of care; a range of tall single sunflowers lends it brightness, and a few straggling hollyhock blossoms, of a deep rosy red, attract the eye. On the north side of the centre path the monument which will most attract attention is probably the obelisk erected over the grave of Daniel Defoe. There are two other obelisks on this side, both of comparatively recent erection—one to "Joseph Hart, minister of the Gospel, erected by lovers of Hart's hymns;" the other to a modern worthy, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, whose name deserves to live as the originator of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The tomb of Isaac Watts is not very far from the obelisk to the memory of Defoe. It bears an inscription which he had himself directed, telling how, "after fifty years of feeble labours in the Gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness," he "was at last dismissed to rest."

Barely to enumerate the Puritan and Nonconformist preachers who sleep their last sleep in Bunhill Fields, would be well-nigh to write the history of the Dissenting Churches of London. Their stones in many cases have been too much worn by time to tell more than the name, but the old epitaphs may be read at length in old books on Dissent. Dr. Samuel Chandler, of Old Jewry, a man distinguished alike in character and presence; Dr. John Evans, whose commentary on "Romans," undertaken in partial completion of Matthew Henry's unfinished work, won the warm praise of Doddridge; Ralph Venning,

author of the quaint "Orthodox Paradoxes;" Samuel Rosewell, the friend of Watts, who wrote his epitaph; his kinsman, "Thomas Rosewell, Nonconformist Minister, Rotherhithe, died 1692, tried for high treason under the infamous Jeffreys (see State Trials), 1684"—these are but two or three out of a great multitude, all zealous workers in the great vineyard. Founders of sects and congregations are here. Goodwin, we have seen, has his memory perpetuated in the congregation of the City Temple. Not far from his grave, we come on that of "Manoah Sibly, who for fifty-two years ably, faithfully, and zealously preached the doctrines and truths of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation, from her commencement in the year 1788." Here, on the north side, a massive monument commemorates the founder of the chapel in Essex Street, the Rev. Theophilus Lindsay, "sometime Vicar of Catterick, in Yorkshire," who "resigned his preferment in the Church for the sake of truth and a good conscience."

But these names are overshadowed by two greater, who rest, not indeed in the graveyard itself, but like guardians on either hand. In Coleman Street, not a hundred yards away to the west, in the trimly kept "Memorial Ground of the Society of Friends," lie the remains of George Fox, the first Quaker; and to the east, across the City Road, behind the substantial chapel which faces the gate of Bunhill Fields, an upright monument, surmounted by a little urn, bears the name "Wesley." In the little space which surrounds the monument of him who was, "under God, the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists," cluster the graves of men proud to ally themselves in some way with his memory.

But time and space fail us. Two sentences shall suffice to gather up the thoughts and memories of the old graveyard and its surroundings, one telling of the changes of earth and time, the other pointing to that country where differences of sect and creed shall all be forgotten in the one burst of praise that shall greet the Lamb upon His throne:—"As one generation passeth away, behold another cometh;" "They lived by the faith of the Son of God, therefore they sleep in Him.

R. W. R.

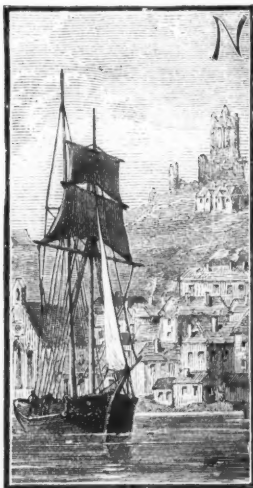


THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER I.—BALLYCRANA.



NO stranger could help remarking the girls, as they walked up the narrow, irregular street of the old-fashioned little town. The hour, however, was nine o'clock in the morning, and what strangers the sleepy little Irish watering-place contained were not likely to put in an appearance so early. To the fishwives and rough-looking fishermen these girls were every-day spectacles, and only evoked a passing "Good morning, kindly," or, "Why, then, 't is I'm

glad to see you out again, Miss Hester." The Hester so spoken to frowned and looked inclined to sulk, but Kitty nodded and smiled to all the bright greetings.

She was a tall girl, finely made, splendidly developed; her golden hair framed a frank and fearless face. Her wide-open, clear-blue eyes had the innocent, wondering, peaceful expression which one scarcely ever sees in any eyes but those of babies. She stepped along with a joyous, free step, as though to live was alone a delight to her. She was as upright as a reed, and her movements were the graceful ones of a perfectly natural young girl. The other girl, also young—the younger, indeed, of the two—acted only as a foil to her bright sister. She was short and dark, her face was sallow, her features irregular, and when she walked, she had a slight but quite perceptible limp. Hester seldom smiled, had no bright words or bright glances for people, and her brow, often contracted by severe pain, wore an almost perpetual frown.

"Kitty, how I wish those good folks would leave one alone! I don't want to be reminded that I have been in bed for nearly three weeks. I have not a trace of pain anywhere to-day, for a wonder, and I don't care to be reminded of it at every turn."

"Well, let's come down on Patrick's Quay. It is so early yet, no one will be about. Come along, Het, and let's enjoy ourselves. I don't want to talk about your pains, poor darling."

A soft light came into Hester's dark grey eyes, but she continued, in the same semi-querulous tones—

"Oh! there is no chance of escaping the folks, Kitty; on they will be sure to come—no getting rid of them. Mrs. Murphy first: 'Well, Hester, is it safe for you to sit out in the air after that terrible attack? I hope, my dear, you used the vinegar and brown paper which I recommended for your poor back.' Then Mr. Desmond, on his crutches, 'Why, Hester, I thought you were dead and buried. I can't compliment you on your looks, child;' followed by Mrs. Desmond, 'My dear little love, Hetty, the next time you get such a bad illness—you're sure to have another soon, dear—send for me; I'll apply opodeldod; nothing like opodeldod for those sort of pains, my child!' and so on, and so on. I know them."

"Oh, Hetty! I wish you would not take the folks off so dreadfully; of course they mean to be kind, and of course they are aggravating. Now, let's sit on the quay (see, there's not a soul about), and let us talk about ourselves. We have a whole long day with nothing whatever to do, for mother will not be back until the evening."

"Was not it funny of mother to give all her pupils a holiday and go to Castletown without any rhyme or reason?" asked Hester.

"Oh! I don't know, Het; I see nothing in it. Dear little mother! She must have her whims, and not be cross-questioned about the why and wherefore any more than the rest of us."

The girls sat down on a low bench facing the sea. The blue waves were in a frolicsome mood this morning, each of them seeming to possess a special sunbeam of its own.

The bright eyes of the two young girls took in the pleasant summer scene with widely different feelings. One enjoyed the lovely view because she was an artist at heart, and all beauty gave her a certain pleasure. The other's merry eyes danced back at the joyful waves, and simply revelled in a fresh youthful sense of life.

The harbour was a double one, the inner harbour being almost land-locked. Shabby, uncomfortable, but undoubtedly picturesque houses came down to the water's edge. On its buoyant surface brown-sailed hookers and several other fishing-smacks sailed merrily. Row-boats, paddled by pretty girls in different fresh summer dresses, were already putting out of the different little quays which adjoined nearly every house by the water's edge. These boats were painted in bright colours, and added to the brilliancy of the little picture. In the distance might have been seen a peep of the outer harbour, and far away, bold headlands reared their misty blue-capped heads to the sky. Guarding one side of this inner harbour were the ruins of an old fort. This fort had solitary possession of a low green hill, and was a

favourite resort for picnics, and for a still more delightful form of entertainment—namely, gipsy teas.

The little town which lay behind the two girls consisted of one long, irregular street, a street destitute of any footpaths. Above the street were a number of villas and houses of all sorts and descriptions, built on the sides and brow of a short sharp hill, which overlooked this portion of the little bay.

Seen from the water, the small town of Ballycrana looked beautiful; for the houses were delightfully interspersed with trees, and the shape of the hill towering above the bay was most picturesque. But a nearer inspection pronounced this small fishing town an ill-smelling and badly drained place. Such as it was, however, it was warmly loved by its inhabitants, most of whom were born there. Each private story was every one's story, each private care was every one's care, each joy was the joy of all; the boys and girls called each other by their Christian names; gossip was rife in the little place, scandal too was not far away; ill-nature and heart-burnings, furious jealousies and passionate quarrels, were not unknown to its inhabitants; but, taking the good with the evil, to be born in Ballycrana made you kinsman or kinswoman to every one else in the place. Taking this fact into consideration, the quarrels, even when fiercest, were something like those which might exist in a vast family—in the end they were sure to be made up again.

Ballycrana had a sound heart at the core. It took care of its poor, it was active in its charities, it had, in short, a warm human soul beating within its old-fashioned picturesqueness. Of course, it had its characters, but as some of these may appear in the story, they need not be described here.

CHAPTER II.—CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"Do you see that great steamer out there in the outer harbour, Hester? Perhaps—who can say?—Agatha may be on board."

"Oh, no, Kitty; that would be impossible—Agatha sails from London, and the London boats never come near here. You had better confess your ignorance of geography, Kitty. No, Agatha will sail direct from London, unless—unless—"

"Unless what, Het? You are weaving a romance, I know you are." Hester's face had no frowns on it now; it was radiant and attractive under the influence of her smiling thoughts.

"It is only a fairy castle which came to me last night, Kitty. You know how fond Hugh Duncuft and Agatha have always been of each other, although they used to fight sometimes. Well, Hugh has asked for her very often lately, and about a fortnight ago he sailed away in his beautiful yacht, and perhaps he went to Plymouth, for his mother is there, and you know Agatha has been staying at Plymouth. And so—and so—if only she could come home to us in Hugh's yacht!"

"Oh, Het, if that happened—if that happened, why, I do—yes, I do believe Hugh would propose for Agatha."

Hester nodded her head gravely.

"And Agatha would come home engaged."

"Yes, she would not refuse Hugh; no one could refuse him. And Hugh is rich, and they could soon be married, and they could live at Duncuft, quite close to us. Oh, Hetty! Oh, Hetty! would it not be perfectly delicious?"

"We should have a bride in our family," said Hester, still speaking in her solemn, unsmiling voice. "Agatha would make a lovely bride."

"Yes, Hetty, so she would, and you and I would be bridesmaids, and there would be a wedding-cake, and favours, and rice, and a lot of old slippers. And Agatha would go away Mrs. Duncuft. She would look very grave beside Hugh, would she not?"

"She would look beautiful, like a dream," answered Hester.

"I know how she must be dressed," she added; "I see her before me now. Her dress should neither be white silk nor white satin. It should be soft, and of a creamy white, and with no shine on it. It should fall in simple folds around her, and on her head she should have a wreath of real white flowers—marguerites I think, for they are both grand and stately. Dressed like that, Agatha should look like a queen."

The castle in the air had assumed such proportions now, that Kitty could no longer stand still. She rose to her feet, and some smooth, white pebbles, sent by her vigorous young arm, went skimming lightly over the surface of the waves.

"There, Hetty! was not that a beauty! I sent that little smooth fellow over at least six waves. Oh! how I wish I knew if Hugh has really gone to Plymouth."

"Let us come home now," replied Hester. "I see old Mrs. Rowe putting on her bonnet in the house opposite. If she comes out she will be sure to ask me if my back aches. It is beginning to ache, and I shall fly at her if she goes on with her pitying words."

"Darling, you shall come home and lie on the sofa at once, and I'll read to you Hans Andersen. You know we have a whole holiday to-day. Now let us hurry up the side-way. There, Mrs. Rowe, you have put on your bonnet in vain."

As the girls walked quickly up the narrow street to their home, Hester said, in a low, deep voice, rendered intense in her efforts to express no feeling—

"There is one part of the programme which cannot be carried out, Kitty—but don't let us speak of it. I mean that I cannot be Agatha's bridesmaid."

Kitty's only answer to this was a tight pressure of the hand which rested on her vigorous young arm. The next moment they stopped at the side entrance of a very small and unpretending house, and let themselves in with a latchkey. They ran up the stairs, Kitty first, Hester following more slowly.

"Well, well, young ladies! whither away, whither away?" exclaimed a round, jolly, gossiping voice,

and a stout old woman, dressed in widow's weeds, came out of a room and barred their entrance on the small landing. Kitty answered cheerfully—

"Oh, Mrs. Morris, we only went up to the railway

"Please, Mrs. Morris," she added, coming to the front and pushing Kitty aside, "will you let us go into our room? We can't pass you while you stand in the doorway."



"I can't help it; I'm not good like you,"—p. 421.

station to see mother off to Castletown, and then, as the morning was so fine, Het and I strolled down to the quay."

"Aye, aye, idling as usual! just like young folks. No consideration, no efforts to make things a little easier for their poor mother."

"Mother is not poor—you shan't call her so!" growled Hester.

"Aye, Miss Spitfire! so you are giving tongue as usual. Well, I'm glad you're sufficiently recovered to be out. Now, girls"—not making the slightest sign of giving way—"can you tell me why your mother went to Castletown to-day?"

"Because she chose to," Hester said again, in her rudest voice.

Kitty laid her hand on her sister's arm.

"Please, Mrs. Morris, will you let Hester pass? She is very tired. I don't think we do know exactly why mother went this morning. I suppose she had shopping to do."

"Oh, yes; very likely to have shopping in the middle of the term. Very likely to give all her pupils a holiday just to give you two, and that fashionable sister of yours, new gowns. Ha! ha! There, Hester, I won't keep you off your couch a moment longer; you'll know soon enough why your mother went to Castletown. Poor girls! poor girls!"

After firing this parting shot, Mrs. Morris retired into her own sitting-room, and slammed the door behind her. Hester, her face very white, threw herself down on the first chair she could find.

"Oh, Kitty! *why* don't you stamp, and rage, and walk about the room? It drives me wild to see you not even changing colour when that woman comes out and tortures us."

"Where's the use, darling? She can't hurt us unless we let her. She's just a poor, gossiping old thing. There, I know she drives you to desperation; don't let's think of her."

"Oh, I can't help it; I'm not good like you," said poor Hester, and she put down her aching head on the table, and burst into tears.

Hester Stanhope was fifteen, and had never known a day's health from her birth. She had come into the world just one month after her father's death, and the child's sad eyes seemed always to reflect the time of her mother's bitterest sorrow. At one time the doctors had feared that little Hetty would never be reared, but in some miraculous way she had survived the pains and tortures which attended her early years. Now, at fifteen, she was supposed to be safely landed on the shores of life; there was a probability of her becoming a woman, and a possibility of her enjoying better health.

In appearance she had just escaped deformity, in the face she was remarkable even to plainness. She had, however, the wonderful and pathetic beauty which a certain shade of light grey eyes can give. These eyes, with large pupils and very long and black lashes, are always luminous; people in perfect health seldom possess them. They generally indicate a sensitive, overstrung, morbid nature, but they can also exercise an extraordinary power, and can express joy or sorrow at will. Hester had these eyes, and they subjugated her mother and sisters, so that in a measure she was a spoiled child. She was a creature full of aspirations, possessed of many traits of talent and genius, but she took little or no pains to be amiable, knowing that neither her mother nor Kitty would have the heart to be angry with her. Agatha now and then had spoken to her reprovingly, but Agatha had been away for over three years now.

Agatha and Kitty were both as handsome as poor Hester was plain. Kitty was now nearly seventeen, Agatha was twenty.

They were all three the daughters of an Irish mother and an English father. Their father had

been a naval officer, and had died before Hester's birth. He left his widow nothing but a pension of seventy pounds a year. She was a brave soul, and soon she raised her pretty head from amid the waves of poverty and trouble which threatened to engulf her, and said to herself—

"I will neither eat the bread of idleness nor dependence. The children and I cannot live on seventy pounds a year, but I have been well educated. I can teach, I *will* teach, and in that way earn a living sufficient to give them comforts."

Mrs. Stanhope looked around her, and presently resolved to settle in the small town of Ballycrana. She was not a native of the place, but she had many friends there; and although the Irish sense of pride was a little touched at a lady presuming to degrade herself (as they called it) to the rank of a teacher, she soon had as many pupils as she could manage. In a few years, when the need of the little place required it, a school was opened, and Mrs. Stanhope was appointed French and music teacher, with a good yearly salary. People quickly got over their prejudices, and the gentle and sweet lady was loved and respected by all. When Agatha was twelve years old a letter was one day put into Mrs. Stanhope's hands. She started and turned pale when a cheque for one hundred pounds fell out.

The letter contained a few lines, and was written by a relation of her husband's.

"I wish your eldest daughter to receive as good an education as one hundred a year can supply her with. I wish this education to be given to her in England. Your daughter Agatha is now twelve years old. I promise and engage to supply you with a similar sum to the one I now enclose until she is twenty years of age, to be used for her education solely and alone."

There was no name to the remarkable epistle. It was simply signed, "Your Husband's Cousin."

The next day, however, there arrived a letter from a London solicitor, stating that eight hundred pounds had been placed at his disposal, and that this sum was to be used in yearly instalments for Miss Agatha Stanhope's education. He further stated that his client absolutely refused to reveal her name, and that the only thanks which would be agreeable to her would be the complying with her request.

Agatha clapped her hands when her mother told her of this scheme. Kitty, aged nine, supposed it would be very jolly, but little Hester, sitting far away in her corner, and supposed to be absorbed over her doll, was suddenly heard to give vent to a great sob, and was seen to rush out of the room. Agatha presently found her shivering up in her bedroom. She clasped her arms frantically round her elder sister's neck.

"I can't let you go. If you go I'll run away and die! Yes—yes, I'll run away and die!"

"Oh! Hetty, what a naughty little girl! what a selfish little girl!"

But Agatha might scold or pet as she liked. Hester had made a secret idol of this tall, graceful, dignified young sister. Agatha, from her earliest years, had been both a harmonious and restful companion, and this poor sick child thought that life would be unbearable without her.

When it was finally decided that Agatha was to go to a school near London, little Hester fretted so much that she became ill.

It was then that Kitty came to the rescue—Kitty, in perfect, radiant health, not causing any one any particular solicitude, not in any one's way, nor interfering with any one's plans—just a little, fair, good-tempered sunbeam of a girl—rushed to the aid of the broken-hearted little sister.

Mrs. Stanhope had tried petting, had tried scolding; Hester only lay in bed and moaned for Agatha. Kitty bounced noisily into the room, seated herself on Hetty's bed, and tried a different and a better plan. She extolled the child's idol, and Hetty wiped her eyes to listen. Then she painted what Agatha might become in the future years, with her beautiful face, and her clever mind, and the little one's shrewd intellect listened with appreciation and assent. Then Kitty swiftly reversed the picture, and showed Agatha without the advantages which were now falling to her share; she painted an Agatha allowed to grow up wild, allowed to drift into any shape or form for need of proper guidance.

Hetty fidgeted, and wondered if she was really very selfish.

That night she asked Kitty to allow her to sleep with her, and from that moment the weaker girl leaned against Kitty's warm heart. Kitty protected her, cared for her, loved her, and when she wanted to please her most she praised Agatha. Both young sisters built castles in the air for the absent Agatha; as yet their own lives had no distinct individuality for them.

CHAPTER III.—"YOU ARE MY BROTHER."

KITTY and Hester settled themselves cosily in the bay window of their little sitting-room. Mrs. Stanhope lived in lodgings. Her rooms were over a shop, and were considered by some people a vast mistake in consequence. But the widow found herself very comfortable, and Miss Stoker, her worthy landlady, had secured her for many years. The best sitting-room, called by those who wished to be very genteel the drawing-room, had a charming bay window. From this window could be seen a glimpse of the sea—only a glimpse, for houses opposite shut out the direct view—but it also possessed, what Kitty at least far preferred, a complete view up and down the street.

No matter how vulgar it might appear, Kitty would keep guard in this window. She would sit here on a low hassock, with just a glimpse of her golden head seen from the street, and report on all that passed below. The life of the whole of Ballycrana came thus in one way or another in review

under the bright young eyes. Not that she was guilty of making ill-natured observations—she left those for their fellow-lodger, Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Morris also sat in her bay window, and also reviewed the street. It might have amused an on-looker to listen to the remarks made on the same small event by the two.

"Oh, mother dear! oh, Het! there is Kate Danvers going by; I expect she is going for a row in her boat. How nice that green boating-dress looks on her! Mother, I do think Kate so pretty!"

Later on in the same afternoon, from Mrs. Morris—

"Ah! Miss Kitty, I saw you craning your neck after Katie Danvers. Jealous, I suppose! Well, now, tell me, did you ever see such a conceited, extravagant young person? Fancy! another new dress," etc., etc.

Hester never allowed her face to be seen in the bay window, but she sat back, and was amused by Kitty's animated criticisms.

"A fresh yacht has just come in, Het. Oh! Oh! Oh! I do believe it is Hugh's. I can't see the figure-head, but she has white sails—yes, I'm sure it is the *Firefly*. Here, Hetty, quick! give me the opera-glass. Now, then! Yes, it is at anchor, and they are lowering a boat. Oh! Hester, it is the *Firefly*, and Hugh is coming on shore." Hester grew a little pale, and walked up to the window. Kitty, who was staring with all her might through the opera-glass, now dashed it on the floor with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes, it is Hugh, and there is no lady there. Agatha is not on board. Oh! Hetty."

"'T was a castle in the air," replied Hester in her serious voice. "See, Kitty—Hugh is coming up from the quay. Don't let us stand where he can see us."

"But I want him to see me," answered Kitty. "Hugh has been in Plymouth, and he may have seen Agatha—I wish he would look up."

The next instant Kitty uttered a shriek.

"Oh! I say, he has not only looked up, but he is stopping—he is coming in. No, you shan't stop me, Hetty—I'm going to run down and bring him up."

Kitty rushed like a small whirlwind through the room, and the next moment reappeared, leading by the hand a tall, sunburnt young man.

"Now, Hugh, aren't you just delicious! Yes, you've been in Plymouth. Sit down there," pointing imperiously to her mother's arm-chair. "Mother's out for the day, and we're having a holiday. Now tell me, tell me quickly, did you see Agatha?"

"Yes, Kitty, I saw Agatha; she sent a message to you through me. She is coming home by the next Bristol boat."

"I thought——" began Kitty impulsively.

Hester's face grew suddenly crimson.

"Don't, Kitty!" she exclaimed.

"Why, what is it?" asked young Duncraft, in rather a lazy voice. "You two seem to be at cross purposes, as usual. What did you think, Kitty?"

Before her sister could speak, Hester put in an eager remark.

"Did Agatha look well? Where did you meet her?" she asked.

"Oh! I met her several times; I was always meeting her, in fact," replied Duncuft. He blushed a little, and did not say how Agatha looked. He was a handsome young fellow, quite six feet high. His dark hair was crisp, and thick, and curling, he had a decidedly telling moustache, and blue eyes very full of fun. They fairly danced now as he looked at Hester.

Poor Hester, who always took life seriously, felt aggrieved, and walked to the other end of the room.

Duncuft rose.

"Well, I don't seem to have anything more to say," he remarked. "I want to arrange to take you girls and your mother for a little cruise in the *Firefly* next week. I'll come again about it. The weather is perfect for sailing just now. My sister Bride shall come with us, and we can be out for two or three days, eh, Kitty?"

"But Agatha will be at home," said Kitty.

"Well, all right, you need not look at me as if you meant to read to the bottom of my soul. Agatha can come too, I suppose. Good-bye, Hester; I'm glad you're better. I say, Kitty, just come down and open the door for me."

When they got half-way down the stairs, Hugh stopped.

"Now out with your thought this moment, miss. Why should not Agatha come home in the Bristol boat? What was that wonderful idea Hester would not let you tell me?"

"Oh! indeed, Hugh—indeed, Hugh, it was only a castle in the air."

"I like castles in the air very much. Describe this one to me. Was it well turreted? had it a moat? Was it anything like Duncuft?"

"Hugh, I hate being laughed at. It was nothing, after all, only Het and I did hope, as you met Agatha in Plymouth, that perhaps you would bring her back in your yacht."

"Oh! that was it, was it? Well, shall I tell you a secret?"

"Do."

"Here, come close; I must whisper it to you. I asked her to come."

"Oh! did you really, really? and she refused?"

"She really, really refused."

"I wonder why."

"So do I; the proprieties and all were attended to, for my mother would have accompanied her, and I had hoped to persuade her aunt, Miss Stanhope, to join the party."

"How delightful it would all have been! What a great pity she refused!"

"So I think. Kitty, you're a good little soul. You're very fond of your sister, are not you?"

"What, of Hetty? I adore her!"

"I don't mean Hetty, I mean Agatha."

"I love Agatha dearly also."

"And you are a little bit fond of me too?"

"I like you extremely well for an outsider."

"Oh, come now, Kitty, that's too bad. I always considered myself a brother to you and Hetty."

"And to Agatha; 't isn't kind to leave Agatha out just because she has been away at school."

"Well, Kitty dear, that's just the question. I'm not quite so free and easy with Miss Agatha. No, I don't feel at all like a brother to her. Never mind, Kitty; don't look so woebegone. Now, will you do me a kindness?"

Kitty's cheeks were glowing.

"Why, of course; if you are my brother, I can do lots and lots for you."

"Yes, you are a dear little sister. Now, I want you to make Agatha agree to join our expedition in the *Firefly* next week."

CHAPTER IV.—BRIDE.

DUNCUFT was an old-fashioned place. It was old-fashioned, but, unlike most estates of its size and kind in Ireland, it had not a vestige of untidiness about it anywhere. It was a smiling, bright-looking, well-to-do abode. No broken fences, no tumble-down gates, no flower-beds running to seed. The whole small property was in order, but in that kind of order which in no way interfered with its picturesqueness.

Nature had bestowed such liberal charms on this pretty spot, that not the most ingenious beauty-destroyer could mar its fair appearance.

It lay in the snug enclosure of a little bay, and all kinds of feathery undergrowths covered its banks down to the water's edge.

In the bay Duncuft could anchor his yacht, and there was always a small and trim row-boat ready for immediate use on the pebbly beach. Now, as he rode home—for his horse had been sent to meet him—he saw this boat coming swiftly towards the shore. He stopped and uttered a clear and loud "Hullo!" It was answered back by a girlish voice, and a moment or two later the little boat was drawn on shore, and a young girl sprang out and ran to his side.

"Why, Hugh, I have been looking out for you for this hour and more!"

"All right, Bride, here I am at last. Any news?"

"Oh! nothing much. Brian has given notice for the tenth time—and the brindled cow has lost her calf—and—and—oh! Mab has two lovely pups, something like herself. Hugh, I'm glad to see you home!"

"And I'm glad to be with you, ladybird. Now let's come into the house, for I'm starving."

The brown mare was given into the charge of a neatly dressed lad, and the brother and sister, with their arms linked together, went into the house. Bridget Duncuft was very like her brother. She was a tall girl, with extremely bright blue eyes, and quantities of rippling chestnut hair. The only difference between her and the gay and handsome young fellow who walked by her side lay in the expression.

Bride's expression was thoughtful, not to say anxious, and the lines round her mouth were very firm.

"Now, young woman, sit down beside me, and I'll tell you my news."

"Well!"

"I've seen Agatha."

"Well!"

"I've asked her to be my wife, Bride, and she—"

"Yes, yes, Hugh, what did she say?"

Bride pushed the hair back impatiently from her forehead, and the anxious expression became almost painful on her face.

"My little ladybird, what a frown! Well, about Agatha; I think she will say yes, Bride."

"Ah!" Bride turned away with a slightly bitter look. Presently she said—

"Mother was at Plymouth. I suppose you told mother of this? What did she say?"

"She was glad. Any one who knew Agatha must be glad. She went to see her. When the time comes she will give her a hearty welcome."

Bride's smile still was bitter.

Hugh saw it, and stopped to chafe her.

"I do believe you are jealous, you little wretch!"

"Oh, Hugh!" The girl looked up at him, colouring crimson, and making a violent effort to keep the tears back from her eyes.

"How little," she said, speaking hurriedly and with almost passion, "you know your own sister. Mother goes about and has a gay time, here, there, and everywhere, and you go out also, Hugh, and I—I am glad—but I, Bridget, stay at home. Why? You know why. Because until I took the reins everything was going to ruin at Duncuft. The hedges were untrimmed, the flower-beds unkept, the farm did not pay. Now—now—things are different."

"Yes, yes, little woman, things are different. I always said you were our genius; you are saving us all."

"Yes, but I cannot if you go against me. Duncuft is recovering; the dear old place is looking up; the debts are getting fewer; you have your yacht, and your horse, and still we live within our means. By the time you are thirty, Hugh, there will be no debts unpaid. You will have your money and your estate quite free and unencumbered."

"My dear child! and you will have made an old woman of yourself!"

"Not at all. I shall but feel that my great work in life is done. Don't you remember when our father was dying, Hugh, how piteously he looked at you and me? You were seven years old then, and I was nine. He put his hand on your head, but he held my hand, and he said, 'I wish I could live my life again. I would do better.'

"You could not have done better, father," I said; for I did love him so.

"Ah, yes, ladybird," he answered, 'it has all been self-indulgence, all extravagance. Now I leave an encumbered property, and I feel that Hugh will be

the last Duncuft to inherit the old place. I fear your son, my boy, will know very little of the home of his ancestors.' Then, Hugh, I made a vow, and I kept it. At sixteen I knew more of farming than many a woman knows to her dying day. I had the knack of getting these lazy folks to exert themselves. The place is looking up, and your heir may yet live at Duncuft."

"Why, of course he will, Bride. What a sentimental creature you are! But my heir is not born yet. We need not trouble about his future."

"That is just like you, Hugh; you never will think of anybody's future. Now, if you marry Agatha Stanhope, the remaining mortgage can never be paid off, for she has no money to bring to you."

Duncuft laughed a trifle uneasily. "I did not think you were so mercenary," he said. "Why cannot Agatha and I pay off the last debt as well as you?"

"Will she, Hugh? Will she deny herself every indulgence as I have done? No, no; the blood in her veins is not blue enough for that." Hugh laughed a slightly angry laugh.

"You are a little too bad, Bridget. Agatha Stanhope looks like a queen. Good gracious, child! if you only saw her, and spent half an hour with that stately old aunt of hers, you would begin to wonder where your own blue blood was."

"I don't think I shall come to that, Hugh. Agatha's English relations are nothing to me. No Duncuft ever yet married an Englishwoman. I know that her Irish mother comes of no family in particular, and that she teaches."

"And is one of the sweetest ladies I have ever spoken to," put in Duncuft. "Come, come, Bride, you and I had better stop this, or we shall quarrel."

Instantly a softened look came into Bride's blue eyes. She said, with that charming frankness which was part of her really fine character—

"I have spoken unadvisedly. We will say no more just now. Ah! here comes Simon with dinner. Simon, does not your master look the better for his trip?"

The old servant, who was laying a table for two in the deep enclosure of a distant bay window, now came respectfully forward. "Why, then, 'tis himself does look well, Miss Bride; and 'tis I'm glad to see yer honour back, sir. We was lonesome entirely, when you was in foreign parts."

"All right, Simon," answered the young man, in a careless but pleasant voice. "I did not forget that small girl you think so much of, when I was away. I've got some coloured beads for her on board the *Firefly*. Ah! I see they are bringing her into harbour. You and I will go and fetch the beads after dinner, Bride."

CHAPTER V.—"HE MUST NOT MARRY."

BRIDE was right when she said of her only brother that he took no thought for the future. He was an easy-going, frank, pleasant young fellow, handsome to look at, open and bright as the day itself. Hugh Duncuft had lived his two-and-twenty years without

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either anxious thought or worrying care. He had gone to Rugby because his dying father had expressed a wish to that effect, and also because all the Duncufts for many generations had been edu-

for managing his Irish tenantry, he would have been quite right in making that assertion. Hugh came home for good, and his mother welcomed him, and Bride grew young and girlish under his influence.



"Leading by the hand a tall, sunburnt young man."—p. 422.

ated at this great public school. But he had no special aptitude for books, and had a very strong love for outdoor sports and exercises. Although it was proposed to him, he refused to go through any university; he knew quite enough to attend to his country duties, he said; and, indeed, if the sweetest smile, and the kindest words, and the most generous thoughts about all the world could have fitted him

Bride was like her brother, but with a stronger nature. She was not half so sweet as he was; not a quarter so popular; but, without attending any school, nature had endowed her with twice his brains. She was stronger than either her mother or Hugh, and as is invariably the case, the strongest took the reins. Poor sleepy old Duncuft, which was fast going to decay and ruin, began to awake,

and blossom out afresh, under her vigorous management. She had an object in view—she would clear the dear old home of all debts before her life-work was done. She had formed her little plan, and this plan she had often imparted to her brother. He and she should live quietly together until the debts were cleared, and then Duncuft should marry some beautiful girl with money, and the old place should bloom out into fresh grandeur. They had made these plans sitting together on many a summer's evening on the deck of the *Firefly*, and Duncuft had assented to everything with lazy good-nature and lazy indifference. It made no matter to him how long he waited. He did not want to marry at all. He cared for no girl half as much as he cared for Bride.

This was true enough. Duncuft liked all the girls he came across—chatted gaily with them, obeyed their behests, but gave his heart to none. One evening, however, three years back now, he came home rather late, threw himself at Bride's feet, and burst out laughing.

"Well, I did get a dressing-to-night," he said.

"Oh! Hugh, from whom?"

"That young imp, Agatha Stanhope. She was home for her holidays, and she just sat down and took me to task for being a weak, unmanly creature. I think she called me coward, but I am not sure."

"Oh! dear, dear, Hugh, I should like to box herears."

"Well, you need not, then, Bridget, for she did it all for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, for you. She said you were the man, and I was nothing better than a poor weak woman. Oh! I say, did not she lay it on—accusing me of every sin under the sun, just because you have developed a taste for farming, and it was left out altogether in me."

"She was very silly," answered Bridget, colouring high. "I don't see why she should interfere."

Bridget thought of Agatha's words all night, and in the morning she rode on her shaggy little pony into Ballyerana, for the sole purpose of seeing the girl who had dared to lecture Hugh. She saw a tall, slim young maiden, with a brown face, and great big eyes, and took a dislike to her on the spot.

This happened three years ago. Now Agatha had blossomed into a woman—report said into a beautiful woman—and Duncuft had met her again at Plymouth, where her aunt lived. He had found the lecture and the stern speeches from the young voice rather agreeable. And now, at last, Hugh had come home, having proposed to make Agatha his wife. Poor Bride! she shed some bitter tears as she laid her head on her pillow that night.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT AGATHA FEARED.

IT was late—late even for a midsummer night, for the old church clock had struck twelve, when the three girls met in Hester's room. They were united again, for Agatha had come home that evening.

Hester and Kitty always slept together, but there was a very bright little chamber prepared for Agatha just beyond.

She stood by her two sisters now, with her white dressing-gown on, and her long, rippling black hair falling down her back.

"Let me brush your hair for you, Agatha," said the adoring Hester.

Agatha sat down at once on the side of the bed, and allowed Hetty, brush in hand, to kneel behind her. Kitty sat on the floor at her feet. The three young faces made a pretty picture thus grouped. Two of them were absolutely untouched at the moment with even a shadow of care. Hester had forgotten her pains, Kitty's bright eyes fairly danced in her head. Agatha put her hand back to press Hester's; she bent forward and kissed Kitty; and then, with a slight frown between her pretty brows, she said a few words.

"Hetty and Kitty, why did not you tell me about mother?"

Instantly Hester flung down her brush and tumbled off the bed. Kitty, too, rose to her feet.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both sisters.

"I had come back so happy," proceeded Agatha, "so glad to know that my school life was over. I had some dreams too" (she blushed a little), "but they are nothing," she proceeded; "I don't want really to think of myself in any way. But oh, Kitty, you might have prepared me a little bit; and you, Hester, who notice everything, you might have given me one little hint. When I saw our mother I nearly broke down."

"I do not know what you mean!" said Kitty, after a pause. Hester said nothing; she just grew white.

"Mother sometimes seems tired, but it is nothing to mention, and she puts her hand before her eyes very often, but there is nothing really the matter with mother; she is quite well."

"Ah! yes, quite well," echoed Agatha bitterly. "She *only* puts her hand before her eyes! Why does she do it, Kitty? I will tell you why—*she is going blind.*"

Here Agatha covered her face with her own hands and burst into tears.

"I had to let it out," she said, dashing her tears away and addressing her two frightened and silent sisters. "Oh, darlings, I don't really blame you; I suppose you could not notice because you see her every day; but the moment I entered the room I saw a change. How dim her dear brown eyes have grown! and, Kitty, when she walks she almost gropes. Did you see her put out her hand to feel along the table this evening?"

"That was why she went to Castletown," burst suddenly from Kitty. "She went to see a doctor. Oh, dear, Hester! do you remember how she would tell us nothing about her visit, and how we wondered?"

"And she was so tired when she came in," whispered Hester in a choked kind of voice, "so tired and so sad. Oh, mother, mother!" Poor Hester threw herself on her bed and groaned.

Kitty and Agatha looked blankly at each other. "I don't believe it," said Kitty at last, in a world-be stout and courageous voice. "Het, old woman, cheer up; you know Agatha only guesses—she is not sure."

"I am quite sure," said Agatha. "I saw a girl at our school going blind. It began just like mother. But I shall ask her about it. Fancy her keeping this dreadful thing to herself!"

"I don't believe it," continued Kitty, now in a defiant and almost angry tone. "What right have you, Agatha, to come home and make us so miserable?" She clasped her hands before her face, and would not look at her sister.

Agatha went slowly and sadly out of the room. Hester put her arms round poor sobbing Kitty.

"Oh! Het, don't let us be miserable! I hate being miserable about nothing. Agatha always had a lot of imagination. And she had that girl at school in the back of her head, and she tried to fit her case to mother's. How could she? how dared she? I don't want her to come home from school to make us miserable."

"But, Kitty—Kitty, why did mother go to Castle-town? And Mrs. Morris! Don't you remember how she *would* hint at something disagreeable?"

"When does she ever not hint at disagreeables, Het, old woman? No, no; I'm not going to believe it until I'm sure. Tell me, Het, how could mother go on teaching French and German and music at Miss

Mackenzie's if she were going blind? Tell me that, Hetty."

"I did not think of mother's teaching," answered Hetty more cheerfully.

"Of course you did not; but now that I have reminded you of it, you see what nonsense it all must be. How could mother teach if she did not see? Now let's get into bed and think of something cheerful."

"Shall I go into Agatha's room and tell her about mother still teaching at Miss Mackenzie's?" asked Hester, rising from her recumbent position, and feeling much comforted.

"No, no; don't, Hetty. Agatha would throw cold water on it; she is so sure. It was unkind of her to come in and frighten us. She must wait now until the morning, and then mother her own self will set her fears to rest."

"Kitty, you speak almost bitterly of our darling, beautiful Agatha. You do love her very much, don't you?"

"Yes, I do love her very much; but not so much as you, my pet."

A moment later the two young girls knelt down side by side to their prayers. Their hearts were cheered, their inexperience refused to believe the evil tidings, and their little prayers were mostly thanksgivings.

"As if God *would* do it," said Kitty, as she tumbled into bed by Hester's side.

(To be continued.)

TEMPTATION: ITS SOURCES AND ISSUES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried," etc.—JAMES I. 12—15.



THE presence in human life of what we call sin is so characteristic of it and so disastrous to it, that few men fail to think about it. Even the most shallow and thoughtless are now and then confronted with it, and for a moment or two look at it with awe, as the giddy look upon death; while the more reflective ponder over it until it almost fascinates them, and perplex themselves with efforts to solve its great mystery, until almost any metaphysical or fanatical extravagance becomes possible.

One class of men will gravely tell us that sin—the indulgence of our passions—is no moral wrong at all; it is simply the natural necessity of our constitution; that a man is no more to be blamed for getting drunk or committing murder than for eating his dinner. Another class of pious men run into religious fanaticism, and virtually attribute sin to God, as

furnishing opportunity for His redeeming Grace, on the principle that Paul so vehemently repudiates—"Let us do evil, that grace may abound." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Nobody escapes thinking about evil in one way or other, and now and then brutal butcheries, a savage war of extermination, or an atrocious murder, acts upon this feeling like fire upon invisible writing, and it starts into prominence. And the feeling of the world's evil is a sensible burden; we carry it all day long, and speak about it in ordinary conversation.

What is this feeling of sin? It differs altogether from the feeling of misfortune. It is not mere pain, as of a broken limb; or mere sorrow, as of a great loss. There is in it a consciousness of culpability—a feeling of remorse. I *ought* to have done; I *ought not* to have done. What is this *ought*? What is it in my nature that gives possibility to it? And what is it in my conduct that gives occasion for it? Here is disorder in the moral world, and here is a feeling that in some way or

other I am to blame for it. Why should I be to blame? If it is a necessity of my physical nature, if I cannot help acting as I do, getting drunk or committing a murder, because such is my peculiar constitution, why then I ought not to feel any guilt, any remorse, any more than I do for eating or sleeping. If sin is in any way an ordination of God, if He has so constituted things as that sin is part of the natural order of creation, or His special means of accomplishing any of His purposes, then feelings of guilt and of remorse are equally out of place, as much as they would be on account of the sun rising, or the coming on of old age.

Clearly, if sin comes either from the necessity of nature or from Divine ordination, this feeling of remorse is mistaken and altogether unaccountable. How comes it, then, into my consciousness at all? And yet sin is the dark background of every picture of human life; sin is the conscious guilt and shame of every man who lives.

The Apostle James here touches this great problem in a very profound way. He does not touch it with the wand of metaphysics; that is no Ithuriel's spear to touch into life him who sat "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve." Moral evil cannot be explained by metaphysics. St. James does not account for it by materialistic necessity. To say that sin is a necessary outcome of our nature is simply to leave the mystery where it is found. St. James tests it by the profounder wisdom of common sense, ordinary consciousness, daily experience. Men sin, and your own ordinary self-knowledge tells you how they sin. They yield to wrong desire, and are thus led on to moral death. Instead of beginning with the metaphysics of things, so as to account for human nature, the Apostle begins with human nature and experience, and so infers human freedom and responsibility. And in this practical common-sense method there is far more philosophical depth and breadth than there is in metaphysics.

How quietly wrong theories of sin are thrown off, and the right origin of sin affirmed; and how directly and practically the teaching is made to bear upon daily responsibility and duty!

The idea that James repudiates—that God is the Author of temptation—has probably scarcely any living influence or presence in our own day. It had, however, a good deal of practical power in ancient days. A pagan notion of the gods was that they tempted men malignantly, in order to delude and destroy them. A fanatical Christian notion was that God caused evil in order to magnify His saving power. This is only one of many illustrations that Christian history might furnish of the exaggeration into monstrous perversity, almost blasphemy, of intensely pious feeling. God, it has been urged, is so immanently and intensely present in human life, that

nothing can happen in it that He does not ordain—"Hath there been evil in a city and God hath not done it?"

The supposition here is that evil may be an impulse from God; that even God may prompt to a wrong thing for the sake of glorifying His grace. No doubt, man's sin is the occasion of the highest manifestation of God's glory and love that the world knows. The redemption of men by Jesus Christ is more wonderful in its Divine greatness and grace than either the creation of the universe or the preservation of unsinning angels. But to say that God caused the evil to give the opportunity of this is another thing. As well say that the physician caused the disease to give the opportunity of the cure. St. James says that God is morally incapable of any connivance with evil or any countenance of it. His own essential nature is so true, and pure, and good, that He cannot in any sense or way do evil that good may come. He cannot be tempted to evil, nor can He be a tempter. There is nothing in Him that evil can solicit. It could be no inducement to Him that salvation from evil would bring Him great glory and man great gain. His purity would reject the glory and refuse the gain at the cost of connivance at wrong, even for a moment. Good men will often wink at doubtful means if they think good will result—a doubtful argument if they think that opponents to revelation will be silenced; a doubtful inducement for increasing a subscription list or filling a church; a doubtful expedient for prevailing with dissolute or ungodly men and women. God will not. If men will not be saved by right means, God will not save them by wrong ones. Men may perish sooner than He will compromise His rectitude or His methods. Thank God it is so! There is nothing to hold on by, in a world like this, but the conviction of God's inflexible rectitude, even in His methods of salvation. We "give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness." *Therefore He cannot tempt any man, put any evil solicitation in his way, or in any way countenance it.*

Here, however a large question presents itself. Is not temptation a necessary part of the discipline of life? Does not God ordain our life in the midst of evil? And does He not, by means of that evil, strengthen, anneal, and perfect our character? No condition of our human life is practically more useful to us than the discipline of temptation. All difficulty is salutary. Labour, the sweat of the brow, is one of the greatest safeguards and noblest processes of life. The toil of the scholar, the author, the statesman, the preacher: how strong, and wise, and persistent it makes them! The tests of daily virtue and temper: what self-control, what genuineness of quality they give! Nothing educates us like temptation. A man whose principles have not

been thoroughly tried, a man who has not learned to restrain and deny passion when sorely tempted to indulge it, is a man without strength or tried fidelity, good for smooth seas, and the sunshine of prosperity, but very doubtful for adverse circumstances. How do you know, how does the man himself know, that he is a true man, if he has never been tempted to tell a lie? A man strongly tempted, who has resisted, may be relied upon as true. It is a blessed thing to "endure temptation:" the gold may not complain of the fire that tests and purifies it.

Thus God educates and perfects us; but it does not follow, because He thus uses conditions of sin and exposure, that he produces them. God is not the author of sin and of temptation because He makes so great a use of them. He deals with us according to the conditions in which we are placed, and makes evil itself to serve the interests of good. Temptation both tests and changes a man, proves what is in him, and makes what is in him better, gives him feelings towards God and sympathies towards men that he never had before.

I may not seek temptation—that would be suicidal. I pray not to be led into temptation. God will not tempt me or cause me to be tempted; to think that would be blasphemy. I must not yield to temptation—that would be revolting from God, and going over to the devil. But, placed as I am in an evil world, with evil without and within, I must accept these conditions of temptation, as God accepts them, and make them to "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Let me truly overcome temptation—not the

mere outward act to which I am tempted, for I may resist that, and not be much after all. I may not do it from prudential considerations—it would be too great a risk; I should be found out, or God would punish me. I may wish that I could do it safely. That is not overcoming temptation; the feeling that would fain yield, the love of the sin, is strong within me still. To overcome temptation is to kill the very feeling that desires—to purge the soul of the passion, to make it so pure that it ceases to respond with any desire to the evil solicitation.

It is possible to resist, and not to overcome, to refuse to do an evil thing, and yet wish that I might do it. It is possible to evade temptation—sequester oneself from the ordinary exposures and uses of life. This is the discretion which is the better part of valour; but it is to avoid the battle rather than fight it. When a man has really overcome, he is a new man; the temptation has wrought a great transformation in him. It has not merely passed by outside him; it has been the occasion of inwardly renewing and glorifying him.

In the sense of testing or trying a man, which is the real meaning of the word temptation, God does test us. He "tempted" Abraham, made a demand upon him to prove what was in his heart, the strength of his obedience, the supremacy of his love. In another sense, according to the vivid way in which the old Hebrews realised God in human life, God "tempted" Pharaoh, "hardened his heart"—permitted circumstances which resulted in the hardening of his heart; but that not because God intended such a result, but solely through his own perversity.

BICENTENARY GLIMPSES.—IV.

FRANCE IN 1685.—SECOND PAPER.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIR, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



E left off our last paper in the midst of the "Dragonnades"—a word that has left an infamous mark in the history of France. We were alluding to the case of Protestant children, who were sometimes very hard to convert, and very difficult to subdue. Little things, five or six years of age, would sometimes give very rebellious and heretical answers to the monks and nuns who had charge of their conversion. They would prove that the pope was antichrist, that Rome was an idolatrous Church, that she was the mystical Egypt and Babylon, and the mother of abominations of the earth. At other times, young children would show remarkable courage in escaping from their prisons, finding their

way to some friendly Protestant, and passing along from one danger to another, until, reaching the frontier of Holland, they experienced that sense of relief which the fugitive slaves of America knew so well when their foot rested on Canadian soil. One may always be sure, when children show preternatural sagacity and cleverness in difficult situations, that there has been something far wrong in their upbringing; some fearful necessity has driven them on, which has stifled the feelings appropriate to childhood, and robbed them of their days of happy, careless, playful innocence, the natural heritage of the young.

Even before the 18th October, 1685,* France

* The decree recalling the Edict was signed 18th October, and published 22nd October.

had suffered an awful amount of misery. It is not easy to calculate the precise number of the Protestants it contained in the middle of the century, but it was very large—probably not less than two millions. It has been computed by M. Coqueril, a recent historian, that, before the Edict was recalled, no fewer than 400,000 Protestants, wearied out with the unceasing annoyances and persecutions to which they were exposed, had left the kingdom. It is generally believed that the revocation of the Edict led to the expulsion of 500,000 or 600,000 more. And they were not just average citizens; they were much higher. That they were people of splendid moral fibre, strong, fearless, and heroic, was shown by their readiness to suffer everything rather than renounce their faith. Any wise king might have been proud to have such a body of subjects, especially when not a word could be said against them for want of true loyalty, or for want of any of the qualities of good citizens. As they said themselves, they never refused to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's; they only refused to render to him—what it was impious in him to demand—the things that were God's.

Besides their high moral character, many of the expelled Huguenots were remarkable for their industry, their skill in the mechanical arts, their ability to take charge of important departments. Cardinal Richelieu, who ruled France before Louis XIV. took the reins, and M. Colbert, who was his Minister of Finance up to 1683, were aware of the value of the Huguenots in these respects, and systematically discouraged their persecution. Colbert had difficulty enough in finding all the money that was needed, and he dreaded a step that would disorder the commerce of the country, and greatly, perhaps permanently, damage its industry.

Strange to say, Louis was blind to all this. He saw nothing but a grand opportunity of ridding the country of the greatest obstacle to his own absolute authority; he little dreamt that he was inflicting a blow on its industry and commerce that would throw it a century back; that he was driving off many of the best friends of law and order in his kingdom; or that he was preparing for himself the troubles and disasters that darkened the last half of his reign, and, for his posterity, curses and calamities that would be a proverb and a byword to the end of time.

It is no wonder that travellers, as they passed through France, were struck, both before and after the revocation, with her miserable condition. Among these travellers was the well-known Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and author of the "History of my own Time." Burnet's account of his tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, in a series of letters to the Hon. Robert Boyle, is a curiosity of literature. His sentiments on the

Swiss mountains, and on romantic scenery in general, are hardly credible at the present day. But just because Burnet was so wanting in poetic feeling, and so very matter-of-fact a personage, his testimony to what he saw in France may be the more firmly relied on. Writing from Zurich, in September, 1685, a month before the revocation, he says:—"As I came all the way from Paris to Lyons, I was amazed to see so much misery as appeared, not only in villages, but in big towns, where all the marks of an extreme poverty showed themselves, both in the buildings, the clothes, and almost in the looks of the inhabitants; and a general dispeopling of the towns was a very visible effect of the hardships under which they lay." A few months later, Burnet wrote:—"I have a strong disposition to say something concerning the persecution which I saw in its rage and utmost fury, by which I could give you many instances that are so much beyond all the common instances of barbarity and cruelty, that I confess they are not to be believed unless I could give more positive proofs than are fitted now to be brought forth."

When we study the persecutions at this time of day, one of the strangest of our feelings is connected with the way in which they were viewed by the nation, and especially the upper class. Not one touch of pity do they seem to have known. Not one twinge of remorse do they seem to have felt at the awful deeds of injustice and cruelty that were done everywhere in the name of religion. If the Huguenots had been a crew of devils or a gang of murderers, if they had been the incarnate spirits of war, pestilence, and famine, their expulsion from the soil of France could not have been viewed with more complete complacency. In the beginning of his work, "The Huguenots in France," Mr. Smiles has collected a number of remarks by distinguished persons, showing how utterly devoid they were of pity or compunction. Even in the Academy, a speaker, referring to the ruins of the famous Protestant Temple at Charenton, in the suburbs of Paris, that had lately been demolished by violence, and where some of the noblest preachers of the country had often thrilled distinguished audiences with the Gospel message, exclaimed, "Happy ruins! the finest trophy France ever beheld!" The utter perversion of right sentiment seems like the result of an evil spell. Men and women, from the throne downwards, were given over to believe a lie. Through some strange glamour, a crime at which all the civilised world now stands aghast was disguised to look like a great religious triumph; and a transaction which bore on its very face the lurid hues of hell, appeared to be charged with the benedictions of heaven.

The revocation of the Edict fell with awful severity and suddenness upon the pastors. If they did not recant, they were to leave the kingdom within fifteen days, or suffer death. It is difficult

to imagine what this meant to a thousand men, heads of loved and loving families and flocks, with small incomes, little or no private means, forced to go they knew not whither, and that too at the beginning of winter! Yet of the thousands, only two or three hundred at the most recanted, a hundred suffered death or were sent to the galleys, and the rest left the country. England, Holland, and Switzerland were the principal countries that received them and the members of their flocks. Churches were provided for some of them, and kindness was shown in many ways. Many of the people who fled carried with them the arts which they had learned to practise at home with such success, and enriched thereby the lands of their adoption. But what an incalculable amount of misery must all this have caused! What tearing up of the heart-strings, and violent crushing of the warmest affections of home and country! What bitter anxieties, what cold, hunger, and disease; what bitter days and sleepless nights to tens of thousands, men, women, and children! One comfort remains to us in thinking of them—that that God who had drawn them into the wilderness would not forsake them there. They had doubtless much inward peace and joy amid all their outward tribulation, and cherished the more ardently the blessed hope of heaven. But what a contrast between their 1685 and our 1885!

A great multitude of the people, and not a few of the pastors, were doomed to the galleys. Save that life is dear to all, this was really a worse punishment than if they had been condemned to death itself. The men so doomed, chiefly for attending religious meetings, were gathered in gangs and sent to the seaport fastened to chains. Marteilhe tells how, so far on as the winter of 1712, he was fastened to the neck of another prisoner with a chain three feet long, with a ring in the middle, through which another chain was passed, embracing the whole gang, to the number of 400. They were marched from Havre to Marseilles by night. Their accommodation was wretched, and sometimes the chains were so fixed that they could neither stand nor lie down. When they reached the seaport they were drafted into the galleys. Six men worked each oar, chained to the same bench. They were very insufficiently clad. At night the men slept sitting on their

bench, for there was no room to lie down. "They never quitted their bench except for the hospital or the grave; yet some of the Huguenot rowers contrived to live upon the benches for thirty or forty years." Mixed up with thieves and other criminals, they were doomed to listen to disgusting language. And they had no intercourse with the world; they were entirely shut out from those they loved. In very wantonness the captain of the ship would sometimes let his officer go and refresh the backs of the Huguenots with a salad of strokes of the whip; yet at any time a word of recantation would have set them free. Wonderful and blessed endurance, that stood firm and faithful through all this tribulation! What a welcome would await them at the end, and how blessed it would be for those who had been so faithful unto death, at last to receive the crown of life!

The Huguenots were spread over the whole of France, but they were by far the most numerous in the south. The Cevennes mountains were full of them, and in these strongholds the persecution maddened them into resistance. But tempting though the story of the Camisards is, we cannot enter on it now. The Camisards took the sword, and the achievements of these handfuls of desperate men were often prodigies of skill and daring. What they fought for was liberty to assemble amid the ruins of their dismantled churches, or in the solitudes of woods and mountains, sing the songs of Zion, and worship the God of salvation. Most profound was their conviction that God was for them. Their prophets, as they were called, spoke as if moved by the Spirit of God. There is a moral beauty and grandeur in that struggle of the Camisards among the mountains of France, which even the stern realities of war cannot efface. Their resistance was not wholly in vain; the opposition got weary through very length of time, and the Church in the Desert contrived to live. The policy of persecution and extermination looks ghastly in the light of its struggle with these brave mountaineers. What a latent power there must yet be in the memories of these martyrdoms! When shall it be roused? When shall France repent her of her treatment of her noblest sons, and recognise the glory of the truth for which they testified, and the claims of the Master for Whom they died?

LENA'S FAULT.

CHAPTER I.

"**W**AS it not kind of the lady, grandpapa? Such a beautiful little carriage it was! and such lovely little cream-coloured ponies! And they flew along like the wind! Oh, I did enjoy it!" with a long breath, and nestling closer to her grand-

father as she spoke, while her feet beat a soft tattoo on the worn carpet. "Oh! grandpapa," she went on the next moment, "I wish we need not always live in such a dull place as Heathside, and that I could go out for a drive like that every day. And when the lady put me down she said that I was the nicest girl



"Every now and then laying his hand on little Mary Green's small hooded head."—p. 431.

she had ever seen, though"—with a little stammer—"I believe she thought that I ought to have been more fashionably dressed."

The old farmer put her a little away from him and looked at her; then he drew her nearer than before, and sighed. How could he rebuke her? She had put a colouring of her own upon all that had been said and done, he knew; but was she not the little one of his old age? the only child of his only son, who was far away under the burning sun of India? How then could he speak even one harsh word to her?

But when his own son had first left him, years and years before, the old man had adopted a promising boy, the orphan child of an early friend. Lena had seen much of him at different times, and had been taught to call him "Cousin Edward." But of course he was much older than herself—indeed, he was "grown up, and a clergyman," as the little girl informed her friends, and he was at this time working hard as a children's mission preacher in the East of London.

But—and what a happy "but" it was, both to Lena and her grandfather!—Cousin Edward was expected to arrive this very evening—Saturday, the twelfth of July—and then what a happy Sunday they would have to-morrow! The old man began to talk about it.

"Oh! grandpapa," said Lena as he paused, and giving a sudden spring of delight at the thought, "don't you think that I may go and meet him now, at once, all by myself? It is such a little way to the station!"

Her grandfather thought she might, and away she ran.

CHAPTER II.

AND what a lovely walk she had! But why did her face presently begin to cloud, while her steps grew slower and slower?

"I wish," she said aloud at length, as she climbed upon a stile, and sat looking up at the dog-rose spray that waved over her head, "I wish——" but here she paused, and her wish did not get put into spoken words for the present.

"He will find me out!" she went on again by-and-by, with a frown. "I am sure he will, this time! And to think that while I was talking to grandpapa it never once entered my mind! Oh, I do wish——" but here she stopped once more, and presently her eyes filled with tears. But time was passing, and the tears had soon to be brushed away; and putting her anxieties on one side for the time, Lena jumped down from the stile, and hurried now in the direction of the little country station, for she could see the white smoke of the train in the distance.

And soon, very decorously, and trying to behave as much like a grown-up young lady as possible, she entered the general waiting-room, and sitting down upon one of the benches, watched for the train through the window. It was not long before it came up.

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"Cousin Edward generally has his little walk alone," thought Lena. "He will be glad to see me! There he is! How handsome he is! better-looking than anybody else I ever saw! Cousin Edward!"—as with a long stride or two he was passing through the station—"don't go without me! I came to meet you!"

The young man stopped to greet and kiss her, and then the two made their way out together, and along the pleasant country road.

"Well, Lena, and are you all quite well? and have you got a good number of children to promise to come to-morrow?"

"Yes, we are all well, thank you," rejoined Lena. "And all the schools are coming to hear you preach to-morrow! And mamma told her girls that they should sit round the pulpit whenever you came again, and so they are going to to-morrow. And I am going to sit just underneath the pulpit, opposite mamma and grandpapa, for I don't like looking at clergymen when they are preaching. I am always thinking"—with a tremble in her voice—"that they are going to say something about my faults, for of course I have a good many! And we are going to let little Mary Green sit up close by you, because she likes you so much!"

And so Lena chatted on; but Cousin Edward seemed rather tired.

"And so you have got a houseful of company, Lena?" he said, as they were nearing the pretty, old-fashioned house with the vines creeping over the front: and his half-sigh seemed to say that he would have been better pleased with only Lena and her mother and grandfather for company.

"Oh, no!" and the little girl suddenly danced away from his side to gather dog-roses. "They are all gone—the company, I mean. And there were not really very many people, Cousin Edward."

He was waiting for her, and looking towards her; and her face was covered with hot, burning blushes. How could she turn it to him, to meet his questioning gaze?

"Why, Lena!" he said at length, "what is the matter, child? And don't tug so at those prickly things: you will tear your fingers. The company all gone, did you say?" in a tone of quiet relief. "But I thought," he added then, "that they were to stay for some little time? Why, here is grandpapa!"

The old man appeared delighted to meet his adopted son, and had many questions to ask; and Edward said no more for the present to Lena. And she quickly recovered herself, and passed, after all, a fairly pleasant evening.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY afternoon came.

All the neighbouring schools had been marshalled in order to the picturesque old building, for the Rev. Edward Ryan was very popular in the place

where he had been brought up. And there were the girls of Mrs. Mayley's class ranged round the pulpit, as Lena had said they would be. And Lena herself had the seat she had declared she wished for, just under the pulpit. Mrs. Mayley was seated opposite her class, with her father-in-law, old Farmer Mayley, beside her.

The bell stopped ringing, and the simple, happy school service commenced.

And, at last, the Rev. Edward Ryan, in black gown, made his way up into the pulpit, and gave out his text—

"Ephesians iv. 15 : *Speaking the truth in love.*"

And then, very easily and simply, yet very solemnly and impressively at the same time, he began and continued his discourse ; every now and then laying his hand on little Mary Green's small hooded head, as she sat close beside him.

And, oh, how much that he said sank down deep into Lena's heart ; and how she sat through that sermon she never knew. And, more than once, with hot cheeks and fast filling eyes, she furtively glanced up at her mother, and grandfather, and the girls ; but oftener she sat with downcast face and a nervous finger on her lips, feeling that every eye was upon her, and that she was being despised by everybody.

All the children were listening very attentively ; and even though they might already have learned carefully to speak the exact truth always, many a one, among young and old, had yet to learn to speak it *in love*.

There was Hetty Lawrence, sitting with innocent, childish blue eyes looking straight before her, while she, almost unconsciously, gained "here a little and there a little." There was Katy Hardress, too, in the loose ugly jacket, and black-bound sailor-hat ; and she was listening also, and comprehending a good deal ; but oh, she was not touched to shame and inward confusion as Lena was ! For, how many, many solemn texts Cousin Edward read. And presently he quoted Psalm xv. 1, 2 : "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle ? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill ? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and *speaketh the truth in his heart.*"

CHAPTER IV.

DIRECTLY the service was over, and Lena could get away by herself, she did so, taking a path that led through a quiet, shady wood. And, by-and-by, sitting down upon the stump of an old tree, she let her shamed, sorrowful thoughts have their way for awhile ; and then, slipping down to the mossy earth and hiding her face in her hands, she wept aloud.

"Oh, dear, dear !" she sobbed, while the green boughs waved gently over her head, and the birds twittered gaily, and golden sunbeams were playing at hide-and-seek all around her. "I never saw before

how wicked I have been ! No wonder that mamma is not to me as other girls' mothers are ! and that dear, kind grandpapa looks at me in the way he does !"

"Why, Lena, my poor child ! What can be the matter ?"

Lena sprang up : and there was Cousin Edward. He too had sought a place for quiet thought, and had found—Lena.

"Oh, Cousin Edward !" and she rushed to him, and he sat down upon the old tree-stump, and took her in his arms. "Oh, Cousin Edward, *why* did you preach all that long, terrible sermon at me ? Oh, why could you not have told me when we were all alone ? I would have listened to you, and have done all you wished ! It was very, very cruel of you !"

"I preached a sermon at you, you poor child ! I do not understand !"

"Oh, you must have known that I did not speak—the truth—always—in love ! Oh, what shall I do ! When we were in India papa was often angry with mamma because of things I said—little things—that were not exactly true ! And that was the reason why at last we came to live together with grandpapa—dear, darling grandpapa, who is never angry with me, though he knows very well how wicked I am ! And ah, Cousin Edward, I wrote you that long letter, and told you all about a lot of imaginary company ! Oh, what shall I do ? I shall always be wicked now !"

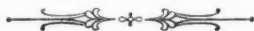
"No, no, dear ! You can begin from this moment to speak the truth *for Jesus' sake*," answered Mr. Ryan, softly stroking her hair as he spoke—her hat had fallen off long ago. "He *died* for you, dear Lena. Can you not do this one little thing for Him ! And, if you will—asking His help every moment—it will bring you great happiness here (as the smallest thing done *for Jesus' sake* always does), and happiness eternal hereafter."

Lena wept in silence for a little while. Then she said, still keeping her face hidden—

"And if I do it for Jesus' sake—I must first tell mamma all the wrong things I have said ! And I must write and tell papa too, and everybody whom I have deceived ; and I must bear everybody's hard looks for Jesus' sake, and that will make them easier to bear. And then"—with a fresh sob—"when I do really speak the truth, you will think of me as you did before, will you not, Cousin Edward ?"

But now, having at length poured out all her trouble, Lena learned that Cousin Edward had *not* observed her want of truthfulness ; but that some trifling incident which had occurred after one of his East London services had led him to preach as he had done.

"So you see, Lena dear," he presently said, "it was as though the Lord Himself spoke to you. And you may be thankful that ~~we~~ *He* did ; for who can say whither your fault, unchecked, might have led you ?"



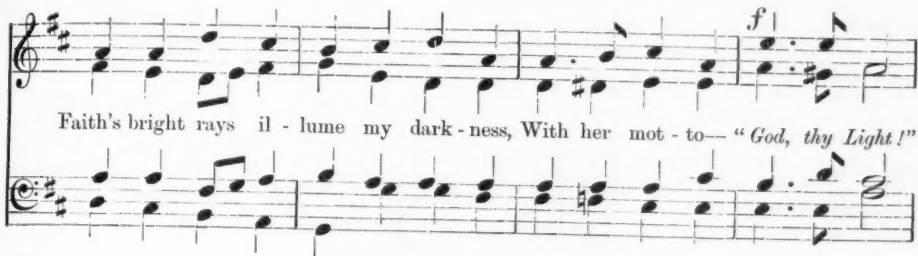
"When the Shades of Coming Sorrow."

Words by REV. CECIL MOORE, M.A.

Music by REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.



1. When the shades of com-ing sor-row Deep-en in-to star-less night,



Faith's bright rays il-lume my dark-ness, With her mot-to—"God, thy Light!"



Yea, my Light—tho' all a-round me Grop-ing seek to walk by sight,



Let me fol-low where Thou lead-est, God of love, and Light of light!

2. If by paths unknown, untrodden,
Through deep gorge, o'er dizzy height,
Guide my feet, uphold my goings—
Thou, Thou only art my Light!
Such the faith of those our loved ones,
Standing now in robes washed white:
Now they know how all life's shadows
Brought them nearer to Thy Light.

3. On the shield of faith borne homeward,
Rest they from the hard-won fight;
And no more can powers of darkness
Dim their vision of Thy Light.
Grant me power, dear Lord, to witness
How pure faith gleams ever bright:
Thine the cloud, and Thine the sunshine—
Thou, my Lord, my Life, my Light!

POPULAR PREACHERS IN BROOKLYN.

BY THE REV. LLEWELYN D. BEVAN, D.D., LL.B., LATE MINISTER OF THE BRICK CHURCH,
NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN is not New York. It is not a part of New York. It is an independent city, with a government, a locality, a character altogether its own. It is situated opposite New York, upon the other side of the East River, the channel which flows between the Sound and the New York Bay. You get from one city to the other by the ferries, or by the new Suspension Bridge—a noble engineering work, which must satisfy even an American as the greatest undertaking of its kind in the world. Brooklyn is a city of some seven hundred thousand inhabitants, the third city in the Union, greatly overshadowed, of course, by its neighbour over the river, but still contributing not a little to the force and moral energy of those two millions and a quarter who live within a circle of ten miles from the New York Post Office. Brooklyn has been sometimes called the "Bedroom of New York," and it is true that many persons employed during the day in the business parts of the Empire City have their homes in Brooklyn. It is, in fact, a suburb of the great centre of trade and occupation found in the lower part of Manhattan Island. Brooklyn spreads over a far larger territory than New York, for the occupation of a single house by a separate family is more common here than where land is scarce, as in the neighbouring city. Hence its population is more homogeneous. It has fewer millionaires, and fewer paupers. It is probably more American, more native, more Protestant than New York. It has more homes, less residences; more comfort, less display. It is a middle-class city, rather than a city of extremes. In many parts of it, it is almost rural—a city of families, of verdure, of Christian life, of churches, of preachers.

The great name of the American pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher, has been connected for a generation with Brooklyn, where he has spent nearly forty years of most noteworthy ministry. He

belongs to a famous family. His father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was one of the leading clergymen of the last generation, whose labours, especially in the then novel cause of temperance, placed him in the front rank of public men, and he impressed a very marked individuality of character upon his family. His daughter Catherine is a well-known writer, chiefly on female education, in which she has also been engaged in various practical forms of work. Dr. Edward Beecher is

a preacher and author of some eminence. Charles Beecher is a popular writer, while Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has achieved a fame that is world-wide. The most prominent member of the Beecher family, however, is the subject of our sketch. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813. He was educated at Amherst and Lane seminaries, entering the Presbyterian ministry in 1837, at Laurenceburg. Thence he removed to Indianapolis in 1839, and settled at Brooklyn in 1847, as pastor of the newly formed Congregational Society, known as the Plymouth Church. It was not long before he attracted the attention of a large and growing congregation. He soon

became the most popular preacher of his country, and his fame passed beyond the limits of America. He was as much at home on the platform as in the pulpit, and has attracted large crowds to the lectures delivered by him in various parts of the country. He wrote much for the *Independent*, a religious journal, and for two or three years acted as its editor. Since that time his connection with journalism has been through the *Christian Union*, of which for a long period he was the nominal head. Mr. Beecher's writings have been chiefly the volumes of his sermons, for he is essentially a speaker rather than a writer.

Mr. Beecher has interested himself greatly in public affairs. The scope of his preaching has been wide enough to embrace all the spheres and



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.)

energies of human life. With such a temperament as he possesses, and belonging to such a



RICHARD S. STORRS.

(From a Photograph by A. Bogardus, New York.)

family, with the education and training that he received, he was a firm friend of the slave, and an impassioned advocate of the anti-slavery movement. When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Beecher spoke with clear and emphatic tones. He was a thorough Union man, patriotic and clear-sighted. He never concealed the fact that the ultimate issue of the war involved not only the preservation of the Union, but also the enfranchisement of the slave. The vast audiences that filled the Plymouth Church at that time of excitement were stirred to the deepest heart by the kindling eloquence of the great preacher, while the mission he undertook to England to plead the cause of the North and the unbroken nation not only proved to English audiences the courage and splendid oratorical gifts of the Brooklyn preacher, but also placed him at the very height of affection and popularity in his own land.

Mr. Beecher has a strongly marked appearance. He is robust. A splendid constitution has been sedulously guarded. His face in the upper part is intellectual and spiritual. The lower is heavy, and if not relieved by the eyes and front would be gross and unpleasing. But when the countenance lights up with the glowing fervour of the orator, it affords a field on which all the passing emotions are depicted. He is a wide student, has read much, and observed nature and human life keenly. He loves children and flowers. He is a connoisseur of art—a keen critic of men and manners. His theology is of no school, and is

to some strangely and perplexingly inconsistent. He is a humorist, at times carrying the grotesque beyond the limits not merely of pulpit law, but even those of general good taste. He evidently represses much that bubbles up to his lips to say. What he says might sometimes be better kept within the "white bounds of the teeth." He deals with Scripture in a very free and unconventional manner. He is rich in illustration, drawn from nature, history, art, and human life. His dramatic powers are great. His preaching is partly delivered from notes, but amongst these he intersperses freely spoken passages, some of which at times are of the highest order of incisive address, eloquent, rich in suggestion, full of the largest sympathy, the noblest sentiment of devout aspiration and human enthusiasm.

It would be impossible to characterise Mr. Beecher's preaching. It is so varied, so multi-form, we might more easily say what he is not than what he is. He furnishes illustrations of all styles, and he continues, even now that he has passed the seventieth year of his life, fresh, vigorous, young as ever. The distinguishing qualities of his style are radiance and joyousness. His sermons are like floods of sunshine, in which there is the perpetual stir and stress of life. There is no preacher in our time—perhaps there has never been a preacher—who has pressed into the service of the pulpit so wide a range of treatment, sympathy, and method. It would not be excessive if we should entitle him the *Shake-*



T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

(From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.)

speare of the pulpit, so rich, so varied, so manifold, has been the spirit and manner of his work.

Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, occupies one of the most prominent positions in the American ministry. He is not so widely known as his popular fellow-townsmen, but in some circles of his country the name of this preacher would be placed at the very head of the roll of the American pulpit. Like Mr. Beecher, he is a native of New England—that great source of men of thought and intellectual “light and leading” for the Western World. He was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1821. After graduation at Amherst, he studied theology at Andover, and was settled first at the Harvard Congregational Church of Brookline, Massachusetts. In 1846 he became the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and there gathered a most intelligent and influential congregation. Dr. Storrs was connected for some years with the *Independent*, of which he was associate editor. His “Graham Lectures on the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Constitution of the Human Soul,” as well as “Conditions of Success in Preaching without Notes,” attracted some attention when published.

Dr. Storrs has, however, gained his greatest reputation for special addresses and sermons. He is the chosen orator upon set occasions. The prestige of his social position, which, even in a democratic country, counts for much, combined with his peculiar felicity in a certain kind of ornate and courtly oratory, has made him to be sought for to deliver historical addresses, inaugural speeches, and the like. He is scholarly, having given himself especially to the study of European history, the varied personages and events of which he has great skill in marshalling in a stately and picturesque style. For many years Dr. Storrs used notes exclusively, but at last broke away from the custom by a sudden and vigorous effort, and now he speaks and preaches with perfect freedom, almost unerring accuracy, and great force. The writer had the pleasure of being present at the New York Academy of Music some years ago, when Dr. Storrs delivered two lectures upon the Turks and the Russians during the last Turko-Russian war, before the immense audience which filled the large building to its utmost capacity. Each night the lecturer spoke for nearly two hours and a half. The historical review of the relations of the two peoples and their history presented an almost bewildering collection of names, dates, and events. All were given without a moment's pause or break. Not a single reference was made to a note. Dates and personages, battles, dynasties, descents—all were poured forth in an unbroken stream—highly interesting—graphically

marshalled, without a slip, an error, or halt. No one has more completely acquired the art of free, unfettered speech, with accuracy, strength, and style, than Dr. Storrs. The criticism which might fairly be passed upon Dr. Storrs' style of address would be that it is wanting in variety and repose. It is too sustained. It never drops into the conversational, and hence he cannot touch such varied notes of human feeling and emotion as his more famous neighbour. But there are few stronger men, more manly, scholarly, vigorous, as there are certainly none who occupy a more eminent position, than the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn.

Space precludes such a notice of another famous Brooklyn preacher—Dr. Talmage—as his reputation deserves. In some respects this preacher is second to none in the estimation of a large crowd of hearers and readers. Dr. Talmage is a native of New Jersey, and is now about fifty-three years of age. For a time he ministered to congregations of the Reformed Dutch Church at Belleville, N.J., Syracuse, and Philadelphia successively, and became pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, in 1869. His “Tabernacle” was burnt in 1872, and the new building, erected in 1874, and seating about 5,000 persons, is probably the largest Protestant church in America.

That the preacher of the “Brooklyn Tabernacle” is an effective public speaker no one can deny. He is very dramatic; indulges in flights of oratory which, if not in the best taste, are very effective. The writer believes thoroughly in his earnestness and simplicity of purpose, and has heard from this preacher a sermon admirable in every respect, without a trace of what at times offends, and filled everywhere with a large Christian charity, keen insight into human nature, and a genial *bonhomie* which was very engaging.

Sunday morning upon a Brooklyn ferry-boat is an interesting time. These floating turnpikes—for an American ferry steamer is nothing but a movable causeway, with a street for horses and carriages, and covered shelter for the foot-passengers, placed upon a steam-boat—are crowded with New Yorkers and strangers coming over to Mr. Beecher's, or Dr. Talmage's, or some other famous Brooklyn church. One of the stories told of the former preacher—probably unhistoric, but sufficiently characteristic—is that he was once asked by a man whom he had chanced to meet, how to get to his place of worship. “Cross by the Fulton ferry,” replied the preacher, “and then follow the crowd.” Whether this be true or not, there is certainly much church-going in Brooklyn, and much excellent preaching.



"NOT DONE IN A CORNER."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D., AUTHOR OF "JUDAS A WITNESS FOR CHRIST."

IN TWO PAPERS.—I.



It is not very likely that all the readers of *THE QUIVER* have much knowledge of the numerous works which have lately issued from the press, written with great ability, but written in a spirit intensely hostile to Christianity. And perhaps if they had, their want of adequate scientific knowledge would prevent their grappling successfully with the objections which these writers urge with so much subtlety and force. Hence the importance of directing attention to those evidences of the truth which are simple and easily understood, and which, when understood, are felt to be satisfactory.

Meanwhile, Christianity has never lacked defenders as well equipped in every respect, and as powerful, as any of its opponents. And if they complain, as they often do, of our dogmatism, they need to be reminded that instead of sound reasoning they too often supply us with reiterated and unproved assertions.

Attention was lately called to the nature and value of the testimony of Judas to the life and character of Jesus the Messiah. There is, however, another kind of evidence equally important—that which is supplied by the Public Promulgation of the Gospel. And to this the great Apostle of the Gentiles refers with earnestness and force in his celebrated defence before King Agrippa, when he declares that "this thing was not done in a corner."

The origin of Christianity was no secret. Both its origin and early history were known to the Jews "from Dan to Beersheba." And not simply by the active ministry of the Apostles, who were commissioned to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, and endowed with power over unclean spirits, and to heal all manner of diseases, but by the wondrous deeds wrought by Christ, Who must have healed during His short public life tens of thousands who were suffering from various distressing maladies, and Who delivered thousands of unhappy sufferers from that direst of all human calamities, demoniacal possession, from which none could deliver but Himself. Passing by all this vast accumulation of evidence and proof of His character and mission, let us notice some few remarkable examples in illustration of the arguments derived from the Public Promulgation of Christianity.

For instance, the teaching of Christ's great Forerunner. Though his abode was the solitary wilderness, and his life that of a recluse, his fame

was so great that there went out to him Jerusalem and all Judæa. To those vast crowds he distinctly set forth the nature of his mission—"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. . . . He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear."

From his birth up to this hour, with the single exception of His appearance in the Temple while yet a lad, when He confounded the doctors by His understanding and His answers, our Lord had passed His life in the secluded village of Nazareth, in the performance of the common duties of the family home. We should be confounded at the extensive knowledge of men and things which He subsequently displayed, if we did not know that one of the three streams of commerce from the East passed through Nazareth. It was also one of the great centres of Temple life, where "the priests of the course" lived when not on duty. A double significance attached to Nazareth; since there passed through it some of those who carried on the traffic of the world, and those who ministered in the Temple.

Thus in reading the story of His life, we see how, during a long residence there, He would become familiar with the condition, trials, sorrows, habits, and occupations of a vast variety of persons. He knew the rich and the poor. His sympathy was ever alive to sorrow and distress. He could appeal to the intellect, the imagination, and the heart; and drawing so many illustrations of His character and His mission from the scenes of common and domestic life, and ever speaking with the calm dignity and force of authority, it is no marvel that "the common people heard Him gladly," and that the men sent by the Sanhedrim to apprehend Him, assigned this reason for not fulfilling their errand—"Never man spake like this Man!"

But when the hour for His public manifestation was come, He left Nazareth, to be baptised by John in the Jordan; whose objections to perform the act were overcome by the memorable utterance—"Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." The descent of the Holy Ghost, in a form visible to every eye, and the voice from heaven—"This is my Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased," attested Christ's character and work in the most public manner possible, and in the presence of multitudes too numerous and vast to be mistaken or deceived.

This publicity equally characterised the Saviour's entrance on His work. He did not, as most impostors do, propound His doctrines, or per-

form His miracles in proof of them, where there were no persons competent to disprove the one or test the other. He did not gain upon mankind by stealth, or open His pretensions in mysterious language to a chosen few. He came on the world at once, mingled among men without any imposing retinue of followers, opened His commission with the utmost boldness, and without any hesitation assumed the lofty character of an ambassador from heaven, thus fulfilling the prediction of Malachi—"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple, even the messenger of the Covenant. . . Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts."

In like manner His life and ministry were characterised by openness and publicity. He most frequently addressed the multitude, living among them, chiefly in large towns and cities, constantly seen in their streets, in their market-places, synagogues, and the Temple. His life was open to all, and His doctrines were openly proclaimed. He did not bear down His hearers by the mere force of authority, but appealed to their minds and hearts. He did not shrink from His foes, but confronted them with the utmost freedom and boldness. Even when He withdrew for a short season from the haunts of the people and went apart into desert places, it was not to avoid the public gaze, nor only for the purpose of private communion with His Father, but that He might have *more room* for the display of Divine Power, when its manifestation would be least expected. Here, in the presence of vast multitudes, the Truth could be preached, and miracles be performed, under circumstances which made fraud or concealment utterly impossible. A brief notice of some examples will bring out this fact most clearly.

1. The marriage at Cana in Galilee. In Eastern countries marriages brought together large numbers of relatives and friends, and the festivities usually lasted several days. To this one Jesus, His Mother, and the disciples were called. That due attention might be given to the refreshment of so large a gathering, a Master of the Feast was appointed, on whom this duty devolved. When Jesus heard that they wanted wine, He commanded the servants to fill up with water six large stone vessels standing there, each holding about nine gallons, and the sacred writer significantly adds, and no doubt to make the whole affair more striking and emphatic, they "filled them up to the brim." When the wine was brought to the Governor of the Feast, he was surprised at its superior quality, and remonstrated with the bridegroom, that, contrary to the general custom, the best had been left to the last. This remark would excite inquiry and discussion. Moreover, the quantity was very large, for each vessel contained many gallons. The servants, who were necessarily very numerous, knew that

they had filled them with water at Christ's command. That water had lost the qualities peculiar to itself, and was now wine. In this case, the servants, the Governor of the Feast, the Bridegroom, and the numerous guests, were all witnesses to the miracle, and their numbers preclude the possibility of fraud.

2. In the two instances of feeding vast multitudes in the desert, we have a still more extraordinary instance of His Divine power. He had retired hither on account of the crowds who followed Him. Here, too, He would have adequate room for the exercise of this power on a grander scale. In the first instance, it is recorded that at eventide the disciples came to Him saying, "Send the multitudes away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals." But Jesus said unto them, "Give ye them to eat." How could they do that? The command would seem almost a mockery, for they had but five loaves and two fishes. He commanded the disciples to bring them to Him, and the multitude to sit down on the grass. He then gave thanks, and gave to the disciples, and they to the multitude. The provision became more than ample, for they were all filled, and twelve baskets full remained. We wonder what the disciples felt as they saw this provision growing while they distributed it. The spectacle must have been wondrous to their eyes. All the people saw it, too. Each evangelist says there were five thousand men, besides women and children, who would of course double the number of the participants.

What a contrast between the simplicity of the Scriptural narrative and the lying legends of false religions! In this case, too, there was no possibility of mistake, for a hungry multitude could testify whether they were fed or not. They could have no motive to connive at a fraud; and this thing was done twice, and under precisely similar circumstances.

3. But there were many instances in which power to heal was displayed when the sick person was at a distance, as in the case of the Centurion's servant, who himself said there was no need for the Master to trouble Himself to come to his house; "but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." With this simple, earnest faith, even Jesus was astonished, for He turned about and said unto the people that followed Him, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

Here, for the present, our space compels us to stop. In a future paper, other illustrations of our subject, not less striking, will be seen in the power of Christ over death—in those cases of healing of maladies of long standing, and which had baffled all medical skill, and in which there was no possibility of collusion and fraud; for these things were done in broad day, and in the presence of multitudes of people.



SOUTHERN VIOLETS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

FROM far-off Nice a box of flowers has come ;
Thrice welcome 'mid the floral dearth at home,
With quick, impatient hands I lift the lid,
To see what mystery within is hid ;
Sweet violets smile up in my face in death,
And meekly yield their souls in fragrant breath,
Haunting the room with sense of other years,
Ere life was saddened with these anxious fears.
Like deep child-eyes which noondays sleep o'erpowers,
And see in dreams a fairer world than ours,
So in these violet eyes, by death's sleep sealed,
I seem to see a summer land revealed ;
Blue cloudless skies for ever shining on,—
And bluer waters laughing to the sun ;
Dark smoke of olive-woods on heights serene,
Which some chance breeze fans into silver sheen ;
And orange groves, whose laden branches bear
Both fruit and bloom that sweeten all the air ;
And high up, on the Alpine peaks sublime,
An alien vision of a snowy clime—

ALAN BARRAUD

In sight of which the palm uplifts its head,
 In its own radiant zone, without a dread.
 'Tis winter here ; but there the roses blow ;
 The sun-bleached rocks with crimson cistus glow ;
 The almond trees upon their barren rods
 Display a miracle of rosy buds ;
 And flames of scarlet windflowers kindle fast,
 In the cool shade by whispering pine trees cast ;
 And like an evening sky, the myrtle bowers
 Are purple with the mist of violet flowers.
 O ! would that our dear invalid were there,
 Beyond these storms, to breathe the magic air,

And with each breath draw in a healing balm,
 The wasting fever of her life to calm !
 'Tis sad to see her thin cheek's hectic red,
 O'er which angelic wings their twilight shed ;
 Her lustrous eyes that larger grow each day,
 And wear a look so wistful, far away,
 As if, upon life's narrow summit raised,
 On higher things than we can see she gazed.
 That wondrous heaven below might break the bond
 That draws her swiftly to the heaven beyond ;
 Might bring into her eyes a homelier smile,
 And we might keep her with us still awhile !



THE VOICE OF GOD.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"The multitude, therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it had thundered ; others said, An angel hath spoken unto Him."—JOHN xii. 29.



WE know the group who thus failed to recognise the voice of God. There were Jews, cold, if not hostile, and ready to make the sharp retort, We have read otherwise in our Law. How sayest Thou ?

There were Greeks, honest inquirers, yet needing to be warned that Christ was not leading His people in the ways of culture such as the Greeks loved, that we can only gain our lives by losing them, and that the grain of wheat must die if it will not abide alone.

But there were also the followers of Jesus. They had heard with awe the words which laid bare His heart, words of natural shrinking, "Father, save Me from this hour ;" and yet of steady resolution, "For this cause came I unto this hour ;" and, controlling both, the will to glorify God at any cost, "Father, glorify Thy name." And now the answer to these words of dedication peals back from heaven, proclaiming the equal acceptance of His past life and His approaching sacrifice, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." That is to say, Thy journey unto this hour has done its part, and so shall the dread baptism and the bitter cup do theirs.

This testimony from the skies, rolling over the Temple courts, is variously understood.

No one will suppose that the quickest ear was most successful in hearing the voice of God, or the keenest brain in apprehending it.

No. It was the soul which heard or failed to hear. This voice was a spiritual opportunity ; it came for their sakes. Now, such graces are not

won or lost by health of body or nimbleness of wit ; their issues depend on the preparation of the heart. Ages before, when one had said, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," then the voice which was hitherto confounded with Eli's was recognised, in the hush of reverence, as a message from the skies.

We cannot but suspect that some unbelieving priest devised that excellent specimen of a rationalistic explanation—"It thunders." Hesitating and undecided men would be able to discern more than this ; they would feel a kind of sacredness in what they heard : only they would not clearly realise their own share in it, nor interpret the profound language of heaven. And so they would declare that an angel spoke, but not to them : no message reached their hearts, although Jesus was distinctly conscious that this voice came not for His sake, but for theirs.

Now, there are voices of God still speaking to each of us, and according to our spiritual readiness we shall hear them or let them pass.

THERE IS THE VOICE OF PROVIDENCE.

Illness comes. We are shut out from business and from pleasure ; we lie useless upon a bed of pain. This is the voice of God saying, "Beware ! learn by how thin a cord the soul is restrained from drifting out into the unknown deeps ; consider, by what chart, by what compass, couldst thou steer ? Reflect whether One is with thee in the ship Who can make those unfathomable and fearful waters calm and still as when He rebuked the waves of Galilee."

Bereavement comes. We close the eyes that will never brighten with love again, and we

know how the whole world can be darkened by the shadow upon one face. Ah, then there is a voice within reminding us that it must be always so, that there is no union here of hearts which finds not here an end, but also that there is a Friend Who sticketh closer than a brother. "Knowest thou Him?" it says. "To Him dost thou turn for comfort and solace now? Without Him none are at peace. None are utterly disquieted into whose bleeding hearts that good Physician poureth balm."

And again, *happiness comes*. The pulses beat evenly; friends gather at our table, and children laugh around our knees; our prospects brighten, and our reputation is fair. Is there no voice then to say in the glad heart, "I give thee all; my Son, give Me thine heart"?

To none the voice is wanting, but to some the ear. They can think of nothing but ill-fortune, or cruel fate, or happy chance—chance, which is openly the god of the fool, and secretly also of the physicist.

And some are vaguely conscious of a sacred intention, an angel speech, but fail to comprehend the divine and tender meaning. For as they who doubted Christ were baffled by the direct voice from heaven, so none really understands the God of Providence, who has not learned of God manifest in flesh.

Again, HE SPEAKS IN NATURE, and most of all, perhaps, in the splendours of which the poorest are not robbed, in the glories of day and night. Of these we are perhaps insensible through use and carelessness; yet it is always possible, on any calm evening, to gaze steadily for awhile upon the skies and think. Slowly the scene expands; it dilates almost into infinity. We recoil in a kind of alarm from those unplumbed, icy, unfathomable spaces, from those vast orbs, rushing with ineffable speed across immensity, every one of them a flaming world; every one, with rhythmic dance, faithful to its appointed course.

There is silence, and we hear a voice. To one they are—

"Cold fires, but with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man."

To another, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork; there is no speech, and there are no words, their voice is not heard, [and yet] their line is gone out into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world."

But the voice of God in Nature is but a reverberating thunder-peat, a sound of awe without a message to him who knows not the God of Grace. It is only by the Cross of Christ that the discords of the universe are harmonised.

THERE ARE VOICES IN OUR OWN HEARTS.

What mean the restlessness, the ache, the

reaching-out of empty hands to grope for we know not what? What means our passionate protest against ourselves, against our frivolity, our selfishness, the narrow compass of our joys and pains? What means that sigh—

"Which echoed through the inmost heart of mirth
Since human mirth began,
Hearing, we know that all the feast is dearth
And all red roses wan."

To one, such voices mean nothing. Like muttering thunder, they are simply unwelcome disturbances. They make him peevish; they drive him deeper into society, into business, into excess, to silence them. They are to him what the desires of the flesh are to the Christian—rebels within that must be crushed.

But some there are who know the meaning of such voices, and say, "My soul is athirst for God; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God; the infinite within me refuses to be satisfied save in communion with the Infinite above."

Oh, well for those who know it! Happy they who are guided by the nameless troubles which they could not utter to a mortal, by the vague, dim, shapeless yearnings which cross the soul in vast and shadowy procession, to Him Who understands all the range of all men's aspirations, Who searches through and through our mysterious nature, which He shares, yet Who dares to say to all the troubled, "I will give you rest." There is no more amazing word.

Again, THERE IS THE VOICE OF THE GOSPEL, the message of pardon, and peace, and guidance; shining from the sacred page, or spoken by the Spirit and the Bride and Him Who hears—the Gospel of God in Christ, reconciling the world, and therefore reconciling us unto Himself.

To some this voice also is an empty sound. Let us speak no word of blame for him, the perplexed inquirer, who has heard and noted some important voice, and now seeks anxiously to know what and whence it is. Sooner or later every one that seeketh findeth—every one whose quest really deserves the name.

But there are others who seek no Gospel, content without a Saviour because neither burden nor shame of sin and ingratitude weighs them down; content without a God, because if they had one He would not insure to them the blessings they really desire—pleasure, money, rank, and the envy of their rivals, content perhaps to kneel in Christian litanies and bow at Christian creeds, while conscious that if they die to-night, it would be well for them that such litanies should prove empty and such creeds a dream, content to hear of the wrath of God without a tremor, and of the love of Christ without a sigh, these being hollow and meaningless words to them.

To the best and truest among us, how far less

meaning do these same words convey than we ought to discern in them!

Who is there to whom many texts, institutions, and doctrines are not inarticulate or muffled, because our understanding is not enlightened to discern their wealth of meaning? Or, at the best, we revere them as sacred voices with no definite message for ourselves, when they might be the audible word of our Father, echoing in the deep places of the soul of His child.

And think what is lost by such indifference. The whole future life of those Jews and Greeks might have been deepened in tone and seriousness, by the memory that once they had actually caught the spoken words of God.

But they only heard a thunderclap, and lived and died quite unconscious of any special meaning whatever in their one sublime and supreme moment. We pity them, but the same thing happens constantly, if it be true—and we know it is—that God speaks into the soul of all His children, that the thrill of the Spirit, the trouble of the conscience, the sense of the nearness of God, come directly from the Holy Ghost Himself. For how many remain unawed, uninstructed, and unconscious! Of course they mean hereafter to listen and to learn; but God is not mocked; the

spiritual faculties that are unused decay, the ear is made heavy that it cannot hear.

Meantime, dull though our hearts be, we have the sense of sin and want, the sense of all-embracing love spread like a canopy over our heads, and with these we may begin, strengthening the things that remain, that are ready to die, pausing, fixing our reverential eyes upon the truths of God, as we saw just now that one might gaze upon the heavens, until, like the faint pale stars of twilight, thought after thought, the great words which are the spirit and life of souls brighten into keen points of fire, and all that is of earth grows dark under the glow of the intensifying splendours overhead.

Then, most of all, the life and atoning death of Christ shall gain in grandeur and in glory, and, like the ancient emperor, we shall see, brighter than day, the Cross resplendent, and the legend, "By this conquer."

Then shall the ways of life be sacred and haunted places, and as one who listens in the stillness of nature begins to hear the low rustle of the grass, and the whisper of the rippling river, so into the silence of the soul shall steal the still small voice of Him Who said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

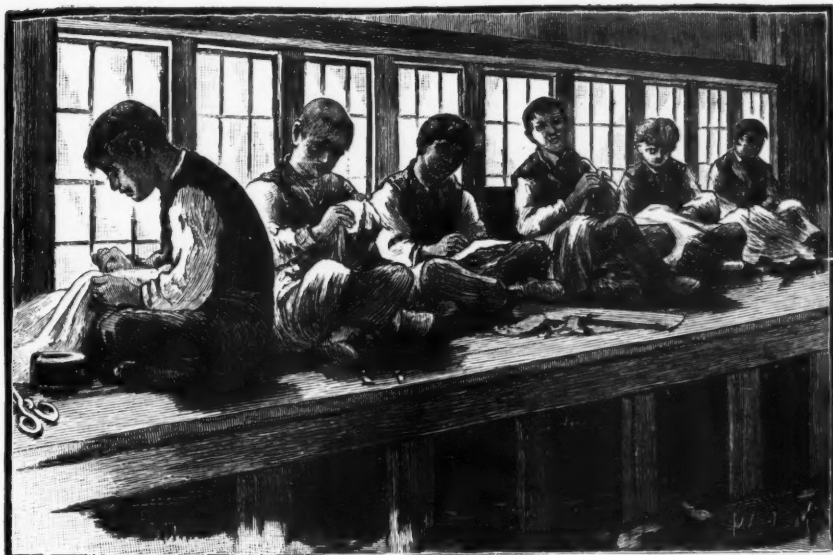
SHORT ARROWS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

DR. STEPHENSON'S Home, that like a goodly tree stretches out its branches at the present time far and wide, took root in a poor street of Lambeth fifteen years ago; now the London Home and the chief offices are at Bonner Road, E. But the work includes an industrial school at Milton, Gravesend; a farm on the breezy uplands of Bolton-le-Moors (where boys who cannot keep still are healthily em-



ployed in active and useful outdoor pursuits; an orphanage at Birmingham, named after the gentle Princess Alice; a Home called "Ballacloan" (which is Maun for Children's Refuge), overlooking Ramsey Bay; and a Canadian centre at Hamilton, Ontario. To this latter house, and to the care of the resident agent, little emigrants pass under most hopeful auspices. A Canadian farmer—a prosperous home—adopts the child as one of the household, for young energies are needed and welcome there; meanwhile, by correspondence, inquiry, and personal visits, the agent ascertains how the little ones thus placed out are faring. Dr. Stephenson's favourite principle is that of separate houses for his young regiment—no *barrack* life, but about twenty children in one home, under the care of a refined Christian woman; some of the houses bear touching inscriptions, and we know, indeed, of no more blessed memorial of children folded above than the provision thus made by a loving heart for stray and wandering lambs. A chapel, beautiful in its simplicity, adjoins the London Home. "Old boys and girls," settled in Canada, have contributed a Bible; and one of the pulpit hymn-books is "George Pitman's legacy," bought with the little money of a dying lad—a child of the Home—who asked that his money might be used by Dr. Stephenson, the friend of "other poor boys like me."



THE REDHILL BOYS.

A VILLAGE PASTOR.

A very homely illustration was once used by the good old German preacher, Flattich, so greatly beloved in the early part of this century. A lady told him she had been seeking and longing in vain for the presence of the Holy Spirit; this gift of God was her chief desire, but still beyond her attainment. "Dear lady," said Flattich, "the other morning, I searched about diligently, but all in vain, for my stocking; I wanted it, but could find it nowhere. Suddenly I discovered that in reality I had it on! Madam, you have what you desire: your seeking and longing prove the indwelling power of God's Holy Spirit, and all you have to do is to cease searching, and be happy in *receiving*." The lady found peace in believing, for she understood that her prayers had hitherto exceeded her *faith*.

A HIVE OF BEES.

Conscious that idle hands are extremely likely to be in mischief, the authorities at the Philanthropic Society's Redhill Farm School keep the active energies of their young charges employed in various useful directions, such as the field, the garden, the laundry, the forge, etc. Our plate represents a group of the lads engaged as tailors, the knowledge thus gained being valuable to them whether they stay in England or emigrate. Reference was made to this institution for reforming lads of criminal character in our issue of January, 1884. The last report states that there is an arrangement now made by which boys who incur no punishment for three years obtain a gold good-conduct stripe, and if they

retain this a few months longer, the Home Secretary will be asked to permit their discharge, though the term of detention for which they were sent may not have expired. The chaplain writes that his sermons are practised as well as preached. For instance, the boys are not allowed to keep their money in their own custody, but many try to secrete little hoards, and buy tobacco and other forbidden things therewith. In one of his sermons the chaplain earnestly urged the boys to abandon this habit, and during the next two weeks five secret hoards were brought to him, one of them consisting of twenty threepenny pieces, the yielding of which showed real self-denial. The boys voluntarily gave this money to the chapel offertory. Some "old boys" who have emigrated write pleasing letters home. One says:—"By the help of God I will keep my situation. My wages now are eighty dollars a month, with a prospect of a rise next spring." What a change from the apparently hopeless surroundings of his childhood! Another writes: "I have bought a farm of fifty acres, and, God willing, I will buy another hundred acres shortly. I hope the harvest is prospering, and all light hearts. I should like to be singing with those delighted lads—

"Well ploughed, well sown,
Well reaped, well mown,
Not a load overthrown."

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Storrs' scholarly work on the "Divine Origin of Christianity" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and is well worth the thoughtful attention of ministers and Bible scholars. These lectures, originally

delivered at an American Theological College, are full of rich material, though we could have wished that some of the more vital doctrines of the Christian religion had been more definitely expressed and directly insisted upon. It might, however, be urged that such a course was hardly necessary in view of the auditory to which the lectures were originally addressed. At all events, we may safely commend the book to the attention of Christian scholars and divines.

"HIS NAME SHALL ENDURE FOR EVER."

A sect has been formed in France, by the name of Anti-Deists, for the avowed purpose of protecting sick-beds from Christian influences, of parodying religious ordinances, and of suppressing in every language the name of God. May the prayers of the righteous avail much for these mistaken ones, banded together for a purpose so horrible—for a task so impossible! As we recently recorded, the heart of Paris has opened to the message of the Lord; at home and afar the Gospel is victorious. We hear of men like Mr. William Harrison, of the Mission Hall, Moor Street, St. Giles's, the centre of Scripture classes, Gospel services, prayer-meetings, etc., lifting the banner of Christ amid our home heathen, and influencing the whole neighbourhood for good. Away in Tahiti we read of men hurrying to buy Bibles at five o'clock in the morning, of the king giving away twenty copies, and of parents purchasing one for each of their children. So mightily must the Word of God increase. From Dakota we hear of four Indians standing up amid a gathering of Christians—Indians who were all at work for the Saviour—and singing in their own strange tongue the familiar hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "For His name shall be continued as long as the sun; all nations shall call Him blessed."

A CHANGE OF READING.

Away in Bonnie Scotland, the colporteurs of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland (13, South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh) shoulder their packs, and start out on their rounds day by day, with a spirit of Christian zeal that money cannot repay. Not for the sake of their small salaries, but from a desire to serve the Master and benefit their fellow-creatures, they go from house to house selling Bibles, penny Testaments, pure and elevating books and magazines, and freely distributing tracts. We note that their annual sale of THE QUIVER alone exceeded 61,000 copies. When we remember the evil tendency of much of the popular literature afloat, we rejoice to know that through the colporteurs' efforts the silent influence of healthy reading is going on increasingly across the border. One of the workers tells us that for two years he called with his pack at a certain house where they would take nothing; at last the resolutely frugal mind of the good woman of the house gave way, and

she bought some small religious publications that told of the way of eternal life. The time came when she and her husband thanked God for the colporteur's visits, and said to him, "If you had not been so persistent, we should have been as dark as ever." A mother bears testimony to much home-blessing since her daughter, through taking in wholesome literature, has given up reading "trash." Another woman attributes her conversion to a tract left by a colporteur, and further states that she sent it on to America, and God used it there for the salvation of her sister. Another of the labourers connected with this Society read the Bible in Gaelic to a very aged woman, and sang her a Gaelic hymn; he often prayed with her, and one day he asked her if she now believed. "Yes, and well I may," was her reply. As her strength was failing, he comforted her with the words, "You will soon be in heaven, Helen," and the old woman, raising herself up, answered, "Yes, and I will tell them *you* showed me the road."

"YE HAVE THE POOR ALWAYS WITH YOU."

Pitiful tales are told by City Missionaries, and other workers among the poor of our great cities, of overcrowding, and defective ventilation, of insufficient water supply and bad drainage, and all the miseries which these evils entail. To look for any real improvement on the part of the poor people compelled to live under such conditions, is to expect too much. Many have made the endeavour, and are striving manfully to live a better and a nobler life. But to many more it is impossible, and they, who cannot help themselves, cry to those who live under more favourable conditions, to step in to their aid. The Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People arose out of a public conference on this subject, held at the Mansion House towards the close of 1883, and has ever since been seeking to secure some improvement in the homes of the poor of the metropolis, where, of necessity, the evils to which we have alluded are most keenly felt. These praiseworthy efforts have been crowned by a certain measure of success, but there have been many difficulties with which to contend. Local authorities, too often interested, delay to put the existing laws in operation, while the ignorance of some of the poor dwellers themselves, and the prejudices of landlords, have formed other and no less serious obstacles in the path. The Council appeals for assistance to all who have the real welfare of the poor at heart. Local committees have been appointed in many parts of London, but for these, as well as for the formation of others, more workers are wanted, and larger funds. The work of these local committees is the detection, and reporting to the legally constituted authorities, of all cases of unsanitary dwellings which may exist in their district, and the following up of every case until its cause is removed. From the very nature of the work, it cannot be done by the City

Missionaries, Bible-women, and district visitors, even apart from the fact that the good work they are engaged in demands all their energies. The task is one for gentlemen and ladies who can personally and periodically visit the poorer localities near their homes, and, without unduly obtruding themselves, take note of any sanitary defects, and report them to the local committee. The Hon. Secretary of the Council will be glad to give any particulars of its work, and to receive any offers of help, whether in the direction of personal aid or of money—at his office, 3, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. The field is large, and the workers as yet are comparatively few, but we feel sure that many of our readers need only to have their attention drawn to this good work to induce them to aid it, and thus to secure for thousands of their poorer brethren and sisters a larger share of that "sweetness and light" which is no less their right than that of their more favoured neighbours.

"JESUS ONLY."

It has been said truly that the real "holy water" flows from the tears of the penitent, and the only efficacious pilgrimage is that to the heart of God, a bourn never sought in vain. We were reading lately of a poor Indian woman, whose friends expressed the utmost surprise that after becoming a pilgrim, she should still be anxious concerning religion. "I left my home, my parents, my friends, and my all," she said, "to gain salvation; I have made pilgrimages to all the holy cities; I have bathed in sacred rivers, and performed the religious ceremonies taught by Hindooism, but I have not found salvation. Now I have learned of Jesus, and feel convinced He *alone* can give salvation." As time passed on, this weary, yearning heart was privileged to work for the Master, to take charge of a Zenana school of thirty-six girls, and to tell others how at last she had found the one thing needful. Widely as her early experience differs from that of such a man as Mr. C. T. Studd (who, after enjoying every advantage of training and education, has chosen a missionary career), he bears testimony pointing in the same direction:—"I have been Jack-of-all trades all my life, hunting after the best master; by God's grace I have found Him now."

HOME INFLUENCE.

An American lady relates how vividly the force of surrounding character affects the wee ones of the nursery, who observe a good deal more than is generally supposed; children whose pretty faces and clothes excite admiring comment are apt to undervalue nurse's corrective philosophy that it is "better to be good than pretty," and inclined to doubt the existence of a truer beauty than the flounces and laces they hear so eagerly discussed. One little creature, after the sweet words of her evening prayer, was actually heard to add from her own heart the

earnest petition, "Lord, make us all very stylish." To be "stylish" was evidently the ruling passion of her elders. Another child, bounding into the room to show off her new hat, crowned with artificial flowers, heard the words tenderly spoken with a smile, "Yes, darling, it is very pretty, and if thee is good, dear child, some day the angels will put on thy head a wreath of more beautiful flowers that will never fade away." Memories of such teaching in childhood prove imperishable, rising again and again to help the purity of heart, which shall see the Lord.

"WON'T I SING UP LOUD!"

The Orphans' Rest, at Dover, that has brought strength to so many, is gratefully remembered by Mrs. Ginever, of the Orphan Homes, Manor Road, Holloway, who took some of her young charges to Dover for a sea-side change. Mrs. Ginever's wonderful work goes on to the glory of God. It includes a branch for infants, and a new home at Broadstairs for delicate and afflicted orphans. Some of her elder children, cripples, who are thus debarred in many ways from earning their living, now find employment in dressmaking and needlework, orders for which are gladly received. Through many trying emergencies the Lord has brought this large and prayerful household. One wee girl, who had often heard that Jesus is willing to come into our hearts, was persistent in keeping her mouth open, so that this might be accomplished. This was the same child who, in praying for boots, was heard to add, "Please be quick." She was not disappointed, for she obtained the boots that very day. In her last illness, this little one said she could not sing—"I've lost my little voice; when He gives my voice back again, won't I sing up loud to Him!"

"THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN."

As so many of our little city sparrows have never seen the delights of the ocean and the pebbled beach, kind hearts and hands have undertaken the task of packing with shells pretty boxes with text-card and name, and causing thereby many tired eyes to brighten and open wide with ecstasy, when City Missionaries and medical visitors come to hospital or garret armed with these beautiful toys. The children know nothing of conchology—the home of their new playthings remains a mystery; but the mites are lovers of beauty, and they miss no effect of light or form, even while their thin, eager fingers build marvellous shell-houses, or arrange their fair possessions into families, to do duty as dolls. The sum of threepence pays the expense of one box complete, and the shells are provided by happy children in their summer wanderings along the shore, or by sailors far away, who bear in mind, amid novel scenes, the needs of the little ones in old England. The address of the Children's Sea-shell Mission (26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, London) is also that of the Scrap-book Mission, that solicits cards, pictures, texts, and any bright scraps that can make smiles of delight shine out on little faces.

TESTIMONIES TO THE SCRIPTURES.

Canon Churton's excellent edition of "The Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures" (J. Whitaker) deserves many readers. No attempt whatever is made to give these writings the weight of inspired authority; they are rather put forward as valuable testimonies to the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures "at a time when," as Canon Churton says, "the received tradition is assailed by so much destructive criticism." Side by side with the above, let us heartily commend Canon Spence's careful version of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" (Nisbet), and the thoughtful notes which he has added to his translation of that most interesting document.

"IN THE BLUE, UNCLOUDED WEATHER."

The Merchant Tailors' Company, Threadneedle Street, has provided the Bognor Home for ladies, where those who are convalescent or suffering from overwork may enjoy rest, sea-air, and as nearly as possible the comforts of a private family, the only expense being that of personal washing. How little this retreat resembles an institution may be learnt from the words of one of the visitors:—"I had a charming bedroom overlooking the sea; the appointments and table were excellent, and my pen fails at the remembrance of the kindness received from everyone." Those in need of nursing are not taken, the bright and cheerful surroundings being intended for the many to whose wearied nerves such a change would be a godsend. There is a weekly charge of eight shillings for the advantages of Buckingham Cottage, Bickley, Kent—a Home of Rest for which Miss Lyell, 9, Cornwall Gardens, S.W., receives applications. Here are specially welcomed young women employed in business, who, at a small ex-

pense, can enjoy fresh air in this beautiful neighbourhood. The ranks of our city business women are ever on the increase, and thousands of young people, some of whose constitutions are far from strong, are daily hard at work to earn bread for themselves and their dear ones. To some underpaid assistants perhaps even the small expense would be an obstacle, and Christian liberality finds here an opportunity to step in and bear the charges of the holiday, or to issue a personal invitation, for the Master's sake, to town-tired lives that among the meadows shall renew their youth.

"THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION."

Two years ago the American Bible Society entered upon the work of supplying the United States and territories with the Word of God, and a large band of colporteurs is busy in various counties, having sold more than 500,000 copies of the Scriptures, and given away more than a hundred thousand. The Society believes in evidencing faith by works, for we read also of destitute families visited and supplied, whose bodily needs would assuredly have hindered the spiritual efforts had they continued disregarded. A stock of Bibles, in all dialects, has been sent to the New Orleans Exhibition, with a view of enabling travellers from South America to buy Bibles printed in their own language. The sale-rooms of the American Tract Society have had a narrow escape, for some malicious hand forwarded thither an infernal machine, which, fortunately, did not explode. It is good to know that no power of wickedness can bound the influence of the tide of Gospel literature, which is penetrating even remote localities, and widening its circles as the day advances when over every form of evil Eternal Love shall triumph.

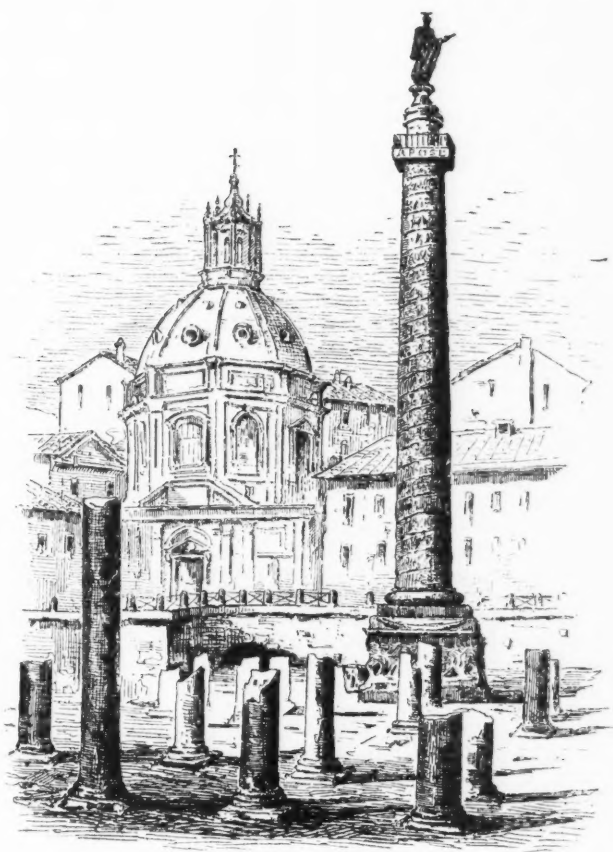
"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

67. Where did Philip the Deacon chiefly work?
68. On what occasion was an image the means of saving a man's life?
69. The tent of a chief in an Arab encampment is always known by the spear at the door. Quote a passage in which we see this custom carried out.
70. What celebrated person was born at Tarsus?
71. By whose death did David obtain the kingdom?
72. What two kings of Judah, father and son, were both slain by a conspiracy of their servants?
73. What special charge was given to Eleazar, the son of Aaron, in the wilderness?
74. What four men are mentioned as being noted for their great wisdom?
75. To what custom does Job refer when he says, "Thou lookest narrowly unto all my paths; Thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet?"
76. Quote a passage in which the prophet Joel sets forth the principle of true repentance.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

55. Rehoboam. (1 Kings xii. 13, 19.)
56. The prophet Elijah. (1 Kings xix. 2—4.)
57. The Rechabites. (Jer. xxxv. 18, 19.)
58. Saul. (1 Sam. xv. 23.)
59. 1 Sam. xxiii. 5, 12, 13.
60. On the first day of Atonement, when he wore only a simple linen garment. (Lev. xvi. 4, 32.)
61. Jeremiah and Agabus. (Jer. xiii. 1—11; Acts xxi. 11.)
62. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (James ii. 8.)
63. St. Stephen says, "I will carry you away beyond Babylon," the difference being explained from the fact that the captives were taken through Damascus beyond Babylon to Shushan. (Amos v. 25, 26; Acts vii. 43.)
64. Rom. xvi. 3, 4.
65. 1 Chron. iv. 39—41.
66. On the Lord's Day. (Rev. i. 10.)



TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

IV.—ROME.

“I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also.”—ST. PAUL.

IT was his divine destiny, and he accepted it—his divine mission, and he fulfilled it. Rome is indissolubly connected with the name of him who was the chief messenger of God's mercy to the Gentiles. No mention is made in the New Testament of the presence there of any other Apostle of our Lord. Not a word is said of St. Peter having entered within the walls. Early Christian literature states it to have been a fact; inspired history is silent on the subject.

Paul's Epistle to the Romans shows that he had made up his mind to visit them some time before his actual arrival; that they had been much in his thoughts, and that there were special reasons why he wished to bear testimony amongst the in-

habitants of the Eternal City to the establishment of Christ's Kingdom in the world. One reason was, that the Gospel is the mightiest and most beneficent power on the face of the earth. “It is the power of God unto salvation.” Nobody can spend a few days in Rome without being struck with the amazing signs of its ancient power. Ruins on the Palatine, where enormous stones of the earliest wall, and vast fragments of perished palaces, once the abode of the Cæsars, lie scattered in perplexing confusion; the Cloaca Maxima, forming an immense subterranean gallery; the Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian; the aqueducts which gigantically stride over the weird widths of the Campagna; the dark

blocks of the Temple of Mars Ultor, which frown with a proud majesty at the passer-by; the pillars of Trajan's forum, and the now uncovered Via Sacra through the Forum Romanum—not to mention other relics amongst which visitors thread their way, wondering at every step—these are visible and palpable proofs of what Rome was in the hour of her glory. And the power symbolised in her architecture is illustrated in the history of her dominion over the world. The mightiest nation that ever existed enthroned itself beyond a doubt on those seven hills. And in that city, and amongst that people, the Apostle was bent on proclaiming a power greater than their own; and not only greater, not only destined to survive it, to rise in unequalled grandeur over its ruins, but a perfect contrast to it in this respect—that whereas the Republic, the Commonwealth, and the Empire enslaved or destroyed other dominions, and trampled on the rights of mankind, this Gospel of Christ's Ambassador was the power of God unto *salvation* to every one that believeth.

And another reason for his resolve, as we gather from the contents of his Epistle, was that God had entrusted him with the revelation of an Evangelical law, which rose above the boasted law of Rome. The Romans gloried in their laws as much as, if not more than, in their conquering legions. Paul could instruct them in a royal law, which lay at the basis of all human interests, spiritual and secular, eternal and temporal. His letter to the Romans is, in fact, a letter on law—the everlasting law of God's righteousness for making man righteous—righteous in his Maker's sight, righteous in his own personal character and conduct. He proclaims a salvation in harmony with the Divine rectitude, so that God is seen to be just, and also the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. At the same time, he declares that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes every believer free from the law of sin and death, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

As the letter he sent to Rome before he went there sets forth these truths, so does another letter which, after he arrived there, he wrote to the Galatians. The two should be studied together, as revealing the method of man's salvation. The idea of the Gospel as an Evangelical law was uppermost in the Apostle's mind at that period.

And as the two immortal Epistles now mentioned form a peculiarly appropriate study for a tourist in Rome, so further it is worthy of notice that these two, taken by themselves alone, are sufficient to establish the supernatural claims of Christianity. Their genuineness and authenticity are indisputable. They are unassailed, because unassailable. Therefore they are incontrovertible proofs of a supernatural Christianity,

the Christianity of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, and the doctrine of salvation as known, experienced, and published in the first century. Critics may endeavour to pull to pieces the four Gospels, and throw a haze of doubt over their origin, but no competent scholar, with the minutest and most sophistical learning, can for a moment touch that evidence of Christianity which lies folded up in these Pauline Epistles, so closely connected with the city of Rome.

Of Paul's journey to Rome and his residence in the city, there are ample local illustrations.

We have stood by the remains of the pier of twenty arches at Puteoli; and at Appii Forum and the three Taverns have met, in imagination, the brethren coming from the imperial gates to greet the arrival of the prisoner; and along the Appian Way, bordered by rows of tombs, we have traced his footsteps mile by mile; and under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and beneath the archway of the Gate of Drusus, have seemed to walk by the Apostle's side.

In the Epistle to the Philippians, written from Rome, there is an allusion to the royal palace, or Pretorium, and other places where brethren, waxing confident by his bonds, were bold to speak the Word without fear. Whether this implies that Paul himself was at the time, or before, or afterwards, a prisoner in the Pretorium, is open to controversy; but that somewhere in the city, soon after his arrival, he abode for two years in his own hired house, with a soldier that kept him, we learn from the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Where that house was situated we should like to know. We went, as many people do, to the little church of St. Maria in Via Lata, running out of the Corso, where, according to a local tradition, the hired house once stood. We were shown, underneath the church, professed relics of the original structure. We were also conducted by a Jewish friend, familiar with the Ghetto, to a Roman house there, very old indeed, which he thought must have been the abode of the Apostle. But neither tradition in the one case, nor conjecture in the other, carry with them any conviction; and it is hopeless to discover what spot was hallowed by St. Paul during his first abode in Rome. More convincing is the story which tourists are told when descending into the dreary vault of the Mammertine prison at the foot of the Capitoline hill. There, you are assured, St. Paul was confined during his last imprisonment; and incredible fables are added about a miraculous spring of water, and the baptism in it of the converted gaoler. But there are buildings in Rome which one is perfectly sure must have met the eyes of St. Paul. The Gate of Drusus, and the pyramidal monument of C. Cestius hard by, must have been within his sight as he reached the end of his

journey. The Pantheon was erected in B.C. 27, and the name was applied to it, from the resemblance of the dome to the vault of heaven, as early as A.D. 59. In its primeval beauty and grandeur, then, it must have existed at the period of Paul's imprisonment.

Other buildings of an early date, of which remains endure, must also have been, like the Pantheon, objects of general attraction, and we cannot believe that they were unnoticed by the Apostle, whose personal liberty, though restrained, does not appear at first to have been totally suppressed.

When we wander over the ruins in the Palatine, we seem to get on firmer ground for a local identification of Paul's presence. The last time we were on the spot (1880) the Imperial Basilica or Judgment Hall of Vespasian was pointed out to us. This was the place for the administration of so-called justice. But Vespasian did not become Emperor until A.D. 69. St. Paul's martyrdom, according to the most accurate calculation, took place in A.D. 67, under the persecution by Nero. Thus the affecting dream we had, of standing on the pavement trodden by the Apostle's feet, is dissipated when we come to compare dates. Yet it remains probable, that in the Imperial Judgment Hall, somewhere thereabouts, he must have stood before Nero, and there we are confident the Lord did stand by him.

The identification of places hallowed by great historical events is no vain superstitious endeavour. Explain it as you may, the sight of an object seen by some memorable character, brings that character near, and he seems to stand in personal vividness close to your side. The first experience we had of this kind, in relation to St. Paul, was when we first visited Venice, and stood by the entrance to the arsenal, flanked by marble lions, which the Venetians brought as trophies from the Pireus at Athens. They are pronounced to be very ancient, and—but on rather dubious grounds—are conjectured to be memorials of the battle of Marathon. We thought of them as being on the Porta Leone when Paul sailed into the Athenian harbour, and therefore as having come within his gaze. A like experience occurs again and again in Rome, and not merely the shadow, but Paul himself, the very living man, is seen close by.

Walking down the Corso, you see in the Piazza Colonna that there stands a column—122 feet high, says one authority, 168 says another—exhibiting bas-reliefs commemorative of Roman victories won by Marcus Aurelius in the Marcomannic wars. The imperial statue once surmounting it has been succeeded by a statue of St. Paul, ten feet high, placed there by Sextus V. The figure holds a sword, the point of which, it is said, has attracted the lightning.

How significant is that monument of St. Paul on the summit of the imperial pillar! The poor prisoner, persecuted, despised, beheaded, is exalted to glory and honour surmounting the memorials of Marcus Aurelius' victories. It indicates the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, the dethronement of a proud imperialism by the power of the Cross. It bears witness to the moral power of the Gospel, as incomparably superior to the military power of Rome. The latter expired fifteen centuries ago; the former lives, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." So far from growing old, it is ever renewing its youth. It never had so wide an influence in the world as it has at the present moment. It reigns over countless human souls in the great Western hemisphere, which lay far distant from the victories and from the knowledge of ancient Romans; and scarcely in Europe, or in Asia, or in Africa, can a nation or a tribe be found where the Gospel, by means of foreign missions and the circulation of the Scriptures, is not making progress. And it adds not a little to the interest of this thought, that it is a Christian Jew, one of a nation long shut up in the Ghetto, one of a people once banished from the city—for Claudius commanded all Jews to depart from Rome—it is one of that oppressed race who is now represented as looking down with lordly but gracious sway over the City of the Emperors.

Wherever the incident occurred, we know that somewhere in Rome Paul called the chief of the Jews together; and when they were come together, he said unto them, "Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans, who when they had examined me would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me. But when the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal unto Cæsar, not that I had aught to accuse my nation of. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you and to speak with you, because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain."

The Jews of Rome wished to hear more. A day was fixed, and many of them came to Paul's lodging. "Then followed an impressive scene, like that at Troas (Acts xxi.), the Apostle pleading long and earnestly—bearing witness concerning the Kingdom of God, and endeavouring to persuade them by arguments drawn from their own Scriptures, from morning to evening. The result was a division among the auditors—'not peace, but a sword,' the division which has resulted ever since, when the truth of God has encountered, side by side, earnest conviction with worldly indifference, honest investigation with bigoted prejudice, trustful faith with the pride of scepticism."

Paul spoke in solemn tones, and delivered a

warning which may well ring in the ears of obstinate despisers of the Holy Gospel:—"Go unto this people and say, Hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand, and seeing ye shall see and shall not perceive; for the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

It is nearly thirty years since we first visited what is called the Eternal City, and we must confess that it made a spiritual and religious

tells, as he looks and listens day by day in his walks through Rome.

We remember when we left it after our first visit, as if parting from an old friend. The last look at the Campagna, with its monuments and memories; the last walk through the ancient gates; the last survey of the Roman Forum, with its crowd of associations; the last glimpse of San Gregorio, from whose steps descended Augustine and his companions on their way to Britain; the last dim recognition of the dome of St. Peter's in the far-off distance—these are experiences never to be forgotten. We could enter fully into



THE PANTHEON.

impression upon us which we have never lost. The classical scholar will look at it very much for the sake of its antiquities, and the illustrations they afford of Latin literature. The student fond of mediæval archæology will find in it abundant subjects of interest and inquiry. The artist and the sculptor will revel amidst the wonders of the Vatican and other palaces. The poet will discover on every side themes for the inspiration of his muse. The unsophisticated admirers of nature will be touched by views of Monte Mario and the Sabine Hills. The children of pleasure will be fascinated with drives on the Pincian. But the thoughtful Christian, whatever may be his creed, his tastes, and his habits, will not fail to derive spiritual impressions and moral improvement from what time exhibits, and history

Dr. Arnold's reflections, as he wrote his inimitable letters to wife and friends at home. Where others ridicule and deny, he could find food for devout emotion. In reference to *Stefano Rotondo*, on the Caelian, filled with pictures of early confessors, he says:—"Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty—by fifty, if you will—but after all you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments for conscience' sake and for Christ's, and by their sufferings manifestly, with God's blessing, ensuring the triumph of Christ's Gospel. Neither do I think that we consider the excellence of this martyr spirit half enough. I do not think that pleasure* is a sin; the Stoics of old, and the

* Dr. Arnold here of course refers to lawful recreations and pleasures which all Christians may enjoy.—ED.

ascetic Christians since, who have said so (see the answers of that excellent man, Pope Gregory the Great, to Augustine's questions, as given at length by Bede), have, in saying so, overstepped the simplicity and the wisdom of Christian truth. But though pleasure is not a sin, yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom in our daily life suffering seems so far removed. And as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace no less mighty now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might be no less glorified in a time of trial. And that such time of trial will come, my children, in your days, if not in mine, I do believe fully, both from the teaching of man's wisdom and of God's. And, therefore, pictures of martyrdoms are, I think, very wholesome, not to be sneered at, nor yet to be looked upon as a mere excitement, but a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of His people to bear. Neither should we forget those who, by their sufferings, were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us, in securing to us

the safe and triumphant existence of Christ's blessed faith; in securing to us the possibility—nay, the actual enjoyment, had it not been for the Antichrist of the Priesthood—of Christ's holy and glorious *ἐκκλησία*, the congregation and commonwealth of Christ's people."

Rome, with all its drawbacks, read to Dr. Arnold religious lessons, as it must do to every pious Christian. "Of earthly sights, *τίπτερον αὐτὸ*. Athens and Jerusalem are the other two, the three people of God's election—two for things temporal, and one for things eternal." Jerusalem must ever stand first in the last respect, for there the Saviour of the world lived and died, and the Pool of Siloam and the Mount of Olives send a thrill through one's soul not to be felt on any other spot. "Yet," adds Dr. Arnold, respecting the other two, Athens and Rome, "even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister; Greek cultivation and Roman policy prepared men for Christianity, as Mohammedanism can bear witness; for the East, when it abandoned Greece and Rome, could only reproduce Judaism." Certainly Rome was a pioneer in the pathway of Providence, and its empire paved a road for the march of the soldiers of Christ throughout the world.

THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER VII.—FOR LIFE.

GATHA'S pretty little room had been rendered bright with clean curtains and attractive with snowy draperies.

A great bunch of wild roses stood in an old china bowl on her chest of drawers, and on her table was a little pink transparent glass, in which stood a great Marshal Niel rose, and a bud half opened. A piece of paper lay under the glass, on which were written two words, "*From Duncuft.*"

Agatha's stately young step paused, and her eyes grew soft as she looked down at the round characters. She took up the piece of paper and pressed it to her lips, then she looked tenderly into the very heart of the glorious flower.

She went on her knees as she did this, and her lips moved for an instant in prayer for strength to carry out her resolve.

"Now I must put away my dream," she said to herself in a firm voice. "What a good thing I never told either Kitty or Hester! Now, no one need ever know."

She burned the little piece of paper, with the

words "*From Duncuft*" written on it, then she went across the room, and opening her own door, found herself in her mother's chamber.

Mrs. Stanhope was standing by the window. There was a very bright moon, and she had put out her candle.

"Why, mother, you are in the dark," said Agatha, in as cheerful a voice as she could assume. "And are you not a very naughty little mother not to be in bed long ago?" she added.

"I am not very tired, darling, and there is such a bright moonlight; I like to watch it. Agatha, your coming back is such a rest to me, just now."

Agatha was nearly a head taller than her mother. She put her arm round her in a protecting way, and drew the older woman's slight frame to lean against her young, strong figure.

"Still, mother dear, it is bad for you to be up, when you have all that weary teaching to get through day after day."

"I don't mind it, my dear; I am accustomed to it. It is second nature to me now. Oh! Agatha, child, child—how can I tell you? It is the long rest I dread. Agatha, my darling, when the next full moon comes round, I may not be able to see it."



"Sit down, mother; how you tremble! This is no news to me. I mean, I have known it ever since I looked at your dear face. When I saw you, I knew what was going to happen. You are going soon to be——"

The daughter paused—the mother took up the word firmly.

"I am going to be blind, Agatha. No, I am not afraid to say aloud what I have known for many months. I am accustomed to it now, and though at first I felt dreadfully rebellious, I would be resigned now, if it were not for you three. But, Agatha darling, I have a great dread, for very soon I must give up teaching, and then there is only seventy pounds a year—just my pension, Agatha; and it will be such close, such very close work, for us four to live on that."

Agatha Stanhope had not the slightest taste for either pinching or poor living. At twelve years old she had gone away to an English school, and her holidays had been mostly spent with her father's wealthy English relatives. She had been accustomed to the easy ways of those who had plenty of money, and just now, when her school-days were over, she was asked to receive that best crown for any young head, a good man's love and protection. Hugh Duncuft had not come to her empty-handed. In the world's opinion, his estate was small, and his means limited; but to Agatha he seemed to possess an abundance of all that could make life desirable.

She shuddered now, when her mother spoke of seventy pounds a year.

"It cannot be thought of," she said, almost harshly. "Mother, it is a midsummer's night, but you are cold, and so am I. Will you get into bed, and may I sleep with you to-night? Will you tell me all this story about your blindness before you go to sleep? It is such a good thing," proceeded Agatha, with resumed youthful vigour, as she laid her head on the pillow beside her mother's, "that I have just come home from school. Now I can help you."

"Oh! my poor child, I won't have your youthful days darkened just when you are so fresh, and so—you won't be vain, Agatha, but God has made you a beautiful woman, my dear. Your young life can't be spoiled. I have had my day, and I must not darken your morning. Notwithstanding all our reverses, I don't think either you or Kitty has ever had a shadow. If it were just my poor little Hester, she and I might go into the dark days together."

"Mother dear, you always were unselfish, but there are limits, and you must forgive me if I say you are quite a foolish little mother, when you talk of there being any separation between us just now. Mother, when did you begin to suspect you were going blind?"

"It seems ages ago, darling, although I believe it was about last Christmas. I found I could not see we'l by candle-light, and we had sea fogs, and the

days were short and dark, and of course I had to do a great deal of work by artificial light. I got glasses, however, and I said to myself, 'It's only the short winter days; in the spring I shall be all right.' But I was not right, Agatha; I had to get stronger glasses, and even with them, and in the broad, full sunlight, the words were indistinct as I read them, and distant objects were nowhere, and a great, mighty, terrible fear grew and grew in my heart. One morning, I shut one eye by accident, and I found—oh! child, it was like a sword through me—I found I was in total darkness. Then I could delay no longer, and I determined to go to Castletown and to consult the best doctor there. I gave my pupils a holiday, and said nothing to Kitty and Hester about the true object of my journey. That was a week ago, Agatha. I saw Dr. Staples; he said the case was a serious one. Cataract had formed on one eye, was forming rapidly on the other; in about a month or six weeks I should be totally blind."

"Did he say there was no hope, mother? Cataract is common enough in these days, and many people get over it."

"Practically there is no hope for me, dear. Dr. Staples says my cataract is not external. It will not disfigure, but it is more difficult to deal with. He says that if I were a rich woman I might go to London, in about a year's time, and have an operation performed by a skilled oculist. He says nothing but the utmost skill could save my eyes, and even with that the result would be more than doubtful. The cost of such an operation would be one hundred guineas. So you see, my dear daughter, your mother is practically blind for life."

CHAPTER VIII.—"I CANNOT MARRY HIM NOW."

THERE are all kinds and degrees of heroism. Hitherto Agatha Stanhope had been an every-day girl. She was made up of faults and virtues; she had many eccentricities and many contradictions in her character.

At school she held a place among her fellows. She won their esteem and even admiration, not because of any extra nobleness or remarkable unselfishness, but simply because she was bright and handsome and clever. She had a warm and yet a dignified manner, which was perhaps due to the mixture of Irish and English in her nature. Agatha was just twenty, and as her mother had said, she had walked almost from the day of her birth along a sunny pathway. She had liked her school, she had loved her school friends; and her vacations, wherever spent, were always times of extra brightness, and gaiety, and pleasure.

She dearly loved her mother and her two sisters. Hester's worship was agreeable to her, for she was something of a queen, and liked to have subjects. Kitty was the dearest girl in the world, and then of course there was *none* like her mother.

Agatha used to come to the little sea-side town,

where her mother and sisters lived all the year round, and enjoy the admiration which her slightly English accent and infinitely stylish and graceful ways excited.

She would graciously dispense her favours all around, give the patterns of her best dresses to any one who liked to ask for them, allow the style of her hair to be criticised, and the shape of her hat to be looked into.

She had a fresh, sweet voice, which no amount of so-called culture could absolutely ruin, and she good-naturedly sang her prettiest ballads as often as her mother's old-maid friends liked to hear them.

Agatha soon became quite a favourite. Her yearly visits were looked forward to; picnics, gipsy teas, and other innocent recreations, were put off until Agatha Stanhope came home; and many people prophesied a great future for the pleasant, handsome, brown-faced girl. Agatha liked every one in the neighbourhood with one exception, and with one exception every one liked her.

For some years now Agatha had read dislike and opposition in Bridget Duncuft's frank and fearless eyes. She had thought Bridget queer and eccentric. Bridget had considered her fantastic and sentimental. They met often, for Duncuft and his sister were for ever riding or driving into the gay little town; but by degrees, as Bridget took more and more home work on her young shoulders, Duncuft came in alone, and then, whenever Agatha was at home, he always found his way directly to the rather shabby little lodgings where Mrs. Stanhope and her daughters lived; and whenever he could induce them to join him, he took them out for a short cruise in the *Firefly*.

It was on one of these occasions, when Agatha was nearly seventeen, and Hugh was beginning to think her one of the most delightful and beautiful creatures in the world, that she turned and gave her faithful knight the scolding which he never forgot.

She did this out of the pure contradictoriness of her nature, for even then she was beginning to love him well. But on this summer's evening, as they sat side by side on the deck of the *Firefly*, she took Bridget's part. She accused Hugh Duncuft of laziness, of selfishness, of cowardice, in allowing Bridget to do his work for him. He answered indifferently enough that Bridget liked work, and he hated it. But Agatha's young impetuous words stung him a trifle, for all that, and he said that for her sake he would try and get up in the morning and groom his own horse. Then she saw that he was laughing at her, and they had their first quarrel on the spot.

Agatha had taken Bridget's part. This was a sudden freak. She was not greatly impressed by the fact that Hugh was idle. She knew nothing then of the motives which governed Bridget's conduct. In her opinion, and in the opinion of her mother and sisters, Duncuft was a wealthy man, but he was wealthy or poor, she knew that she loved him; and when, at the end of her school life, he met her at Plymouth,

she also knew, after one glance into his blue eyes, that his heart was hers.

Before he returned to Ireland, he asked Agatha to be his wife. She felt a wild prompting to say a thousand words of delight and joy, to assure him that he was more than all the rest of the world to her; then suddenly the same contradictory spirit, which had tempted her to scold him years ago, came up, and she said she would give no answer to his eager words until she returned to Ireland and her mother.

During the night that Agatha lay awake by her mother's side, she, the commonplace, every-day girl, found herself capable of heroism.

What a good thing she had not promised Hugh to marry him! She had yet to give him her answer, and her answer must be, alas! alas! against her heart's promptings. It would be quite impossible for her to marry Hugh Duncuft at present. Her little triumph—the sweet satisfaction which his love brought her, must all be laid aside, for the call of duty pointed to another pathway.

Agatha had been highly educated. Up to the required standard she had risen; and all that cramming of her young mind, all that forcing of her youthful intellect, must now be brought into requisition.

She would go away, she did not quite know where, but she would go to some place where her capacities as teacher could acquire a money value, and there, in that unknown place, she would earn the hundred guineas necessary for the restoration of her mother's sight. All the beautiful dream must be put aside, and the distasteful, hated duty taken up. This she resolved without an instant's hesitation, and then, worn out, she fell asleep for an hour or two.

It was almost morning when Agatha closed her weary eyes; it was quite morning when she opened them. She looked at her watch; the hour was a little past four; her mother was sleeping peacefully, the household was perfectly still.

Agatha felt that she could not remain for another moment in bed. She got up softly, put on her clothes, and without disturbing her mother, left the room.

In her own room she found her hat, and she threw a little light scarf about her shoulders. Just as she was leaving the room the Marshal Niel roses in the little pink glass attracted her.

She took them out of the water, dried their wet stalks tenderly, and placed them in her belt. Then she ran down-stairs, pushed back the ponderous bolts of the old-fashioned hall door, and let herself out into the straggling and narrow street.

Not a soul was in sight; Agatha drew a long breath of relief, and walked briskly in the direction which led towards the country.

She was going to Duncuft. She was going to see the home she must never enter. Once again she would be near Hugh, once again and for the last time, for she had made up her mind. She would not risk

saying good-bye to him ; she would write her farewell.

Duncuft was about three miles away from the little seaport town of Ballycrana.

Agatha knew every step of the road. She was a very swift walker, and she knew she could get there in less than an hour.

At last she came in sight of the neat and trimly kept place. The little bay, with the *Firefly* lying at anchor, came in view. Bridget's boat was hauled up on the beach ; Bridget's sleek Alderney cows grazed peacefully in the meadows.

The house, with its portico in front, its old ivy clinging tenderly to its brown walls, its pretty garden sloping gently down to the waters of the little bay, all came full into Agatha's view.

It looked more like an English than an Irish home, and Agatha loved England better than Ireland, and the very order and peace of the pretty place appealed strongly to a certain part of her nature.

She did not enter the place, but sat down on a large white stone on the beach. There she watched the little summer waves coming lazily in on the shingle ; she watched them without seeing them. There was a passionate hatred of duty in her heart, but she was determined to go on.

A sudden crunching of a quick footstep on the gravel walk close by caused her to spring to her feet, with a frightened gesture.

Not for worlds would she meet Hugh just now.

Could he possibly have so broken through his usual habits as to be up at this hour ? No, Hugh was in bed, and probably sound asleep, but Bridget, in a white dress, and with a shady hat pushed well over her blue eyes, was walking down the path, followed by two terriers.

Agatha might have hidden, but the dogs saw and ran to her, barking furiously. Bridget, too, gave a little cry, half of pleasure, half of pain. Then she flew up to Agatha, and took her two hands eagerly.

"Agatha Stanhope, I have been thinking about you, and dreaming of you all night. What are you doing here at this hour ?"

Agatha was half a head taller than Bridget. She looked down at her now, and answered coldly—"I came here to say good-bye to Duncuft."

Bridget's eyes grew very big and bright.

"Then you are not going to marry my brother ! Oh ! how relieved I am ! Oh ! thank God !"

She wrenched her hands out of Agatha's, turned her face away, and burst into tears.

"It is very wicked of you to be so glad," said Agatha, during a pause, in which she felt her own heart turning into stone ; "but if it is a source of satisfaction to you to know that although I love him dearly—better than you can even dream of, Bridget Duncuft—yet I have made up my mind not to be his wife, you may cry about it if you like, and thank God for it also ; for it is true—I am not going to marry your brother."

Bridget still went on crying. She sat down on the

stone from which Agatha had risen, and covered her face with her strong white hands.

"You don't understand me a bit," she said presently. "It is not because of you. I am sure you are good, and—yes," looking suddenly straight up into Agatha's face—"Hugh is right ; you are beautiful now ; you will be very beautiful by-and-by. But, Agatha, if Hugh had made you his wife, all my life-dream would have been destroyed, all the hope I set before me would have been shattered. You cannot blame me for being glad that you are saving me from this."

"I am not saving you. There is a sad, sad reason why I must say no, why I must turn my back on my joy ; and I don't know what you mean by your life-dream, and your hope. I think you are talking nonsense."

Bridget's usually proud voice became quite humble.

"You have a right to hear my explanation," she said. "I don't pretend to love you. Even if you belonged to Hugh, and everything was going quite smoothly and well, you and I would never suit each other. We are too much—perhaps we are too much alike. But you have a right to hear my explanation, Agatha, and I tell you what I have never before breathed to mortal."

Bridget now rose to her feet, and came up close to Agatha, and took her unwilling hands in hers.

"You must listen to me. You see how neat our home is, how prosperous everything looks. That is because of me—that is my work. My mother goes away and amuses herself. Hugh goes away and amuses himself, but I, Bridget, stay at home. I like fun as well as other girls of my age, but I've no time for fun. I rise up early and go to bed late. I see after everything. I look into everything, and since I have done so things have prospered at Duncuft. I will tell you, Agatha, the reason of all this. Of all people in this wide world, I loved my father best. When he was dying, he bewailed his past life bitterly. 'You'll never inherit Duncuft, my lad,' he said to Hugh ; 'it is so heavily encumbered, that long before you're of age it will have passed into the hands of strangers.' I saw the look of agony on my dying father's face, and I said—'I promise—I promise, I will save Duncuft for Hugh, and for his children after him.' My father patted my head, and said, 'Ay, ay, brave little lass, brave little lass.' And he went down to his grave a little bit comforted with my poor words. From that date, Agatha, my life-work lay before me—I read books on agriculture and farming ; I studied cows and sheep, and stock of all kinds. As I grew older, my mother was glad to allow me to manage the servants, and Hugh—lazy boy—when he saw that I knew more about his work than he did himself, was only too pleased to let it drift into my hands. I am twenty-four now. From the day I was sixteen, I have managed Duncuft. From the day I took the place in hand our small property has prospered. We live within our means, and every year I pay off a portion

of the heavy mortgages. In six years more, when I am thirty, and Hugh twenty-eight, if things continue to go well, Duncuft will be free from debt. Hugh will have his thousand a year, unencumbered, and my

couple of moments. She had gradually loosened her hands from Bridget's, and now she stood staring straight before her, at the waves on which the summer sun was sparkling.



"The old butler brought in a telegram."—p. 459.

life-work will be done. If Hugh marries before he is twenty-eight, unless he marries a woman with money, all will be lost. Expenses will come, and the debt on Duncuft will never be cleared."

"If Hugh marries me, this will happen?" inquired Agatha.

"Yes, Agatha, it will certainly happen."

Agatha remained quite silent for the space of a

"There is a great deal of sadness in life, after all," she said presently, in a low tone. "Thank you, Bridget, for telling me your story. I always knew you were a brave woman, but I did not know you had this motive. I make no comment on it; I will tell you my story in a word or two, and then I will go."

"Yes, tell me, Agatha," said Bridget eagerly.

"I came home yesterday," continued Agatha,

"such a happy girl! I love Hugh, and I meant to be his wife. I meant to be so good, and to help him, and I felt so grateful to God. I had not entered my home ten minutes before I knew that something dreadful was going to happen. It came upon me as a great shock, and I believe it may even pain you a little. My mother—the bravest, the noblest, the most self-sacrificing—God is taking away her sight. In a fortnight, in a few weeks at most, she will be totally blind. She earns a good income now as a teacher, but when her sight is gone, that must also go, and she, and Kitty, and little Hester, will have only seventy pounds a year to live on. That is a small income, is it not, Bridget? There is just one chance that my mother's sight may be restored. She must be satisfied to remain totally blind for about a year, and then she may go to London, and an operation may be performed. The fee to the surgeon who performs this operation will have to be one hundred guineas. Bridget, no girl ever gave her lover up with a sorer heart than I give up mine to-day; but I can no more marry Hugh now than he can marry me. I am going away at once to earn money as a teacher, or in some other honest fashion. I do this to restore my mother's eyesight. Now, Bridget, good-bye."

Agatha left the Marshal Niel roses half withered on the ground at her feet; she did not know she had dropped them. Bridget picked them up and carried them into the house.

CHAPTER IX.—A LETTER AND A TELEGRAM.

THE breakfast hour at Duncuft was usually nine o'clock. Long before that hour arrived, on summer mornings, Bridget had gone the round of her farm, and had put the day's work in train. After a couple of years' apprenticeship she had dismissed the steward, who had always grossly mismanaged the estate, and now there was no middleman to come between her and her labourers.

They one and all liked their brave young mistress, for she had a frank and kindly way, and they had an unbounded admiration for her sharpness and shrewdness.

Now, walking up the avenue, she met Dan, the post-boy, loitering along, with the well-known black bag slung on his shoulder.

"Here, Dan, what a lazy lad you are! The post should have been delivered half an hour ago. Give me the bag, and see at once about weeding the sides of the avenue. Let me find a good piece done when I come out after breakfast."

She nodded to the lad, with a smile which did much to remove the seeming severity of her words.

Entering the house, she opened the post-bag; it contained one letter, directed to Hugh.

"Here, Hugh, this is from our mother," said his sister, handing it to him. Duncuft, in a light summer suit, had settled himself lazily at the breakfast table.

The summer's day promised to be intensely hot. The windows were wide open; the little bay showed blue almost at their feet. There was a light haze in the distance, not a breath of breeze anywhere.

Duncuft, as he languidly helped himself to a rissole, and stirred his coffee, was turning over, in his perfectly easy and self-satisfied fashion, how best, and with the least trouble to himself, he could get to Agatha's side.

He knew Agatha had returned, and that the impetuous answer which had been stayed on her lips at Plymouth would be his to-day. He felt quite certain in his own mind as to the answer Agatha would give him. He cared for her more than for any one else in the world, and he just wished that the day was not so hot, and that the trouble of getting to Ballyerana was not so great. Bridget coming in noisily, her eyes bright and her cheeks glowing, was a source of some passing irritation to the sweet-tempered but rather good-for-nothing young man.

"There! what a fuss you do make, Bride! you might let a fellow eat his breakfast in peace, surely; and the mother's letter will keep for a few moments."

"Oh! I'll open it, if you're too lazy," said Bridget. "I've been up for three hours, and you for half an hour, but that makes no difference. *What* an idle boy you are, Hugh! Well, here goes!"

Bridget tore open the thick cream-coloured envelope, unfolded an equally thick sheet of note-paper, headed by a monogram, and read aloud:—

MY DEAR BOY,—I've got into the most horrid state of hot water here. I cannot enter into particulars, and I dare not put things upon paper. A lawyer, whom I met at a dinner-party last night, told me that when I put things upon paper, I committed myself; so you see how wise I am getting, my dear Hugh. But the main thing is, that I want you to come here *directly*. This, I assure you, is of *vital* importance. You must on no account wait to come over in that slow *Firefly* of yours. No, you must start by the very next mail, and come the way the letters do. You must instantly find out the exact way a letter comes from Duncuft to Plymouth, and you must come the very same way, mail cars and all if necessary. Don't for the world miss a post, Hugh, for I solemnly assure you that the missing of one post in your arrival may be fatal in its consequences. I can explain nothing. Trust me, and fly to my succour.—Your loving mother,

FLORENCE DUNCUFT.

P.S.—How is that sweet little Agatha? She's a dear, graceful girl. I suppose she has promised to be your wife by this time. How will my naughty Bridget like to play second fiddle?

Bridget read all the letter through quietly, then she laid it open by Hugh's side, and sat down tranquilly to dispose of her breakfast.

"I don't suppose there is anything in it," said Hugh Duncuft. "The mother is always getting into scrapes—she will gossip so fearfully, poor old lady!"

"But you must go, Hugh," said Bridget, raising her bright blue eyes. "There is no doubt that our mother wants you, and you must not neglect a letter like this. You can ride into Castletown in an hour's time, and catch the limited express to Dublin."

"My dear Bride, I never before heard such utter nonsense drop from your sapient lips. Don't you know the mother by this time—the best little woman in the world, but never knows her own mind from one day to another? Ages before I get to Plymouth she will have forgotten she ever wrote this letter, and will ask me—looking years younger than you, Bride, while she does so—what in the world I have come back for again so soon? I know her ways, and I'm not going to stir—catch me; besides, there's Agatha—I've got to see Agatha this morning."

Bridget coloured, and hesitated. Some words were coming quickly to her lips; she glanced at Hugh, and checked them. There sat the brother for whom she toiled—lazy, handsome, indifferent. Even when he talked about the girl he loved, only a passing gleam of emotion came into the sleepy depths of his serene blue eyes.

A quick sense of almost contempt, a sharp pain, which told her that her life-work was for nothing, came to the resolute girl.

She did not let it influence her, but she made up her mind that she would not mention Agatha's visit that morning.

"My dear brother, you must go—you must go, and bring our mother home. You will have time to write to Agatha first—Agatha can wait for a week. Now, Hugh, there is a pen, ink, and paper; write to Agatha. I will send her the letter, and Simon can pack your portmanteau, and you can drive into Castletown in your dog-cart."

Hugh was about to lie back in his chair, and idly and wearily protest, when an unexpected succour came to Bridget's assistance.

The old butler brought in a telegram on a silver salver. Hugh opened it. It ran as follows:—

From Mrs. Bridgnorth,
16, South Parade, Ply-
mouth.

To Hugh Duncuft, Dun-
cuft, near Ballycrana, Co.
Cork.

Lady Florence Duncuft seriously ill.
Come without a moment's delay.

Hugh rose to his feet. Bridget, her face a little white, glanced at the ominous words.

"Our mother seriously ill! Shall I go with you, Hugh dear?"

"No, no, no! little woman. What would Duncuft do without its presiding genius?—Simon, you had better see to my portmanteau. Put in plenty of clean collars, and my evening suit. It may be a false alarm, Bride, and the poor dear mother may be all right when I get to her. Still, I must go. My poor Agatha! I'll scribble her a note, and you will send it off by the first messenger, Bridget."

CHAPTER X.—"WE MUST NOW WORK FOR HER."

FOR the first time, on the evening of that same day, the temptation to do a very mean action assailed a nature which had hitherto been perfectly upright and honourable.

Bridget had resolved to keep back Hugh's note. She did not read it—she would have scorned to do that; but going into the kitchen to give some passing direction, when the cook's back was turned, she dropped it into the fire.

She excused herself to the conscience which began to reproach her loudly, by saying that the note mattered very little, for Agatha's mind was already made up, and that it would have been unkind to do anything to tempt her from her brave resolve.

Hitherto Bridget and her conscience had been friends, but on the afternoon of that day they were at daggers drawn. Finally the girl, who, whatever faults she possessed, must at least be honest with herself, had to admit to that troublesome monitor in her breast, that she had done wrong.

"I have done wrong, and I own it," she said. "I have done a very mean action, and one utterly unworthy of Bridget Duncuft; still, I believe it was safest. Agatha spoke very bravely this morning. I really can't help admiring Agatha. In herself she is too good for my poor Hugh; but the saving of the estate must not be risked for twenty such as her. Yes, she was brave this morning, but Hugh can be very sweet to those he loves, and Agatha cares for him, and human nature is human nature. Yes, it was safest to burn the note; and now, while Hugh is in England, I must leave no stone unturned to get Agatha away from Ballycrana. If this can be managed, all will yet be well."

The next day Bridget, cheered by a telegram which contained a better report of her mother's health, drove, in her little low pony-trap, to Ballycrana.

She knew every soul in the place, and though by no means such a favourite as Hugh, yet she was sufficiently the grand young lady of the neighbourhood to insure a cordial reception wherever she chose to visit.

She always drove herself, and she pulled up her spirited little pony now just beside the Stanhopes' door.

Bridget inquired if Mrs. Stanhope was within, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, gave her pony in charge to the smart little tiger who sat behind, and ran lightly up-stairs.

It was a very hot summer's day, and the bay-window of the pretty sitting-room was thrown wide open.

Hester, troubled with a severe headache, and in, as Kitty expressed it, "a perpetual state of growl," was lying back in a deep arm-chair.

Kitty's cheerful tongue was chattering gaily, and Agatha, very pale and quiet, was writing a letter in a distant part of the room.

"Oh, Bride!" said the irrepressible Kitty, bounding forward, and taking her visitor's two hands in a violent and affectionate grasp, "it's good for sair een to see you. Now, to which of us is this honour given? It can't be Agatha, for you and she never did pull together, so I suppose it must be mother,

and mother is not very well, and has just gone to lie down. I'll fetch her, if we three can't entertain you; only, please, Bride——"

"What is it, Kitty?"

"Don't begin about stocks and farm things—I hate them so."

Bridget laughed good-humouredly.

"I won't mention the subject, Kitty; and pray don't disturb your mother. I would not for worlds have her rest broken for me. How are you, Agatha? Is not the day hot? And, Hester, I have not seen you for ages; are you very well?"

"I'm abominably bad," said Hester, "and I hate having it talked about; and I don't wish to be pitied; and—and—don't stare at me, Miss Duncuft."

"Oh, Het! how rude you are!" exclaimed Kitty.

"No, she's not," answered Bridget. "I know what a headache means, and words of pity are detestable. Come here, Kitty, and let us sit on this window-ledge; we can look up and down the street from here. Your room is nice and cool."

"It's stifling," growled Hester.

"You drove over, Bride," continued Kitty, poking her fair head far out of the window, and looking down at the pony-trap. "Dear, dear! I should have thought it was a day for the *Firefly*; and Hugh promised us all a sail this week. He said we should go on a cruise when Agatha came back, and mother should come to act propriety, and you might come too, if you liked, and would leave the horrid farm-work. I've been expecting Hugh in every moment, to arrange all about it. I've been making up such a heavenly cruise. When is he coming, Bride? Have you brought a message from him?"

"He's not coming at all," answered Bride, in a tone which she could not help rendering both cold and distant. "My mother is very ill, and he was obliged to go off to Plymouth yesterday, and I don't know when he will be back."

Agatha, at a distant table, threw down a book awkwardly with her elbow. Hester uttered a groan at the clattering sound, and Kitty's bright, dancing eyes fell, and the rosy colour of pleased anticipation slightly faded from her fresh young face.

"I'm sorry your mother is ill," she said slowly, "and I'm awfully vexed about our disappointment, particularly as we needn't have had it."

"What do you mean, you silly child?"

"Why, of course, you should have gone to nurse your mother. I can't make out why Hugh went. Men can't nurse—can they, Agatha? Agatha, don't you think that Bride should have gone to nurse her own mother, and let Hugh take us out in the *Firefly*?"

"Is Lady Florence very ill?" asked Agatha, now leaving her writing materials, and coming over to the bay window.

"She's better to-day," replied Miss Duncuft.

Kitty interrupted, laying her hand impatiently on Agatha's arm.

"Then Hugh need not have gone, and we might have had our cruise after all."

"It would have made no difference, Kitty," said Agatha, in a grave voice. "You forget our trouble—our anxiety. We could not possibly have gone in the *Firefly* just at present."

"I don't forget," replied the impulsive girl, the tears rushing to her eyes; "but I think the cruise would have done our mother good."

Bridget said a few more commonplaces, but after that the conversation was restrained, and even poor Kitty could not get up a laugh.

When their visitor was gone, Agatha sat instantly down between her two sisters.

"Now, Hester and Kitty, you've both got to listen to me. The time has gone by, dears, when we three girls can think of nothing but our own pleasure—we have got to work."

"I like that," said Hester, raising her languid head, and fixing her luminous grey eyes on her sister's face. "I shall like to work."

"Oh! poor darling little Hester!" said Kitty, stooping and kissing her, "you shan't kill yourself, love."

"Hush, Kitty; don't take the spirit out of her—she shall do her share with the rest. Now, girls, do listen to me. Our mother has worked for us—we three have now got to work for her. To-day she sent in her resignation to the school. Every day she grows more blind; in a fortnight, perhaps sooner, she will be quite blind."

"She shall use my eyes," said Kitty.

"Yes, Kitty dear, you and Hester will be with her, and you must keep her spirits up."

"And you, Agatha, you are the eldest of us all; she will lean upon you; and you have seen the world."

"But I'm going away," said Agatha.

"Going away!" echoed Kitty. "Oh! Agatha, I really do call that rather mean."

"Don't say so," continued Agatha, "until you have heard all my plan. I have arranged everything. Do listen to me, dear Kitty and Hester. You know that our mother's income will be now reduced to seventy pounds a year. You cannot live on in these nice lodgings for that sum. There is a tiny house just outside the town which I think mother can have for very little, and the furniture here is our own. If you, Kitty, will be very brave, and not proud, you can do the work in that little cottage, and thus save the expense of the servant; and, Hester, I have good news for you. I went with mother this morning, when she called to see Miss Mackenzie about giving up the school situation, and she was so nice, and so kind, and so sorry; and she says you, Hester, have quite a genius for music, and if you like to take her younger girls, and teach them twice a week, she will give you twelve pounds a year; that will be a great help to mother's income."

"Of course I'll do it," said Hester. "I shall hate it, for a wrong note goes through me, and makes me shiver all over, but I'll do it, of course."

"And I'll scrub, and dust, and bake, and brew, and keep the small cottage all glistening and shining. I think I've got the lowest part quite, but 't is for mother, and I'd scorn to grumble," said Kitty.

"Ah! well," said Kitty, whose face had grown very bright during the beginning of this speech, "there's an end of it, then, for how can we ever possibly find such an enormous sum of money?"



"When is he coming, Bride?"—p. 460.

"If you do this," continued Agatha, "you'll live within mother's means, and in a year we may be all right again."

"Oh, Agatha darling, what do you mean?"

"Just this, Kitty; our mother need not always be blind. In a year's time, the doctor says, an operation may be performed, but that operation will cost one hundred guineas."

"That is my part, Hester and Kitty. I am going back to England; my education shall be turned to account now. I will find the money within the year."

"Oh, dear Agatha, how can you?"

"I have written to my Aunt Judith by this post. I may go as a governess; I don't exactly know what I shall do, but I have made up my mind to succeed."

CHAPTER XI.—THE YOUNG KNIGHT GOES BACK TO BATTLE.

DURING the next week or ten days, poor Agatha had plenty of cause for heart-aches.

Hugh's unaccountable conduct, in going away without one word or one line, caused her much perplexity. She was prepared to give him up, but she was not prepared that he should give her up, so coolly, and so completely. Even if Bridget had told Hugh all about their interview on the sands, she thought she knew him well enough to expect a passionate remonstrance, if not in person, then at least by letter.

Hugh's going away was accounted for by his mother's sudden illness, but why then did not he write? Agatha had another cause also for disappointment—her aunt, Miss Judith Stanhope, the lady who had given money for her education, had written very coldly in reply to the poor girl's earnest words.

She would certainly do nothing to assist her niece to lower herself by becoming a governess, and thus ruin her prospects in life. From what she had witnessed under her own roof she had hoped to congratulate Agatha on a widely different future by this time. As to her remarkable scheme for earning money to get back her mother's eyesight, it was quixotic and unfeasible. From Agatha's own showing, Mrs. Stanhope's case was all but hopeless, and it was worse than folly to waste Agatha's young days in the vain effort to restore total blindness. It was the will of Providence, and her mother must meekly submit. No, Miss Stanhope would do nothing to aid Agatha; on the contrary, she would throw every stumbling-block in her path; but as her sister-in-law would, of course, be obliged to reduce her establishment, and as Agatha would certainly feel the difference, Miss Stanhope had no objection to offer her favourite niece a home for the present.

"This can scarcely injure your prospects, my dear," she said, in conclusion, "because Mr. Duncuft can so easily come over to Plymouth in the *Firefly*."

Agatha could have borne this letter; she could have borne it by simply ignoring it, and trusting to her own young spirit to solve the difficulties in her path. But Miss Stanhope had not ceased her efforts for what she believed to be her niece's future benefit, by this one note. She wrote also to Mrs. Stanhope, offered to adopt Agatha, and implored her sister-in-law not wickedly and wantonly to ruin her young daughter's prospects.

Agatha's mother, one of the most unselfish women that ever breathed, now took Miss Stanhope's part, and did all that words and even tears could do to prevent Agatha throwing herself away.

"And what is this about Hugh Duncuft, my darling?"

"That is all over now, mother dear."

"Your Aunt Judith says a good deal about him. Is it true, Agatha—has he really asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, mother, but don't let us talk of it; it is all over now."

"Then you have refused him?"

"I am not going to marry him now."

"You have done this because of me, my own, own child, my brave, unselfish darling! This must not be allowed."

"I am not going to marry him, mother; it is all quite at an end. Please don't talk about it."

"I doubt that he was good enough for you," said her mother gravely. "I have never looked at him in the light of a possible husband for you, Agatha. He is gay and bright, and handsome and captivating, but I doubt if he is not a little selfish, and I wonder if he has any sense of religion. We want religion to keep our principles steady, child; and a husband cannot be just a summer friend—we have to do with him in all weathers, storm and sunshine alike. I am not quite sure about Hugh Duncuft, Agatha."

"Oh, dear mother, he is not to be my husband, and please don't say anything against him."

Kitty and Hester, in all the excitement and pain of this impending change, had nevertheless time to have one or two whispered conferences together, as to the extraordinary absence of Agatha's knight.

Kitty, with the memories of the words Hugh had said to her, thought his absence and silence combined very strange. Hester, with an old look on her young face, said sagely that she hated Bridget, and would not trust her for a moment.

"I watched her when she told that story of Hugh's going away," continued Hester. "I saw how she watched Agatha. It was then I began to hate her."

"Well, she shan't spoil our Agatha's life," continued Kitty. "Just see if you and I don't circumvent her, Het. Oh! I do wish Hugh would come home!"

One evening, about a week after Miss Stanhope's letter had arrived, Agatha came into the room where her two sisters slept.

"Oh! you are not in bed—that is right. Kitty and Hetty, dears, I have come to say good-bye."

"Agatha!" exclaimed the two young voices.

"And you have got to give this letter from me to mother. Mother opposes me out of love, Aunt Judith opposes me out of selfishness. I can do nothing here; and whether I am acting right or wrong, I feel that I must go. I am going back to my school-mistress. I wrote to her, and I am sure she will receive me. She used to say I was clever, and she will find me something to do. There is no use in vexing mother—mother never could say yes, because I am doing it for her. So I shall slip away quite quietly in the morning, and I shall trust to you and Hester to break it to her."

"It's quite nice and romantic, going off like that, Agatha," said Kitty, seating herself in her white dressing-gown on the edge of the bed, and gazing up with deep admiration at her sister.

"But have you any money?" inquired Hester.

"Yes, I have three five-pound notes in this purse

—Aunt Judith gave them to me to buy some new dresses. I did not spend them. I am so thankful now!"

"They sound such a lot!" said Kitty with a little gasp—"fifteen pounds! Well, Agatha, Hester and I will do our best with mother. I can't be sure whether you are doing right or wrong, going off like this; but it has a nice sound, and we'll tell mother that she need not be the least uneasy, for you are taking lots of money with you, and you'll be sure to drop into something nice and cosy very soon. Do you sail to Bristol, Agatha?"

"Yes, the boat leaves Castletown to-morrow. I shall go to Castletown by the early morning train."

"Oh, dear! Hester and I will get up and see you off. Darling mother! You are like a knight going out into the world to fight her battles for her. Hester and I do admire you, Agatha, and there is only just one thing we are sorry for."

The elder girl's tears were dropping silently.

"What is that?" she asked.

"We are very sorry Hugh has not come home."

(To be continued.)

"NOT DONE IN A CORNER."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D., AUTHOR OF "JUDAS A WITNESS FOR CHRIST."

IN TWO PAPERS.—II.



N the previous paper, on the public promulgation of Christianity—an argument for its truth—we showed how its origin and early history were no secret; that the teaching of our Lord's great Forerunner attracted immense

crowds, who went out from all parts of Judea to him in the desert; that the utmost publicity marked the entrance of Christ on His work, and characterised all His teaching, which was mostly done in populous cities, in the Market-places, in the Synagogues, and in the Temple.

In such circumstances fraud was impossible. Not only was no artful concealment attempted, but the utmost publicity constantly courted. The miracle at Cana in Galilee, the feeding of multitudes in the desert, where the only provision at hand were five barley loaves and two small fishes; the healing of sick persons, who, at the time, were at considerable distances—as the Centurion's servant—simply by the exercise of Divine power, without any apparent means whatever—were dwelt upon as striking illustrations of our subject. We may therefore proceed to notice a few more, which are equally satisfactory and decisive.

We next see our Lord exercising His Divine power over death. The day after He healed the Centurion's servant, He entered Nain. A sad spectacle met His eye—the funeral of a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Our Lord's compassion was instantly roused, and He said to the bereaved one, "Weep not." He touched the bier, and the procession was immediately stopped. Then came the Divine Voice, more masterful than death, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" In a moment, without any farther action on the part of Jesus, he that was

dead sat up, and began to speak; and He delivered him to his mother.

Who can imagine the feelings, or describe the joy of this poor widow when she clasped in her loving arms the son whose remains she was following to the grave! The fame of this great marvel went forth through all Judea, and throughout the region round about. What a wondrous combination of Divine power and tender sympathy with the sorrows of humanity it displays!

And the sympathy was spontaneous and unsolicited. The dignified ease so remarkably manifested in every case where Jesus raised the dead to life is specially impressive when contrasted with the manner in which the prophets, Elijah and Elisha, and His own eminent Apostles, Peter and Paul, performed similar deeds. Well might the people cry out, "God has visited His people." And at this distance of time, amidst the fierce conflict of hostile opinion which is raging about us on every hand, we can regard this miracle as a sufficient justification of our hearty belief of Christ's supremacy over death.

The circumstances which gather round the raising of Lazarus, though somewhat different from the one just noticed, are, if possible, yet more striking.

Jesus had heard of his illness, and knew that it was fatal. He did not go at once to Bethany, but purposely remained some days in the place where the tidings that Lazarus was sick had reached Him. This He did that the miracle which He was about to perform might be seen in all its wonderfulness. He came, and comforted the sorrowing sisters, who evidently were tenderly attached to their brother. When they intimated that if He had been there Lazarus would not have died—words clearly expressive of their advanced views of Jesus and His power—He gave utterance to that marvellous truth, "I am

the Resurrection and the Life!" Why did our Lord ask, "Where have you laid him?" or say, "Take away the stone," and when he rose, "Loose him, and let him go"? The answer is obvious. Those persons to whom He gave these orders were to be witnesses, who, by sight and touch, could attest the reality of the miracle.

Of the actual death of Lazarus there could be no doubt, since corruption had already set in. So when Jesus came to the opened tomb, and spoke to the dead as He would to the living, crying with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth," the effect was instantaneous—the dead arose!

How beautifully simple the narrative is! Supposing such an act to be described in a work of fiction, how much would have been written of the joy of the sisters in receiving their beloved brother alive, of the feelings of Lazarus brought back from the invisible world, and how the Great Actor would have been glorified!

Nothing of the sort is found here. Many of the Jews who saw what was done, believed on Him, while others went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. The notoriety of the act produced intense excitement, and a council of the priests and Pharisees met at once to devise measures to arrest the march of the fame and influence of Christ. They resolved to put Him to death. No stronger public attestation could be given of the facts and doctrines of Christianity.

Consider the cases of healing where the maladies were notorious and of long standing. One, blind from his birth, and who had attained to the age of manhood, was restored to sight. The priest summoned his parents to prove his identity. He was severely questioned himself. In spite of their desperate efforts to shake his faith, he boldly maintained the truth of his story. To their taunt that the person to whom he declared he owed his sight was a sinner, and by implication an impostor, he replied, "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not. One thing I know; that whereas I was blind, now I see."

There was a woman who had suffered for twelve years from an issue of blood, and had become worse under medical treatment, and she was cured by a word, and that in the presence of a multitude.

Another had gone, for many years, to the Pool of Bethesda, hoping to be relieved at the moving of the waters, and had failed to get that relief. Jesus had compassion on him, and bade him rise up and walk, and he did so.

In such cases as these there was no possibility of collusion or fraud, for the persons cured were well known, and known to have suffered intensely for years.

It is worthy of notice that in those instances where the cure was performed more privately, the persons healed were directed to make known the facts to the Pharisees and Priests—Christ's most inveterate enemies—and offer those gifts which were prescribed by the Law. Others were called before the high court of the Sanhedrim, and questioned most strictly, as to the reality of their cure.

Thus the facts had the earliest and strongest confirmation from the opposition and investigation of those who refused to believe them.

To this open and undisguised proclamation of His doctrine, our Lord, at the close of His life, triumphantly refers: "I spake openly to the world. I ever taught in the Synagogue, and in the Temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them who heard Me, what I have said unto them. Behold, they know what I have said!"

And the Apostles acted precisely in the same way, openly alleging that this was the Christ. And that they did wherever they went. The discussion of this part of the subject must, however, be left to a future opportunity. Meanwhile let these facts be duly pondered, and in the same degree as we grasp them intelligently, and see their moral significance, they will be to us as the munitions of rocks, within which we shall be safe from every assault. We shall also have, in addition, the testimony of our own experience, in some respects the surest and the best, that the doctrines of Christianity are true.

No books which issue from the press have a greater charm for the reading public than the Lives of Christ. But the best ever written are immeasurably inferior to that of the authors of the Evangelic story, as accepted by generations of Christians. As a recent writer strikingly observes, "These artless historians tell the tale with a reticence for which we owe them a debt of gratitude. The New Testament does not contain a sentence written for effect. Had their records shown the same mental characteristics as modern Lives of Christ, . . . the question so often asked—Is this a history or a myth?—would have been insoluble." The unrestrained, unfettered publicity of the whole demonstrates that it is a veritable history and not a myth. "For this thing was not done in a corner."





The Skylark.

*HIGHER, higher
Up the blue vault climbing;
Trilling, trilling,
Wings and voice keep timing,
Essence of melodious notes distilling.*

*Higher, higher
Sunlit pinions glisten,
Fleck the azure,
Twinkling, while we listen
To thy thrills of high ecstatic pleasure.*

*Higher, higher
Light glad heart, wing-driven,
Leaping, going
Far up into heaven,
There exult in radiant ether flowing.*

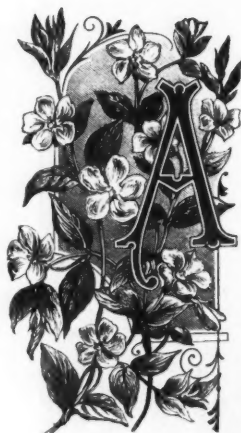
*Higher, higher,
Immaterial there,
To our viewing
Lost in luminous air,
Only song, the listening ear pursuing.*

*Higher, higher,
Spring, my heart, uprising,
Winged by prayer,
Leaving sad surmising,
Sing thy morning song in upper air.*

J. HUIE.

DOLLY'S FAULT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODDLEKINS."



AGNES had finished her prayers, and stood up like a little barefoot angel in white, with meek eyes and long bright hair.

"Get up, Dolly!"

And Bailey, the nurse and sole guardian of these motherless children, began to lift by the arm the white figure, a little smaller, that was still kneeling at her side.

"No! no!" shrieked Dolly, jerking her arm away, and running on her knees beyond the reach of

Bailey's arm. "No! no! my prayers isn't finished."

"Oh! come—you both finished together—and keep me a good child, Amen."

"I didn't say that one, because I couldn't be kept good unless I was good to begin with," argued Dolly, like a young lawyer. "It's just the same as my toes being cold—they couldn't be *kept* warm if they wasn't warm to begin with."

"You will be cold all over, kneeling there like that."

Dolly did not answer again, but the white and pink face plunged down on those useless little hands, all softness and dimples, and one saw only a flossy heap of hair above a little white kneeling figure. The words came out half smothered between her fingers—

"Please, dear Lord, forgive me for breaking . . . and the poor birds!"

After this mysterious prayer, Dolly stood up, took a tear out of her eye with the sleeve of her night-dress, and demurely suggested that she might be put to bed now.

"What is it you have been smashing, you little mischief?" asked Bailey, popping her into her white nest.

"Nothing," said Dolly, in quiet tones, but with some inclination to sniffing and tears.

"But you said you had been breaking something. Was it the old blue-and-gilt mug that I was so sorry about—eh?"

"The old blue mug wouldn't have been any harm to get broken," said Dolly, with profound contempt. "It's no sin to break old blue mugs if they tumble."

"Then what did you break? And what was it about the birds?"

Dolly's head disappeared altogether under the bed-clothes.

"Roy, from next door, asked her to go pea-shootering," remarked Miss Agnes gravely, standing like a statue in the middle of the floor, calmly con-

templating the troubles of poor Dolly. Agnes was always quiet and good—"for 't was her nature to."

"But I never went pea-shootering—never in all my life," sobbed a smothered voice.

"Let her alone," said Bailey; "let her go to sleep."

Poor Dolly! because she was in trouble, everything seemed to go wrong. Somebody's cup turned over at breakfast—Dolly's, of course. Somebody's shoe-buttons all shot out, at the last moment before going for a walk—whose but Dolly's? Somebody swallowed a plum-stone at dinner, and it would neither go up nor down—of course it was Dolly's plum-stone. Somebody ran down the muddy lane at the side of the garden to give a halfpenny to a poor little boy with guinea-pigs; and somebody stuck in the mud of the lane and came back in her stockings, because her shoes had stopped there. Dolly again!

For a whole week little Dolly went about demurely, with bright hair and thoughtful eyes—and everything went wrong with her because she was so sad. Every night the same prayer was made by one voice alone after the two voices had ceased:—"And please forgive me for breaking . . . and the poor birds!"

Nobody could coax Dolly to tell what this meant.

"Father is to come home to-night," said Dolly on the last night of the week. "No, nurse, no; I won't say any prayers till father comes in."

Agnes was kneeling silently, with closed eyes—the happy Agnes who had no troubles. Dolly could not be persuaded to kneel down too. She cared for nothing but her father's coming. Her doll lay on the floor, nose-downward and unthought of; she insisted on keeping the door wide open to listen for the cab, though she was shivering with cold. "I'll say my prayers popperly with father, when he comes," said the little child, anxiously listening.

"He will come up and say good-night to me, won't he?" said Agnes, standing up at last—Agnes, who took the world easily. "Father is better pleased when we go to bed, and have patience."

"But I *must* ask him before I go to bed; and father won't mind," said poor Dolly.

So she was wrapped up in a warm red dressing-gown, with ten little pink toes peeping out under its edge. And when Agnes, who never was tiresome, was fast asleep, Dolly—"the tiresome child"—was carried down-stairs almost crying with impatience for her father's voice, her father's kiss. She lay snugly curled up in his own softly cushioned arm-chair, within sight of the dining-room fire, and the white and glistening supper-table that was spread for him.

He came at last. There was the cab stopping—after a hundred cabs had seemed to stop and had driven by. There was the knock; how it sounded

through the house! The little creature in ruby red was like a fairy, with flowing garments, bright eyes, and glistening hair, as she stretched her arms, and sprang a-tiptoe from the chair to the hearthrug when the traveller stepped in.

"And so Agnes is fast asleep. I must go up and say good-night."

"Then let me come too."

This was when the supper was over. Agnes only woke up for a passing embrace, but Dolly held on to the buttonholes of her father's coat, and pattered down-stairs again beside him. It amused him to see her determination not to go to bed. Here she was in the dining-room again, leaning on the arm of his chair, after saying good-night three times. What was she staying for?

"Now be off to bed."

"Oh! but I've been wanting to tell you something all the week," said Dolly piteously.

"Be quick, then. What is it that you look so grave about? Dolly, did you ever see saucers with red rims, and tears inside?"

He was looking at her eyes.

"No," said Dolly. "I mean—I mean I have seen saucers with red rims, but tears are never in saucers."

"Are not they? That's all you know. Now, what is this that you have been waiting a week to tell me?"

Dolly looked up timidly.

"I never did anything so drestle bad before." And then the poor little golden head sank to hide the face against his shoulder.

"Oh, something you did, was it?"

The head came up again and said, with a tearful look, "Yes;" and then Dolly looked down at her thumbs resting on the arm of the chair, and from the long lashes a tear or two dropped. She began to wipe the tears into patterns on the arm of the chair with the tip of one small finger, not knowing in the least what she was doing. An overwhelming fit of shyness had seized upon Dolly, and there seemed to be no possibility of getting at any particulars about the "something drestle."

"Suppose we talk about something else, and come back to that? How is that fine ship of yours that was to sail on the pond when I came home?"

A faint smile and an absent-minded answer—"Very well, thank you."

"I had a letter from my little godson—Dick Truro, how is Dick Truro?"

Faint smile again, and woe-begone expression:—"Very well, thank you."

"The ship I gave to Dick at the same time is smashed—total wreck! Won't you give him yours?"

No smile now, and a calculating answer—"Dick shouldn't have gone and tota'-recked it. I don't want my ship to be done that to."

"Very well; keep it, Dolly. But when people have done something dreadful they like to do something good to make up for it—if they are really sorry."

"I'm very sorry," said poor Dolly miserably.

"Come, now, what was it? You broke a window, or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no! much more drestle than that."

"You broke Agnes's tea-set?"

A sob. "Much drestler than that."

"You quarrelled with the boys next door, and won't be friends with Roy; is that it?"

The golden hair shook in denial. That would have been nothing compared to the weight on her heart.

"What can it be? Forged a bank-note? Robbed a house?"

Dolly only shook her head. She was too sad to smile.

"Tell me, then. Try."

Poor Dolly opened her mouth two or three times, as if the whole story was positively coming. At last, after gaping like a little fish, she spoke a word: "There was a very big birds'-nest." Once this beginning was made, all the rest came out resolutely.

"There was a very big birds'-nest. It was in the old tree at the corner of the orchard. I saw it from the lane, when Mrs. Allan took me out with the boys. The boys were down at the other end of the lane, when I saw the very big birds'-nest. And Mrs. Allan made me promise not to tell the boys, because they might want to go and take it. And I did promise."

"Very good," said Dolly's father, listening with much gravity.

"No, it wasn't very good; it was very bad. I promised—I gave my hand on it——"

"Gave what?"

"I gave my hand on the promise—I did."

"Well?"

"And just the next day Roy said I had never seen anything—that I had never seen acorns and things, and squirrels, and birds'-nests. And I said: 'Oh! yes, I have, Roy; I saw a very big birds'-nest yesterday in the tree at the corner of the orchard.' And then I remembered I promised—and gave my hand on the promise—I did!"

Poor Dolly began to cry so sadly that her father thought Roy must have twisted the necks of all the birds.

"He wouldn't tell me," answered Dolly, "and nurse never would take me down the lane, it was so muddy. Even when I ran down a little way after the guinea-pig boy, I had to leave my shoes stuck."

"Poor little girl! But how was this so very dreadful, if nothing happened to the birds?"

"I broke my word," said Dolly, "and," with a tone of breathless seriousness, "I gave my hand on it. I prayed every night—be forgiven—breaking my promise—and the boys—the poor birds! Is it forgiven—tell me?"

"Yes, it is, Dolly; you really had no intention of breaking your word—it was because you forgot; and you will never break a promise again."

"No!" with a determined shake of the fair little

head. "But it was so dreffle bad I can't ever forget it. Don't you think it was the dreffledest thing I ever did?"

It seemed almost a comfort to Dolly to investigate

"A tomtit," said Dolly gravely.

"Very well, Dolly, that's all about it. Now suppose you read Dick's letter, and then trot off to bed."



"Agnes was kneeling silently, with closed eyes."—p. 466.

the great trouble, and not treat it lightly—especially when she added, with an uneasy heart—

"I wanted to tell you all about it."

"So you have, Dolly, most honestly. There is just one thing I should like to know. What sort of a bird was it?"

Dick's letter was written in copy-book round-hand. It said:—

DEAR GODFATHER,—Thank you for the tip I got on my birthday. I don't forget what you said about being brave. I got my ship smashed before I got to the pond. I only saw Dolly and Agnes once, but I dug up Dolly's shoes—I know they were Dolly's shoes—out of the mud.

diest lane you ever saw, which blacked me up to the elbows, and in the tree at the corner of Farmer Higgins' orchard I bravely defended a birds' nest which five boys were robbing with frightful violins." [At this part of the letter Dick became excited, and his spelling suffered.] They broke my ship, but I kept them off the nest, using Dolly's shoes for my arms, and Farmer Higgins came out just in time, and thrashed me awful, because I was the boy he caught up the tree. He would not believe I was defending the nest, but used only more violins when I said 'twasent me. He then said the birds were a good kind of birds which supports themselves entirely on worrums, so he would watch that nobody came after the nest, because the birds were coming after his

worrums, which were destructive beasts. When you come home, do see Farmer Higgins and stick up for me.—Your affectionate godson,
DICK TRURO.

"I am so glad about the poor birds; but it was all my fault," said Dolly. "Father, I will give my ship to him."

Dolly found it easy to be generous, because the load was off the little heart. Her first promise was made and kept. For Dolly's promises from that time were few and precious—golden words that all came true.

"We Sing His Love."

Words by ROWLAND HILL.

Music by Dr. E. J. HOPKINS, L.Mus., T.C.L.
(Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Temple.)

Joyful.



1. We sing His love, Who once was slain, Who soon o'er death re - viv'd a - gain,
2. The saints, who now with Je - sus sleep, His own Al - might-y pow'r shall keep,
3. How loud shall our glad voi - ces sing, When Christ His ris - en saints shall bring,



That all His saints thro' Him might have E - ter - nal con-quests o'er the grave,
Till dawns the bright il - lus - trious day When death it - self shall die a - way.
From beds of dust, and si - lent clay, To realms of ev - er last - ing day!



Bold.

rall.



1. } Soon shall the trum - pet sound, and we Shall rise to in - mor - tal - i - ty!
2. }
8. }



THE WORLD AND CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"They began to pray Him to depart."—ST. MARK v. 17.



THE contrast between Christ and the world is the contrast between permanence and transience, between eternity and time. The components of "the world" are the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; or, in other words, sensuous desire and earthly pride. These are not of the Father; and if any man set his heart on these, his heart is not right with God.

These people of Gergesa, good enough folk in their way, were of this character. They were worldly—of the earth supremely earthy. They had been accustomed to enough of the world's evils, and had suffered long under the world's rod. Its fears and difficulties and sorrows surrounded and lay upon them; but man becomes quickly familiar with all of these, and begins to look upon them as a portion of his lot. There is fatalism in familiarity with sin. Therefore men accept death because they must, and march the dreary road to hell because they have not discovered the sunnier and sweeter path to peace. Fear is useless unless it drives away from the object of fear. But happy is he who, having been aroused by the fear of the endless death, is consoled by the presence and the cordial welcome of the Prince of Life.

The prayer of these Gadarenes was that Christ should leave them. "Depart from us," said the wicked to God, in the time of Job. "What a weariness!" said they of religion in the time of Malachi. So said men in the time of Jesus; so are men and women saying now. "What profit is there?" they cry out; "prayer is wearisome—church-going and Bibles and holy books are fruitless. Give us wealth and merriment."

And yet there is no prayer uttered by man's lips now that God should leave the land. "It is good," they say, "to have churches, religion, worship, and the fear of God. Piety is a great civiliser: the Sermon on the Mount a spotless code of morals. Or, as Gibbon tells us of ancient Rome, all religions are regarded by the wise as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful. Let us have the civilisation, and the refinement, and the acts of piety, but not its unction or its spirit. Let us worship in vague ceremonial the God of the Hills, or the Spirit of the Woods—it matters little under what forms and in what name—'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.'"

But there are several places into which the Lord may not obtrude. The world prays Him to depart—

Out of its *House*. I am convinced that the most confounding apparition which could come to many a family would be the presence of Jesus. The courtesy of the Patriarch entertained angels, but all the refinements of England would not permit or enable thousands of households to entertain the wandering Nazarene. And scarcely less welcome than the personal advent of the Saviour would be the conversion to God of a single member of the family. Never was the Plague more dreaded than the infection of piety is in some places dreaded now. Worldly men will welcome the profligate and the scoundrel, but they are loath to admit, even to their kitchen, the pure and loving Jesus.

The world asks Him to keep away from its *Life*. "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus?" The heart has no home for Him: the business of the world refuses His companionship. The world's axioms divide the universe into the secular and the sacred; and its postulates demand that religion, at any rate, shall be kept in its place. But what place is there in the world's theory for religion to occupy? The working hours banish it, the hours of leisure are too weary for its company. And who is it that comes to our doors—the doors of work and life and love? That calm and half-bent figure, with gentleness resting upon every lineament, and affection beaming in every look—Who is it?—

"O Jesu, *Thou* art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred."

It is not in the educated heart of a refined manhood, but in the ignorant heart of a vulgarised world, to keep *Him* standing without.

The world prays Him to depart from its *Time*. The law of nature is that every constrained effort causes a rebound. When the activities of Athens were over, and the high pressure of politics and philosophy and wars was relaxed, there came a period of indolence and decay. The Athenians lived on happy memories, and looked for the chance of happier prospects; and there is terrible reason for the fear now that an over-pressed age like ours, with its intense passions, its eager haste, and its agonised struggles, will be followed by an idler age of our sons, who will not be strong enough to bear the burden of our toiling heritage. There are some facts of life which we often forget, and

others which we will not admit. Our age is working too fiercely, and the competition is too keen. But this fact we shall believe when it is too late—that the prizes are unworthy of the contest.

But within the outer ring of this world-toil there lives another race, upon whom has come independence, and along with it idleness and languor. Both of these classes, then—the one from over-pressure and the other from indolence—are tempted to drive away Christ. They cry out that there is no time for meditation, none for decision, hardly any for prayer and the Bible, still less for public worship and work. Many consider that they have done enough if they have given two hours to God on the Sunday, and hasty snatches of prayer through the week.

But look at the other side. There is *plenty* of time in both for the world's necessities—for the world's gatherings, and the world's amusements. There is no time for church-going, but enough for the theatre; no time to work for our Lord's joy, but enough for idle gossip and worthless *bagatelles*—and for all of these we must render our account. And (if we may cloud over this weird and garish light that dazzles the worldly mind) there is time enough for the world's *sorrows*. Depend upon it, the world, brooding over its victims, whom it flatters but never loves, pounces upon them in the hour they least expect, with sorrows and sufferings of their own begetting, swords of pain which pierce them to the hilt, grinding agonies of mind and body and heart, which crush them to the dust. There is in every worldly life time enough for *that*.

The world tries to keep Christ out of its *purse*. Only the last great Clearance Day will make record of the sums of money which the world has squandered upon itself in a vain and

hopeless pursuit. But those who are hardly religious and hardly worldly are not free from blame. The waste in quantities and kinds of food, the expenses and the quantities of drink, the extravagance and the loathsome falsehoods of dress, the costly luxuries of amusements, bear a strange and startling contrast to the want and distress, the suffering and loneliness of the poor. In some circles one evening's entertainment will cost several thousands; amusements at a year's end sum up an appalling bill; and even dress—the clothing of bodies which will soon be only dust—becomes a life study, and charges our vanity as much as, to thousands of our fellow-creatures, would be a life-provision and life-treasure. Hundreds a year on dress; and children crying this morning, and dying men languishing for a mere trifle! Nothing demands from Christian people a speedier reformation than these luxuries.

And yet, withal, look at the gifts of God. Think of a person of comfortable means spending as much upon one or two feasts, one or two evenings of the world's fair, or even one year's purchase of dress, as he does upon the cause of Christ. Here is one startling fact which only touches the verge of this mighty question: we spend upon drink in these kingdoms one hundred and thirty millions a year; and every kind and shade of Christian in England, Scotland, and Ireland contributes *one* million to carry the Gospel abroad, and fulfil a Saviour's last command.


Are we worldlings? Do we love the world better than God? Shall we ask Christ to depart from us—from our life and heart and home, and time and purse? Do we wish Christ to leave us? If we do, He will. But tell me, before He goes, *when will* He return?

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

NO. 16. JOASH.

To read—2 Chron. xxii., xxiii. (*parts*).

- I.  HE CHILD HID. (Read xxii. 6–12.) A story to-day of a king's son. His father, Ahaziah, only reigned one year—had been slain by Jehu when obeying God's command in putting down idolatry—was buried at Jerusalem because was grandson of the good King Jehoshaphat. Who ought to have reigned next? But what did Athaliah, the dead king's mother, do? What a fearful scene of massacre! All Ahaziah's relations—sons, brothers, etc.—killed, that this wicked woman might reign. Who

alone escaped? How was it managed? A sister of late king had married Jehoiada, the High Priest. Where did he live? Such a house in the Temple enclosure would be safe. So what did Jehoshabeath do? Poor little child! His very helplessness would make it easier to hide him. So Joash is concealed, carried to his aunt's rooms, hid in one of her chambers, and there lives for six long years.

LESSONS. Can see *God's goodness* in permitting this child to escape—to be brought up in Temple, under teaching and good influence of his uncle—thus training him for future life. See, also, how he is like another Babe Who escaped amid a massacre (Matt. ii. 16), was early found in the Temple, learn-

ing of the doctors—thus growing in wisdom—fitted to rule His people.

II. THE CHILD FOUND. (Read xxiii. 8—15.) Six years passed. Athaliah still queen, but a very wicked one. High Priest thinks time come to assert rights of the young king. What does he do? Tells the story to a few leaders of the people—makes a covenant with them to help him—arranges a day for bringing the young child forward. At last all ready. What day is chosen? On Sabbath, more people would be present. Who were to go inside the Temple? None but priests and Levites allowed. There a guard arranged right across the Temple from the altar of incense to surround the young king. The moment comes; Joash, a boy of six, steps forward! Jehoiada puts crown on his head—gives him the roll of “the testimony,” *i.e.*, a copy of the books of Moses (see Deut. xvii. 18), anoints him with oil, and he is proclaimed king. The people take up the shout, “God save the king!”

III. THE CHILD REIGNING. (Read xxiii. 16; xxiv. 2.) First wicked Athaliah is slain, and Baal’s altars and images destroyed. A covenant is made to serve the Lord. The Temple worship again begun. Peace and order once more in the kingdom. Joash began well, and did well as long as Jehoiada was alive—fell away somewhat afterwards.

LESSON. *The blessing of good training.* The young king owed his life, education, throne, reformation of religion in his land, all to Jehoiada. How thankful ought all children to be for wise and holy teachers. How much they should try to profit by what they are taught.

TEXT. *Come, ye children, hearken unto me. I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*

NO. 17. JOSIAH.

To read—2 Chron. xxxiv.

I. A HOLY CHILD. (Read 1—7.) Another story of a young king of Judah. His father, too, had been slain after short reign. He, however, from childhood did right—followed ways of David his ancestor, and Manasseh his grandfather. Know not what his education was—where learned to do right—but still he did it. Notice two things:—(a) *He began early.* When only a child of eight began to seek God, *i.e.*, to pray—read His Word—try to do right. Much easier to do right when begin young, because habits so quickly formed. Also (b) *He put away sin.* At age of twelve caused all the altars, groves, images, etc., of false gods to be utterly destroyed. Thus did what he could to lead his people to God. Notice that he was not content to give orders to others—went himself at head of destroying party all through the country—saw the work done thoroughly.

LESSONS. What an example to children to begin to serve God early. Put away bad habits—set good example to others—cultivate habits of prayer—of doing right—serving God. Then will be easier to continue in after years.

II. A HOLY WORK. (Read 8—13.) Not enough to put away sin—must also develop what is right. Young king now turns attention to the Temple. Finds it wants much repair. What does he do? Temple belongs to all the nation—three times yearly all the males went up to keep the Great Feast—so all ought to help to repair it. Whose duty was it to keep it in order? Therefore Levites make a collection all over the country—take it to Hilkiah, the High Priest—he engages and pays workmen. What a busy time in Jerusalem. What a good work to do for God—once more would people be glad to go to God’s House (Ps. cxxii. 1)—once more would the Temple be fit for God’s worship.

III. A HOLY BOOK. (Read 14—33.) Great news, Hilkiah, cleaning away rubbish, finds a written “roll of a book.” Can fancy him sweeping away the dust—unrolling it—reading it. What book is it? Perhaps the identical copy of the Law placed by Moses in the ark. Perhaps a copy written by one of the kings. (Deut. xvii. 18.) At any rate, it is a copy of God’s Law. What does Josiah do? Desires to know more—consults Huldah the prophetess—hears the warning against the nation, but also God’s message of mercy to himself. (Verse 27.) What effect does it have upon him? He calls all the people together to give them the warning—makes a solemn vow both for himself and them to serve God. Did it do any good? Yes, they served God all his reign.

LESSON. *Learn to do well.* Must not only cease from evil, but do right. Worship in God’s House—reading God’s Word—devoting lives to God’s service—all means towards a holy life. Then may both serve God ourselves and lead others to also.

TEXT. *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*

NO. 18. THE FOUR JEWS.

To read—Daniel i.

I. THEIR HONOUR. (Read 1—7.) Our last lesson about good King Josiah. What warning was given? Alas! when Josiah died, people soon fell away from God. Idol worship again common; at last, King of Babylon came and besieged Jerusalem—took Jews to Babylon. By whose permission was it? God allowed heathen king to punish His chosen people.

Now king wants to train some of the young Jews to be at his court. What sort of men does he wish for? Those of high birth, good health, good abilities, good sense. Who were found? These young lads were slaves in Babylon, though of royal family of Judah! Had new Babylonian names given them—regular diet provided—good education arranged for. What more could they want?

II. THEIR TRIAL. (Read 8—21.) What is the difficulty? Surely they will not quarrel with their food—so much better than that of the other captives. But the meat and wine, good in themselves, have been offered to idols—formed part of idol worship. These youths have abhorrence of idols and anything to

do with idolatry. Was it not for this sin their nation was taken into captivity? So what favour do they ask? Who is over them? Melzar already feels most kindly towards them, but does not wish to displease the king. What does Daniel ask him to do? So they are tried for ten days with very simple food—such as peas, beans, lentils, etc.—what we call vegetable diet, and plain water. What was the result? Not only were fairer and fatter than the others, but God gave them increase of wisdom—grew daily in wisdom and knowledge—the three years soon passed—they grew in favour with God and man.

LESSONS. (1) *The blessing of moderation.* Excess in eating and drinking very common even among children. Body, to be healthy, must be kept under subjection. (1 Cor. ix. 27.) Too much eating and drinking leads to many other sins. Same applies to other bodily things. Excess in sleep, pleasure, amusement, all hurtful. God's servants must be sober and temperate.

(2) *The blessing of education.* These young men made good use of their time and opportunities. Were advanced at court—gained immense influence—benefited whole nation. So all should make good use of their school time—never can tell what state of life may be called to. Use talents given, and God will give blessing.

TEXT. *He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.*

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS (VARIETY LESSON).

To read—*Daniel vi.*

I. PRAYER MADE. (Read 1—13.) We now hear a great deal about Daniel in the Sacred Story, and so give this as a "variety lesson." Lived in three reigns—Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Darius. Was honoured and esteemed by all. Have a story in this chapter of what happened to him when a man—but the habit of prayer and serving God was begun as a child. So he shall finish the lives of children and young persons taken from Old Testament.

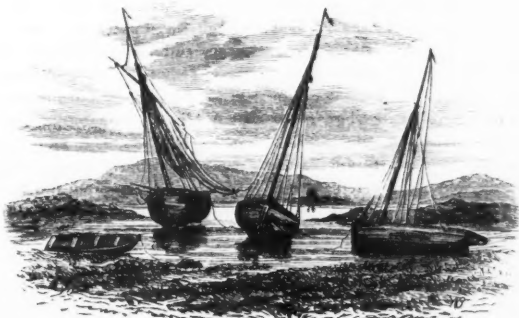
Question on the familiar story. Daniel raised to high position—object of envy to other princes. Tried to find some fault in him. But he was honest, steady, sober. No fault to be found. Aye—but he worships another God—seems to despise their gods—this will make a ground of complaint. They will catch him about this. So the plot is hatched. The king—not thinking of Daniel—signs the decree. What does Daniel do? Does not leave off his prayers—does not say them in secret—but openly in sight of all—looking towards Jerusalem as Solomon had prophesied that captives would. (1 Kings viii. 44—48.) Continues to pray three times daily. Who see him? How they must have exulted! Now he will be put to death, and their revenge be satisfied.

II. PRAYER HEARD. (Read 14—28.) We can fancy what Daniel prayed for—*grace* to persevere and keep steadfast, *honour* of God's name either by his life or death. (Phil. ii. 20.) Meanwhile king tries to think of some plan to save him—but must keep his word—so Daniel is thrown to the lions. What a contrast! The great king miserable in his palace. Daniel perfectly happy among the lions. Who was with him? His prayer had gone up on high—been heard—an angel sent through the dark night—the lions' mouths shut—Daniel kept in peace and safety.

What further effect was there? All through Persia God's name to be honoured. Thus all things worked together for good.

LESSONS. (1) *The power of prayer.* Kept Daniel calm and fearless in midst of danger. He trusted God and was delivered. Same result will be ours. God's ear not deaf—call in trouble and will be delivered. (2) *The power of boldness.* Daniel knew he was doing right, therefore not afraid—caused fear of God to spread wide. What a noble example. No one can really harm those who trust in God. In God is our rock and our might.

TEXT. *What time I am afraid I will put my trust in Him.*



TOM DICKSON'S WOODEN LEG.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE," ETC.



"COME in, please, Mrs. Crum," cried the wife of the lodge-keeper at Reeve Court, as she looked from her door, and saw a quaint little figure in black, slowly trudging along the road. "Come in, if you please, for we're trying to do something we can't do, and if there's anybody in Hopley who can help us, it is you."

That was what everybody was always saying to little Mrs. Rachel Crum, who lived all by herself in a tiny two-roomed cottage perched high on the ridge of Hopley Green. She had very little to live on, too, no certain income but the trifle that was allowed her by an orphan lad, whose distant relatives had boarded him with her and her husband in his childhood, and who was now in a good place in the bank of the neighbouring town. She still took care of his stockings and his linen, and gave him good advice, and was, from his standpoint, not only his great blessing, but his most successful piece of economy, while from her standpoint he was her support, the stay and shelter of her widowhood. She always said so, quite as proudly as some old ladies are apt to speak of their good investments of money.

Then, Mrs. Crum kept bees, and knitted stockings, and reared chickens, and was "wonderful lucky" with flowers, all habits which gave pleasure to herself and others, and spared her purse, and sometimes put something in it. She knew all about everybody's character and genealogy for at least three generations, and where each must be pitied and borne with, and where each should be spurred or checked. For in her case, "everybody's friend" did not mean, as it so often does, a sweet, lukewarm dilution of character, which can be truly "nobody's friend." It meant rather that she was ready and able to give each what each really wanted—even if it was a good scolding!

It was said sometimes that folks "would take a good deal from Mrs. Crum." Sharp words from her were often received with a much better grace than other people's less incisive lectures. And sometimes, when they gave offence at first, they were apt to be remembered and considered, and then acted on, till at last, when their soundness and wisdom were recognised and put into practice, she could be easily forgiven for having uttered them.

When Mrs. Crum heard the lodge-keeper's voice she turned her head, and her bright face, set in its silvery hair and stiff widow's cap, looked like a rosy shrivelled apple lying in the snow.

"Yes, I'll come, and willingly," she answered

cheerily. "I can do that much for you, at least, whatever else I can't."

"I never yet heard you say 'can't' in earnest, Mrs. Crum," said the lodge-keeper.

She was a Mrs. Day, a very superior, well-spoken woman, who had once been in personal attendance on the ladies at Reeve Court. She turned and went before Mrs. Crum, leading the way into the lodge kitchen. The lodge itself was as ancient as the Court, and Mrs. Day was able to set an example to the cottagers around, as to the comfort, neatness, and beauty to be got out of rough red tiles, "harled" walls, timbered roofs, and grateless hearths. Her children, too, were pictures of health and tidiness, and when no other work was in the mother's hand the knitting-pins were always there. In truth, Mrs. Day had already taken many leaves out of Rachel Crum's book, inspired thereto by the genuine respect and admiration with which she had always heard "her ladies" speak of the humble widow.

Little Lizzie Day ran and placed the arm-chair for the old lady, and Willie got off his stool and set it under her feet, and subsided upon the floor, amply rewarded by the old dame's words—"That's a lowly place, Willie, but then

"He that is down need fear no fall."

While his mother remarked, "That the gentry could never get beyond good manners, and yet poor folk could always afford those."

And then Lizzie resumed her place beside her mother's chair, and Rachel Crum noticed that pen, ink, and paper lay spread out upon the table.

"We've had a bit o' sad news yesterday, neighbour," said Mrs. Day. "There's my husband's brother in the North, he's met with a bad accident in the quarry, and though it's a mercy that his life is spared, yet it seems there's no doubt that his hearing's gone, and that he'll never hear a sound again, not even if a gun was fired off behind him."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Crum, "it's a terrible shock, is a loss like that. But he'll be a grown man, and now that he'll hear no more, I'll engage he'll remember more pleasant sounds than ever he noticed while he had his hearing."

A slight smile broke over Mrs. Day's thoughtful face. "I reckoned you'd show us a way out of it," she said, "and I think you've begun already. For they say he's sorely down-hearted, and his mother wrote asking us to send him a word to cheer him. And I and my man, we talked over it nigh all night. And we couldn't get beyond saying, 'It's the Lord's will, and must be borne.' And that's just what the poor lad's fretting against, asking why should the Lord have done this evil against him. Job's wife, you know, Mrs. Crum, didn't doubt that her husband's troubles came with God's will and knowledge, but

that only made her say, 'Let us curse God and die.' It only seems to turn the poor souls from fighting against their misfortune, to fighting against the Almighty Himself."

Mrs. Crum was gazing dreamily into the fire. At such moments one saw that there were strong lines under the smiles of her cheerful old face—those lines which come of the bracing up of the spirit in the storms of life. If Mrs. Crum had learned to be a comforter, it was by needing comfort herself, and as she had ever said very little about her own heart-aches to other people, she had clearly got it straight from the Divine Hand. Many a season of supreme doubt and anguish rose before her mind while her neighbour spoke.

"It is the Lord's will," she repeated dreamily, "and therefore it must be the best thing. That's the way of it. We've never found out what God means by anything we call affliction, till we can see we're the gainers by it, and would not wish it away, if its removal meant that we were to be put back to what we were before we underwent it."

Mrs. Day looked at the old lady with a little wonder. Such words sounded rather more than she could grasp. And yet she remembered she had once heard the minister call upon his congregation to notice that many of the bravest and most joyous epistles of St. Paul were written from a dungeon, and in the prospect of violent death. And it struck her, at that moment, that it would seem very ridiculous to hear anybody pity Mrs. Crum herself for being a widow and poor.

"It's not much good talking straight out to people at such times," said Mrs. Crum, as if speaking to herself. "It's best, in this way, as in every way, to try to help them to help themselves. That's all one can ever do for anybody. And it's odd how thoughts that one may drop quite by chance, as it were, may stick to the hearer, and do him more good, maybe, than a sermon. When I lost my David I know that what helped me best was not any of the words people said to me trying to comfort me. I could find some answer for most of those. If they were spoken by any who had not lost their own dearest, I could say, 'Ah, you're very kind, but you don't know what you are talking about!' If they were spoken by those who had been through sorrow (though they generally said least!), then I could think, 'Ah, your sorrow was not like mine, for nobody was so good as my David.' Or again, 'You had children left, though you lost your husband.' But what would keep coming back to me was something that David himself had said. It was when he first began to fade, and when the terror had come to me that he would be taken and I left! And oh, Mrs. Day, weak, wilful woman that I was, I had cried out to David himself that I should not be able to bear it, never seeming to heed that it might be quite as hard for him to have to go away and leave me to myself, especially if I was to be so weak as not to do my best for God's sake and his and my own. And

David said little at the time, only took my hand and whispered about each day bringing the strength its burdens needed. And, oh! Mrs. Day, those were the words, and the memory of that beaming face was the thought, that would keep coming back to me when I sat, in my first days of widowhood, with the neighbours calling me 'poor little body,' and the air all about me full o' such words as 'affliction' and 'resignation,' and the like, and so I could not rest till I'd begun to try to find the joy that was folded safe in the sorrow, and to see the meaning of my David's favourite saying, 'that to-day should be always better than yesterday.' There's no help for anybody like showing him that another has been over the same rough bit o' ground that is daunting him, and has made a clean, safe job of it, and even, may be, has picked up something that couldn't be found anywhere else."

"Poor Jem was full of helping his mother and his sick sister," mused Mrs. Day, her thoughts dwelling on her maimed brother-in-law. "Hard enough work he had of it, and it seemed a righteous ambition, and now I suppose he must give it up. That will be the bitter flavour for him."

"Don't let him swallow it till he must," said Mrs. Crum, in her quick, eager way. "Don't be too sure about it. It's as ill to take medicine before it's ordered as to refuse to take it when it's ordered. I don't know that you could do better than tell him the story of Tom Dickson's wooden leg. That came into my head the minute you told me of this accident. A story hangs up in the mind like a picture on the wall, and it's always there, and some day it fits into a body's mood and does its work."

Lizzie was leaning on her mother's lap, with her pen in her hand, as if in readiness to begin the letter to her uncle as soon as Mrs. Crum had told them what to say. At the word "story" little Willie stopped playing with his toy soldiers, and looked up into the old lady's face.

"Tom Dickson was a working carpenter in the county town my husband came from," began Mrs. Crum. "He had a wife and three little children, and by great industry and economy they got along very nicely, though they could never save very much, because they often had to hand out a few shillings to help old or orphan relations. But at last, very hard times came. The firm for whom Tom had worked, failed, and all the shops were closed, and all the hands turned adrift, with little prospect of finding new employers. To make matters worse, this happened in the depth of winter, and there had been an epidemic of scarlet fever through the town, and all Tom's children had been laid up, and here was the weekly supply cut off, just as they were wanting extra comfort and nourishment. For the first few weeks, Tom and his wife did their best, and hoped very hard. The few odd jobs which were going in the town were shared among all the turned-out workmen, and so came to very little indeed, but poor Tom did not even get his full share of them, as people were naturally

sly of a man who had recently had an infectious disease in his house. And at last the furniture had to begin to go, and once that sets in, whether its with a lord and his land, or a working man with his few poor sticks, there's soon an end. Things came to their blackest and worst. Tom and his wife did not say the words 'the Union' to each other, but each looked in the other's face and read them there. And then, as Tom told my husband, he went away into the little back room o' their cottage, and he knelt down on the bare boards, surrounded by the bare walls—and he prayed from the bottom of his heart:—

"O Lord, help me to keep the wife and bairns out o' the workhouse. O Lord, I don't ask Thee to do it this way or that way, but only to do it. Surely it cannot be Thy will that an honest man's folk should go to such a place, therefore this is only praying, 'Thy will be done.' For Jesus' sake, O Lord, Who had no roof to cover His head. Amen."

"And then Tom went out to look for work; and he said that he felt wonderfully uplifted, and that he thought to himself, Surely this meant that he had faith that his prayer would be heard. But all the money he could earn was a sixpence which somebody offered him for a bit of work that was well worth eighteenpence. He could hardly think that was the Lord's way of answering, but he thought it was far better than nothing, and he tramped away, and did the job. It was outside the town, a good way off, and when the money was in his pocket, he thought of his little ones waiting for bread at home, and he remembered a near cut across the fields, and took it. They would have something to eat till to-morrow, and perhaps then he would earn something more. But rent-day was coming on, and that would settle it, as it seemed, for the union. Tom's prayer seemed gone far away from him; it did not warm his heart as it had while it came from his lips. So he went on, despondingly enough, and as he clambered over a five-barred gate which was fastened by a chain, he slipped his foot on the icy ground and lay prostrate in terrible pain. He could scarcely think what had happened; he only knew he could not rise, and must lie there perishing in the cold, while his little ones starved with hunger in the house. Tom told my husband that he looked up and saw the bright unheeding stars, and then he heard the church bells begin to ring for Christmas Eve, and it seemed to him that surely God was very far off, and that there was no help from Him in the terrible needs of common life. What was Christmas Eve to Tom now? And then he thinks he fainted, and the next he knew, he was being kindly raised by strong arms, and there he was, in the care of a good farmer and his wife, who were driving down that out-of-the-way road to the church, but who were stopped by finding this bit of work to do for one of their Master's sheep, and who gave up their glad Christmas hymns, and the pleasure of old associations, and the greetings of their neighbours, first to drive him safely to the

infirmary, and next to go round and carry the news to his wife. And the farmer's wife had sharp eyes, and understood the sad faces and bare rooms in Tom's home, and the first news he heard in the infirmary was, that all his children were nicely housed in a convalescent hospital for a month, and that his wife herself was hired for laundry work at the farm, where she was getting well fed up and comforted, and was even earning a trifle towards the day when the family should be together again. All that would have made Tom very happy, and he would have thought that it was the Lord's answer to his prayer after all, but for the ugly truth that it was found his leg would have to come off, and that he would not only be utterly helpless for months, but would be a cripple for life. Tom's wife did her best to cheer him; she heard all about the prayer, and she told him that perhaps it was the Lord's will that she should keep them all out of the workhouse instead of him. But Tom only seemed to take that harder still, for I daresay you've noticed, Mrs. Day, that men are curious in that way, and that though there's many that will break a woman's heart with their wicked ways, and many more that will wear her very soul out with selfish habits and bad tempers, there's few that are great enough to take her help sweetly and graciously when the Lord makes 'em need it.

"Yet the Lord made him get help through her at last, in the oddest fashion, and I've heard her bring that up against him afterwards, in her fun—and I've heard him mention it, too, with the deepest reverence, saying, 'God answered me by a woman's word and a wooden leg.'"

"Tom took to complaining and repining as he lay in his bed. He looked at the dark side of everything. None of his folks had ever before been in an infirmary. It was next thing to the workhouse, and he was little better than a pauper, and that was the end of his pride! His wife said, 'Surely anything that ended pride was a blessing; but at the same time, if the Squire himself had met with such an accident he would have been likely carried to the infirmary, if it was nearer than his own house.'"

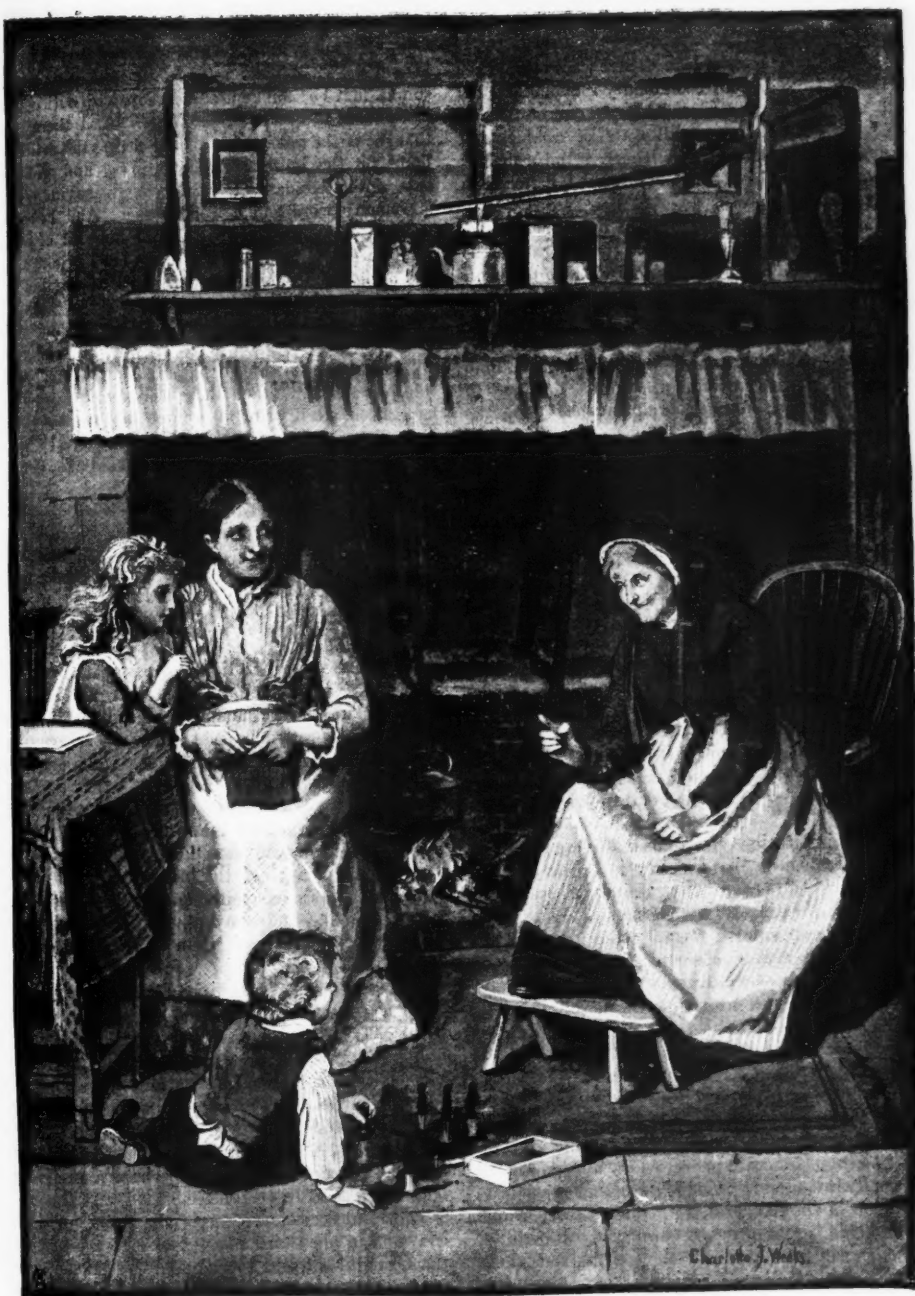
"But then he'd have paid as he went along, or he'd have paid three times over when he went away,' grumbled poor Tom.

"Who knows what you'll do yet?' said his wife.

"That was easy saying,' Tom answered. 'He had not made a living when he was a sound man, so he didn't know how a cripple was to begin paying debts.'

"Well, have as few as possible to pay,' said the wife. 'You'll have to get a wooden leg. Now the infirmary will give you one. But don't you think a man of your trade might make one for yourself?'

"So he said he'd try, and she got him the wood. Of course he had plenty of time, and a sort of workmanlike feeling came over him—that sort of feeling that wants to know what is the very best it can do—and didn't Tom set his wits to work and make a regular artificial leg, with which he could walk with only a stick and no crutch!



"Said Mrs. Crum, 'A story hangs up in the mind like a picture on the wall.'"—p. 475.

"And the infirm people gave him an order to make some for them. They were willing to pay him, and he took the money that time, and said nothing but 'Thanks.'

"He got some more orders. There was not a maker of artificial limbs in all the country round, and folks had always had to send or to go to one of the big cities for such things, at all sorts of trouble, and expense, and misfitting, and bother. And somehow the artificial limbs Tom made seemed better than other artificial limbs.

"I know what it is to have to wear 'em,' he would say, and the sight of him stumping about so actively himself was the best sort of advertisement. Perhaps he had found out a natural gift for making them—there may be a natural gift in making anything—we know there must be in pie-crust and poetry! Anyhow, it is seldom that an artificial limb maker starts with having to make one for himself, and that must be an immense advantage.

"And, at all events, Tom Dickson proved to be so clever that a London firm was willing to give him

work and wages for a year, and to put him up to the little trade secrets that he could not easily find out for himself. They would have given him a salary if he would have stayed on, but he preferred to go back to his old place, and set up for himself. And he did so well that he soon kept a nice shop, with a dwelling-house over it, in the High Street. And there's no thought of the union now, and he makes the artificial limbs for the infirm at cost price, and gives a subscription besides. I've told you his saying about a woman's word and a wooden leg. And he's got another, which he says will do for his coat of arms if he's ever knighted—for he always has his joke now, and declares he wouldn't be surprised at anything—and this is—

"The Lord oft breaks before He makes."

"If your story's like a picture, Mrs. Crum," said the lodge-keeper, "then those words are the nail to hang it on. I'll write all you've said to poor Jem, and who knows what it may put into his head?"

"Or, rather, bring out o' his heart," said Mrs. Crum.

A PEEP AT THE OLD CONVENTS OF CAIRO.

BY M. L. WHATELY.



ONE who has visited Roman Catholic convents in various European lands, can fail to be struck with the contrast presented by the Coptic convents in the very first *aboud*. The first entrance is so totally unlike, that it is hard to believe the institution similar in most essentials.

The absence of all formality is apparent at a glance. I had frequently visited convents in Ireland, France, Italy, and Germany. In all these an almost iron rule of formal stiffness seemed to meet one, however cheerful the face of the portress, or however talkative the "mother" and sisters who showed us round the building. The massive doors and huge locks opened only after some delay, the stone passages and neat but formal and dreary-looking cells and refectories, the careful and orderly dress of the inmates in some convents (as, for instance, a convent in Cork, where they are noted among nuns for the graceful and picturesque costume of white and dark blue specially invented by their foundress), the accurate division of the day, and the strictness with which every rule is laid down and obeyed on pain of penance (it is said, and I believe truly, sometimes very severe); all this, though not absolutely excluding real religious aspirations and desires to serve God, certainly does not help, but rather seems to hinder them. A child does not learn to

walk in a certain direction by having its feet tied with ropes, or by being placed in a path shut in by high walls that make it almost dark, even though the pretext be that there are snares and thorns in the way from which the walls or ropes may protect it.

But to return to the Coptic convents. In these there is much of ignorance, and the whole system of withdrawal from family life, and of vows of celibacy, is against the spirit of the Gospel. Still, the Coptic convents are far less harmful, and more like the convents of the early days of the Christian Church, than those of Rome and her votaries.

We can conceive that in the times of the fierce Moslem rule, when confusion and trouble reigned in Egypt, and the native Christians were persecuted and crushed in every way, a house where women who had lost their natural protectors, or for other reasons wished to live in peace and obscurity, and devote themselves to religion—might find a safe asylum, must have been a real and most acceptable refuge—perhaps a necessary one under the circumstances.

A brief description of my visits to one of these convents in old Cairo may give a slight idea of the Oriental convent to English readers.

Old Cairo was once very different from the mass of ruins and decay which it is now. The spot where heaps of accumulating rubbish now obstruct the way, was once covered with houses

and gardens. The superb aqueduct, now broken at its centre, shows that they had resources for supplying the city thoroughly with water, and the beautiful carved wood-work still found in some of the ruined buildings is a monument of an art now almost entirely lost.

After driving through the ruins and dust-heaps, with here and there a fine garden among them belonging to some rich inhabitant, I at length stopped before an open space with a sort of narrow lane or street leading from nowhere to nowhere, apparently!

But the driver told me to descend, and my Bible-woman, who had been there before, guided me down the narrow, dark passage. We then turned out of it down another, darker and narrower still, and I stepped into a pool of mud, not being able to see my way (it had been watered on account of the heat). Scrambling out of this, I found myself on some broken and very dirty stone steps. A ray of early sunshine (for it was only seven o'clock) penetrated the gloom of the high walls, and showed a door standing wide open. No locks, no trim, formal portress—only a ragged boy, who on being asked if this was St. George's Convent, replied by pointing before him, and we entered straightway into a sort of court, partly open to the sky, partly roofed over, a very rude kitchen on one side, and two or three little dens for water-jars, etc. A staircase, open to the sky, led up to a terrace on which the cells all opened. Divided from the court by a screen of very fine though rather dilapidated carved trellis-work, was the chief apartment, whose only furniture were an ancient dimity covered divan, and a mat on which four or five women were seated, one with a book, another repairing a priestly garment of violet silk, and the Abbess, who is simply called *Raysa*, or head (feminine of *Rays*), was smoking a cigar and caressing a pretty little child playing about her knees—the daughter, she said, of the servant of the convent.

These were the nuns; one or two more were in the kitchen, and a few in their cells. There were only ten in all besides the *Raysa*. All were dressed in a very simple but convenient garb, that of the Egyptian peasant-women, the only difference being that it was all black, instead of being, as with the *secular* females, partly or entirely dark blue. A veil of thin black muslin was on the head, the throat bare and without jewels; otherwise there was nothing in any way distinctive save a cross at the side.

Most were middle-aged women, and three or four were widows. Whether they can leave if very anxious to do so I do not know, but from what I can learn I imagine, if really desirous to return to her family, and they to receive her, that a nun might obtain permission, but that they do not like to leave, either from being content or because it would be looked on as a great disgrace.

The nuns I spoke to seemed content, and it is certain they were not under the constraint I have always noticed among Roman Catholic nuns; besides, to the Egyptian nature, more languid than our northern temperament, the monotony of the life is not so great a trial as to us. They seemed to live more like a family of sisters, with an aunt, or other elder relative, as head, than in the abject submission which is the state of the *Sepolte Vive* (i.e., buried-alive) nuns, as they are called in Florence, where a woman once entering, never sees a member of her family, or receives a letter from any one, again.

One was brought to me to show her beautiful copying in both Arabic and Coptic. The latter I did not understand, nor did she, except that she knew the letters, and could repeat the words by rote of some of the prayers; but as a language she knew nothing of it. Very few indeed, even of the higher clergy, understand Coptic now. The Arabic I could appreciate, for it was so clear that it was as easy as print to read, instead of being, like the common writing, quite unintelligible to me. I never saw such copying—so clean, and even, and faultless in every way. The writer was a pleasant-looking woman of about five-and-thirty, or perhaps less; she was mildly vain of her talent, the *Raysa* and the rest much more so, and they showed the two thick volumes bound in calf, with curious leather thongs made like clasps, and written on vellum paper, with genuine pride and delight.

After partaking of their hospitality in the shape of sherbet made from orange flowers, we sat down together, and had a good deal of friendly conversation. I spoke of the preciousness of the Gospel, and they then showed me a Bible, and a couple of portions, consisting of the four Gospels, also a separate Gospel of St. Matthew.

One of the younger nuns said, "Let me read you my favourite chapter." It was that containing the flight into Egypt, the chapter which the Copts especially delight in. From the manner in which she read it, I was inclined to think she read very imperfectly, and that it was the only chapter she could read with fluency. It is amazing how a narrow education, and living entirely among the ignorant, hinders improvement. But it is remarkable among Egyptians (and to a certain extent among most Orientals, though there are of course many exceptions) how easily the *appetite* for knowledge seems satisfied. We find not merely Copts content to go over a single portion of Scripture rather than take a little trouble to perfect themselves in reading, so as to be able to read every part of the Divine book, but also Moslems, who, with all the superstitious and fanatical devotion to their Koran, are yet content to go over and over a small portion in the form of a thin red volume, never

trying to learn enough to read the whole. All these are, of course, among the non-learned. However, it is a great blessing that the Scripture is not denied to the Coptic nuns. I asked (as it is a poor convent) if it would be any pleasure to them if I sent a few portions of Scripture to them. "Yes, and thank you very much," said

for saints and Virgin, of days and fasts, and outward ceremonials, there appeared some real faith and much simplicity. Of course I was careful not to say anything that could affront them, but urged the need of our all resting on Christ alone, and His sacrifice as the one Mediator. Strange, that so many repeat and acknowledge this in



CAIRENE MAIDEN.

the Raysa. "I have a Gospel of Matthew" (she did not say *Saint*), said one, "And I want one of Luke;" "And I one of John," said another.

"May I read a few verses from my Testament?" I said, after promising to send what they wanted. A willing assent was given, and I read from some parts with which they were not so familiar, and we had some talk about the subject. As I observed, they are very ignorant, and do not know the meaning of much of what they read, having been early taught to consider it as sufficient, and a holy action in itself, to go over the sacred words without any thought of the meaning. But in spite of this, and of the superstitious reverence

words, and yet hold many mediators! After an hour spent in listening, and reading, and talking, one of the nuns offered to show me the chapel, which is only divided by a screen, like the entrance, from the sitting-room of the convent. It is extremely curious. The doors by which it is entered are of remarkable height, and very narrow in proportion, made of wood of some durable kind, coloured in red and yellow, but toned down by time. The partitions and screens within are all of dark wood, probably from either India or from the Soudan, inlaid with ivory, and they must have cost a great sum.

I was shown over the cells, after the chapel.

They were humble enough and informal enough. In one, an aged nun—over a hundred, I was told—lay on a mattress on the floor, shrunk into a small skeleton form, but with all her senses still, and evidently kindly cared for. I took her wrinkled hand and asked a blessing for her from the Lord, and she evidently understood what was said, though she was too feeble to sit up. We then took a friendly leave of the community. The next day a lad was sent to ask for the promised gospels, which were gladly sent.

The mixture of grandeur and decay, of beauty and actual squalor, is not confined to Coptic churches, as much that is similar is seen in Italy; only here persecution and crushing oppression for centuries have made them *used* to a greater degree of neglect.

The details of the second visit were a good deal similar to the first; the nuns were more numerous—twenty-five, but I only saw about ten. It struck me that some of them were less interested in the Gospel than the former. One in particular

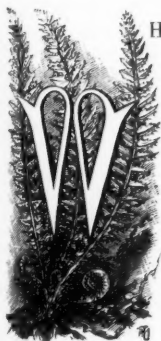
observed, "You seem *only* to care for the Gospel. Other books of ours are as good." I replied that God's Spirit wrote the Gospel, though by men's hands, and no other book could therefore equal it. "Ah, but God gave His Spirit also to the writers of this!" holding up an old Coptic book of poems in which one of them had been reading in a chanting sort of intoning (as monotonous and dreary a style of reading as man ever invented), and consisting of some details of the story of Moses, with a chorus in praise of the Virgin after each verse. I answered her cautiously, not wishing to make her angry, but giving God the glory due to His Word.

The *Raysa*, a woman with a gentle voice and manner, and much intelligence, seemed to agree with me; she certainly had a great love for the Scripture, as far as she knew it. She kindly asked me to spend the whole day with them, but I was not able to do this, so after two hours' visit bade them adieu, with many thanks for their courtesies.

TEMPTATION: ITS SOURCES AND ISSUES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.



HAT, then, is temptation? What its origin? What its issues?

St. James affirms that it is generated in human nature itself. It is the outcome of human lust. The outward thing that solicits is only the occasion; the inward desire is the real moral cause.

All faculty is cause of peril. The higher in the grade of being a creature is, the greater its peril. The more endowed a man is, the more liable to evil he is.

This is really the answer to the foolish question sometimes put: Could not God have made evil impossible? Could He not have made man incapable of sin? He could have made evil impossible, but He could not have made a man incapable of evil. A thing He might; evil is not possible to a star or a vegetable. A brute He might; sin is not possible to a horse or a dog. But a man! Why, the very quality that makes him a man is power to sin—freedom of moral action, freedom of will. If I have no freedom, I can do neither good nor evil. If I have freedom so as to do good, I must have

freedom to do evil. Power to do right implies power to do wrong. And God has so greatly, so grandly, endowed me—given me something like His own prerogative of freedom, of independent will—liberty to do just what I please. A man is God's greatest and grandest creation, just because he is so highly, so perilously endowed; and the nobility of the endowment is worth even the risk of failure, the risk of sin, the moral certainty that some will abuse the great gift and perish.

My own endowments, then, furnish the possibility of temptation. What is lust? Why, it is the wrong desire of a grand nature. You may find men whose natures are very phlegmatic, very torpid; negative men, whom passion never urges. There are timid, tepid people, without much of soul or strength. They never do wrong, but they never do right in any great, heroic way. It is a negative kind of goodness, very harmless, and very blameless. They serve God without reproach, and feel love to Him as much as their little souls can be kindled to. But there is not much virtue, much heroism in it. If a man has no strong desires, he cannot be tempted; but he cannot therefore claim any praise. He is pulseless, passionless, safe, but cold and ignoble. The ratio of passion in a man is the ratio of his temptation; the heroic man is the man of strong desire,

strong lust, who resists and conquers it. A man who has no desire for alcoholic liquor cannot be tempted to drunkenness; a man of a bold, fearless temperament cannot be tempted to cowardice; a man of a mild or cold nature is not tempted to anger; a free, generous nature is not tempted to avarice. No credit to such for being free from those vices. It may be even a debasement, an inferiority of nature, not to have such passions. The noble man is he who resists when they are strong in him. The measure of temptation is the measure of passion; the more sensitive and nervous and emotional a man's temperament—the higher, that is, the qualities of his manhood—the more he can be tempted.

See, then, how temptation arises. Desire springs up in a man, and occasion for gratifying it presents itself. The occasion may be perfectly innocent. It may be gold lying in the till of a counter, or a purse carried loosely in a pocket, and the temptation is to steal it. It may be drink at the wine-seller's, and the temptation is to drink to excess. Or the occasion may be purposely furnished; companions may solicit and urge, the devil may suggest. But it is within the man himself that the desire springs up, and becomes a peril. If his conscience is sensitive, if his religious feeling is strong, it will keep the desire from becoming masterful, keep it from all unlawful indulgence. The answer of religion to every urging of animal passion will be, "How shall I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" But if conscience be feeble, if there be no religious feeling, the desire will be unchecked, it will grow to overmastering strength, it will clamour for indulgence at any cost, and there will be no resisting power.

The temptation arises from men's tastes or desires, and the peril arises from a feeble conscience, or a tepid religious feeling. Many a man whose conscience would not let him commit a murder or a burglary, will yield to temptation in little things; he will cheat a railway company, or forget to return a book that he has borrowed. He will tell white lies, and have recourse to equivocation. He will be mean and unfair to a man's reputation. He has not conscience enough or religion enough to resist the desire, to subdue it to high morality. Imagination feeds his desire, until he fancies that to gratify it would be heaven, and he loses all power of self-restraint.

This is the next characteristic that the Apostle points out—the rapid growth of sinful desire, desire to lust, lust to sin, wrong gratification and sin to death.

All moral ruin begins in natural and innocent desire. The craving of appetite, of pleasurable sensation of any kind, is not in itself wrong. God has implanted the natural desire; it answers high purposes of life. But when there is no

strong conscience or religious feeling to keep the blind instinct under control; when the desire is dallied with and cherished without any reference to right and wrong, to holiness and God; then the desire rapidly grows to lust, and lust brings forth sin, and sin works death. This is the uniform process. The most abandoned villain was once a little child at his mother's knee; the foulest crime began in a trifling transgression of right; the basest passion was once only a harmless desire. Great depravity, great sins, are not born fully developed; they are cherished and nurtured into their badness. The process may be a long one or a short one, according to the conscience of a man; but it always takes place. We cannot always trace a crime step by step, but it has as surely grown as the oak from the acorn. One wrong thing has led to another; unchecked desire has become lust, and lust has impelled sin, just in proportion as controlling religious feeling has been absent. Sins multiply, habit grows, familiarity takes off the horror and alarm, propensities grow stronger from indulgence, until by rapid steps the sinner advances to great crimes. The indulgence of his passion becomes an infatuation; no appeal seems to touch him; no motive to have power to check him. He sins madly, recklessly, and therefore without ordinary prudence, and commits the greatest crimes with the folly of a child.

The end is death—the destruction of conscience, of the religious faculty, a nature out of which morality and religion are lost, and the sense of God, and all capability of spiritual enjoyment; the man becomes a brute, a brutalised man, a man reduced, who has lost the moral qualities of his manhood. He suffers moral death, and of Death it is said "hell follows with him"—the death that is implied in God's abandonment, God's rejection, God's curse; in all that a soul can be without religious feeling and without God: banished from Him, and given over to its own reprobation.

The alternative issue is life—a life nobler and better for temptation, stronger in feeling, deeper in principle, full of gratitude to God, with a new sense of the great life of God; full of deep tenderness and sympathy with men, yearning and praying and helping, qualified for human brotherhood as Christ was qualified, Who was "in all points tempted as we are." "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation," in whom temptation does this purifying, strengthening, softening work, making his goodness as tender as it is pure. A good man who has not been tempted is hard in his goodness; a good man who has been tempted is very pitiful. He makes large allowance, "considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." He "receives his crown of life." His life receives its crown, the last touch of moral perfection and dignity, and God crowns it with

gladness and honour by His "Well done." He is a "good and a faithful servant, and he enters the joy of his Lord"—the supreme joy of moral victory.

From what I have said you will see that the temptations of a man will commonly correspond to his own individual characteristics. They are the result of his own composite character; the temptations of one man are not the temptations of another; one man is tempted to drunkenness; another man has not the slightest inclination in that direction—he rather revolts from it. The lesson is that we watch against our peculiar weaknesses, our "easily besetting sin," strengthen the weak places of our soul, place sentries where access is easiest, strive and pray against passions that are strongest, against the direction in which we feel ourselves moving. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of *his own lust*." A man falls on the side to which he leans.

Another thing is, that temptation is no irresistible force. It is not a fate; it is not a coercion; it is not a magical power, causing a moral paralysis. It is an appeal to a man's inclination and will. We may resist or yield, according to our own feeling. A man who says he cannot

resist the temptation to steal or commit murder is properly punished. He ought to resist because he *can*. And especially may the beginning of evil desire be resisted. When a man has drunk himself drunken, he has lost power of will and self-control; but he might have resisted the beginning of his sin. A man may weaken his moral power by sin, but this is not the cause of the beginning of it. Hence the vital importance of stopping beginnings—guarding against the first excess, the first wrong feeling.

And it is no excuse for sin that we are tempted by another. How the solicitation is presented is a mere accident, whether by the devil or man. He who tempts incurs his own guilt for tempting, but he who yields cannot throw his guilt upon the tempter. The devil himself has no power to compel any man to sin. Man sins only when he is "enticed of his own lust."

And God knows our temptation, and will give us all needful grace to resist it. He orders the discipline of our life, and when we cry to Him in peril or weakness His grace will be sufficient for us.

"When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord raises up a standard against him."

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COUSINS.



LANCE was the first to feel ashamed of himself.

"This is worse than absurd, Percy. Think of your mother! Why on earth are we quarrelling as if we were a couple of peppery boys who knew no better?"

"I called you a scoundrel, and I will not retract it!" raved Percy Glenwood, who, after the fashion of many men who are

slow to anger, was apt to rush to extremes when thoroughly aroused.

"You are complimentary," said his cousin, nettled by his language. "As your guest and kinsman, surely I am entitled to better usage. If I have stayed too long, you need not have hesitated to tell me so. Perhaps you are ashamed when you are

asked by your new acquaintances who I am. If you are, acknowledge it frankly; don't make paltry pretexts for getting rid of me."

"It is no pretext," cried Percy, still panting and glowing with ire. "I welcomed you with all my heart. I was pleased to have an opportunity of proving to you that no change in your position would affect me; but when you take advantage of my mother's confidence in you to bring disgrace upon us as well as yourself——"

"Halt there! This is a charge I cannot listen to patiently. By whom am I accused? I will go to my aunt and hear from her lips who has dared to slander me."

"You will do no such thing." And Percy planted himself in the speaker's way. "As yet she knows nothing about it, and I prefer to keep her in ignorance if I can. Not on your account," he added; "you do not deserve any consideration shown to you; but on Aunt Mary's and Elfreda's. I shall think of them, if you do not."

"Go on," said Lance coolly. "You always did quarrel like a great girl, scolding and calling names, instead of coming to the point. Have you taken offence because I interfered with your bailiff when he swung his horsewhip round a miserable child who was picking up sticks under the hedge? Grimes is

a good servant, doubtless, but he is hard—cruelly hard on the poor.”

“Do I encourage him in his harshness? Are you reminding me of this and other services you have done us here, that you may fence with the serious affront you have given me? Lance, you know full well that I have always listened to your advice, and followed it all the more readily because I thought you as upright as you were shrewd.”

“And you have changed your mind? Very suddenly too. Would it be much trouble to explain why?”

“Where have you been?” asked Percy abruptly.

Lance stared and whistled.

“This is an odd question, but you shall have the best answer I can give you. Where have I been? I hardly know.”

“Another evasion. You have been to the Red House.”

“To see my mother? Yes. Do I not go there every day?”

“I forbid you to cross the threshold of that house again. It is mine, and never more shall you set foot in it.”

“These are arbitrary proceedings with a vengeance!” ejaculated Lance. “Your prohibition comes rather late, seeing that I have arranged to leave Glenwood in the morning. I rather think I shall refuse to be forbidden a farewell interview with my mother, in spite of you.”

“Anyhow, I will take care that you see no one else,” was the significant rejoinder. “It was not for Aunt Mary’s sake you loitered in the garden there this morning.”

“Has some one played the spy on me?” Lance demanded angrily. “It does not redound to your credit to listen to such tales. In an old woman it might be excusable; in a young man—bah!”

Percy clenched his teeth, for his cousin’s contempt was hard to bear.

“Do you think I listened willingly, or that it gratified me to hear that you were acting so basely? Lance, amongst the rougher men with whom you have cast your lot, you seem to have lost the high sense of honour your father tried to inculcate. There was a time when you would have been the first to remember that girls like Claire Eldridge, who have neither father nor brother to watch over them, should be as reverently treated as you would treat your own sister.”

“Claire! why is her name brought into this extraordinary discussion?”

“You went to the Red House to see her; deny it if you can!”

Lance hesitated; but the truth must be told, even if it confirmed Percy’s suspicions.

“I tried to get a few minutes’ conversation with her this morning. So far, you have been rightly informed.”

“It is not the first time. Regardless of the gossiping people in the village, who would lay hold on

more trivial incidents than that, and twist them into irreparable mischief, you have hung about the gate in the twilight; you have bribed a little boy to carry messages to her—messages which she has very properly refused to receive. Under the cloak of affectionate interest in your mother, you have been trying to win the affections of an innocent, defenceless girl, whom by your own showing you are about to leave without a pang of remorse. You have dared to live under my roof while you carried out plans that make my blood boil with indignation!

“Shame on you!” Percy went on, with upraised hand, and his voice hoarse with rage. “If any sorrow befalls Claire through your conduct, you shall pay dearly for it. If but a breath of evil-speaking touches her through your secret addresses, take care to keep out of my way, for I will not let you go scot free, I can tell you!”

“Upon my word,” cried Lance, folding his arms, and leaning his back against the gate, that he might survey his angry cousin, “this is a very convincing proof that relations are best apart. I was a fool to come to Glenwood. I might have known how it would end. You have been spoiled by those who curry your favour because you are rich, and now you think it sounds well to ride the high horse, and teach me my place.”

“You are unjust,” said Percy, moderating his tone. “I am not ashamed of a thought I have cherished with regard to you. If we are no longer friends, the fault is yours.”

“From whom have you gathered this precious tissue of truth and falsehood so cunningly woven together?” Lance demanded. “For my own satisfaction, I will tell you why I tried to speak with Claire this morning. Her sister is being hurried into an unsuitable marriage, and I wanted to ask her to try and prevent it.”

“A poor excuse; it was no business of yours,” he was told.

“I should not have made it mine, if I could have induced any one else to interfere in the poor child’s behalf. As for the rest, it is not true.”

At any other time this simple assertion would have sufficed, but now Percy responded promptly—

“I do not believe you. My informant is incapable of stooping to a falsehood.”

Lance ground his teeth, but restrained himself, and began to walk quietly away. Percy was not satisfied with this; he followed quickly, and again addressed him.

“Perhaps I have been too hasty; perhaps I have spoken angrily when I should have reasoned with you. I might have pointed out to you that a flirtation with a young girl who has watchful friends around her might be overlooked; but when the object of it stands almost alone in the world, without name or home, with two creatures looking up to her who are, if possible, more helpless than herself, it is monstrous. There can be no excuse for it; no forgiveness.”

"Have you done?" asked Lance calmly. "It would be ridiculous to attempt to defend myself, for it is plain that you are too prejudiced to give me a fair hearing. If you are as thoroughly Claire's

you do attempt to renew your acquaintance with either of Miss Eldridge's nieces, you shall answer for it to me."

But his hand was shaken off with an impatient



"There is something I want to ask of you."—p. 487.

friend as you profess to be, prove it by interfering between her sister and Matt Woods. Should I ever come to Glenwood again, it shall not be till you have grown wise enough to despise tale-bearers."

More irritated than calmed by his kinsman's forbearance, Percy gripped his shoulder.

"You are not going to shirk me in this way. Keep in mind the warning I have given you, for if

gesture. Lance was the last person in the world to whom such a warning should have been addressed. He had always cherished so tender an affection for his mother, that he was reverent to the whole sex for her sake; and, in spite of his quiet, even commonplace exterior, he was so respectful to all good women, so chivalric to the very worst, that this trait in his character had been discovered by his

fellow-workmen long since. Lads who talked lightly of their sweethearts, husbands who murmured at the shortcomings of their wives, forbore to speak of them in those terms to Lance Balfour; and if they giped at him as a fool and a saint, it is certain that the almost silent influence he exercised strangled many a ribald jest in its birth, and shamed a few into remembering what was due to the weaker vessel.

But he was fast losing his temper now, and his retort was sharply spoken.

"There has been enough of this. Am I a child to be dictated to? If I were in a position to marry, should I ask your sanction? Think of what you are accusing me! Of forgetting, or rather ignoring, how Miss Eldridge's roof has sheltered my mother during her illness, and Claire and Lucie have been her most devoted nurses. It is an insult; so intolerable an insult that you must be mad to offer it. Let me go, before I am tempted to resent it!"

And Lance would no longer be detained. When he and his cousin met again, it was in Mrs. Glenwood's drawing-room. There was invariably a peaceful atmosphere here. Elfreda might curl her lip sometimes in disdain of her aunt's simple pleasures and occupations, but she was not insensible to the charm Mildred Glenwood exercised over every one who came in contact with her, less by virtue of her abilities than her goodness of heart. Even the silent Miss Asdon, whose leisure moments seemed to be devoted to depressing recollections, would wake from them to smile gratefully when some kindly remark, or appeal to her for assistance, would make her feel that she was looked upon as one of the family by her gentle, generous employer.

Mrs. Glenwood was writing to her younger sons when Lance came to lean over her chair, and excuse his absence from the dinner-table. Percy had flung himself on a couch near Elfreda, and thankfully accepted her offer to read aloud, though it is doubtful whether he understood the Greek verses which, in her finely modulated tones, she declaimed for his benefit.

His aunt insisted that her letters should contain an affectionate message from Lance to his father, and she was sincerely grieved to hear that he intended returning to the North on the morrow.

"Poor Mary's illness has filled my thoughts to the exclusion of all else," she said. "I meant to have had a serious talk with you and Percy about your future. It troubles me that you should be working so hard, whilst we have all we need and more."

"Dear aunt," she was softly told, "I would not relinquish my work on any account. You are too sensible to wish to deprive me of the gratification of knowing when I lie down at night—and every night—that it is with something attempted, something done."

"And a thankful heart for the strength and energy that has prompted your efforts, eh, Lance?"

No; I would not wish to see you other than what you are, now your father seems to be reconciling himself to it; but you are so far away from us! Your mother does not recover her strength quickly. Can it be because she frets on your account? You are her only son, Lance, and she sees you so seldom."

"I do not leave her willingly," he replied; "I would alter the state of affairs if I knew how."

"I am sure of that; she and I are blest in affectionate children; but what I wanted to say was this: Could you not carry on your work nearer to Mincester? For instance, in London? If you had a partnership in some firm of engineers, it would be greatly for your benefit, would it not? And in consequence of Percival's long minority, there is money lying by that we could let you have without the smallest inconvenience to ourselves."

Lance made a dissenting gesture. Accept the use of his cousin's money, and now! It would be impossible. He was not foolishly proud; he would have been thankful for such timely aid, knowing how very much it would benefit him; but not while Percy did not scruple to suspect him of inexcusable treachery and deceit.

"You shall talk it over together," Mrs. Glenwood said; and she beckoned to her son to join them.

However, he took no notice of the signal, and she smiled indulgently, murmuring that after all it would be a pity to disturb him just at present.

"But in the morning, Lance——"

"Neither then nor at any other time, dearest aunt," he answered firmly. "Let me preserve my independence till an opening presents itself, and then who knows whether my father may not come to my assistance? It would be a glad day for me if he did. I would willingly bear years of rougher toil than any I have yet known, if the result could be the downfall of his prejudices."

"And that day will come, if you are patient and forbearing and dutiful," Mrs. Glenwood predicted—so hopefully that her hearer's eyes grew moist.

"Come what may, my kind auntie, I think you'll try and retain a good opinion of me."

"My dear boy," and Mildred took both his hands, and squeezed them lovingly, "of course I shall. You never have disappointed me yet, and I don't think you ever will. Write often to Percy, if not to me, and come to us again as soon as you can."

Consoled by her affection and sympathy, Lance banished the cloud from his brow, and would have made advances towards a reconciliation with his cousin if the latter had not avoided him.

This was provoking, and proved that nothing he had said had convinced Percy of his innocence.

"Time must do that," he determined. "I cannot thrust myself upon him, nor repeat assurances he refuses to credit. I can only hope that his mischief-making informant will be detected before he or she succeeds in doing any more harm."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADIEUX.

BEFORE going to his room that night, Lance would have arranged to leave the Lodge in the morning at as early an hour as he could hope to obtain admission to his mother; but this Mrs. Glenwood, in her extreme good-nature, obstinately opposed.

She could not be content to let him go till she had seen him eat a hearty breakfast. Did she not know by experience what a long and fatiguing journey he would have before him?

And then she made kindly proposals that Lance should be driven in Percy's trap as far as the railway station at the market town. However, her son did not second it, muttering something about business, when she looked surprised and even pained that he should behave ungraciously to his departing kinsman.

But Lance would not have a shadow thrown on that dear face, and contrived with merry jokes and smiles to draw her attention away from the fancied slight, so that she went to bed at last hugging herself on the thought that amongst them they had made Mary's boy very happy at the Lodge, and very reluctant to leave them.

In spite of her early habits, Mrs. Glenwood had not descended to the breakfast parlour when Lance, equipped for his journey, pushed open the door, letting a flood of brilliant sunshine enter with him.

The only figure on which it fell was that of his sister, who was seated at a small side table between the windows, on which the letters that arrived by the early post were always laid ready for their owners.

As soon as she heard a footstep, she crumpled in her hand the one she was reading, and had slid it into her pocket almost before recognising the intruder.

"I am glad to get hold of you, Fleda, for a minute or two," was Lance's unceremonious salute. "There is something I want to ask of you before we part."

If the stately, self-possessed Elfleda could look embarrassed, she did then, though the feeling passed away as her brother went on speaking.

"Dear sis, you have it in your power to do so much for those who are less fortunate than yourself! I often think of you when I am at my work; not enviously, believe me, though it is always as my father's right-hand and favourite companion; his secretary, and, better still, his almoner."

"It is because I devote myself to him," she answered hurriedly. "I sympathise with his tastes; I fall in with his habits. I recognise my duty, and guide myself by it. Had I thrust it aside as you have done——"

"Gently, Fleda; don't embitter the last moments we are spending together with reproaches. Perhaps you have found it a less difficult task to merge your inclinations in your obedience than I have done. Besides, I did not want to speak to you of myself, but of a very helpless pair of young creatures who are, or soon

will be, in want of just such a powerful friend as I fancy you could be to them."

Elfleda smiled, and her attention encouraged him to proceed.

"You, who are almost as young as they must be, are able to enter into their feelings and the difficulties of their position, and out of the very greatness of your own happiness you will learn to pity them, because they want for so much that has fallen to your share."

"Do not exaggerate my advantages, Lance. If I were ambitious I might crave many goods that have not been given me. But I do not complain," she added, with an air of self-satisfaction that on a less beautiful woman would have looked ludicrous. "As to befriending your *protegées*, it is a bad plan to single any person out for extra assistance, and I am at a loss to know whom you could have found here in such a pitiable condition as you picture."

Lance winced, for there was a ring of irony in her tones. Had he exaggerated?

"I thought you would guess directly that I meant Claire and Lucie Eldridge."

"Really! How very odd that you should make this appeal to me just as I have been thinking of them, and wondering whether I should be considered over-officious if I put up a remonstrance in their behalf."

"You would have the applause of your own conscience," she was assured. And Lance felt that he had never esteemed his sister so warmly.

"It's quite too utterly ridiculous," said Elfleda, pursuing the current of her thoughts, "to see those girls brought into notoriety as they are! They are being taught to consider themselves on an equality with every one at the Red House. Their proper place is in the kitchen with their friend the fat cook. It is insufferable that they, the children of gipsies or tramps, should call themselves by the name of the kind old woman who has sheltered them, and thrust themselves into the society of her lodgers."

Lance was so astounded by this tirade that he could not immediately reply to it.

"Who says they are the children of a tramp?" he demanded at last.

"Who can say that they are not? The circumstances attending their first appearance here certainly point to that conclusion, and no other."

"Then is it not an additional reason for pitying and admiring them?" asked Lance warmly. "I deny that they thrust themselves into notice; you must be wilfully blind to their good qualities, or you would have seen how cheerfully they submit to be snubbed by one and scolded by another. Put yourself in their place if you can, expected as they are to play the nurse to my mother and Miss Eldridge; to take care that the poor lunatic one meets in the passages comes to no harm; to have no will of their own; and yet amidst all their labours to preserve their sweetness of temper and readiness to oblige.

If they did not brighten that old house with their presence and unselfish devotion to its inmates, it would be a sorry place for some of them."

Elfleda put up her shoulders slightly.

"My dear boy, I'm quite willing to believe all you say of these young women, and I assure you I am feeling quite anxious to do something for them—on mamma's account, of course; they waited upon her quite as nicely as we could expect for such very unpractised hands. You may depend upon my recommending them if it should ever lie in my power to do so. I had some idea of training the tallest and sharpest to wait upon me."

Lance broke from her with one of the angry growls of his boyhood. It seemed to impart dignity to the toils of Mollie's maidens as long as they were undertaken for the sick and helpless; but who, except Elfleda, would dream of degrading the spirited Claire or the graceful little Lucie into mere machines to brush the hair and trim the gowns of a modern young lady—who, he asked, but Elfleda Balfour?

"We never think alike, no matter what the subject," he said, in answer to her look of mild surprise.

"Unfortunately no, my poor brother. You are a living proof that when the mind of man has received a warp or twist in the wrong direction, long and continuous efforts are required to win it back to its proper bent."

"What have my personal shortcomings to do with my endeavour to interest you in the behalf of Claire and Lucie?"

"A great deal; it proves that your sympathies are no longer with your own class. You would go out of your way to serve persons who are nothing to you, while poor papa, to whom your aid in the school would have been invaluable, sighs for it in vain."

"Elfleda, it was not in my power to be the efficient assistant my father needs."

She shook her head.

"Excuse me if I still think that the will was wanting—not the ability."

"I am sorry I brought this upon myself by appealing to your Christian charity," he was provoked into telling her.

"So am I," she responded coldly. "Such an appeal was not only ill-timed but unnecessary. Mamma can be trusted to properly requite all Miss Eldridge's dependents for their services; more than that would be absurd."

Lance thrust his hands into his pockets and stared gloomily from a window till Mrs. Glenwood came in from the kitchen, carrying a favourite dish she had been preparing for her nephew herself, just to keep him in mind of old times.

Had he behaved foolishly in yielding to the pitying interest with which the orphan girls had inspired him? He thought not. Searching his heart, he could not find in it any cause for self-reproach; yet how oddly, even those on whose goodwill he placed the fullest reliance, had combined to thwart his

purpose! He must go away without having effected anything; and Lucie, with no one to strengthen her in her opposition to Mrs. Barnes' match-making, would be, or so he was sadly afraid, induced to marry the detestable Matt Woods after all.

It was a trouble to Lance to appear at his ease while Mrs. Glenwood was pressing her dainties upon him. Percival did not appear, but the message a servant delivered, "Mr. Balfour would find him at the Red House if he still purposed calling there," sounded to his cousin very much like a threat.

Poor Mrs. Glenwood began to be dimly conscious that there was something amiss, though she refused to believe it possible that her son and nephew could have quarrelled. For Elfleda's sake they must be always the best of friends.

When Lance, refusing to be detained any longer, had embraced her warmly, touched with his lips the cheek of his sister, and was going down the avenues at a pace that soon carried him out of sight, his aunt stood at the window gazing after him with a more perplexed look in her face than it was wont to assume.

Miss Asdon saw it, and spoke hopefully of the weather. Mr. Balfour had a charming day for his journey, and to his active mind there must be no small degree of pleasure in the act of plunging into work again.

Mrs. Glenwood assented absently, and now Elfleda drew nearer, an open letter in her hand.

"I have news for you, auntie, when you can listen to them. Papa is coming to Glenwood to beg your hospitality for the next two or three weeks."

"I shall be delighted to see him; but to what cause do we owe his visit? The term is not over, and in his last letter to your mother he spoke of himself as too busy to spare a day, even for fetching her to Mincester."

"The scarlet fever has been prevalent in the town for some time, and now the infection has spread to the school," explained Elfleda, referring to her letter. "Papa thinks it advisable to send all his pupils home immediately, although the two who have been taken ill are not in any great danger."

Mrs. Glenwood's thoughts had flown to her own boys, and she grew pale.

"Are you trying to prepare me for sorrowful tidings? Is Tom attacked, or either of his brothers?"

"My dear aunt, how weak your nerves must be! My cousins are all well, and papa will bring them with him. See, here is his letter; you can read it yourself."

Mrs. Glenwood stood for a minute or so with bowed head, and lips that moved not in thanksgiving alone, but in supplication for those less happy mothers whose little laddies were in peril; but when she looked up it was to utter the name of Lance.

"How unfortunate that he should have left us! Thrown together as he and his father would have been here, who knows but they might have learned to understand each other better than they have ever

done before? Oh, Fleda, my love, how was it you did not open your letter earlier?"

Receiving no answer to that remark, Mrs. Glenwood returned to the window. Lance had vanished long since. By this time he must be saying his adieux to his mother, and perhaps, as he had been warned not to agitate her by too lengthy an interview, he was already on his way to the market town.

That he should be departing just as his father might be hourly expected at the Lodge was so provoking that Mrs. Glenwood could not reconcile herself to it.

She accosted her niece eagerly.

"It is not too late to recall the poor boy; he must be followed and brought back. Where is Percy? he would overtake him long before he reached the railway station."

"On foot?" asked Elfreda incredulously.

"No, I suppose not; Lance is such a rapid walker. But"—Mrs. Glenwood's hand was on the bell—"a horse can soon be harnessed to the dog-cart. I will give orders directly; and do you, love, find your cousin and beg of him to come to me."

But Percy, as Elfreda reminded her aunt, had quitted the house long since.

"Then I must send a servant; or Jones shall drive, and I will go with him myself. I shall be able to over-rule any objections Lance may offer."

"And spend the afternoon on the sofa with a racking headache, the results of so much excitement. No, auntie; if you really think it advisable to recall Lance—"

The young lady paused and looked an inquiry, which Mrs. Glenwood answered with a vehement—

"Child, is not your mother breaking her heart over this estrangement? How could we let slip any chance of putting an end to it?"

"You know best," said Elfreda rather sullenly. "As you wish it, I will drive to the town. I have to go to the jeweller's to have my watch-chain mended; and I can also telegraph to papa that you will expect him by an early train."

Mrs. Glenwood assented to the arrangement gladly, hurrying her niece away as much as a demoiselle so dignified and deliberate in her movements would consent to have them hastened; then summoned Miss Asdon and her maids to consult with them which rooms should be made ready for the coming guests.

It was not till everything was in train for their reception, and she was sitting down to rest awhile before driving herself to the Red House, that Mrs. Glenwood's thoughts reverted to Dr. Balfour's letter to his daughter.

Elfreda must have received it an hour—quite an hour—before Lance left them, and as a rule she devoured her father's epistles as soon as she received them. How very strange it was that she should have left that particular one so long unopened!

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CHARGE.

LANCE did not loiter over his adieux. He found his mother limping about her room with the help of a stick. She had resolved, she told him, to go back to Mincester at all hazards; and Mrs. Barnes, assisted by Mollie, was packing the various *impedimenta* gathered about her during her long illness.

It threatened to be a long business, for Mollie's ideas of packing were chaotic, and as she invariably bestowed round articles in square corners, and weighty ones on those that were small and fragile, Mrs. Barnes had to be continually on the alert to undo what she had done.

Of Percival Glenwood he saw no sign; neither of Claire. Miss Lottie came out of her studio to promise him the first painting of the Red House she contrived to find time to finish, and Miss Susan slipped into his hand what he believed to be a tip in the shape of a bank-note; but it was only a very sentimental farewell to a departing relative, with a note appended, to the effect that if he should feel any desire to have the verses published in either of the northern papers, Miss Sue would have no objection.

He could not see Miss Eldridge. She had fallen asleep after a wakeful night, and Louie was with her. No one else appeared to speed him on his journey with good wishes, even his mother hurried him away, and Lance walked to the town with such a sore heart that he grew angry with himself for feeling so depressed, and with no little bitterness of spirit protested that he must have been deteriorating sadly, or he could not feel such regret at quitting a place where so few appeared sorry to lose him.

There was a field-path to the town that shortened the distance considerably, but as Lance was not very well acquainted with it he was content to plod along the dusty high road. As, however, he passed the stile at which it ended—a couple of hundred paces from the first houses in the town—he saw two female figures resting there.

A second glance enabled him to recognise in one Claire Eldridge, in the other Annie Morris, the poor harmless creature whom Mrs. Barnes had rescued from something like solitary confinement and brought to the Red House, to be quietly happy amongst the birds and flowers. Her hands now were full of leaves and grasses culled from the hedgerows, but though engrossed in arranging them, as she sat on the stile, she recognised Lance, and commenced nodding and smiling at him.

Her companion would have hurried her away, but though docile enough in general, she was wilful now, and insisted on being allowed to present Lance with the prettiest bunch of her leaves for a button-hole.

Lance was too good-natured to oppose her; he would have plenty of time to catch his train, even if he let her delay him for a few minutes. Whether or no to avail himself of this opportunity for speaking

to Claire about her sister he was puzzled to decide. Unless he was mistaken, Claire would have avoided him, and was obviously embarrassed. Had she, too, heard the shameful gossip that coupled their names together?

However, the knot was cut for him. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady was disconcerted by the *rencontre*; it was not because she had been taught to fear or suspect him, for while Miss Morris was pinning her button-hole in Lance's coat, Claire did not hesitate to say—

"Mollie told me you were asking for me yesterday. Is there anything you wish me to do for Mrs. Balfour?"

"No; but for your sister," he blurted out. "Is it possible that you are blind to what is going on? or are you like the rest, pressing upon her a marriage that, judging by her looks, is positively hateful to her?"

"I have been blind," was the agitated reply; "selfishly so. I have let other persons and other things take up my time and my thoughts till Mollie opened my eyes yesterday to my sister's unhappiness. Foolish Mollie, and still more foolish Lucie, to imagine that I would stand by and let her be over-persuaded."

"But now that you know it, are you strong enough to be her defender?"

"I will be strong enough," was the ardent response. "Matt Woods shall never have my little sister; he is not good enough for her; he is not a gentleman. I have seen him walk by her side when she was bending under the weight of a heavy basket without offering to carry it for her. It was a very shabby one, truly, and full of cabbages," Claire added, meditatively.

"You are aware that Mrs. Barnes advocates this marriage. I am afraid your sister will find it difficult to withstand her harshness."

"Ah! but she is never harsh to Lucie. She lectures and dictates, and out of the very depth of her love she would urge my sister to accept these proposals because it would secure her a home; but Mrs. Barnes will content herself with scolding me; she will say it is all my fault, that I always set myself in opposition to her, that I am jealous, and I know not what besides. It will not signify; I can bear it!"

And Claire laughed so gleefully that her mirth was infectious. The poor lunatic suffered herself to be led away, echoing the pretty, musical laughter, and Lance pursued his journey in better spirits.

He would have liked a word with Lucie herself; to have held her little fluttering fingers in his palm the while she admitted that she should miss him, and perhaps to receive a mute farewell from the gravely innocent eyes that would haunt him long after he had left Glenwood—perhaps for ever. Would there have been a tear in them when she murmured good-bye?

Then Lance pulled himself up sharply. What was he to Lucie, or Lucie to him, that he dwelt upon

the charm of her modest prettiness so tenaciously, and found himself recalling every word he had heard her speak!

Years, long and weary, must pass before he dare dream of a home and a wife; and had he not come to the conclusion that when he did wed it must be with a woman strong enough both in mind and body to sustain the hardships of a chequered life? He must not turn out of his way to pluck a delicate blossom that would fade in the smoky atmosphere of a great manufacturing town, and shrink from the noise, the clamour, and possibly from himself; for he would be no holiday wooer, and might prove but an indifferent husband, too much engrossed in his projects and inventions to remember always those little courtesies that wonderfully sweeten life, even while they may mean little or nothing.

Claire, with her half-witted companion, went back to the Red House. What had brought her to the town she had not thought proper to avow, nor had Lance testified any curiosity concerning it, though afterwards he remembered that it was a most unusual occurrence to meet either of the sisters so far from Miss Eldridge's.

Lance also went his way, with no more interruptions. He was detained at the station for nearly twenty minutes, the train being late, but no one from the Lodge overtook him. Elfreda had several little affairs to transact in the town; some shopping to do at the linendraper's, a cap to purchase for her mother at the milliner's, and she was so very anxious to have her watch-chain mended at once that she took the upper road, and drove to the jeweller's with it before she went to the railway station at all.

Mrs. Glenwood would have been more anxious as to the result of her niece's journey if she had not been too fully occupied in arranging for Mrs. Balfour's removal to the Lodge.

She would hear no refusals now; it would be a delightful surprise for the Doctor to find his wife on the lawn in her easy-chair; and seeing that it would now be impossible to carry out her intentions and go back to Mincester, Mrs. Balfour gave way, and tried to look smiling and satisfied.

When Elfreda did return, her father sat beside her, and the three boys were enjoying the fun of being squeezed into the back seat.

While welcoming her brother-in-law, to whom she was sincerely attached, and satisfying her maternal eyes that her three laddies were in the rudest health, Mrs. Glenwood contrived to forget to put any inquiries to Elfreda respecting her brother, and when, with a pang of remorse, she remembered poor Lance, the young lady was hanging on the Doctor's arm, too busy and too happy to be drawn aside.

Percy, coming home just before dinner, was startled and not over well pleased to find his uncle at the Lodge. It would be their first meeting since he had allowed himself to be swayed by his mother's unspoken wishes so far as to give Elfreda reason to believe that he intended asking her to be his wife.

That he had grown colder instead of more ardent—that he avoided her society instead of seeking it, Percy himself knew but too well; but the young lady had never complained; there was every reason to believe that she was quite satisfied with her lover; and would not the Doctor expect something more definite—a formal request for his daughter's hand—an entreaty that the day of their union might be fixed now he had come to be the young man's guest?

Percy had spent a miserable morning, still suspecting Lance so much that he had dogged him to the Red House, and from thence to the town, thus becoming, though himself unseen, a spectator of his brief interview with Claire.

Of course nothing either of them could have said would have convinced him that this meeting had not been previously arranged, and he had rushed away, narrowly escaping Elfleda, to fall in with Matt Woods.

Less to oblige Lance than to vent his jealous rage on some one or other, Percy attacked him on the subject of his wooing.

"I do not speak to you as your landlord, neither do I arrogate my right to interfere with you, but as man to man I ask if you are not behaving very cruelly to force your addresses on a girl who is not allowed by her friends the privilege of declining them?"

Matt looked sheepish, and stroked his straw-coloured moustache. He was not quite sure that he understood Mr. Glenwood; but it was very flattering to have such an interest taken in his affairs, and he simpered as he responded—

"If it's about little Lucie—if it's Lucie you mean——"

"Of whom but she have I been speaking?" demanded Percy testily.

"Very true, Mr. Glenwood, very true; and it's plain to my mind that you've been thinking the same as father and me. She's a very nice sort of a girl, is Lucie, and I haven't a word to say to her disfavour."

Percy made an impatient movement.

"But," Matt went on mysteriously, "but there is a fault which, with mother in her condition, I can't afford to overlook. She's not strong."

"I dare say you are taking a very prudent view of the affair," said Percy, curling his lip.

"Yes, Mr. Glenwood, I believe I am," Matt replied with a self-complacent smile. "I don't see the sense of marrying a young woman who might break down just at our busiest time—harvesting, you know, and hop-picking; and so as I haven't bound myself to Lucie, I've quite decided to take Claire instead. It'll be a much better arrangement for all parties. Even mother's given in to it now, and she's always been mightily taken with the other one."

Matt Woods' very practical views of matrimony only strengthened Percy in his conception of what a true marriage should be. In vain did he tell himself that, no matter who wooed or wedded Claire,

she could never be his. He still found himself drawing delicious pictures of what his life might be if he went through it hand-in-hand with her.

He dreamed of seeing her lovely eyes light up at his approach, as he had seen them do when his mother drew near; of seeing all that coldness he deprecated melt away, and her smiles beam for him as they did for others. A fancy that she was not quite so indifferent to him as she tried to appear had stolen into his mind lately, and made his position with regard to Elfleda yet more intolerable.

As usual, he had been too yielding; he had suffered himself to be entangled in an engagement from which he was beginning to shrink with torments of self-reproach. Elfleda was the most beautiful of women, but how could he make her happy, or be happy himself, while another was far dearer to him than she had ever been or could be?

With these emotions warring in his mind, it was difficult to play the agreeable host, and make conversation when Mrs. Glenwood carried off her boys and he was left to amuse his uncle. Poor Milly had kissed her sister, who did not join them at dinner, and stroked the cheek of her beautiful niece, as she significantly told them the Doctor and Percy were settling down to a long cosy chat. There was an aching at her heart the while, for he would never be quite her own boy again when he had a wife to fill the place she now held; but how bravely she hid it! how firmly she refused to listen to the voice whispering to her that Fleda was not all she would have chosen for her son's bride!

Mrs. Balfour shivered and sighed as she received her sister's kiss. What right had she to rejoice over any good fortune, while her conscience was not at rest?

As for Elfleda, she permitted her aunt's caresses with a little air of condescension. It would be a very good match in a worldly point of view; but—Ah! yes, there was a but.

Papa must rouse Percival to a proper sense of his duties. She could never endure to vegetate at the Lodge as he proposed doing. With their united talents a brilliant career lay before them. She would be a second Hypatia, in whose saloon should gather all the choicest spirits of the age; *savants* from every country should crowd to her reunions, and Percy should owe to his clever wife half the successes she intended him to achieve.

But while she was building these castles in the air, Mrs. Glenwood was rummaging the drawers of her writing table. She had promised Tom, who was developing into a dandy, that she would give him a ring he had often expressed a wish to have.

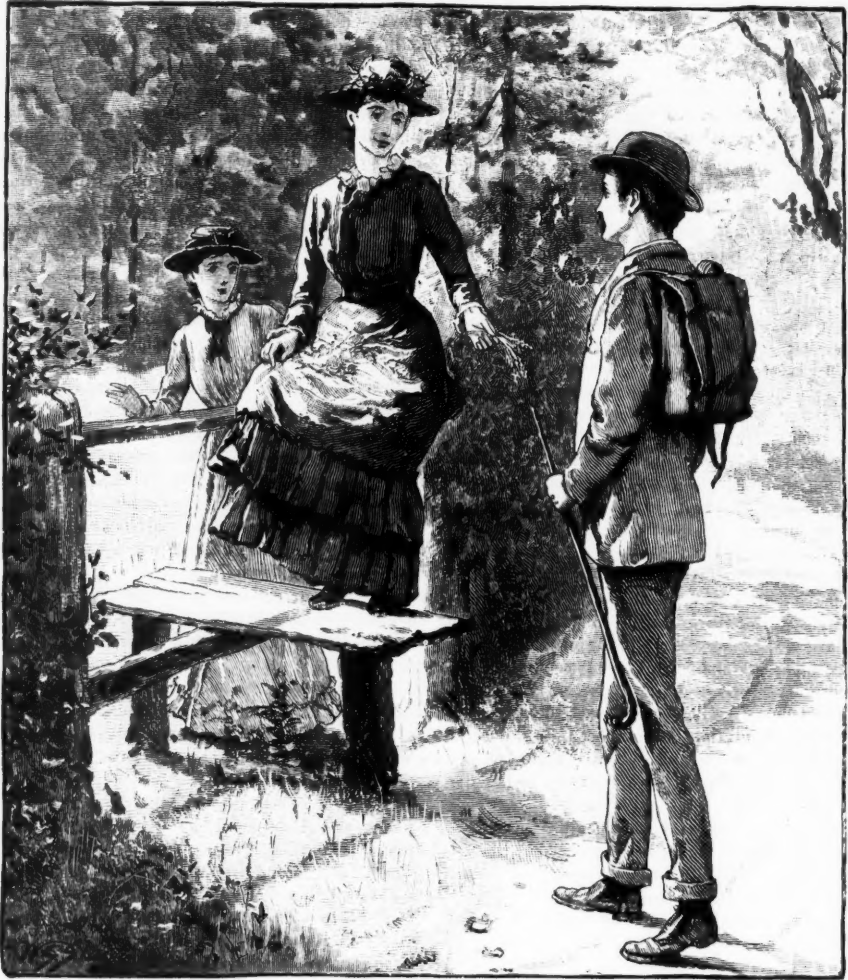
It was not a very handsome, though valuable one, the cameo set in it being more rare than beautiful; but Tom had coaxed his mother to give it to him on the morrow, which was his birthday, and she was vexed that she was unable to remember where she had put it.

"Miss Asdon!" she cried, intending to appeal to

the neat-fingered lady-help who so frequently came to her assistance in such emergencies.

"Miss Asdon is not here," Elfleda answered. "Can I be of any use to you, auntie? What have you lost?"

"My dear Milly!" said Mrs. Balfour, "have you forgotten that you wore that ring the last time you came to the Red House? You had had a discussion with Mrs. Barnes about cameos, and took it there to show it to her."



"She recognised Lance."—p. 489.

Mrs. Glenwood briefly explained; she was still ransacking the drawers in which she kept various odds and ends that had belonged to her late husband and were being gradually handed over to his boys. There was the silver pencil-case that was to be Fred's, the many-bladed knife Roland was longing to call his own, but the ring—Tom's ring—where was it?

"Yes, I remember; but I brought it home again; at least, I think so."

"I can tell you where that ring is," cried Elfleda suddenly. "I saw it this morning at the jeweller's in the market-place, and it had been sold to him not an hour before by Claire Eldridge."

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT KIND OF COMPANY.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—NUMBERS x. 29.



THESE words were spoken by Moses, and were addressed to his brother-in-law, Hobab, 'the son of Raguel the Midianite.' Hobab, it appears, had been sojourning with Moses for some months, and therefore had had every opportunity of observing for himself the condition of the people of Israel. He had heard, too, from his brother-in-law, the wondrous story of the Exodus. He had been told of the plagues which descended upon the land of Egypt; of the sudden march-out of the people; of the pillar of fire and of cloud, which moved mysteriously before them, to guide them in their way; of the attempt of Pharaoh to intercept their flight; of the complete overthrow of the tyrant and his myrmidons in the returning waters of the Red Sea. And he had probably witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, all that had taken place in the neighbourhood of the Mountain of Sinai, under whose majestic and gloomy peaks the host of Israel was at present encamped. That he was interested in the fortunes of Israel we may certainly take for granted. And perhaps it is not altogether unlikely that his feelings a little inclined him to cast in his lot with a people who were in so marked a degree the objects of Divine superintendence and care.

If it were so, the opportunity was now presented to him by his brother-in-law. Moses was anxious for the wellbeing, temporal and spiritual, of his young relative. The man who had trampled underfoot the riches and honours of the greatest monarchy of the then known world for the sake of identifying himself with the out-cast Hebrew race, and sharing their reproach, would naturally endeavour to infuse his own sentiments into others, and his representations, enforced by his own example, would come with unusual emphasis and power.

Moreover, Moses knew the value of Hobab. Hobab had many excellent qualities, which might make him exceedingly serviceable to the people in the wilderness. An Arab, and the head of an influential Arab tribe, he would be in himself an accession to the strength of Israel, if he could be persuaded to join them. He was familiar with the peninsula of Sinai, and his experience and intelligence, his knowledge of the spots where the grass was long and the water sweet, of the malarious marshes that were to be avoided, and of the pleasant localities that might be sought

out, would be an advantage of no common kind to a host that was under Divine guidance, it is true, but guidance of that general character which, while it indicated the route that was to be taken, left the details of the journey to be supplied by the wisdom and forethought of the human leaders.

For these reasons, then, Moses urged upon his young relative to join him. The step, he said, would be for his benefit. Israel was on the point of commencing their onward march in the direction of the Promised Land, and the decision must be made at once. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

The young man, however, though well-disposed, hesitated; indeed, at first flatly refused to comply. The ties of old association, of home and kindred, were not to be so easily severed. Besides, Hobab was a shrewd and intelligent man, who had used his opportunities of observing the disposition and temper of the Hebrews, and he might not have been so sanguine as Moses was about the ultimate success of the enterprise; or at least he might well anticipate a long period of toil and struggle, of conflict and suffering, before the nation would be found settling down quietly in its fair but distant inheritance of Canaan.

Was it worth while, then, to give up his home for this? was it worth while to leave the known for the unknown, the certain for the uncertain? He rather thought not, and he determined not to go with his brother-in-law. Moses, undeterred by his ill-success, renewed the attempt.

And at last (so far as we can gather) the young man was persuaded to leave home, and friends, and early associations, and to cast in his lot with the people of God, becoming by that act one of those who were willing to walk by faith rather than by sight, willing to forsake things in present possession for the sake of obtaining in the end the things which God has prepared for them that love Him.

The narrative has (I think) a distinct bearing upon the subject which it is my privilege to bring before you in these pages—the influence to be exerted by young men upon their fellows, and the best mode of exerting it. To this subject I beg to invite your attention without further delay, and I ask you to regard the narrative just discussed as casting a light along the pathway of thought on which it may be well for us to travel as we proceed in the discussion.

I begin, then, by reminding you of what you all very well know, that there is a large and influential

class of young men in the world, of whom you can say that they are interested in religion, but of whom you cannot venture to say that they are decided about it. In many cases they are men of high character, and gifted with endowments and capabilities which would probably make them preeminently useful to the Christian Church. Well-affected, well-disposed, well-intentioned, well-behaved, they remind one of the young ruler who came to Jesus to ask Him what he should do to inherit eternal life; but there is obvious hesitation and holding back about them; for some reason or other they halt between two opinions, and cannot make up their minds; they hover round the Church of Christ without settling down upon it; they come close up to the golden gate of the Kingdom, but the difficulty is to persuade them to take the last step and to enter in.

Now, with regard to this part of our subject I have two things to say before I go any further:—First, that I would have you recognise most fully, as I would recognise most fully myself, the utter inadequacy of human influence, or human instrumentality of any kind, to win a soul to Christ. The work is a Divine work, a work of new creation, the work of God the Holy Ghost, and we must not suppose ourselves in any way capable of effecting it. We cannot say, "I will expend so much effort and so much prayer upon that young friend of mine, and I reckon confidently upon bringing him over to the right side." These are matters which depend, and ever must depend, upon the sovereign good-will and pleasure of our God; although I am persuaded that the man who is the most deeply convinced of his own powerlessness in such a work, and who leans most unreservedly upon the arm of the living God, is just the man who will be the most earnest, the most unremitting, the most persistent, and certainly the most successful, in the endeavour to bring others to the acceptance and the love of the truth.

The second point is this: That those whom I have been attempting to describe (and who are such as I feel sure many of you are sure to be acquainted with) ought by no means to be the sole objects of your Christian interest and regard. There are others you hear of, and with whom, perhaps, you occasionally come into contact—prodigals, who have wandered away into the "far country," and now have nothing but the swine-troughs and the husks of sinful pleasure wherewith to stay the cravings of their souls—victims of some old bad habit, which has twined round them its fearful serpent-folds, and is crushing the manliness, the power, the self-respect, the very life out of them—slaves of some subtle infidel system, which has, for them, blotted God out of the sky, and by emptying this tremendous universe of the Divine Fatherhood, has rendered life indeed not worth the living.

Such persons, I doubt not, you sometimes encounter. And them you will care for; and them you may influence for good, with that influence which a young man can bring (perhaps with greater effect than others) to bear upon his fellows.

For remember, I pray you, that with such persons as these the minister of the Gospel is often looked upon as being "professional," and as such is disregarded. It is his trade, they say, to preach and give good advice.

And then, again, religion is thought to be all very well for people in middle life, on whom the burdens of existence are pressing; or, perhaps, better suited still for those who have come to the decline of their days, and who are standing on the brink of the dark stream of death, waiting to hear the plashing of the oncoming oars, sent to bring them across the cold waters to the shores of the Unknown.

But about the religion of one of themselves, one situated as they are, tempted as they are, feeling as they do—conscious of the stir and activity and buoyancy and vigour of youth, but who has yet learned to submit his will to God's will, to believe in the unseen world, to prefer that which is right to that which is pleasant, to subdue his passions, and to put temptation under his feet—in fact, to be loyal to Christ, and to follow Christ, his Leader, through the dangers and intricacies of this world into the land of eternal life—about the religion of such a one as this there is with young people an especial power, which you will not easily find, I think, in any other direction.

Those, then, who are far off will not be left out of your account. You will do what you can for them. But you will feel it your first duty to bestir yourselves for the wellbeing of those who are nearer to you, and who, like Hobab, are already connected by some sort of tie, though at present an insufficient one, with the people of God; and concerning whom you may hope that your persuasion (if God bless it) may be the means of inducing them to take the final step, and to surrender and consecrate themselves wholly to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, how is the thing to be accomplished? Partly, I believe, by fairly and honestly allowing for the difficulties which many have to encounter in turning to the Lord.

Granted that the recognition of the ownership of Christ is the right thing, nay, is the only right thing for one brought up in a Christian land; granted that the condition of unbelief is not only perilous, but is also sinful; granted that the practical rejection of Jesus Christ is an attitude of real, though perhaps unconscious, antagonism to the Most High God—we shall yet, I think, do no harm by the candid admission that there are some obstacles to be surmounted, and some diffi-

culties to be overcome, before many a young man can join himself heart and soul to the Church of Christ. As it was with Moses and Hobab, so with you; you are calling your friend from the walk of sight to the walk of faith; you are endeavouring to introduce him into a new life, one to which he has not been accustomed, and one which at present he feels to be strange, perhaps ungenial. He knows where he is now, or at least he fancies that he knows. But he does not know whither you are leading him. If he consents, he may have sacrifices to make—more than you perhaps imagine—sacrifices of prejudices and preferences, possibly of worldly interests and comforts, it may be of honest doubts.

Yes, begin by allowing for the difficulties of his position. They are not insuperable, as you know; by God's grace they may be overcome, and you trust they will be overcome. Still, allow for them. Do not be impatient because your friend is slow to perceive and to accept truth which seems to you now as clear as if written by a pencil of sunlight across the sky.

Hobab would not come in at first, but Moses did not on that account give him up and cast him off as hopeless.

And what comes next? Clearly this: you say to the young man, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good;" and his reply is (even if he does not speak out), "What evidence do you give me of the correctness of your statement, and of the trustworthiness of your promise? You are well-meaning and friendly, and I am certain you would not intentionally deceive me. But how am I to know for certain that I shall be the better for joining myself to the Church of Jesus Christ?"

These questions have to be answered. But how? By argument? By friendly representation? By pleading? By expostulation? Yes, certainly. Argument, expostulation, pleading, friendly representation, are all of them good.

I think you may fairly point out to a man the insecurity of his spiritual position. You may direct his attention to the future. You may ask him if—supposing there to be a future—it is likely to be a happy one for those who trifle with the invitations and commands of God, and hold aloof from Christ, not perhaps disputing His claims, but practically ignoring them, and setting them at defiance. That seems a fair line of argument. Or, again, you may take a less terrifying view of the matter, and speak of the unsatisfactory nature of the position he occupies; for God does clearly not intend us to be everlastingly asking questions, everlastingly weighing opinions in a balance, everlastingly trying to make up our minds, and unable to accomplish it; but *to live a life*; and this, by his own admission, your friend is not doing in the true sense of the words.

But, after all, the most convincing reply that you can possibly furnish to such an inquiry is to be found in the fact that joining the living Church of Christ as a living member of it has done good to you. That will probably weigh with your friend more than ten thousand arguments. One great purpose for which Christianity came into the world was to produce excellence and beauty of human character; and I think we may be bold enough to say that if any other system could be discovered which could produce higher, nobler, purer, better men and women than Christianity does, that system ought to supersede the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, as being of more practical value to the world, and as more fully carrying out the plans and purposes of the creating God. But no such system has been discovered, or can be discovered.

Not that we have a wish to undervalue what may be called "natural virtues." So far as they go (but they do not reach the throne of God) they have a real value and a real power of their own. Nor do we wish to deny that in other systems than our own, characters of true and rare beauty have occasionally emerged, which claim our honest admiration. But we take the long survey and the broad survey, we cast our glance down the vista of the ages, and we look over the many millions of mankind, with their multitudinous differences of disposition, and circumstance, and need, and temptation, and trial, and we have no hesitation in affirming that the faith which Jesus Christ established is the only instrumentality for bringing human nature—if we may so say, without being misunderstood—to its true perfection.

Jesus Christ is the ideal Man. He is God's idea of man. His Manhood was perfect. To be Christ-like, in ever so small a degree, is to be on the right lines—on the road to perfection. What Christ does for us is to implant in us the principle of His own life, and to take care that that life expands, under the gracious influences of His Holy Spirit, into more and more of moral strength and beauty. He makes His people (at an infinite distance, it is true—but still He does make them) reproductions of Himself. And even the feeblest and unworthiest of them has got hold of the right idea, the right method, the right direction, because He has got hold of the right life, or rather of the right Person, Who is the life, and is growing (however slowly) in grace and in the knowledge and likeness of His Saviour Christ.

Our friends, then, naturally say to us when we urge them to accompany us on our pilgrimage to the unseen, "Show us how your religion has done good to you, and then, perhaps, we will think of listening to your proposal. We want something definite and tangible. We ask for trustworthy evidence. In what are you the

better for your faith? How are you different from the rest of us? What secret have you got hold of? What power that we do not also possess? In fact, what has Christ done for you? And what *is* Christ to you that we should turn from our present ways, and take upon us His yoke, and join ourselves to the fortunes of His people?"

These questions we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, must be prepared to answer, not so much by word as by deed, by the quiet but convincing testimony of a holy life and a close walk with God, by righteousness, and kindness, and love unfeigned to all around us.

And we may depend upon it that in proportion

as the members of the vast society of the Christian Church, by the unworldliness of their life, by their meekness under provocation, by their calm courage in upholding the right, by the purity and straightforwardness of their conduct, by their self-denial and self-sacrifice, by their zeal in propagating the truth, and by their sincere and genuine interest in the highest wellbeing of their fellow-men, give evidence that they themselves have been gainers by joining themselves to the people of God—just in such proportion will their efforts tell upon the outside world; just in such proportion will they be successful when they cry to their fellows—"Come ye with us, and we will do you good."

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.



ALL day she sat in silence there,
Beside the bowery cottage-door,
In her old oaken rocking-chair,
Courting the balmy summer air
That floated past her evermore.

She was a picture fair to see,
With snowy cap and velvet band,
And fingers moving busily,
Her knitting-needles glancing free
Across the stocking in her hand.

And as the summer day went by,
A thousand thoughts would slowly
fleet
Across her brow; and in her eye,
Though gone its light and brilliancy,
Waken a quiet brightness sweet,

And recollections numberless;
Perchance not wholly glad they be,
But touched with that sweet peaceful-
ness
With which the Lord of Heaven doth
bless
The souls He loves most tenderly.

And she would wipe away the tear
That very slowly filled her eye,
And wandered gently, bright and clear,
On to her wrinkled cheek, and there
Rested in soft tranquillity—

Well trusting evermore that He
Who calms His children when they
weep,
Will fill at last most faithfully
The measure of His blessing free,
By giving His beloved sleep.

E. L. J. A.



"Touched with that sweet peacefulness
With which the Lord of Heaven doth bless
The souls He loves most tenderly."

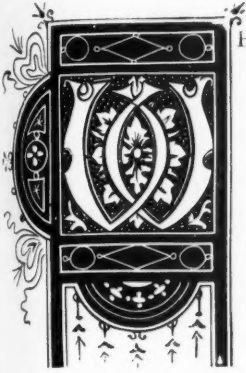
"TOWARDS THE SUNSET."—A. 496.



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THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

HIS GOSPEL. (*Continued.*)BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

HAT, let us next inquire, was the great *Object* aimed at by St. John in the composition of his Gospel? This is plainly revealed by the Evangelist himself, when he tells us (chap. xx. 31), "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might

have life through His Name." A twofold purpose, leading to one grand result, is thus declared to have animated the pen of the Apostle. His first aim is to produce a conviction in his readers that "Jesus is the *Christ*." This was a most momentous conclusion for any one to reach. Through many long ages prophetic announcements had been made of a coming Messiah. The pages of prophecy were studded with ever-brightening declarations regarding Him. And at length an angelic voice had declared (Luke ii. 11) that "the Christ" had come into the world. He in Whom all the prophecies of the past were fulfilled, and in Whom all the hopes of the future centred, had appeared among men. Momentous declaration! and one of the truth of which the clearest evidence must be produced. Well might the Apostle make it his primary purpose to prove that "Jesus was the Christ," for until this was done, all else was worthless; but, this being done, there was then a firm foundation laid for an exposition of the glorious truths connected with the Person of Messiah.

Accordingly, the next aim of the Apostle was also to show that Jesus was "the Son of God." The mere name "Christ" simply meant *Anointed*, and did not necessarily imply that the man Jesus, for whom the appellation was claimed, possessed a higher than human nature, however much that might be exalted above the nature of other men. But St. John takes care, alongside of the Humanity, also to proclaim the Divinity of Christ. His narrative is so constructed as to show that Jesus was not only "the Son of Man," but, "the Son of God." The full-orbed truth is thus brought out respecting the Person of Christ, as being at once "Very Man" and "Very God."

In considering the plan of St. John's Gospel,

an interesting question suggests itself, as to whether the Evangelist had seen any of the other Gospels before writing his own. Many critics in modern times have contended very strenuously that he had not. But others have as strongly maintained the opposite opinion. There are, as Hug has well remarked, "internal evidences in the books of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, that they were antecedent to the Gospel of John; and there are references in the latter which show that the writer was acquainted with the contents of the three other Gospels. Now, if the declarations of ancient writers coincide with this conclusion, they do not deserve to be so summarily rejected as they have been." With this statement we thoroughly agree; and we shall here give the substance of what is stated by ancient writers on the point in question, as that has been presented by another writer. "Towards the close of his long life," says Bishop Wordsworth ("On Inspiration," p. 169), "copies of the three Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, which, at that time, we are informed, had been diffused throughout Christendom, were publicly brought to St. John in the City of Ephesus, of which he was the metropolitan, by some of the bishops of the Asiatic Churches; and, in their presence, St. John openly acknowledged these three Gospels as inspired, and at their request composed his own Gospel, in order to *complete* the Evangelical record of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ."

As the present writer has said elsewhere ("Discussions on the Gospels," p. 394), "On no other supposition can we give any possible account of the special character which this Gospel possesses. The Apostle manifestly did not write for the purpose of furnishing us with a full history of the life of Christ, for many of the most important facts are altogether omitted, and, in not a few instances, these are pre-supposed as already well known. He takes no notice of the birth, the baptism, the transfiguration, and many of the miracles of Christ recorded by the other Evangelists; while, at the same time, he assumes these things as quite familiar to his readers. Thus, in chapter i. 32, there is a reference to the baptism of Christ as recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke. In chapter ii. 1, the mother of Jesus is mentioned as a well-known person, although St. John himself has not previously noticed her. At chapter iii. 24, a parenthetical clause is inserted, apparently to guard against an error which might have arisen from the narrative

of St. Matthew respecting the Baptist. And at chapter xx. 1, the *stone* at the grave of Jesus is referred to, although St. John has not previously mentioned it. He says of the women that they saw 'the stone taken away,' evidently supposing that his readers had learned from the other Evangelists, regarding the tomb of Jesus, what he himself specially mentions of that of Lazarus, that 'it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.' There is, then, every reason to believe, both from the express statements of ancient writers, and from the internal character of the Fourth Gospel, that St. John saw the other Gospels before writing his own, and that thus he tacitly affixed to all the Evangelical narratives the seal of his apostolic authority.

The only other point to which we have still to turn our attention is the actual *Structure* of the Fourth Gospel, as carrying out the purpose which stood before the view of the writer.

And here we may remark that the more thoroughly the Gospel is examined, the more fully will its object be seen to have been accomplished. "Jesus the Christ," and "Jesus the Son of God,"—to whatever part of the Gospel we turn, these are the great truths which are pressed upon our notice. Let us glance at a few passages in illustration of this statement.

The two great doctrines referred to meet us very distinctly in the wonderful Prologue (chap. i. 1—18) with which the Gospel opens. First, the Divine nature of the Person to be spoken of is as clearly announced as language can express it, in the great initial statement made regarding Him (v. i)—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Next, the incarnation of this Divine Person in the Messiah is declared in these full and far-reaching words (v. 14)—"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

If now we glance down the chapter, we find much in it to suggest anew these two great doctrines, until at last we hear them both expressed in one breath, as it were, through the fervid confession of Nathanael. That "true Israelite," candid, prayerful, and guileless, having had proof given him of the omniscience of Jesus, at once acknowledges both His Divinity and Messiahship, as he exclaims—"Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God: thou art the King of Israel."

And, if now we look at all the subsequent confessions of faith contained in this Gospel, we shall find that still they consist of the same two great elements. They all comprise an acknowledgment of the Messiahship and of the Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth.

The first one which occurs is the noble utter-

ance of St. Peter recorded at chap. vi. 69. Jesus, on being deserted by so many of His professed followers, having pathetically inquired of the Twelve, "Will ye also go away?" St. Peter, after having emphatically expressed his conviction how vain it would be to look for spiritual guidance to any other, adds, "And we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."* This is identical with the confession of the same Apostle as recorded in St. Matt. xvi. 16.

We next turn to chap. ix, which contains such a vivid narrative of "the man who was born blind." We are told (v. 22) that "the Jews had agreed that if any man did confess that He [Jesus] was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue." And it is evident that the man whose eyes had been miraculously opened did confess that Jesus was Christ, for we are told (v. 34) that the Jews, after being baffled in argument by the man who had been healed, proceeded to carry their threat into execution, and "cast him out." But the man had yet to learn and accept the higher truth respecting Jesus. The Saviour, accordingly, sought him out and said unto him, "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" The desired effect was produced; the Divinity as well as the Messiahship of Jesus was acknowledged, for we read as follows (v. 38)—"Lord, I believe; and he worshipped Him."

Once more, we listen to that great confession which was made by one of the Apostles, when at length he met with and recognised the risen Saviour. Thomas had missed the earliest occasion on which Jesus, after His resurrection, appeared to His disciples, on the evening of "the first day of the week." But eight days after, the Apostle was present, when again the risen Saviour stood in the midst of His disciples. And let us mark the terms in which the faith of Thomas finds utterance, when at length all his obstinacy is conquered, and all his suspiciousness removed. They consist of these few but fervent and comprehensive words—words which clearly imply both the Messiahship and the Divinity of Jesus—"My Lord and my God!"

We see, then, how closely these two great doctrines are woven into the texture of this Gospel from beginning to end; and how truly St. John, as he laid down his pen, might declare the sublime objects of his narrative to have been, that all reading it "might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing they might have life through His Name."

* The Revised Version follows a different text, and translates, "Thou art the Holy One of God." But it seems to us a powerful argument in favour of the Received Text, that it preserves that special form of confession which is so characteristic of the Fourth Gospel.

WITH THE SLEEPERS-OUT.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," "THE CHILDREN OF THE COURT," ETC. ETC.



I. N the dim shadows of a half-lighted hall are gathered together one of the strangest and saddest assemblies that even London, the city of strange sights, can show. The gas is lowered to induce the slumber of the poor creatures, who have abandoned themselves to almost every conceivable attitude to obtain rest and sleep. Some lie stretched full length upon the bare floor, others crouch by their chairs and rest their heads on the hard wooden seats, some are bent almost double, their faces on their knees; others, again, sit bolt upright save for their weary heads, which are sunk on their breasts.

Men, women, and even little children are here, in every woeful stage of poverty, rags, and dirt. From the voiceless assembly rises a hoarse murmur of moans and groans and stifled cries, as ever and again the distress of life breaks even into the sleep of some poor wanderer, and he dreams painful dreams.

These poor creatures are London outcasts, the veritable wanderers of the midnight streets, poor wretches, who, being absolutely penniless, are compelled to shiver and shrink through the keen winter night, with no roof above them but the pitiless sky, or to seek a shelter in any hole and corner they may find. And they have been sought out and brought hither by friends connected with the London Congregational Union, who are endeavouring to help them both physically and spiritually.

Of all the sad sights which London streets unhappily present, there are few more sad than that of these homeless wanderers. In the light of day, when the streets are crowded, and the bustle and noise are at their height, they are hardly noticed, or if noticed, the full extent of their misery is not seen; but when the hour of midnight has passed, and the thoroughfares are deserted, and such silence as restless London ever knows has descended upon the wilderness of houses, then their weary, aimless walk, their deplorably sad faces, their pitiful rags blowing in the night wind, all present a terribly painful picture, and their awful misery is strikingly apparent.

Let us speak to one of them. He is shuffling down Ludgate Hill, and the time is near one o'clock in the morning. The great stream of

traffic which all day has rushed and roared down this great thoroughfare is stilled now, and our voices sound strangely loud in the unwonted silence.

"Well, my friend, are you sleeping out all night?" we ask.

He darts an eager, inquiring gaze at us, as if suspicious of our motive in addressing him, and then answers abruptly—

"Yes, I am, worse luck."

"Why, how is that?"

"Because I can't get anything to do. I am a grocer's assistant; but trade seems so dull, I cannot get employment anywhere."

"That's bad; will you let us try and help you? Here is a ticket which will admit you to breakfast at six o'clock in the morning. You can go to the hall now, if you like, and sleep till then. And if you choose to come again to the hall to-morrow afternoon, we will hear all you like to tell us, and see if we can help you to get work."

"Thank you kindly, sir; yes, I'll go, sure enough, sir." Almost too overpowered at this unexpected turn of events, the poor fellow hastens away in the direction given.

II.

We, too, turn round, and proceed over Blackfriars Bridge. Alas! what a sight is here! Huddled together out of the wind are quite a large number of midnight wanderers; starved, cold, and terribly helpless they appear. Some have sunk to their full length on the hard pavement at the foot of the bridge-head, and one we meet further on is a woman, with a piteous-looking baby face peeping from the folds of her tattered shawl. Others stand against the wall with hands in pockets and shoulders raised, sheltering themselves from the cold blast which sweeps so keenly over the river. The deeply recessed seats are crowded with wretched occupants, thronging together to obtain warmth and rest and slumber.

Over sixty poor wretches have thus been found on this bridge alone. They are of various trades and occupations, and from all parts of the country; one has been a Hampshire labourer, another a Margate ostler, this man a Cambridge stonemason, that woman a needle-worker from Dorsetshire. Mantle-makers, domestic servants, governesses, charwomen, bricklayers, law-writers, coopers, pianoforte makers, labourers of every description, are found among them. Some have been sleeping out in the streets three nights, some five, some one. They object to go to the

casual wards, because they allege that they cannot get out sufficiently early in the morning to find "odd jobs" of work at the docks, coal wharves, markets, etc. Another reason advanced is the objection to the bath. "I should not mind if it were clean water, or if I could have the first dip," said one, "but to go into the water after a lot of others—faugh!—I cannot stand it!"

On London Bridge the same sad sight is presented, and numbers of men and women of all characters and employments, as just described, are to be found, crouching into the seats in search of rest and shelter.

For some reason the bridges are favourite resorts of the sleepers-out. Perhaps the sight of the silent river, with its rows of shining lamps, its shipping, and its far outlook, is more welcome to the wanderer than the stony streets. In any case, here they congregate, and as many as 150 poor wretches have been found on London Bridge alone.

request, and no less than forty-seven have been found wandering in the dimly lit space fronting the National Gallery and surrounding Nelson's Monument. The Green Park side of Piccadilly also furnishes its contingent, and sleepers have even been found crowding within the railings of the court-yard fronting Baron Rothschild's house. The contrast between poverty and riches is sharply enough defined then!

III.

Many—a majority, in fact—of these wretched wanderers are from the country. From north, south, east, and west, they tramp up many miles to the metropolis in hope of finding its streets paved with gold, and too often, alas! they find them instead paved with poverty. Their speech is of the county whence they came, their hands are yet horny with the toil they have left. They have lost work there, "times being so bad," and with a little money in their pockets, have bent their steps hither. They are unused to



WAITING FOR BREAKFAST.

The Embankment is not such a place of resort as might have been expected—at least, not in the winter months. Eight persons have been found passing the night there, but its seats are too exposed to the wind. Neither is Waterloo Bridge much frequented; six only having been discovered sleeping there. Trafalgar Square is more in

London and London ways. Their little funds are soon exhausted, and they tramp about the streets weary and heartsick, and full of despair.

To deal with this, in some respects, the lowest phase of poverty and want, the Congregational Union of London began last summer, and have since continued through the winter, the plan of free

Sunday morning breakfasts. On Saturday nights a party of gentlemen go out into the highways and byways of the great city, and invite such of these sleepers-out as they find deserving to Collier's Rents Hall, in the Borough. The breakfast is given at six in the morning, and until then these strange guests are allowed to sleep.

to redeem their tools from pledge, and, on earning money, have paid back the loan by degrees. Some have been sent back to their country and homes.

In addition to this work, which has been kept up the whole winter, and is still in progress, the Union have given penny dinners and breakfasts to



BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, 2.30 A.M.

(From a Drawing made on the spot.)

After the breakfast, which consists of meat sandwiches and coffee, a short service, with a brief and practical address, is given, and a cordial invitation is offered to all who choose to come again in the afternoon, when gentlemen are in attendance to hear each individual case, and endeavour to help each one to obtain work.

There have been many who avail themselves of this permission—the average being about one hundred and twenty-five every Sunday afternoon—and the distress revealed has been appalling. It is heartrending to listen to tale after tale of such utter misery and woe, but it has to be done, and is done. Each case is then dealt with on its own merits. For some, wood-chopping, under the hall, at one shilling per day, is provided, and if they apply themselves, and show themselves worthy, situations are, if possible, found for them. Several persons have thus been helped, and have done well. Others ask for a small loan

poor children, and have superintended a wise distribution of old clothes, boots, etc. Just before Christmas last year a meeting of over one hundred children, to whom boots had been given, was held at Gifford Hall, Caledonian Road, and in every case but two, the children, with their boots on, were there. The exceptions were caused by, in one case, the child and his parents having been obliged to enter the workhouse, and the other by the child being in the hospital. In every case the boots were accounted for. This fact speaks volumes for the wise distribution of the boots to really deserving cases, for in many instances, alas! such charitable donations only afford the heartless parents the means of buying drink.

But this work in outcast London requires both money and helpers, and the Rev. Andrew Mearns, Secretary of the Union, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, will be glad to receive offers of both.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MARY ONLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE JEMIMA," "SALVAGE," ETC.



ANY a mile north of Rome—further even than Terni, Spoleto, and the distant Le Vene—is Folignia, an extensive valley, watered by the Clitumnus of classic fame; and of it, at the time when all Italy was in fetters, every Italian lover of Beauty would have said, "Ha! Folignia mia, the queen of exquisite sweetness and tranquillity! who would not bury his calamities here?" As to the foreign traveller, on whose sight the place suddenly bursts, well, he *cannot* plod straight on; he must lie down, as it were, in the core of Nature's heart, and dream of Eden—or of Heaven itself.

Yet, this sweet land is of the earth, for there they marry and are given in marriage, are visited by sorrow as well as joy—equally, perhaps, with those who dwell in a less beautiful climate.

But come with me to a wedding.

A chatting group of dark-eyed folk are seated under a luxuriously spreading tree. All around, growing in profuse abundance, are grapes, olives, mulberries—and what not? And through vistas formed by trees of noble growth are stretches of yellow corn: while wafted over all is the soft air of Italy; and, crowning the whole gloriously, is the magnificent Italian sky.

The bride looks sweet and gracious; is evidently a maiden who has had some culture, for she speaks her own musical language well. The bridegroom appears to be every inch a gentleman. So far, so good. But she is Italian, and he English—a man who, being of age, had an impression that he was his own master, and could marry whomsoever he pleased, provided the lady was willing; feeling secure, also, in the belief that he inherited a tolerable fortune over and above the handsome allowance made him by his father.

Thus, with perfect honesty of purpose, he had represented matters to the guardian of his bride, and, through her, to Signor M——, his Angelique's father. Then, the guardian, Elizabetta Orti, had some knowledge of the suitor's family; the young man's mother had died under her roof, there in the pure warm air of Folignia, whither her physicians had sent her to winter. As to the young man, Claude Allonbee, he had, in the first place, brought his mother to the valley; in the second, he had come to take away all that remained of her. But there had been time enough for love to spring up between Angelique and himself. True, he went home to England; but when summer came round, once more he turned up with his sketch-book.

"Folignia," he said, "is so lovely, and I am so desirous to cultivate what little talent I may possess as a draughtsman."

At this Elizabetta smiled; and when Claude asked her plainly for her ward, she said to herself—

"Well, well! my wrinkles are getting very deep; my child has little or no means of support. True, there is her father; but, ah me! what of that? His circumstances may become a cruel dead-weight that shall drag her down, down, even to—death! Yes, yes; my little one is better in other hands—young hands that shall sustain her when mine have done their work."

In some way best known to herself, she had imparted these views to Angelique's father, who was an invisible man, never to be communicated with by any one but herself. He had trusted her judgment implicitly, and had given consent to the union.

Moreover, he was to appear late in the day.

"He could not be present at the ceremony," said Elizabetta, with her finger on her lip.

"Ha!" was the reply from the confidential friend addressed. "That is well; for, as you know, trees have ears, and eyes too, upon occasions; and such men must not be exposed to risk."

Just then came along the Vaudois pastor, who had travelled miles to join the hands of the couple; for Elizabetta was a Vaudois, though living so far from her people. He was admitted to the whispered conference, and after bending his head to catch the whispers of the signora, he remarked, simply, "*God preserve the right,*" and passed on.

But talk Elizabetta would, in her own rapid, vivacious style; so, all in low-toned confidence, she went on to her trusted friend—

"I never told you, even you, how my pretty child, my Angelique came to me, did I? Well, this was the way. Her father *then* was a Romanist, her mother a Vaudois, who, like myself, was far from the dear valleys of our people. In an evil hour these two, who were not agreed in religious matters, married. Then, dear heart! she found out her mistake. Her husband urged her to turn from the faith for which the bones of her forefathers had whitened by thousands on the Cottian Alps, and in the holes and caves of Mont Cenis. Ah, but she could not accept false miracles and outrageous mummeries for the dear love of a living Christ. True, in her friendliness and youthful folly, she had chosen mortal love before loyalty to her creed, but she could not bend the knee to plaster Madonnas even for her husband.

"So disagreements arose, and she, the young wife, knowing me to be a Vaudois, came to me in her sorrow of heart. We pleaded her cause together before our fathers' God, and He—well, He bent Him down, gently, gently, and led her up to the Rest

that He has for His beloved. The pretty dove had been pained and wounded by her fault, but her sorrow of heart was deep, and the Great Healer touched her soul, then tenderly led her away home.

"With her dying hands she gave her baby to me, and I took it to my home. And as to Signor M—, his heart bled. And from that hour he turned him to the Supreme One, the Christ Himself; and to this day he has clung only, *only* to Him.

"And you know what the noble signor is *now*, my friend. But, ah! yonder he comes! Angelique! Angelique! Claude! come with me to meet and welcome—"

With firm step and grave face came a soldierly man in an unsoldierly dress. Elizabetta and Angelique were the first to grasp his hands, but others soon pressed forward.

The stranger takes the bride in his arms, and says—

"So, Angelique mia, you are married?"

"Yes, yes," put in Elizabetta, "and they only wait for your blessing before they start for Naples."

"Ah! is it so? Then God keep you, my children! For such as myself there is no tranquillity; but for you, may there be peace from God—"

The signor bent his head till his face was hidden in his daughter's beautiful hair. And as to the wedding guests, they looked down, away, anywhere, rather than at him; but everybody said, "Amen."

* * * * *

1860.

AWAY to Naples. Let us enter a narrow back street, turn in at a shabby door, and ascend a creaking staircase.

At the top of the staircase is an artist's studio; and before an easel, with a brush in his hand, is the presiding genius of the place, the artist himself—a man with more than a suspicion of grey in his whiskers, and with deep tell-tale lines in his face.

The expression in the eyes is familiar—surely *that* man is not Claude Allonbee!

Yes, it is. Thus a dozen years or so have altered him, for they have been years of sharp trial.

The first ill news that came to him in his married life was that of disinheritance by his father, because he had "married disgracefully," so the letter to him was worded. About the same time difficulties of a serious nature had beset Signor M—, the father of Angelique, and altogether there was no pecuniary resource left open to the young couple.

But Claude had talent and mettle; he furnished up his knowledge, and began to paint for bread.

Years went on, and still he was painting for bread. Ah! but what a sharp struggle it was for him, especially as little children were crowding into his home. Often for the sake of these little ones he closed with a first offer for his work, however unjust that offer might be. He found the world most skillful at picking up good bargains, but not always ready to pay an honest price for conscientious work.

There, however, he stood in front of his newly finished picture; and, as he looked and looked again

at it, hope rose high. He thought it was the best piece of work he had ever accomplished; and perhaps it was. But his thoughts were broken into by the creaking of the door—the door creaked chronically—and in walked the gentleman for whom the landscape had been done "to order."

There was a close inspection of the work, a vast amount of criticism as supercilious as it was ignorant; there was a grieved look on Claude's face, a proud uplifting of his fine head, and—

"I shall not 'daub out' anything. Take it or leave it, signor."

"Pooh, pooh! You will think better of it. I will give you time."

With that, the hyper-critic departed, taking his money with him; while the man who had laboriously, and with keen anxiety, earned it, gave one look at his slighted handiwork—ay, brain and heart work—turned, opened the door of the room, and, in a quiet voice, called—

"Mia sposa!"

The wife's voice is kind and pleasant as she replies. Her step is heard ascending the staircase; another moment, and she is at Claude's side.

Angelique's trials have not soured her; her eyes are still beautiful, though just now a little misty; and there is a slight quiver about her mouth. She has heard the noisy voice of the man who has this moment left the house; and another thing—in that little room opening out of the studio lies her little pretty Lisa, suffering sharply, but patiently; with a child's complaint, it is true, but an infectious one, likely to attack every one of her dark-eyed flock. Lisa is laid there that she may be kept apart from the rest; and while Claude has been painting his slighted landscape, he has been ready with voice, and hand, and heart to soothe and nurse his child. The overburdened mother could not always be on the spot; there were too many chattering young tongues below.

"Claude mio!"

So said Angelique, as her sympathetic heart looked out through the gathering tears in her eyes. "He would not take it, then?"

Claude laid a hand on each of her shoulders, and looked earnestly into her upturned face.

"My child," said he—he often called his wife child—"this is terrible!"

"Ah, yes; you are tried sharply, sharply, it is true."

"A very 'sea of troubles.' If it were not a sin, Angelique mia, a man would feel inclined to take arms against them."

"Arms!" said the wife. "What arms? We simple Vaudois folk believe that the Almighty Arms are underneath us always."

"What, in times of bitter trial such as this?"

"Yes, then most of all. Oh, Claude, Claude! You have been brave and patient these many years; you have bowed your dear head meekly before the—*the training* that has been given you; you have fought nobly to attain a high place among artists,

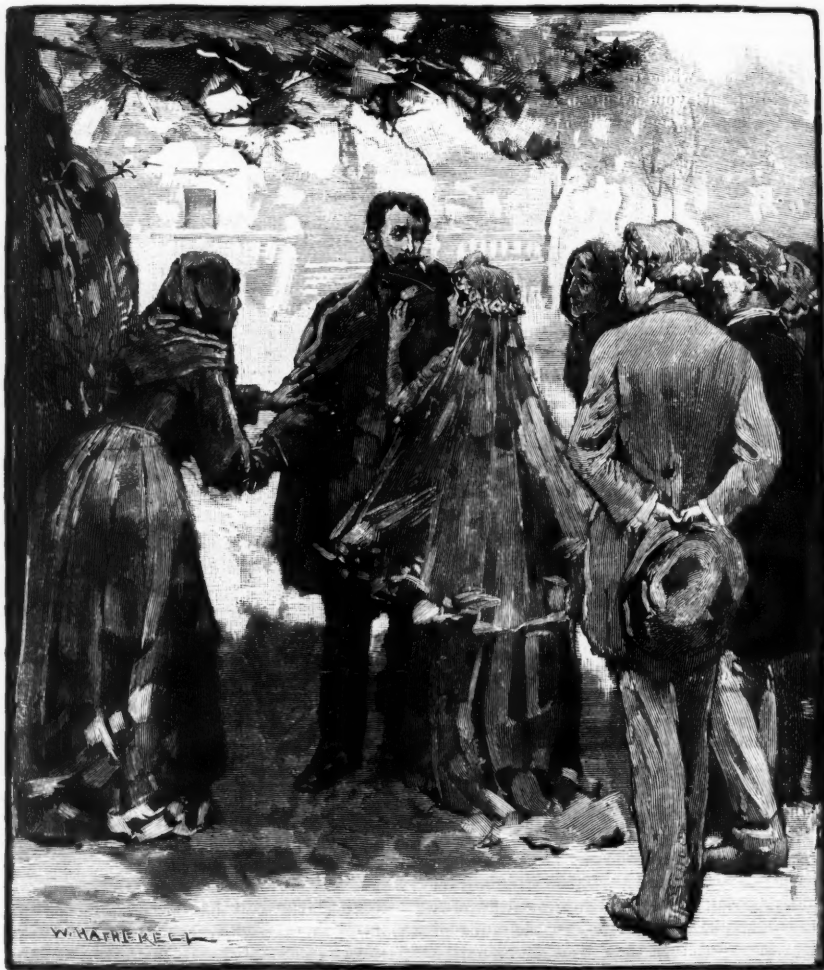
and, mark me, you *shall* get it! You shall not be dragged down to the dust by such men as the one who has just left you——”

“Dear heart! How will the longsuffering wife

“Claude!”

Gently Angelique laid her hand on his bowed head.

“I have a thought. I will make myself known to General Garibaldi himself. The daughter of his loyal



“Elizabetta and Angelique were the first to grasp his hands.”—p. 503.

live, and what will the little ones eat while I am killing myself to achieve this?”

Angelique knelt down beside him.

“Mio sposo, I have not ‘suffered’ while you have been beside me. In spite of hardships, you have made life full and sweet to me, always, always!”

No answer. The man’s pain was too sharp for words.

follower and friend will gain a kind hearing from the man whose life has been spent in righting the wrongs of our bleeding country.”

“My child, you shall never beg.”

“But, Claude, do we not know that little Sicilian children, in their loving trust of this brave soul, clung, not only to his kind hands, but to his sword, when he visited them in the hospitals? And, as I

said, my father has followed him through privation, peril, and sharp suffering year after year, year after year. Garibaldi is not hiding his head now; he is openly worshipped by the people. Only let me tell him a little of our trouble, Claude, and it will melt away before the warmth of his great heart."

"No, no. But listen!"

"Ha, it is little Lisa calling for drink! drink! Thank God, Claude, we *can* get water fresh and pure!"

"Yes, yes; water and a little bread."

The great pulse of Naples is throbbing with joy. She is free! *free*! And the man to whom she owes her freedom is about to pass through the streets in company with the king. Piazzas are crowded, banners hoisted, and the eager populace line the way. Then from the mob come ringing along the triumphant words, "No more serfdom! no more serfdom! Long live the Hero! Long live the King!" Even poor crushed-looking women lift their little lads to their shoulders and urge them to shout, louder! louder! as loud as they can, "Garibaldi! Garibaldi! the Hero! the deliverer of the people!" And Claude was there, with his pencils. He told himself that it was to be the red-letter-day of his life; and so it proved.

Heart and intellect were *goaded*; the needs and gracious patience of his beloved ones lashed the man's genius to vehement effort.

On the spot he made a splendid sketch of Garibaldi. In his home it shortly grew into a picture over which enthusiastic Naples wept with joy.

"The canvas *breathes*!" said they. "*It breathes*! Ha! the great, great marvel! Our hero is there, speaking to our hearts!"

Grateful Naples bent her knee to the artist. Success came on all sides. Claude had taken his "tide at the flood," and it led "on to fortune."

Elizabetta lived to rejoice with her child; and, to-day, Signor M—— leads his great-grandchildren about the beautiful gardens of Florence, and tells them many a tale of past years and of Garibaldi.

There is no more hiding in corners for him. He is free—as free as his own Italy.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY; ONE OF THE COMPANY OF REVISERS.
IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



AFTER fourteen years of patient labour the Revised Version of the Old Testament has at length appeared, and the public is now able to judge for itself of the practical value of the result of the large expenditure of time and thought given by the

Company of Revisers to the duty entrusted to them.

It was upon the 30th of June, 1870, that the Company first entered upon their task, and in the interval, before they held their last meeting, upon June 20, 1884, ten of their number had passed away. And the rest cannot but feel that a solid portion of their lives has been spent upon this great work. They have grown old while endeavouring to give to the ever-increasing circle of the English-speaking race the Word of God in a translation representing, as exactly as was possible, the meaning of the original. And whatever may be the nature of the reception accorded to their labours, at all events they know that they have worked honestly for the glory of God, and not for human praise or reward.

Their usual method of working was to meet upon the morning of a Tuesday in each alternate month, and to continue their session for ten days, until the Friday in the following week. On each morning they met at 11, and continued

their labours until 5 p.m., except upon the last Friday, when, for the convenience of trains, they broke up at a rather earlier hour. Of these sessions there have been no less than eighty-five, and the whole number of days devoted to the work has been 792. Their method of working was to begin with prayer, after which the Hebrew of the book on which they were engaged was read verse by verse; the discussion was then opened by the reading of the suggestions of absent members; and finally, after deliberation, the Company proceeded to vote. In this manner the whole of the Old Testament has been gone through twice, and while on the first occasion the vote of a majority was sufficient, at the second revise nothing was retained which did not command the approval of two-thirds of those present. Many changes, therefore, which half the Company would have wished to make, and which are at least probable, have been rejected. At this revise the Company had also the benefit of the notes of the American Company, which were often very judicious. Finally, a third opportunity was permitted for considering dubious renderings, and the correction of contradictory decisions; and there was thus ample room for repentance, in case any change had been too thoughtlessly made. As the result, the version errs rather in the way of conservatism, than of rashness or unnecessary alteration; but this is the smaller fault of the two.

But was it worth the while of this numerous company of scholars to devote so large a portion of the best years of laborious lives to the production of a work which is sure to expose them to the fires of hostile criticism, and for which they will receive cold thanks? We think that it was, and that they were animated and sustained in their long labours by the same feeling which under another form animates those who disapprove of their undertaking, namely, the great value which they attach to the Word of God. And while they themselves feel even the more deeply, because of their long study, the many imperfections of their Revised Version, yet they may fairly and even modestly claim that they have given to the English readers the main results of the study for two centuries and a half of the contents of the most precious book in the world.

Their labours have been directed into two chief branches—the first, that of the languages; the second, that of the exegesis or exposition of Holy Scripture. With the second, the revisers had nothing directly to do. Their business was not to explain the meaning of what was written, nor to bring out any special sense, but to endeavour to give the exact English equivalent of the words in the original language. Still, commentators, in their careful study of exegesis, have often brought out very clearly what was the right translation of many difficult and controverted passages; and many renderings first suggested in this way have finally won general acceptance. These results, scattered through many books in many languages, have now been sifted, and such as seemed to two-thirds of the Company to mark distinct gains in the translation of the Bible, have been admitted into the Revised Version.

But the Revisers had to do directly with the advance of knowledge as regards the languages used in the Old Testament. And this has been very great. All the knowledge available three centuries ago was possessed by the scholars who brought out the Revised Version of 1611. The careful study of their work by the present Company has shown that many of their renderings, long abandoned as untenable, rested nevertheless upon high Jewish authority. For in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries of the Christian era there had been a great outburst of Jewish learning, producing men such as Aben Ezra, the Kimchis, Solomon Jarchi, and others, and their commentaries on Holy Scripture had been published and thoroughly studied in the period immediately following the Reformation. Everything that threw light upon the Bible was prized by the men who were then feeling their way to the thorough possession of it. And the Revisers of 1611 were perfect masters of this Hebrew literature. It may therefore be asked, What need we more? On what authority do you

revise those who knew their subject so well? To the answer we crave attention.

The difficulty of translating the Old Testament arises from the fact that a very large number of its words and phrases occur only once. Now, if we had a contemporary Jewish literature we should find those words used by other writers, and their meaning would thereby be made certain. But no such literature exists. Even in the Septuagint Version we find the Jews in Egypt, who were its authors, content with transcribing in Greek characters many of the words which they found in the Hebrew, but of which they did not know the meaning. These French and German Jews of the twelfth century were even less likely to know the meaning of words long obsolete, and they often frankly confess that they were but guessing. And study of language there had then been none. The linguistic methods of the age in which they lived were puerile. Its principles might be summed up in what has been said of Jacob Bryant's method of philology—that vowels in it went for nothing, and consonants for not much more. Nevertheless, these Jewish commentators were the founders of Old Testament exegesis, and the services they rendered to Hebrew literature are invaluable. It is virtually to them that we owe the fact that the Authorised Version is so good. But language has now been the subject of accurate and philosophical study for many years, and we also possess a knowledge of kindred tongues of which these interpreters knew nothing.

For the Hebrew language is one of a considerable class known as the Semitic family. Its chief members are three—Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arabic. The second is sub-divided into Syriac, the language of Mesopotamia and Assyria; and Chaldee, the language of Palestine, the Lebanon, and Damascus. Parts of Ezra and Daniel are written in Chaldee, as are also the Jewish Targums or Paraphrases; that is, translations, more or less loose and general, of Old Testament books. Aramaic was in fact the patois of the common people, and its influence is apparent in many books of Scripture, and nowhere more so than in the writings of the prophet Jeremiah. Now, of all these dialects an accurate study has been made in modern times, and while they do not unlock all these closed-up words, they nevertheless give us materials for forming a judgment upon them. By the aid of the Arabic and Syriac languages we at least know what was the primary meaning of the word in question. The dispute is thus narrowed down to the inquiry, What was the secondary or applied meaning?

The value, then, of the Revised Version of 1885 is that it gives the English reader with some authority the main result of two centuries and a half of careful research and enlarged knowledge. But this increased knowledge has

been carefully examined. Many a conclusion which individual members would have admitted has been excluded by its having failed to command the approval of two-thirds of the Company. The sieve through which the emendations have passed has been one with small interstices, and many readers probably will be disappointed at the exclusion of alterations which they had regarded as sure of acceptance. But it was well to be cautious, and commentators will rejoice that their work, though lightened, has by no means been taken out of their hands.

But let us proceed to the work itself. Now here there is a difference noticeable at once between the task undertaken by the Old Testament Company, and that with which the New Testament Company had to grapple. The third instruction given to both Companies was, "That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating." Now, the *textus receptus* of the New Testament was the work of one man, Erasmus, and was wonderfully good. But since his days numerous and most precious manuscripts have been discovered and collated, and a long line of distinguished students have devoted their lives to the perfecting of the Greek text. What was new in 1870 was that a Company of scholars undertook, at the bidding of Convocation, to sift all this vast mass of materials, and give us with the weight of their combined authority a text for which the evidence seemed to them decidedly preponderating. I do not wonder at the outcry against their text. My wonder and admiration is at their courage in undertaking so difficult a task. But all that can really be said against their work—and it is important—is that the controversy respecting the relative value of the great uncial manuscripts—that is, the ancient copies written in capitals—and the vast mass of manuscripts written in running hand, has not been fought out. Even the relative value of the uncials to one another is not a matter settled beyond appeal. Still it is no slight gain that the English public now know what a Company of eminent scholars have judicially, after open discussion, pronounced to be the most trustworthy text.

The Old Testament Company of Revisers had no such heavy task to undertake, for the simple reason that the materials for criticising the Hebrew text either do not exist, or have never been carefully examined. The present text of the Old Testament is called the Massoretic, that is, Traditional text, and embodies the system of reading the Sacred Scriptures followed by the scribes of Palestine, whose headquarters were at the famous school of Tiberias. As written Hebrew originally had neither vowels nor division of words, and as the consonants might be divided in various ways, and have different vowels assigned them, the right reading could be attained to only

by the knowledge which the scribes had received from their predecessors, and which they taught their pupils. Hence the wonder of the Jews at the possession by our Lord of this traditional knowledge. (John vii. 15.) It was not until the dispersion of the Jews had taken place, that during the first six or seven centuries of the Christian era their scribes, having invented an elaborate system of marks, attached them to the consonants, and so have preserved for us the method of reading the Old Testament which from the third century before Christ had been the rule in the Jewish schools in Palestine.

And to obviate all such doubt and uncertainty as now surrounds the Greek text of the New Testament, arising from the discrepancy of manuscripts, the Jewish scribes invented and taught orally to their scholars an elaborate system of criticism by which the most minute readings were carefully noted. It is this traditional body of criticism which forms the *Massorah*, and its object was to guard the ancient method of reading the Old Testament Scriptures from the slightest change. Gradually it was committed to writing in notes of a most fantastic kind, which were copied in a minute hand on the margins of the manuscripts. Thus in the margin of Gen. xviii. 7, we find, "A choice youth ran and found wisdom," of which the meaning is that the peculiar spelling of the Hebrew word *vatoth*, "and good," to which the note is attached, occurs in five places in the Old Testament. Any one who has a Hebrew Concordance will easily find these places by looking out "and good," and each of the several words of the note. Thus "choice" and "and good" are found together in 1 Sam. ix. 2; and so of the rest. They indeed had no concordance, but they knew their scriptures by heart.

Now so little has been done for the criticism of the Old Testament, that this *Massorah* has been made fully known to scholars only after the Revision of the Authorised Version had been ten years in progress. One of the Company, Dr. C. E. Ginsburg, has now published, in three folio volumes, this vast mass of critical materials; but until some equally laborious student collates the Hebrew text of our Bible with the *Massorah*, we cannot be said accurately to know even what is the Massoretic text.

But supposing that we had a critical edition of that text, is it all we want? Ought we not to seek for materials for judging whether these scribes at Tiberias were always in the right?

Now, fortunately, we have some materials for this judgment in the Ancient Versions, which were all made quite independently of the *Massorites*. The Greek version of the Septuagint was made in Egypt two centuries and more before the Christian era. The Syriac was made in Mesopotamia, in the early days of Christianity; for we find it in common use there in the fourth

century; and it was at the end of the same century that Jerome revised the old Latin version, current in Italy, and produced the translation now called the Vulgate. All these versions are thus independent authorities, and, as a matter of fact, they confirm the substantial accuracy of the Massoretic text. And to these versions we must add the Targums, and the quotations in the Talmud. Now, all these ancient documents do give different readings; and often they make intelligible what at present is not so. But first of all, there has been no careful study of them, with a view to the criticism of the Hebrew text. They have been largely employed for interpretation, but while acknowledged to have somewhat of the value of manuscripts, little use has been made of them in this way; and, secondly, there is no scholarly edition of these Ancient Versions. Labour has been spent upon the Septuagint, but the manuscripts containing the Syriac version remain practically uncollated, and since the days of Pope Sixtus V. nothing has been done towards giving us a critical text of the Vulgate. The utter neglect of the aids for the study of the Old Testament is as remarkable as the activity displayed in editing the Greek text of the New. But it is only fair to say that one reason for this apathy has been

the acknowledged excellence of the Massoretic text.

The Revisers could work only with the materials already provided. Their business was not original research, but the judging and sifting of what had been furnished by others. And, remarkably enough, just as they are finishing their labours, unhoped-for treasures are being brought to light. Besides Dr. Ginsburg's Massorah, a manuscript of the Old Testament, said to be at least four centuries older than any in our libraries, has been discovered in the Synagogue at Aleppo. Portions, too, of very ancient codices have been acquired both by the British Museum and by the Imperial Library at Petersburg. But until they have been studied, we know not what will be their bearing upon our present text. Measures were at one time taken for sending out Dr. Ginsburg to collate the manuscript at Aleppo, but the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war rendered his mission impossible. But our hopes still turn to him as the scholar best able to make these treasures really available for our use.

And thus then the labours of the Old Testament Company have been restricted to the revision of the translation of exactly the same text as that which lay before the Revisers in the days of King James.

SHORT ARROWS.



GEORGE WILLIAMS.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox.)

"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW."

IN bygone days nothing could well be more lonely than the leisure of a young assistant or apprentice—a stranger in London—who desired to walk uprightly; too often, like one who recently gave his experience, he wandered idly about to kill time, the

only door open to him being that of the public-house. One October evening in 1844, Mr. George Williams (treasurer of the Young Men's Christian Association, president of the Young Men's Foreign Missionary Society, etc.) gathered a few youths in a small hired room, and in his Christian care for those active lives of which the Lord had need, he thus founded an association that has spread to the Continent, to America, and throughout the world. Above and beyond its recreative, athletic, and educational features, there is spiritual work of a twofold character going on in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association; the members are earnestly trained in eternal truth, that by their influence and evangelistic efforts they may become the means of saving others. One of their number is now a colporteur in China; others take up ragged-school teaching, lodging-house mission-work, etc. A young Armenian writes from Montreal: "My short time that I spent with you has been of great blessing to me. How good was God in directing me to Christian brethren in the great metropolis of the world!" When we consider that there are now more than 2,500 associations in fraternal union, and that the members come in contact with people in all positions and circumstances, it is not too much to say that the influence of that autumn evening, forty

years ago, can never be rightly estimated here on earth, and that the beloved and esteemed name of George Williams, who for Christ's sake set the grand machinery in motion, will be shined in Christian hearts as long as the memory of the just is blessed. Our portrait is from a photograph recently taken.

A YEAR'S WRECKS.

Perhaps one of the saddest records of the dangers which our sailors have to encounter is to be found in the Wreck Chart of the British Isles, which is compiled year by year from the Board of Trade Registers. There is, however, a bright side to the picture when it is noticed that there is hardly any part of our coast now left without a lifeboat station close at hand, while near all the more dangerous shoals and sands the stations are so close together that two or three lifeboats may arrive to the rescue almost simultaneously. The accompanying diagram, which gives not only the sites of the wrecks, but also those of the lifeboat stations, is a section of the last annual Wreck Chart published by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, showing the position of two of THE QUIVER lifeboats—those at Margate and Southwold—and it will

afford a slight idea of what these boats have to do. It will at once be seen that the boats are stationed on two of the most dangerous points of the east coast. It is estimated that the number of vessels lost or damaged every year on the coasts or in the seas of the United Kingdom is about 4,500, while the annual loss of life is not less than 1,000. Thanks to the noble efforts of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the coast is, however, protected by more than 300 lifeboats and about 300 rocket stations.

A CURIOUS STEEPLE.

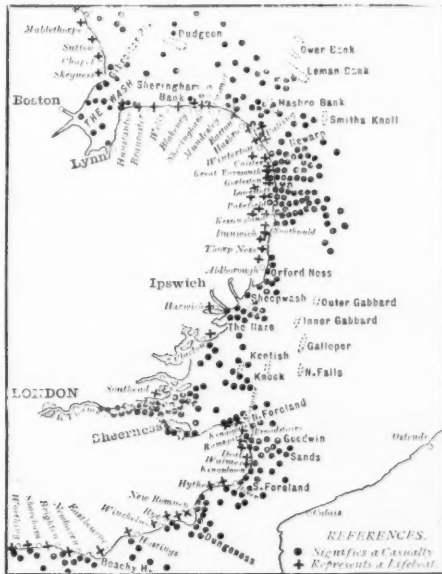
With reference to our recent article on "Some Singular Steeples," Mr. D. Ottley Wollaston writes:—"In your article on 'Some Singular Steeples' (February, 1885, p. 210), you refer to East Dereham, Norfolk, as among the examples of a detached tower, and state that it is difficult to assign any

reason for this. As my great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were rectors and vicars of East Dereham, I will give you an explanation which they gave to me. Many years ago, but not so very long, I believe, before my great-grandfather's time, it was found that the foundations of the piers supporting the central tower (which was then higher, and carried the bells) were insecure, and that it would be necessary to take down the bells and lower the tower. Another tower was built to carry the bells, which would doubtless have been at the west end but for the existence

there of a well or spring, and bath, at one time said to possess certain healing properties."

FRUIT IN DUE SEASON.

Those who are first privileged to scatter the seed of the Kingdom often meet with hardness and discouragement, but though for a time their work may seem useless, its fruit shall duly appear. A young Japanese had been imprisoned for being too outspoken. In his prison at Tokio he set to work to preach Christ to his fellow-sufferers, and the news of these efforts attracted others, till he had three hundred hearers. When released, he laid the neglected state of the prisoners before those in office, and he has been appointed go-



A YEAR'S WRECKS.

vernor of a new prison, with the consent of the authorities to pursue his religious work. At Bimbia (one of the hilly spurs of the Cameroons mountain range), a missionary every morning went from house to house of the natives, trying by prayer and conversation to reveal the Saviour to their darkened minds. One poor woman, stolid and apathetic, lived alone in a miserable hut; her ears seemed deaf, her soul dead to the Gospel message; no look of intelligence brightened her face, and, wearied out at last, the missionary passed her door to labour among those who apparently cared to hear. That evening the woman of whom he had despaired came weeping to his house, asking, "Why did you pass me by? have you been deceiving me? Is it not true that He loves me?" The missionary realised that here too, despite his fears, there was the blossom of fruit in God's time to be garnered for the sky. Henceforth that woman's life was changed, and she developed into a thankful and consistent Christian.

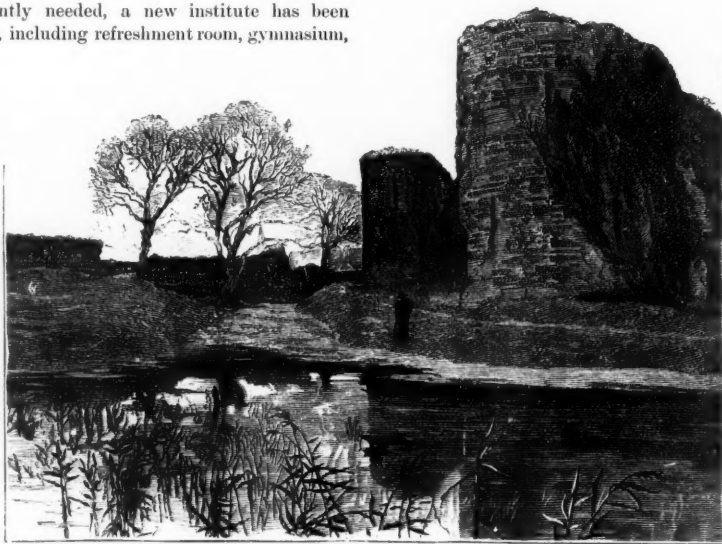
"THE BEST I EVER HAD."

London is full of growing lads, some of them hard at work in warehouses, offices, shops, and factories, some of them diving between carts and vans and under horses' heads with a zeal that does them credit as errand-boys, but renders their safety remarkable. Where are these boys, many of whom come from the country, to be found in their evening leisure? Music-halls stand open for them, sensational and unwholesome literature courts their attention, and evil companions incite them to false "manliness" by the path of intemperance. Christian philanthropy holds out a kindly and attractive hand, to which they respond in gratifying numbers, by such homes as the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, which has been attended by eleven hundred boys, some of whom have joined the Y.M.C.A., others being engaged as Sunday-school teachers and evangelists. Temperance and thrift are encouraged, and a Bible-class is held throughout the year. Increased accommodation being urgently needed, a new institute has been undertaken, including refreshment room, gymnasium,

creation, The Family, and Doubt; and among the lecturers are several names of note in the religious world, such as Prebendary Wace, who lectured on Faith; the Rev. J. W. Horsley, the Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, whose subject was Honesty; Mr. Stephen Bourne, and Canons Furse and Scott Holland. The lectures themselves are simple and earnest, and under their general title, "Plain Thoughts for Men" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) will be welcome to all teachers and preachers, especially as the price brings the book within reach of all.

"ON GUARD."

Visitors to the South Coast are familiar with the grand old ruins of Pevensey Castle, and with the picturesque country around. On the sea-coast, four miles from the village and castle, is Pevensey Sluice, where



PEVENSEY CASTLE.

reading room, school of art, mechanical workshop, and a swimming bath 60 feet by 27 feet. The home influence aims at rendering the lads good and faithful, and in more than one case the managers have been told, "The boy you sent me is the best I ever had."

A WORD FOR EVERY ONE.

A series of eight lectures delivered at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, during the London Mission of 1884, has been reprinted in volume form. The subjects of these addresses speak for themselves—Faith, Money, Temperance, Honesty, Purity, Re-

most successful evangelistic work has been commenced by the chief officer of the coastguards and his wife, and carried on by them with the help of Christian friends from time to time. They opened their house for cottage services, starting first a class for little ones, and then a meeting for adults. The numbers increased, and now a piece of land has been bought, as friends who have seen or heard of the good work are contributing to build a mission-hall. Thanks to the faithfulness of these servants of Christ, a tide of blessing has spread through the surrounding villages, and amongst the coastguards, railway-men, and others in the district. One of the first converts was an old lady who

could neither read nor write, but who was enabled to sing and pray and to become a noble worker for the Master. Mothers of families have devoted their influence to the Lord; the living have been rendered useful, the dying triumphant; and many believers, removed by reason of their work from place to place, have carried to other neighbourhoods the Saviour's message, "Come unto Me and rest."

"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

Is there a surer token of religious life in a soul than that the words are a vital fact?—"Behold, he prayeth!" What is true of the individual is true of the community; where there is prayer there is life, and growth, and blessing. We are glad our American brethren believe so heartily in taking all things to the Lord in prayer, and that it is not unusual for those who cannot reach the prayer-meeting to write or telegraph their earnest requests to be remembered. The fact of a person sending a telegram surely proves that a need is real, and that private prayer longs to be upheld by the pleadings of those who have gathered together before the Mercy-Seat. One such message from a city up the Hudson ran, "Pray for a man that he may be converted to-day." Nothing further was told, but it was enough for the friends to realise that there was one afar off in need of their prayers.

"THE QUIVER" MEDAL.

In response to the Editor's offer of a Prize of Five Guineas for the best and most appropriate design for the obverse of THE QUIVER Medal for Heroic Conduct in the saving of human life, fifty-seven artists submitted drawings. All traces of their ownership having been obliterated, these designs were placed before W. W. Outless, Esq., R.A., and Edwin Bale, Esq., R.I., who kindly acted as judges. The Prize is awarded to—

MRS. AGNES M. CLAUSEN, *The Mount, London Road, St. Albans.*

And honourable mention is accorded to the designs of two other competitors:—

W. DIXON GALPIN, 15, *Portman Square, W.*

ISAAC GIBBS, 110, *Mansfield Road, Gospel Oak, N.W.*

The Editor hopes to give a representation of the successful design in the next issue of THE QUIVER.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. MARK.

There is a mine of valuable thought in Canon Luckock's two volumes of readings in the Gospel of St. Mark. His work ("The Footprints of the Son of Man," etc. London: Rivingtons) may be fairly described as a somewhat extended commentary, divided into small sections for the convenience of those who can command only a few moments' quiet leisure every day. In the course of the volumes some two or three subjects are dealt with from a

point of view with which our readers will scarcely sympathise. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that the work, as a whole, is full of that fine devotional spirit which, when united with ripe scholarship, at once impresses and educates in the highest and truest sense, and it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the writer should have introduced into a book intended for family reading as well as private study questions of doctrine which are essentially controversial in character, and which practically exclude the work from general use.—From the same publishers we have "The Life and Writings of Charles Leslie, M.A., Nonjuring Divine," a carefully edited compilation by the Rev. R. J. Leslie. Charles Leslie, who was born about the middle of the last century, made some stir in his day, and fought a good fight. Mr. R. J. Leslie is to be commended for his endeavour to rescue the career and works of (we presume) his ancestor from oblivion, and for having presented us with a very readable and profitable volume.

A HIGHWAY FOR OUR GOD.

"There is *one* thing about English missionaries," said a Brahmin postmaster once—"they don't get angry like other Englishmen." It is to be presumed that the grace of patience is very largely possessed likewise by our American brethren, who go forth as pioneers of the Gospel; certainly they must need it among the children of the Sioux and Dakotas, whom at Santee, in the North of Nebraska, they have taken under their care, pointing them from the savage glories and grotesque deities of their race to the Good Shepherd, whose yearning cry to the hearts of His people is still, "Other sheep I have." Since 1835, the American Board of Foreign Missions has laboured to gather the Dakota Indians within the Fold. Two brothers had somewhat earlier built a log cabin in Minnesota, and mingled with the Indians, receiving much kindness from them. Missionaries of both sexes were sent over by the American Board, and though the Indian outbreak in 1862 interrupted religious work, Christian influence was potent in allaying the resentment of the authorities; and besides organised churches with Indian pastors, there are now several out-stations where services are held. A short time ago, a Dakota brought his boy, hideous with war-paint, to be taught English and to "become an American." He lamented that the fashion of his fathers had passed away, but has since seemed pleased at the change and progress he finds in his son. The mission-school is opened daily with religious exercises, and when the rows of little dark children gather for evening prayers, the praises of redeeming Love are sweetly sung by these Indian boys and girls, for whom Christ died.

THE FEEBLEST OF THE FLOCK.

Many of our readers at home and abroad are acquainted with the work taken up by Mrs. Hilton

honorary superintendent of the *Cybele*, Stepney Causeway, E. Some have seen the flower-named cots, with the babies nestling therein like wee rosebuds. Some of these at first resemble far more the snowdrop tribe, but tender care and nursing restore many little drooping ones to health. Children are received gratuitously whilst their mothers are seeking work, and afterwards only a small charge is made on the wages earned. The parents are widows, widowers, and, in some cases, imbeciles or invalids. From 80 to 100 children are received daily, and in the orphan home there are 40 residents; there is also a country house at Feltham, accommodating 24. Some of the histories of these little ones are very sorrowful; one of them had been treated so cruelly that at any noise she put up her hands as if fearing a blow, but she is now becoming affectionate and docile in the new atmosphere surrounding her. The very smallest of the babies seem remarkably serene, considering their



MRS. HILTON.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Barnes and Son.)

number. Some play, baby-fashion, on the railed mattress, some apply themselves persistently to the bottle, and some gaze round them calmly though somewhat vacantly from the laps of their nurses. For the sake of the sinless Babe Who had not where to lay His head, Mrs. Hilton carries on this blest and merciful refuge, cheered by the sympathy of friends both juvenile and adult, not only in London, but in every part of the wide world. One enthusiastic child who collects for the babies sends £1 17s. 9d. from "Papa and mamma, brothers, sisters, six servants, Mousie Biddy the small dog, Nelson the large dog, Madame Cherry, Greta the donkey, Anthony the canary, Brien the cat, and the bees contributed threepence." In addition to all this friendliness from the animal world, it is good to know that at Christmas time Santa Claus remembered the flock for which Mrs. Hilton is caring, as well as those other children who are more favourably situated.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

77. There is no record in the New Testament of the death of any of the Apostles except one—who was that?
78. Concerning whom does Our Blessed Lord use the words, "He was a burning and a shining light"?
79. Amongst the Christians dwelling at Thessalonica what man rendered St. Paul a very important service?
80. What two persons are mentioned by St. Paul as having preached with him at Corinth?
81. Jesse, the father of David, was called an Ephrathite though a native of Bethlehem—why was this?
82. What was the first town in Europe at which St. Paul preached?
83. What similarity is there between the Song of Thankfulness of Hannah at the birth of Samuel, and that of the Blessed Virgin at the Annunciation?
84. From what passage do we gather that Eli did not punish his sons for their wickedness by removing them from the priest's office because he did not like to give up the wealth attached to the office?
85. What punishment did God declare upon Eli's posterity for their sin of covetousness?
86. What is the name usually given to Silas in St. Paul's Epistles?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 418.

67. In Caesarea, where he afterwards resided. (Acts viii. 40, and xxi. 8.)
68. When Michal, the wife of David, placed an image in the bed, and so deceived the messengers of Saul, giving David time to escape. (1 Sam. xix. 12-16.)
69. It is said of King Saul, when he was searching for David, "Behold, Saul lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster." (1 Sam. xxvi. 7.)
70. St. Paul. (Acts xxii. 3.)
71. By the death of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, who was murdered by two of his captains. (2 Sam. iv. 2, 6; v. 3.)
72. Jehoash and his son Amaziah. (2 Kings xii. 20, 21; xiv. 19.)
73. The charge of all the vessels of the sanctuary, and the oversight of the Tabernacle. (Num. iv. 16.)
74. Ethan the Ezrahite, Heman, Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol. (1 Kings iv. 31.)
75. To the practice of tracing fugitives by their footprints. (Job xiii. 27.)
76. "Render your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God." (Joel ii. 13.)

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE HEROES.

A RIGHT goodly number of instances of individual heroism in the personal risk of life to save life, have been communicated to us from various quarters, and by those best able to authenticate them. We have deeds of daring on sea and land, each of which would deserve the medal THE QUIVER proposes to award; but as only comparatively few medals can be presented just now, the difficulty of selection is great. All the elements are represented in the numerous mis-

gives that lie before us. Here are lifeboats with their brave crews, battling with the winds and waves; here, heroic men and women risking life in river, reservoir, lock, and bathing-places; anon we turn over accounts of firemen, and even weak girls, facing the flames to rescue their fellow-creatures; and finally, of courageous individuals braving rushing waters and choke-damp in the mine, to save their mates. These details have come to us from all parts of the United Kingdom, and it is

a subject of rejoicing that neither nationality nor prejudice influences him who would save another's life. At the last supreme moment, a Christian man forgets feud, party, caste, everything, to tear friend or foe from the grip of the general and last enemy, Death.

Here is an instance of a young Irishman named James Nolans, who fought the fierce battle in a sudden mining catastrophe, which happened at the coal pits situated near the villages of Niddry and New Craighall, in the neighbourhood of Newmills, Dalkeith, N.B.

About two o'clock on Friday, October 12, 1883, the rumour was spread that the pits were filling with water. It was confirmed by a gush and fall of waters from a height of 130 fathoms, with a din which struck despair into the hearts of the weary miners. They were just about to

ascend the shaft, and the man at the pit head discovered that something had gone wrong. There were sixty-three men and boys at work, of whom thirty-eight escaped to a neighbouring pit, while twenty-five, who were on the opposite side of the torrent, remained. These ran through a portion of the workings as yet free from the flood, but found their escape cut off, turn where they would, and exhaustion took the place of despair. At last they awaited their fate in a level communicating with another pit, measuring

only 5 feet broad by 5 feet high. The shaft was nearly filled with water, and a volume of water was rushing down upon them; but here they waited two mortal hours, until, seeing no chance of the flood diminishing so as to give hope of escape, seven of them dashed under the water, and through the hole whence it came, leaving their companions in the belief that they were lost. They were, however, mercifully saved, reaching the shaft where anxious friends were await-

ing them, after battling in the dark with the seething waters. But what of the eighteen that remained? One by one twelve of them adventured their lives as their comrades had done—braved the waters and the dark hole, and were similarly rescued. But four men and two boys were still left behind. Three more hours passed, while friends above were vainly signalling and calling to them to follow their comrades' example. They were the more hopeless because they believed their mates had perished, and that such signals as reached them, from the roof, were warnings to remain where they were. Their lamps were kept burning with difficulty.

Three more hours passed, and the rescuing party saw that something must be done to draw them from their living grave. Some one must force a passage through the water, but who?



PRIZE DESIGN FOR "THE QUIVER" MEDAL FOR HEROIC CONDUCT.
(Drawn by Mrs. Clausen.)

"I will go if some one will push me through, for the current is so strong," volunteered our young Irish hero, James Nolans; and a mate named Smellie put his feet against his back, and he forced himself through the water. He reached his imprisoned comrades, spoke to them cheerfully, bade them follow him, and, placing the boy Kerr, aged thirteen, on his back, dashed back again. Saved! All but one! Where was the lad Walker? Nolans did not pause to consider, but ventured again through the waters. He found the boy in the dark, alone, abandoned to death. "Eh! and may God bless you!" were the words breathed into his ear as he took him also on his back, and bore him safely through the torrent. It was eleven o'clock at night when this daring deed was accomplished, and cheers of welcome greeted our collier hero. THE QUIVER'S FIRST SILVER MEDAL has been awarded to brave James Nolans. Will it not look well on his broad chest?

Nolans was Irish; here is a Welsh brave. One day in September, 1884, one of the students of the Carmarthen Training College was seized with cramp while bathing in the river Towy. A fellow-student swam to his aid, and the drowning man caught hold of him. In the struggle that ensued, both sank to the bottom, and were in imminent danger of being drowned. A third student, Mr. Alfred John Thomas, witnessed the event from the river's bank, sprang into the water weighted by his clothes, and, with great difficulty, brought them both to land. He had the happiness of saving both lives, under God, and seeing them recover from great exhaustion.

This was in broad daylight. Here is a Cornish river accident and rescue, all "done in the dark," like our miners' story. The Rev. R. Trefusis, vicar of Chittlehampton (to whom a medal has been awarded), hearing a cry from the river at night, rushed to the spot whence he fancied it had come. He jumped in, and swimming hither and thither, like a blind man groping for his fellow, at last succeeded in reaching and saving the poor man who was fast going down, and who had fallen over a railway bridge into the stream. The escape of both seems to us almost miraculous, though others as remarkable are detailed by many correspondents. We light upon another Cornish one, also "in the dark." This time it is a fisherman, Alfred Collins by name, and twenty-one years old, who lives at Shutta near Easthove. On the 16th of December, 1884, he was out at night with his small crew in his fishing boat, the *Water Nymph*. It was cold and stormy, and the bark was drifting and rolling. A sailor lad fell over; Collins jumped in after him, clothes, sea boots, oil-skin trousers, and all! Holding to his boat with one hand, he tried to clutch the lad with the other, and failed. Then he jumped on board again, took a line, and swam some eighty feet until he

reached the boy, then three feet under water. He managed to lay hold of him, and both were finally drawn back to the boat by the rest of the crew. A medal has been awarded for this brave deed.

Time would fail us to tell how Harry Davenport, of Stockport, saved a little fellow named Moss from a reservoir connected with a mill, and rescued a man from sinking in the mud, who had also attempted to save Moss. How James Herbert drew a boy from a lock; how Harry Pratt, at different times, rescued three lives in bathing; how John Black, fisherman, saved another from the deep basin of a harbour. It would be pleasant but impossible to chronicle all the unselfish acts of heroism before us, performed on the water by individuals or by lifeboats. As to the crews of the lifeboats, they seem, indeed, to take their lives in their hands, when they launch their frail barques to breast the raging deep, in order to reach some vessel on the eve of being wrecked. We wish we had room to recount a piece of splendid service done by the Whitby lifeboat in 1881; but we have another even more remarkable instance of heroism in 1883, though similar in kind. This was the rescue of the crew of the ship *Norman Court*, off the coast of Anglesea, in Cymyran Bay. News came to Holyhead that the Cymyran lifeboat had failed to save the crew, seen hanging from the rigging. Off went the Holyhead boat, with her crew of fifteen hands, and her brave old coxswain, Thomas Roberts, seventy-four years of age. With them went Mr. Elliott, local secretary. But they failed to reach the *Norman Court*, with its despairing freight of human souls, clinging for dear life to mast and rope. They returned to Holyhead. Mr. Elliott, who knew the wild Welsh country well, volunteered to lead his men, in the dead of night, across rock and precipice, to Cymyran Bay, and again man the lifeboat there. Old Roberts was ready at once, and the rest of the crew followed suit. "Over rock and over briar" they went gallantly; for, thanks to boyish bird-nesting and exploring, the secretary knew the "overland route." At last they reached the bay. "Impossible to venture; certain death!" cried the fisherfolk. But, "Tom, will you go?" cried Mr. Elliott to the coxswain. "Go, sir! what else did we come here for?" was the reply, and the Cymyran boat was manned. Out went the boat into the darkness and the raging gale, steadily steered by old Roberts. They neared the *Norman Court*, and heard the despairing words, "Are you going to leave us this time?"—"No," was the cheery answer. "We won't go back without you." And they did not. They took on board twenty-two men, who had been twenty-six hours clinging to the rigging, and brought them safe to land. The hospitable inmates of a neighbouring farm-house received and tended them, and it is no

wonder that one of them should have tried to say, as the lifeboat crew were leaving, "Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the brave Holyhead men."

Shall not "Old Roberts," coxswain, who has helped to save many another life, have our QUIVER medal? Mr. Elliott will doubtless forego his deserts in favour of his brave old friend, to whom the silver medal is adjudged.

But we must leave the water for the land, or there will be a war of elements. We turn over our testimonials of the brave, and read of some who have dared the flames to save their fellows. so late as the 25th of December of last year Police-Constable Jones, of Nottingham, member also of the fire brigade, succeeded in rescuing three persons. It was five o'clock of a winter morning when the fire broke out, and he, being on duty near the spot, hurried thither. He learnt that two people were unable to escape from the second storey of the house, and he at once faced the flames, and, aided by another man, brought them safely down. Then he was told of a man sleeping in the third storey, and rushed back through the blinding smoke in search of him. He found him with difficulty, half-suffocated, and thus succeeded in rescuing him also. We have several accounts of the heroic conduct of fire brigades, but none in which individual devotion is so clearly detailed as this, which is well worthy of the silver medal awarded for it.

We have the report of another gallant superintendent, Metcalfe by name, of Ripon, who has been instrumental in saving three lives from accidents on the road; and this brings us to the providential escape of three young people on the cliffs of Portland, Dorsetshire, which occurred in January of this current year. They were climbing in the hope of attaining the summit of a dangerous and nearly perpendicular cliff. They reached a point impossible to surmount, and in their efforts lost their footing, one hanging by his hands, the others clinging, one by hand the other by foot, to one loosening stone. Providentially, a boy was passing on the waggon track above with his team, and chanced to look over. He called some men who were at work near, two of whom, at great personal risk, scrambled and slid down the precipitous cliff to the foremost youth, not having perceived that there were a girl and boy still lower down. A sudden call, or unexpected sign, might have caused either of the trio to loosen their feeble grip of life, therefore it was necessary to proceed with great caution.

Two young men, Sansom and Stone by name, managed, they scarcely knew how, to reach the one the elder lad, the other the two below him, and to remain near them until some chains were let down from above. These, however, only dislodged the stones and enhanced the danger; so that they were withdrawn. By dint of almost incredible patience and foresight, the rescuers managed to get the young people from insecure stone to stone until they placed them on a ledge of rock beneath a perpendicular part of the cliff. Hither a third man came with a chain, and they were drawn up the sheer part of the rock, to where, by dint of dangerous climbing, they could reach the top. Even this was so perilous, that Sansom went behind to catch the younger boy should he slip. By the mercy of God all were saved, and though to our friends Sansom and Stone, well used to cliff climbing, there was perhaps no very special peril, still their unselfish readiness to help is worthy of a hearty word of commendation.

These instances of bravery by "flood and field" will suffice as examples of heroism. There are a host of others, among which is the gallant saving of the crew of the *Tordenskjöld*, by the barque *Maryborough*, of Newcastle, and the loss of a boat's crew, headed by William Eddy, while attempting to save a shipmate. We would fain mention all by name, but this brief sketch would not suffice for the work. And indeed our present resources are far from equal to the claims made upon them. May we remind those of our readers who have not already subscribed, that we should be glad to have every reader represented in the roll of the QUIVER Heroes' Fund, no matter how trifling the donation? When this is done it will not be necessary to pass over any of our brave friends and fellow-countrymen, whose heroic conduct it is equally a delight and a duty to honour. Certain it is, that the world admires each individual act of self-sacrifice, and that the person who performs it follows the example of Him Who "gave His life a ransom for many," and offers salvation to all.*

* A SPECIAL SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.—The Editor has much pleasure in adopting a suggestion recently made to him, that, with a view to including as large a number of readers as possible as donors to THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund, every reader of this magazine be invited to give or collect one shilling for this fund. All amounts will be acknowledged in due course if sent to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C., in accordance with the plan given in one of the advertisement pages at the commencement of this part.



MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MISSING RING.



RS. GLENWOOD recoiled from her niece with such a pained, horrified expression on her gentle face, that Elfedra was annoyed, and appealed to her mother.

"Have I said anything wrong? Aunt Mildred spoke openly of her loss; ought I to have concealed from her the fact that I know what has be-

come of the trinket which she is seeking?"

"You need not have blurted it out so hastily, my dear," Mrs. Balfour responded. "Naturally your aunt feels shocked, and perhaps incredulous; or at all events, she cannot feel as certain of Claire's guilt as you seem to be," Elfedra's mother hastened to add, for the young lady was drawing herself up with an indignant air that asked why her word was doubted.

"Claire rob me!" cried Mrs. Glenwood, finding her voice at last. "A young creature in whom I have always felt that I could place the greatest reliance! Surely she would not stoop to an act of dishonesty! Oh, no, Fleda, you must be mistaken. It is quite impossible—quite."

"Poor Aunt Milly!" said Elfedra caressingly, and yet with a little pitying contempt, "how you do contrive always to think the best of every one! There are no rogues and thieves in your little world! The women are all good and the men all honourable."

"Hush, my dear! I don't like to hear you adopt such an ironical tone. If I do try to think as well as I can of those about me, it is not that I am blind to their failings, but because I know their temptations to do wrong may have been greater than their opportunities of doing right."

"This is bad philosophy, auntie. According to your arguments——"

But Mrs. Glenwood gently laid her finger on her niece's lips.

"I do not propose arguing; indeed, I cannot, for

I am not a very wise woman, and often fall into error; but whether I am right or wrong respecting Claire Eldridge, what you have just told me has grieved me very much."

"Why did you bring such a tale to your aunt?" cried Mrs. Balfour to her daughter, in a harsh, strained voice. "Is she to have no comfort of her life? Those girls are nothing to her; why are they thrust upon her sympathies? She was not even a free agent in coming to the Lodge, but was brought here by her husband, who legally inherited it; why, then, I ask, is every vexation connected with this inheritance heaped upon her?"

"I do not see that the business of the estate has anything to do with what we were speaking of," retorted Elfedra, staring at her excited mother, "except that it is a pity Percy was prevailed with to keep a bad tenant at the Red House. Neither can I understand why I am blamed for what I have said. It is no fault of mine that I happen to know what has become of Aunt Milly's ring."

"My dear Fleda! we are sure, quite sure of that! I dare say you are as sorry as we are that a suspicion rests on poor Claire," Mrs. Glenwood responded soothingly. "But depend on it you are mistaken. I think I will go up-stairs and turn out my dressing-case again; the ring *may* be there, you know. I am not as careful in putting my things in their proper places as I ought to be."

Elfedra making no objection, her aunt carried out her intention, but returned to the drawing-room pale and distressed. The missing trinket was not to be found, and poor Tom must put up with the disappointment, or consent to accept another in its stead.

"My dear, what made you fancy Claire had that ring?"

"It was not a matter of fancy," was the reply. "I saw and recognised it this morning at the shop of the jeweller in the market-place. He was ticketing it for sale, and as I caught sight of Claire Eldridge quitting the shop not long before, I believe I am justified in saying that he must have bought it from her."

"She may have picked it up; she could not have known to whom it belonged." But even as Mildred Glenwood said this, she felt that no honest person would have made away with an article to which they had so very doubtful a claim.

Still Elfedra did not speak, and her mother was appealed to.

"Advise me, Mary! You, who know me so well, can understand my hesitation. Tell me what I ought to do, and I promise to be guided by you."

But Mrs. Glenwood's voice shook, for she thought of Lucie and poor Mollie, on both of whom Claire's guilt, if established, must react.

"Do nothing," said Mrs. Balfour promptly, "till you have seen the jeweller and identified the ring. You can bring no accusation till he has told you from whom he bought it."

about something, and I should not like him to know what it is. We should not be justified in mentioning what Elfreda has told us to any one, should we, Mary?"

"I hate secrets; I have cause to hate them," said



"Will you allow me to look at it?"—p. 519.

"I will go to him in the morning, and you, Elfreda, will you not accompany me?"

At first the young lady declined, and did so in very decided terms, but suffered herself to be persuaded, after which Mrs. Glenwood, who could not recover her spirits, lit her night-lamp, and asked her sister to make excuses for her.

"Percy would be sure to see that I am troubled

Mrs. Balfour with a sigh; "but it shall be as you wish; neither my husband nor Percy shall hear of the loss of the ring from me; and of course Elfreda will be equally careful."

"Hush—sh," breathed Mrs. Glenwood; "here comes Miss Asdon. How fortunate that she was not in the room when I discovered my loss! She might not be so reticent as we shall be."

And then chiding herself for what sounded like a slur on the prudence of her quiet, sad-looking lady-help, Mrs. Glenwood stopped to inquire kindly if the headache of which she had complained had quite left her, and to bid her spare herself more, and spend a longer time daily in the open air.

Percy and the Doctor had not had a very satisfactory interview. When the younger man began to speak of Elfreda and marriage, his constrained tones, his averted eyes, and the emphasis laid on his mother's wishes more than his own, did not escape his uncle's notice.

This was not the manner of an ardent lover, and Dr. Balfour, who regarded his daughter as priceless, took affront. The man who asked him for the hand of his beautiful Elfreda ought to have done so with bated breath and stammering tongue, trembling with agitation lest so great a boon should be denied.

"The foolish fellow has grown conceited, and thinks he has but to ask and have! Intercourse with the world has given him an exalted idea of his own consequence as a man of property, and he expects to see his proposals accepted gratefully! I must teach him that he is mistaken. Such a girl as Elfreda, too!"

It was therefore with an air of assumed carelessness that he rallied Percival on his haste to be married.

"I don't quite approve of these very close connections," he added, "and in the present state of my wife's health, how can her daughter—her only daughter—leave her? What does Elfreda herself say about it? I suppose she knew that you intended speaking to me?"

"My mother loves her dearly, and I would do my utmost to make her happy!" said Percy, still avoiding the Doctor's eye.

"Yes. But this is scarcely an answer to what I was asking. Moreover, it is not wise to enter upon affairs of such importance in a hurry. When your aunt is better you must come to Mincester, and we will discuss it at our leisure. Elfreda is worth waiting for."

Again Dr. Balfour experienced a twinge of dissatisfaction. Percy agreed much too readily to this deferring of the engagement, and even rose with the alacrity of one who is relieved by what should have seriously disappointed him.

Under the circumstances, neither felt sorry to find the drawing-room deserted.

Mrs. Balfour was still too much the invalid to keep late hours, and Elfreda dutifully assisted her to her room, lingering to say—

"After all, it is a pity Lance left us this morning. This theft of Aunt Milly's ring must have disenchanted the foolish boy!"

"What has he to do with it?" demanded Lance's mother sharply.

"With the theft? Nothing, but I am afraid he has acted imprudently with regard to Claire Eldridge, who was nothing loth to coquette with him."

"She is very bright and very ladylike," said Mrs. Balfour with a sigh.

"She is also crafty and presuming; while Lance—ah! I have no patience with him! He seems born to disgrace us!"

"Gently, Fleda; you are speaking of your brother!"

"Mamma, such conduct as Lance has been guilty of will make me wish I could forget the relationship. He comes here to be hospitably entreated by poor Aunt Mildred, and requites her by making himself notorious in the village!"

"No, Fleda—no!"

"But I say yes, mamma," she persisted. "It was one of the servants who told me that he was seen walking with Claire in a lane leading to the Red House, and also waiting for her in Miss Eldridge's garden."

"A servant told you this?"

"The maid who brushes my hair. You need not look so reproachfully at me. I do not encourage her in tattling. She is one of those chatterboxes who cannot be silenced till she has said all she has to say. I read on the while, and should not have heard what she was talking about, if the name of Lance had not struck my ear."

"He is not here to defend himself," she was reminded.

"Nor to be cured of his folly by seeing the object of his silly admiration in her true colours. I say again that it is a pity he did not stay to be disenchanted."

Mrs. Balfour neither agreed with the indignant speaker, nor protested against her harsh judgment, but sat silent and thoughtful for such a length of time that Elfreda believed her to be driven into a corner, and left without one of those arguments fondly foolish mothers are wont to employ. She was therefore taken by surprise when she heard these words spoken meditatively—

"Lance might do much worse!"

"Than marry that girl! Than give her the right to call me sister? Are you in earnest, mamma? Yet, on second thoughts, it is true, too true. At the level to which he has debased himself there must be women more degraded, because even more dishonest, than Claire Eldridge; but what a marriage for your only son to make! What a blow for poor papa!"

Mrs. Balfour started; she had contrived to forget her daughter's presence. Not for a moment doubting the innocence of Claire, she had fallen into a reverie in which she pictured the ease of mind she should be able to enjoy if Mollie's maidens were happily settled at so considerable a distance from Glenwood as Bradford would be.

His mother had long ceased to entertain any ambitious hope of Lance marrying well in the worldly sense of the expression. Had he not separated himself from "the set" in which his parents moved? And might not the result be, as Elfreda predicted, his marrying for her pretty face some

uneducated girl of whom he would soon learn to be ashamed?

"What a blow for poor papa!" Elfleda was repeating.

"Yes," was the sorrowful reply; "he seems destined to be disappointed in his wife and his son. Perhaps he has rated us too highly. But he has you, child, and you must console him."

What did she mean? Elfleda would have liked to know why her mother spoke with such remorseful tenderness, but she was abruptly dismissed. Mrs. Balfour preferred to be alone, and as she refused all offers of service, pointing impatiently to the door, her daughter was obliged to obey and leave her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT THE JEWELLER'S.

WHILE the unconscious Dr. Balfour and his equally unsuspecting nephew drove to examine some newly discovered antiquities a few miles from the Lodge, Mrs. Glenwood, heavy hearted and reluctant, went to the market town with Elfleda.

No one but her sister was aware of the nature of her errand; no one else suspected it. Claire and Lucie, coming down the lane, from meeting the carrier with a basket of fruit and flowers to be sold at the market, saw the pretty little carriage roll by, and stopped to watch the ponies climb the hill. Mrs. Glenwood, harassed by her errand, had not descried the slender figures that stood aside to let her equipage pass, and Miss Balfour was always so distant in her demeanour that they were neither surprised nor hurt at her very slight recognition of their greetings.

"If they are going to the draper's, to select part of the *trousseau*," said Lucie, "I hope they will buy the pale blue cashmere he has just put in his window. It should be draped about Miss Balfour's fine form in heavy folds, and would need no relief but the pure red and white of her complexion, and her golden hair. She would look regal in it! Does she not make you think of the Lily Maid of Astolat?"

"No, but of Rowena, the Saxon princess, beloved of Ivanhoe; so cold, so stately to every one but her own true knight. I suppose she loves *him* dearly."

"Who? Ivanhoe? Ah! you are thinking of Mr. Glenwood. How proud he must be of her beauty! I wish he looked happier. After all, there must be more satisfaction in rolling up one's sleeves and going to work—work that needs both hands and brain, like Mr. Balfour's—than being merely a country gentleman."

"Mr. Glenwood is an excellent landlord," was the warm response; "even Mrs. Barnes admits it. See what great improvements he is effecting in the village already; and how firmly but gently he has insisted on the cleansing of those wretched cottages on the Common. If to endure insults when he should receive gratitude, if to good-humouredly combat prejudice and ignorance is being 'merely a country

gentleman,' then all honour to him for playing his part so well."

"This is the first time I have heard you do him justice!" cried Lucie. "Long since I learned to think that my aunt was mistaken when she accused him of tyranny and oppression, but you have always seemed to feel bitterly towards him."

"It is of no consequence," said Claire, pulling one of her flowers to pieces. "He can afford to despise what we say or think."

"Ah! but he has been invariably courteous; nay, more than courteous—*kind*. I like him so much! do not you?"

A low but decided "No" was the only reply Lucie's question received, and though looking not a little perplexed that Claire should adhere to the prejudices Miss Eldridge's really unjust complainings had engendered, she said no more.

Mrs. Glenwood was unusually silent that morning, nor did the sunshine inspire Elfleda to break the silence. She was in no hurry to be wedded, and did not intend to become the bride of Percival Glenwood till he had taken a house in London or Edinburgh, and adopted her views of what their future was to be; but she was displeased on learning from her father that nothing definite had been said on either side. It was provoking that one so handsome, intelligent, and in every way eligible, should require such a vast amount of rousing from what his cousin stigmatised as the lethargic notions inculcated by his mother. Elfleda was no coquette—she was too well satisfied with herself to practise any feminine allurements; but it did enter her mind that the appearance of a rival might assist Percy in making up his.

All too soon for Mrs. Glenwood, who, in spite of her desire to recover her ring, would rather have lost it altogether than find it thus, the two ladies reached the market-place of the lively little town, and drew up at the door of the jeweller.

They were sufficiently well known here to induce Mr. Ensom to come forward himself to take their commands.

Partly to gain time, partly to gratify her companion, who had a very feminine passion for pretty ornaments, Mrs. Glenwood made a few purchases before entering on the subject of her visit.

"When my niece was here yesterday, you were ticketing for sale a cameo ring?" she said at last.

Mr. Ensom bowed an affirmative.

"Will you allow me to look at it?"

The jeweller looked surprised and politely sorry.

Not an hour after he bought the ring, a traveller had called upon him for orders, and chancing to notice and admire it, had purchased it for his own wearing.

"But you can describe it," said Elfleda.

"Certainly;" and if Mr. Ensom's description was somewhat indefinite—for he was not sufficiently versed in classical lore to say whether the female head on the stone was a Diana or a Cleopatra—still it struck conviction to his hearers.

"Will you object to telling me how this ring came into your hands?"

Startled by Mrs. Glenwood's faltering voice and troubled looks, the jeweller eyed her keenly, and hesitated.

"He had not bought it from a stranger," he assured her, "but from a young person whom he had known for years—that is, known from coming to his shop occasionally to bring watches to be cleaned and articles of jewellery to be mended for ladies residing at the Red House at Glenwood."

"And her name?" asked Ellfeda, finding that her aunt did not speak.

"I have always heard her called Claire, or Clara Eldridge, and when she told me she was commissioned by its owner to sell that ring, I did not think it necessary to ask her any questions, but gave her what I considered its fair value to me to sell again."

"Do you think you could recover it for me?" Mrs. Glenwood queried anxiously.

Mr. Ensom promised to do his best; and scenting a mystery, or worse, inquired whether his visitor would like to confer with the superintendent of the police, who could be fetched in a few minutes, as he lived just round the corner.

But tender-hearted Mrs. Glenwood was in agony at the suggestion.

"No, no! she is so young; surely we can try milder measures. Pray let my loss be a secret between us for the present."

And Mr. Ensom, vexed with himself for having made a bargain so incautiously, readily promised all she demanded.

The homeward drive was almost as silent as the former one, for Ellfeda did not choose to comment on what she mentally termed "that wretched girl's turpitude," and her aunt was so very much shocked and distressed that she had not a word to say. She liked both Mollie's maidens, but being herself of a yielding temperament, had always felt more strongly attracted by the energetic Claire than by her gentler sister. To discover that the object of her admiration was guilty of a theft, grieved her to what Ellfeda considered a ridiculous degree.

"What must I do next?" Mrs. Glenwood inquired of her niece, who started from a reverie to answer her.

"Respecting your ring? I should not like to advise; you might think me cruel where I should consider myself just."

"I will talk to Mary—to your mother. Always supposing it will not worry her now her nerves are so weak."

"Far better lay the case before papa, and be guided by him," counselled Ellfeda.

"Ah, yes! men are less impulsive than we. Your advice is good, my dear; I will hear what your father advises—your father or Percy."

But on second thoughts Mrs. Glenwood resolved not to mention the subject to her son unless it proved absolutely necessary. The Eldridges had prejudged him long since; they had regarded him

as an oppressor, and if he were to bring any charge against one of the household, it might be looked upon as another proof of the ill-will in which he was supposed to hold them.

Dr. Balfour, strolling on to the terrace after luncheon in high good humour at having secured a couple of funereal vases from a Roman tomb in the best of preservation, was astonished to be joined there by his sister-in-law, pale and tearful.

She need not have felt afraid to confide in him, for he was too humane to propose treating Claire with the severity his daughter would have advocated.

"See the girl, Milly, before you do anything else, and try whether your knowledge of her guilt, plainly set before her, will not induce her to confess it. Heaven forbid that any of us should visit too harshly a first offence. If by your patience and forbearance you can bring her to repentance, you will not regret it."

"I am so glad to hear you say this! I was afraid you would give me very different advice," Mrs. Glenwood frankly admitted. "Will you do me one more favour? Drive with me to the Red House and be present at my interview with this unhappy girl."

The Doctor looked at his watch.

"I am already due there at four o'clock, at which time I have warned Lottie and Susan to expect me. If you can start an hour or so earlier, I shall be at your disposal while the old ladies are pranking themselves for my reception. I know them of old. Instead of welcoming me in their ordinary gowns and caps, like sensible women, Lottie will be *à la* Titian, and Susan will not be satisfied till her glass tells her that she is a second Sappho all but the sandals."

"At three, then, my ponies shall be at the door."

Why Mrs. Glenwood shut herself in her room till then no one knew; perhaps no one guessed; but she came from it calmed and comforted by that quiet half-hour.

His younger brothers had seized on Percy after luncheon, and prevailed on him to take them on the lake to give them a lesson in rowing, and Ellfeda, with unusual urbanity, consented to be of the party.

Mrs. Balfour, who had tried her foot rather too much that morning in going up and down the house, went away to rest it. She was strangely, sadly altered from the bright, sociable woman of earlier days, who had been such a model wife and hostess that much of her husband's *prestige* at Mincester was due to her; but those who loved her would whisper compassionately that it was only the excessive weakness of her nerves that made her appear so reserved and depressed. Indeed, what other cause could they or the doctors find for the change that grieved them?

Dr. Balfour talked very gravely of his wife, as he and Mrs. Glenwood drove slowly to the Red House. He had hoped to find her more cheerful, and was disappointed at her reluctance to spend with him a part at least of his holiday in revisiting those charming scenes on the south coast, amidst which, years ago, they had spent their honeymoon. To be allowed to

go back to Mincester and there devote herself to her duties was all she craved; but while she remained in this unsatisfactory condition and the medical men continued to prescribe change of scene, how could he consent to it?

"She frets for Lance," said Mrs. Glenwood. "She cannot reconcile herself to the thought that her husband and her son are not at one. If this estrangement were but at an end, what a relief it would be to her!"

The Doctor's "Humph!" was not very satisfactory, and Mrs. Glenwood did not venture to say more. Already she was reining-in her ponies at the white gate of the Red House gardens; a lad had left his work in an adjoining field to shyly offer to hold them; and Mollie was clumping down the path to admit the visitors.

Her round face was radiant with delight, and after bobbing a curtsy to the Doctor, she addressed herself to his companion.

"If I beant as glad as glad you be come, Mrs. Glenwood! I should like everybody I knows to see me to-day. I've got a birthday! Never took no account of it before, but I've got one now, and you never see me look so handsome as this afore, did ye now?"

"A new gown, Mollie?"

"All my own," she chuckled, "and never knew nothin' about it till I found it on my bed a' ready to put on, hooks and buttons an' all. Wait till I turn me right round and let ye see it every ways. Beautiful, beant it? There's never been such another gown in the parish—never."

Mrs. Glenwood good-naturedly admired the material, a brown chintz sprinkled with gay bunches of flowers, and the wearer chuckled again.

"Suthin' like a gown, eh? You wouldn't ha' knowed it was me if ye hadn't seen my face atop of it. Most too good to wear, isn't it?"

"Who gave it you, Mollie?" asked the Doctor; and after a long stare he was recognised.

"If it beant the good gentleman as give me the first big bit of silver money I ever had! Lor, sir! nobody never gives silly Mollie nothin' cep' her pretties, and they made it, bless them! out o' their strawberries—their own little bed, ye know, as they dog and planted all their selves. Sold 'em, and saved what they got, an' spent it on me. Ain't they made me look handsome? I mun take a holiday, and go down street to show myself."

"I hope the money so freely spent on this poor creature was as honestly earned as she imagines," Dr. Balfour observed to his sister-in-law as they followed their excited guide into the house.

"The old ladies beant half through their dressin' yet, though they've got Lucie to help 'em," Mollie volunteered. "Will ye wait in Miss Lottie's parlour?"

"Go and find the other young woman," said the Doctor, his voice and manner assuming the sternness generally laid aside with his cap and gown. "Tell her Mrs. Glenwood desires to speak with her."

But ere Mollie, awed into a more sober mood by his imperious tone, could obey, Claire appeared.

She came running down the wide stairs, her features drawn and ghastly with terror, her arms outstretched, her lips parted, and the breath that fluttered through them struggling into sobs as she caught sight of the faces gazing at her from the hall below.

She caught hold of Mrs. Glenwood.

"Oh, come with me! come and tell me if—if this is death!"

Ay, it was indeed death that had drawn its grey veil over the wrinkled visage of Miss Eldridge, as she lay back in her chair, her hands folded on her lap, resting after the fatigue of that daily walk across her chamber, of which alone she had been capable for some weeks.

She had spoken to Claire with unusual tenderness as the young girl, whose turn it was to be in attendance upon her, settled her cushions that she might sleep if she would.

"She had been thinking," she said—and how often the words were fondly dwelt upon afterwards—"thinking that she had never had reason to regret keeping Mollie's darlings with her. It almost seemed as if their presence had brought a blessing with it, for though there had been more months to feed, she had never known what it was to want enough for them and herself too!"

And then she bade her *protégée* read her the 103rd Psalm, and Claire, drawing a footstool to her knee, had obeyed, nor looked up till she had finished—looked up to be awed by the change that had passed over the face that not long before had smiled so lovingly upon her.

Miss Eldridge was dead. The last of the family—owners for generations of the Red House—had passed away, and all that Mrs. Glenwood could do was to close the staring eyes and call Mrs. Barnes to the assistance of the weeping girls, to whom her roof had been a home ever since they lost Manon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

AGREEING with Mrs. Glenwood that no mention of the lost ring could be made at present, Dr. Balfour drove back to the Lodge to carry the tidings there, leaving his sister-in-law fully occupied in attending to Miss Lottie and Miss Susan.

Interrupted at their toilette by Mrs. Barnes's abrupt announcement of what had just occurred, the elder sister became hysterical, and the other caught the infection. For some time they helplessly cried and sobbed one against the other, and refused to let Mrs. Glenwood leave them alone with their childish terrors.

Claire and Lucie were stunned by their loss. It was the first time they had been brought face to face with death, for they had been mercifully carried away while sleeping, from the shed where Manon expired,

Not till the last offices had been performed, did they wrap their arms around each other, and let their tears flow freely. Mrs. Barnes, who always considered a good scolding the best remedy for grief, was silenced when their piteous faces were mutely raised to hers. Shedding a tear herself, she left them with Mollie.

Mrs. Glenwood stayed at the Red House till all the necessary arrangements had been put in train, and the Misses Balfour were sufficiently revived to accept her proffered hospitality and accompany her to the Lodge—an invitation given with a little scorn of the selfish weakness that had made both sisters determine to start off somewhere that same night, declaring that they could not possibly stay under the same roof with a corpse.

Elfreda met her aunt as soon as she and her guests entered the house, and kissed her tired face with unwonted effusion.

"Why did you burden yourself with these foolish old women?" she demanded, as soon as she found an opportunity. "No; it is not a very reverential way of speaking of papa's relations, but they are tiresome; even you cannot deny it, and you will have no one to take them off your hands. What will you do with them?"

She stopped, on seeing that she was not understood.

"I forgot that you have not seen mamma. She has suddenly overcome her reluctance to go to the sea. I am glad, because papa wishes it so much."

"She is going to leave me! leave me now!" exclaimed Milly in some consternation.

"To-morrow morning early," was the decisive reply. "You are surprised, and so was I—but, once roused, mamma can be energetic enough. Indeed, she has worked herself into a fever over her packing, and yet cannot be persuaded to leave it to me."

Yes, Mrs. Balfour was hurrying away, eager to escape before the question arose—what is to be done with Mollie and her maidens? and her sister, when she had overcome her astonishment, rejoiced affectionately in her determination.

"Every one says that so pleasant a change will do you good; but you must contrive to spare me a day or two on your way back to Mincester, that I may hear your adventures and satisfy myself you are better."

This the Doctor promised in his own name as well as his wife's; he even hinted that it might be arranged for them to bring Elfreda to Glenwood at Christmas to finish her interrupted visit; and Percival looked up, flushing deeply as he encountered the significant glance of his uncle; but he could not feign a joy he did not feel, and turned away so abruptly that Dr. Balfour confided to his spouse a fear that their nephew had not the best of tempers, or else felt more keenly than he had imagined the refusal to accept at once his proposals for the hand of Elfreda.

"This looks as if I were running away from *you*, Milly," her sister murmured when they were parting,

"whereas in reality I am trying to run away from myself."

"Get well, get strong, and come back to me that we may rejoice together on the happiness of our children!" was Milly's reply. "Poor Percy! you have not said one word of regret for robbing him of Fleda's society. She has been his constant companion for so many weeks, that I am afraid the house will seem very dull when she is no longer in it."

"I would not take her from you, only I am such a poor companion nowadays for Allan," and Mrs. Balfour sighed. "But she will come to you to be your daughter rather than mine as soon as her father can resolve to part with her."

"Let it be soon. Plead with him for the young couple. I cannot bear to see my boy so sadly out of spirits; use your influence in his behalf!" urged Milly; and thus self-deceived the two mothers kissed each other and whispered that when they met again it should be to arrange the details of their children's wedding.

The constant demands made upon her time and patience by three restless school-boys, kept Mrs. Glenwood pretty well employed, but she made a point of being present when the mouldering tomb in the churchyard was opened to receive the last of the Eldridges.

She also contrived to curb the zeal of Mrs. Barnes, who, as soon as the funeral was over, instituted a house-cleaning on so extensive a scale, that it kept Mollie and her maidens on their feet all day, and sent them to bed almost too weary to sleep.

Outwardly the current of life flowed on at the Red House just as of old. Poor harmless Annie Morris might be seen pottering about the garden and orchard, collecting the curiously veined leaves and grasses she loved to arrange; and the Misses Balfour, though they continued to sleep at the Lodge, occupied their studio for some hours daily.

But every one knew that a change was impending. The house had lost its head, and although the domestic affairs had long since fallen into the more capable hands of Claire and Lucie, they could not step into the place of their protectress now.

Every one felt this, though hesitating to put it into words. When Percy had leaned over his mother's chair one night and said, "You'll be kind to those poor girls," he did not wait for her reply. He dared not discuss their future, lest he should betray a stronger interest in it than his position with regard to Elfreda would justify.

It was Mrs. Barnes who bluntly put the questions every one else was longing to ask—What was to be done with the Red House, and its present inmates?

"Leave me out of your calculations," she added. "I can stay or go, as it suits me. I am my own mistress, and have no ties to bind me to any part of the world. I may, as it has become fashionable for ladies to travel alone, pack myself a knapsack, and go off to Siberia or Australia; or I may settle down in the Isle of Man, a spot I have always had a fancy to visit."

"The house is my son's," demurred Mrs. Glenwood, looking across the table at Percy, who rose directly, saying with a forced smile—

"Nay, mother, I shall ask you, as Mrs. Barnes has just done, not to consider me in your arrangements. Do what pleases you, and I shall be satisfied."

He went away, and thus deprived of her only reliance, his mother appealed to the Misses Balfour. What would they advise? It was Miss Lottie who responded.

"I am afraid we shall have to say the same as Mr. Glenwood. The fact is, dearest friend, Susan and I are beginning to feel that we have made a mistake in burying our talents in the obscurity of a rural village. If we were nearer London we could gather around us the society of our fellow artists and authors. We shall be deeply grieved to renounce our intercourse with you—just too, as we have enjoyed your charming hospitality; but it is imperative."

Mrs. Glenwood looked at Mrs. Barnes, who smiled grimly as she observed—

"You see you will have to act on your own responsibility. There is the house; it can soon be cleared of all its inmates but those who do not know where else to go; and they must have notice to quit, and be told plainly that they are not wanted any longer."

Mrs. Glenwood's colour deepened, and she was so unmistakably pained, that for once Mrs. Barnes repented her abruptness, and tried to atone for it.

"There are plenty of people who would be willing to receive the poor lunatic for a small weekly sum, of which I should not object to guarantee half. She is very quiet, and easily managed. As for the others, Lucie can go out as a nursery governess, and Claire must accept the offer transferred to her from her sister, and marry young Woods at the farm. She can take Mollie there with her."

"But Claire has told the young man positively that she will not have him," interposed Miss Susan with a simper. "It is quite romantic; I have commenced some descriptive verses, embodying it as a Sussex idyll."

"She will have to alter her mind," said Mrs. Barnes sharply. "Girls in her position cannot afford to play fast and loose with a good offer. The fellow's a fool, but what of that? She has brains enough for the pair of them."

"I am afraid this naughty sister of mine has encouraged in both these girls a tendency to romance and sentiment," Miss Lottie observed, playfully shaking a long, skinny finger at the culprit. "When I remonstrated with Claire, she would not listen to me. She did not love him, she could not love him, she kept repeating. It was no use my pointing out to her that young persons who have to live by their own industry must be practical; or arguing that if she could live contentedly at the Red House, where really her advantages were few, why not at a farm of which she would be the mistress?"

"Marrying for love is a farce," Mrs. Barnes went

on; "only young people always are so obstinate and will not see it. Mrs. Glenwood must come to our assistance; she must tell Claire plainly that the Red House is going to be shut up, and ask her what she and her sister will do when it is."

"I help you to induce a young girl to enter into the most solemn of all bonds without any affection or respect for the man you would have her marry? Never, never!" exclaimed Mrs. Glenwood, rising from her chair with glistening eyes. "How could I, who have been a happy and beloved wife myself, connive at such—?"

Wickedness she was going to add, but the wondering faces of her guests checked her, and her anger gave place to commiseration. What could two frivolous, self-engrossed spinsters, and a woman who had no command of her temper, know of the obligations of marriage? Or how make them comprehend that Claire was more to be honoured for refusing than for yielding?

"No, no, dear friends," she cried, recovering her good humour, "we will not meddle in such a grave matter as an inexperienced girl's reluctance to marry. She may have reasons of which we know nothing; and I am afraid we should all despise her if she wedded solely to secure herself a home."

"Perhaps you are thinking of giving her one here," said Mrs. Barnes. "Some one was telling me that your lady-help had left you."

Mrs. Glenwood hastily explained that Miss Asdon had been called away by the serious illness of a relative, and had promised to resume her duties as soon as she could. But while saying this, Milly's face became grave and troubled, for she had remembered that she could do nothing for Claire while such a slur as the theft of the ring rested upon her good name.

"Mrs. Glenwood does not tell us what she proposes doing with the old house," observed Mrs. Barnes, quick to descry her perplexity.

"Ah! that is soon told. If my dear son makes it over to me unconditionally, I will no longer hesitate to carry out a plan very near to my heart."

"You will sell it?" suggested Miss Lottie.

"No; but put it to such uses as these—I have known what it is to see those I loved pining away in a close, smoky town, and yet been unable to procure for them the sweet, soft air, the wholesome country food and pure milk that under God's providence would have restored them to health. In that same town there must be so many grieving over their ailing children, even as I once grieved, that I long to help them. And so I propose to ask a good old doctor whom I know there, to send me some weakly child, and perhaps some delicate girl, whom I will keep at the Red House till they are rosy and well. And if my plan answers, he shall send me three or four more; and when they leave, others shall take their place."

"A charming idea; but rather impracticable, is it not?" asked Miss Lottie dubiously. "Think of the expense!"

"Think of the trouble!" added Mrs. Barnes. "It would be endless; you would be worried to death, and who would be grateful for it? Pshaw! there's no one thankful nowadays!"

she has a child to coddle; and Mollie imitates her maidens in all they do. But you must have some one to manage, to supervise the concern, and it's no use asking me. I should be harassed to death,



"The Red House will be a home for you no longer!"—p. 525.

"But if I should be quite satisfied with knowing that I had relieved an anxious heart here and there, and brought health and strength to a few little sufferers?" queried Mrs. Glenwood, with a thoughtful smile.

"You could not do it single-handed," Mrs. Barnes persisted, "and pray who are to be your helpers? Certainly Lucie is never better pleased than when

and all for strangers who would be here to-day and gone to-morrow!"

"Not quite so quickly as that," she was smilingly reminded.

"Perhaps you are thinking of Claire. She would not be a bad housekeeper, if she were more experienced."

"I was not thinking of Claire," said Mrs. Glen-

wood coldly. "I did not anticipate this break-up of the little community at the Red House taking place so suddenly, if at all, and so my plans are not matured. I shall have to wait till Miss Asdon returns, or discuss them with my sister."

"And in the meantime the poor children you propose helping are left unaided!" Mrs. Barnes exclaimed. "It's a foolish scheme for you to embark in. I'm obliged to tell you so. But there's a brother and sister in the village who have had diphtheria, and are literally sinking from the weakness the disease has left behind. The doctor orders unlimited beef-tea, and the father's earnings are twelve shillings a week. Now, if those little unfortunates could be transported to the Red House, I should not mind looking after them as long as I remain there. And if an insight into the difficulties of the scheme you propose should disgust you with it, you could renounce it, and no one be any the wiser."

Mrs. Glenwood smiled, but said nothing, except

that she would see Mr. Jones in the morning, and ascertain whether he would entrust his little patients to her care. And Mrs. Barnes declining to stay for afternoon tea, which she stigmatised as a bad habit, went back to the Red House.

Claire, with that innate courtesy which often mollified the testy matron, put down the work she was engaged upon, and came to relieve her of her wraps. As she did so Mrs. Barnes took her by the shoulders and gave her a little shake, saying, but not unkindly—

"Foolish Claire! what will you do now? You have rejected the suitor who, if he was not over-wise, was wealthy, and contrived to offend the only person who could have befriended you. There was no misunderstanding Mrs. Glenwood this afternoon. Lucie and Mollie will be taken under her protection, but not you—not you. The Red House will be a home for you no longer!"

(To be continued.)

HOW JOSEPH'S DREAMS WERE FULFILLED.

BY THE REV. A. BOYD-CARPENTER, M.A.



WE all have our dreams in early life: not only those that shape themselves into visions of the night, but that fill much of our waking hours. We look into the future that lies before us bathed in mystic light, and lay our plans, build our castles in the air, and resolve on great things when manhood shall be ours.

Old age and experience smile at our dreams, and we ourselves in after-life, looking back and comparing the actual with the anticipated, are inclined to do the same. Nevertheless, these dreams, these aspirations, these anticipations of ambition, have their purpose, and serve as some of the great forces that push out into life.

But if these youthful dreams have their use, they have likewise their weakness; and this weakness is generally twofold. We think too much of self, and we think too little of the requirements of life. Our dreams circle too much round ourselves, and we regard life as something specially arranged for our individual convenience, and we imagine that it only requires a little effort on our part to accomplish all that we desire. We look upon the great field of human enterprise, and, lo! our sheaf stands upright, and the sheaves of our fellow-workers bow before it. We look

into the great heaven of Providence, and, lo! the sun and the moon, and the twelve stars—all the powers of heaven—make obeisance to us. Thus we stand in youth upon the threshold of manhood, the young life strong within us, aspiration beating high, but looking out upon the future with the eyes of inexperienced ambition. Good and evil, strength and weakness are commingled in our nature; the one must be developed and the other purged out ere we can do any high work in the world.

Let us take this case of Joseph brought before us in Scripture. It is a case of early dreams and their fulfilment. But the dreams and their fulfilment are linked together by an experience far from that anticipated by the dreamer himself.

I. The Dreams.

Without entering into the cause or nature of Joseph's dreams, we may take them as reflecting in the quietness of the night the aspirations and ambitious forecasts of the future which haunted his daily life. These bore witness at once to a loftier nature and more aspiring character than that which belonged to his rougher brethren, and uplifted him spiritually and intellectually above them. Whatever youthful weakness mingled in these aspirations and anticipations, they were still such as none of his brethren appear to have been open to. Their coarser natures were neither open to such feelings, nor were they able to appreciate them in Joseph. These were the inner forces that were working in the youthful Joseph, and urging him towards the future in anticipation of

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doing great things. But there was in them just that weakness which we might expect in a youth of seventeen. Self played the chief part, and all else was to be subservient to its exaltation. The sheaves of others are to bow down before his sheaf; and the sun, moon, and twelve stars are to do obeisance to him. Here the good and the evil, the strong and the weak mingle together, and it is from this standpoint that we must view the discipline through which God most truly fulfilled these dreams of Joseph's.

II. *The Discipline.*

(1) There came misfortune, that which poor flesh and blood, poor blind unbelief so often resents, and which is after all so often one of God's most merciful instruments. To fall into the hands of his jealous brethren, and to be sold as a slave into Egypt, was a sad comment upon his dreams. The sneer of his brethren—"Let us see what will become of his dreams"—seemed for the moment to be justified. And yet this separation from home, this being carried into Egypt, was the very first step in the realisation of those dreams, and his brethren, when least they suspected it, were helping forward his greatness. For what did that exile mean? It meant—

(a) The first link in that chain of chances which led up to his recognition and exaltation by Pharaoh. Each opening followed on the one from the other, until, from Potiphar's house through the prison, he stood with the opportunity of appearing before Pharaoh, to receive from him the second place in the kingdom.

(b) But this was, after all, only the external aspect of the story. Elevation to some high and dignified post does not of itself mean the attainment of true greatness. True greatness is rather within than without, of the character rather than of the position; even as our Lord Himself has taught us that lesson which it seems so hard for us to learn, that a man's life does not consist in the things that he hath. If, therefore, we would penetrate to the real meaning of this separation from home, we must view it in its inner meaning, in its bearing upon the character of Joseph: and we shall find that it formed a great link in his moral and spiritual training. For in that separation from his father lay the very first condition of real success. Had he remained under his father's care, doted upon, and watched over by that almost excessive parental tenderness, the real strength of Joseph's character had never been drawn out, nor sufficient opportunity for usefulness afforded him. All the weakening and deteriorating influence of a pampered idleness might have settled down upon the grand possibilities of his life. But God had something better in store for him, a nobler character and a nobler life, and so allowed him to experience the bitterness of exile and servitude in Egypt. For what

was that experience in Egypt likely to do for Joseph? It was calculated to teach him—

i. Independence, for, separated from his father, upon whom he could no longer lean, he would be forced to act for himself in every new crisis of his life.

ii. To serve—that lesson that it is absolutely necessary to learn if any real greatness and power are to be attained. Under Potiphar, under the gaoler, and under Pharaoh, would ample opportunities be afforded for teaching that lesson, and of impressing upon him the fact that a man is not sent into the world to be ministered unto, but to minister, and, if necessary, to give his life a ransom for many.

iii. It was calculated to give him enlarged ideas. As the little world of his father's tents expanded into the great world of Egyptian life, as new scenes, vaster interests, a more complex state of society, opened out before him, what larger views, both of mankind and of the workings of God, would be suggested to him!

iv. Lastly, it would surely force home upon him the lesson, that would be at once the strength of his life and the correction of his vanity, viz., his absolute dependence upon God. Thrown upon this new and varied world of Egyptian life, surrounded by forces so much greater than himself, alone amongst a strange people, the sense of his need of other help than his own would be forced upon him. Upon what, upon whom could he depend in that great crisis of his life except upon God? He had none other to whom he could fly. And he would learn at once his weakness and his strength, distrust of self, and that higher trust in the love and protection of God wherein his safety lay.

Such was the meaning and purpose of that misfortune which overtook Joseph. Let us see—

(2) How Joseph acted under it. Here will be the great test of his character. Does the misfortune crush him, or does it serve to develop what is good in him? The narrative shows us how nobly and loyally Joseph rose to the misfortune, and battled with it in faith and in the fear of God.

(a) He made the best of the altered circumstances of his life. While another might have lost all faith, all hope, all interest in life, Joseph at once bravely and earnestly adapted himself to each new position. In Potiphar's house, first, he took up his work with singleness of purpose, carrying through each duty to a successful issue without complaint, without sullen resentment, but with diligence and determination he did his best, so that all that he did prospered in his hand. And when, even here, further misfortune overtook him—when, in the midst of success and confidence, the shadow of a false charge is thrown over his life, and he is suddenly thrust down lower than he had ever been, and he has to

exchange the house of Potiphar for a prison, the same spirit shows itself. In prison as in servitude, he rises unconquered to meet the altered circumstances of his life, and by sheer dint of force of character he wins the respect and confidence of his gaoler.

(b) He showed through all his trouble a care for others. Trouble too often makes men hard-hearted and selfish. They become so lost in their own misfortunes that they take no interest in their fellows. Or if they do take an interest, it is of that ignoble kind that grudges the successes and finds a satisfaction in the misfortunes of others. Not so with Joseph. His misfortunes only seemed to draw out more fully and tenderly his care for others. In the house of Potiphar he acts with the same care for his master's interests as if they were his own. He will not sin against his master, and repay his confidence with shame and treachery. In the prison he interests himself in his fellow-prisoners; he marks the first signs of care on their faces, and is ready to offer to them whatever help lies in his power. In the presence of Pharaoh, he speaks and acts as he who feels a genuine interest in the perplexities of the monarch, and who is ready to strain every nerve and make every effort to assist him. And when, at last, all misfortune over, he has reached the height of his splendour, one of the chief uses that he makes of his power is to provide for the father whom he loved and the brethren by whom he had been wronged.

(c) Above all, how clearly does his trust in God show itself. Under every phase of his chequered life—in the house of Potiphar, in the prison, before Pharaoh—God is the Rule of his life, the Strength of his endurance, and the Enlightener of his mind and the Comfort and Refuge of his heart.

III. The fulfilment of his dreams.

(1) There was the outward success to which he attained, that splendour and power which crowned all his troubles, when he was made next to Pharaoh and had the government of Egypt entrusted to his hands. And looking back we can see the chain of events linking each incident together and reaching from his father's tents to the throne of Pharaoh. The dreams he boasted of provoke his brethren, his brethren sell him into Egypt, Potiphar's house leads him to prison, and through his prison life he is brought before Pharaoh, and by Pharaoh exalted to be second in the kingdom. So does the course of events run, and out of things most unlikely is born success.

(2) But the chief moral of the story lies not in this outward success. Great power, great wealth, a great name may after all signify not real greatness. The simply placing Joseph next to the throne of Pharaoh was not necessarily a fulfilment of his dreams in the highest sense. We have seen what his misfortune was calculated to do,

and how nobly he endured that misfortune. The question that remains to be answered is, What great traits of character, what matured views of life and Providence emerge into full force and clearness when the trouble is past and his external greatness has been reached? As he looks back upon the past from the vantage-ground of his exaltation in Egypt, how now does he regard that life to which in youth he looked forward with such ambitious aspirations? Two great changes have passed over him.

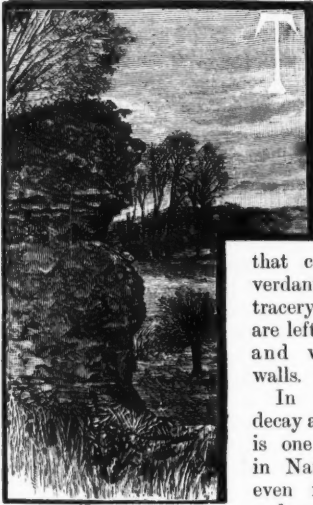
(a) He ascribes all his success to God. Again and again, as he looks back and sees all that experience of cruelty, and misfortune, and success, he sees the hand of God. God has all along been working. Even his brethren's cruelty seems lost in this higher view of his experience. "Now it was not you, but God Who sent me." And thus to God and God alone does he ascribe his success. Not by his own strength, nor skill, nor goodness, has he risen. All self-exaltation has gone, and he humbly, in the hour of his triumph, acknowledges God as the Author of it all.

(b) But even far more striking and significant is the second characteristic of the view that he now takes. If he ascribes his elevation to God, he now distinctly perceives the object for which he has thus been elevated. In his early dreams elevation seemed to be simply for his own sake, that others might bow to him and render him service. Now a nobler view takes its place. The idea of greatness being for his own sake is swept away, and he sees and joyfully recognises the far grander truth that the greatness which has been given to him has been given for the sake of others, for his father, even for heathen Pharaoh; yes—and this is the most significant part—for the sake of those very brethren who had ill-treated him in the days of his youth. Greatness for the sake of others, even for the sake of his enemies, is the lesson that he has learnt, and which he most willingly proclaims. "God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent, but God: and He hath made me a father to Pharaoh."

The difference between Joseph's view of life now and that which shaped itself in his early dreams, measures the great change that has been wrought in him. Then it was chiefly self, and self being ministered to; now it is God, and God making him the servant of others, even of those who had wronged him. And what is this change but the truest and noblest elevation, the carrying out of the teachings of the Cross, the losing of self to find oneself in a fuller manhood? It is an early chapter in that lesson of human life which was at length fully and perfectly taught by Him Who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

THE POETRY OF OLD RUINS.

A DOVEDALE REVERIE.



HERE is a picturesque beauty, as well as a pathetic tenderness, in an old tower, wreathed in that encompassing ivy

that covers, with a verdant and graceful tracery, the dints that are left on time-eaten and weather-worn walls.

In the reign of decay and death there is one other feature in Nature which is even more pathetic and tender; that is

the green moss that grows around the grave of those whom we dearly love—that moss which silently spreads its coverlet of sympathy, tenderness, and enshrouding peace over the beloved dead.

In the one case you have the faithful, sensitive, clinging plant compassing with soft tendrils and richest verdure the walls which it has clung to, hiding all the unseemly dints and clefts and signs of ruin; on the other you have the green, humble, gentle moss, Nature's first and sweetest mercy, the very embodiment of humility, and love, and warmth—gently going with silent step around and over the graves of those we love as much as our own lives, with a tender verdure that Nature loves to sustain in holy, quiet reverence; a verdure in the old churchyard on which the winter stars, in their cool clear lustre, love to look, or on which many an autumn sun loved to dwell, lighting up the moss that encircled headstone and mound, and giving, between the glory of the setting sun and the advent of the twilight, a halo of wondrous spiritual as well as material light to the grave.

This day, my friend, is too bright and melodious to be thrown away indoors. The flowers are waiting for us in a hundred dells, and the thrush and lark are willing to sing to us their sweetest songs. All is ready to delight ear and eye, if we will only go abroad into meadow-land or on hillside or highway to find these same delights. God is often by our side, in His loving-kindness and mercy, and we know it not. We have often music, and mystery, and compassion, and love, and a wondrous long-suffering tenderness bestowed

upon us; and though it be said in sadness, it is still too true, that we only, in return, wake up at long intervals into a spiritual gratitude or one single note of heartfelt praise. How often has mercy come to us with the morning's earliest sunbeam, and lingered around our hearts and homes long after the dews of evening fell? How often have we had occasion for songs in the night when never a note of grateful praise, or a prayer for sustaining grace, has come from our heart? I have often thought, my friend, that there is an overwhelming majesty in the enduring *mercy* of God. We all know that His boundless love is the most sublime fact for all time, or even for that infinite region of glory and bliss which eternity's gates shall open for us. But His wondrous mercy and long-suffering are, in their beauty and pathos and eternal strength, to us marvels of grace and forbearance and infinite, God-like, quenchless love.

Let us leave by the elm avenue, and go round by green lanes of hawthorn, and beech, and mountain ash. Listen to that lark's song, as it falls upon us with a sound as of benediction, coming, as it does, filtered through the sunny air. Each hawthorn has its melodious thrush; and what a charm there is in that delectable note of the blackbird, borne from the sacred seclusion of yon dreamy fir-wood on the green hill-side. What a flood of rich melody comes from that feathered throat! For the time it overshadows the minstrelsy of copse and dell and melodious wood. Its song is the only one that can mingle with that of the lark, to enter with welcome the bosom of yon small, snow-white, fleecy cloud that floats so gently past, all radiant beneath the shining sun. There is no other bird of the forest, save the nightingale, so richly deserves the dower conveyed in those wondrous words of the poet:—

"Thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

But let us leave this green lane, and seek visions of beauty and sound that shall sink into our souls and give us more of reverence, humility, and love.

Ah! yonder are ruins of Dovedale Hall, hoary with age, and wreathed with the green tender ivy, that throws its embracing arms o'er wall and turret and crumbling archway, and hides, with the sweet daintiness and beauty of a mother's hand, the cruel scars that time has made on the mouldering walls. This wondrous quiet, pathetic ivy-curtain is the tapestry with which God lines the walls that the dead, sometimes great and remembered, and sometimes altogether forgotten, leave behind them, to be wreathed sweetly by Nature and Time with that green, undying leaf

which gives them a perennial peace and repose without death, a beauty and grace amidst ruin and decay which no mortal can attain to. The drapery of the ivy is Nature's tribute to windows and towers which time and fortune have so sadly changed. It covers the dints of time with a tenderness that is pathetic, and gives a wondrous poetry and rich grace to mouldering abbey or ruined tower. It is the curtain which God causes to be tenderly woven over the masonry of man that has now been cast into ruin and decay. It is to crumbling castle walls what flowers are to a grave, throwing a warm beauty over death, and breathing to us the sweet consoling truth that there is an everlasting verdure that shall outlive decay, that beauty is often woven by Nature as a sweet coverlet to hide the face of unlovely Death, and that the greenness of leaf and the fragrance of flower shall outlive, in a spiritual sense, anything that our hearts have to meet, and with which they have for a time to dwell here, in the way of sorrow and suffering and death.

Let us linger by Dovedale Hall for one brief hour, and drink in all that Nature can teach us in the solemn fascination that surrounds decay. We have the sweet sunlight to give a tender, subdued glory to all the ivy-clad walls and moss-covered stones. What is there richer and sweeter than sunlight? It has been God's special blessing to earth through all the stern, marching centuries of Time. It has, with warm, loving breath and kindly smile, nursed with that care that Heaven's messengers alone can give, the ivy for centuries on the ruined wall, and the moss for generations on the long-forgotten grave.

We are glad to have it here with us, casting gleams of glory around the mouldering towers, and bestowing bright warmth amidst and through that tender, humble grass that has woven its loving way over court-yards and halls. The generations come and go, but the records of Time remain with us in a pathetic tenderness and picturesque beauty. The crumbling ruin, weather-beaten, yet dignified in ancient traditions and rugged strength, speaks vitally to every thinking

soul who sees it. There is a pathos about an ivy-mantled ruin or a moss-covered grave that you will find nowhere else in Nature. In both we see decay and death; but is there not a sweet prophecy of immortal bloom in the ivy that throws its embracing tendrils over the dented and Time-worn battlements, and in the moss that covers Death with a verdant beauty that is rich in summer and fresh and graceful in winter; and reveals, in its constant greenness, the mysterious prophecy of an unending life? What a sustaining power Nature has for those who love her! The music of the solitary waterfall; the lights and shadows that chase each other athwart the green hazels; the flash of the kingfisher, crimson and blue; the song of the lark far above the shepherd on the silent, listening moor:—what an influence all these have upon us, my friend! We shall ever be the better for touching the hem of Nature's garment, provided that faith and reverence go with us, to look *through* Nature into that glorious Presence and Power, of Whom Nature, in all her richness and beauty, is only the visible sign.

But let us walk up the short avenue that leads to Dovedale Hall. The rooks are cawing from their hereditary sanctuaries on the tops of the stately elms. They still are there, from year to year, whilst all those who lived and loved midst

sorrows and cares, mingled with brief flashes of joy, have, long ago, been sleeping beneath moss-covered graves. It is a palpable fiction, but a pleasing one all the same, when we think for the moment that "birds do not die," and that the friendly robin who sang on the snow-covered spray in our garden plot for many years is the same one that delighted our snow-encompassed

home last winter, and that the nightingale that we heard trilling his wondrous song last night from the bosom of a poplar by the silent, listening stream—a song that was swift and keen as sudden lightning, and richer than any fluted note of other bird—was the same songster that gladdened our hearts in many a summer twilight long ago.

Keats, in one of the most poetic conceits in



our language, elaborates this same idea in a manner that for felicity is unsurpassed :—

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down :
The Voice I heard this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown ;
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

One can never repeat those lines without thinking of the all too brief life of the youthful poet. John Keats now lies in all the sweetness of a glorified grave. He sleeps in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, a beautiful grassy slope without the walls, bounded by a strip of them, and adorned by the pyramid of Caius Cestius. His grave is, through all the year, wreathed by those violets and other flowers he loved so well.

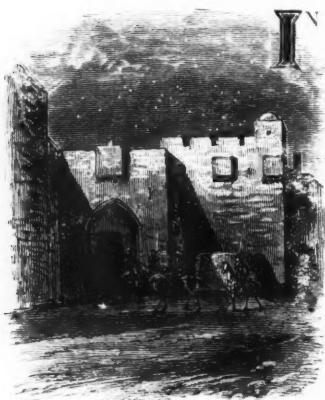
What a calm pervades this grass-grown courtyard, and how brilliantly the summer sun lights up the patches of green moss and amber stone-crop on the grim, grey walls ! Many a time

those halls have echoed to wassail and mirth. Oft has the golden tapestry flashed there in the lamp's blaze, and quivered with delight at the sound of music and merriment. Now all is roofless, and grim, and worn. That little mountain-ash projects now from a cleft where, perchance, projecting antlers supported warlike spears ; and that spray of woodbine over there may mark the spot where swords and shields once hung. But all is not wrack and ruin. Nature has done her best to cover, with loving and tender hand, the ugly fissures and unlovely scars on these time-worn walls. And how well she does her work ! I venture to say, my friend, that you never yet saw an old ruin with the smallest element of vulgarity about it, and that is more than can be said of some of our modern mansions.

Let us leave Dovedale Hall bathed in glorious sunshine. After all, is it not better for all of us that the blessed heaven-sent sunlight takes no notice either of the sorrows that have been in the past, or the deep solemn shadows of the future ? We shall meet again on the breezy upland. In the meantime, Good-bye ; which, as you know, is the old English for "God be with you."

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALPS TWO CENTURIES AGO.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



IN the autumn of 1685, a veteran champion of the Vaudois Valleys, who had been living in banishment at Geneva for many years, wrote to his countrymen a famous letter. From his retreat on

the shores of Lake Leman he despatched a coming storm. He knew that Louis XIV. was ill pleased because, under their cruel persecutions, the Italian Vaudois had often crossed the French frontier and found refuge in his dominions in the valleys of Dauphiny. Bent as he knew Louis to be on the utter extermination of Protestants in France, he was sure that he would do his utmost to dry up the fountain of heresy on the Piedmontese side of the Alps, that had often poured its polluted waters into his fair

kingdom. Probably he knew that the Edict of Nantes was on the eve of being revoked. And rumours may have reached him of a correspondence that was going on between Louis and the young Duke of Savoy, in which the Italian prince was pressed, and pressed against his will, until at last he engaged to send an army to exterminate the heretics in the Waldensian Valleys. The prospect of a new invasion of the country he loved so well, and a new effort to root out the pure and ancient worship of God which he loved still more, moved the soul of the Vaudois patriot to its depths. Being an outlaw, he could not go in person to warn and organise his people. The next best thing was to give them all his views, and the fruit of his marvellous experience, in writing. And so he sat down and wrote a letter, first and most earnestly exhorting his countrymen to seek strength from God, then detailing all the steps they should take, the places they should fortify, the way they should fight, the manœuvres they should execute, all as he himself had done most wonderfully, twenty to thirty years before, when he had often, with a handful of followers, routed whole regiments of the enemy, and strewn their route thick with the bodies of the slain.

The writer of the letter was Joshua Janavel, a native of the Valley of Lucerna, which had been

long the scene of conflict between the Vaudois and their lord. Soon after his birth, the Society *De Propagandâ Fide* began to stir up the most awful and treacherous persecution of the Vaudois that had yet been known. It was about Easter, 1655, when, like another Jephthah, Janavel burst upon the scene, the most daring, the most sagacious, the most triumphant captain that ever, with a handful of peasants, held in check and put to flight whole armies of disciplined troops.

That Easter Eve of 1655 was a most fearful time in the Valleys. Against the advice of Janavel, the Vaudois, listening to treacherous proposals of the enemy, had allowed batches of Italian troops to be quartered here and there. This being all arranged, the mask was thrown off on the morning of Saturday, April 24th, when a signal for a general massacre was given. The scenes over the Valleys were awful. We give the account of it in the words of Muston, in his elaborate and faithful history of "The Israel of the Alps":—"Little children were torn from the arms of their mothers, dashed against the rocks, and carelessly thrown away. The sick and the aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses or hacked in pieces; or mutilated, half murdered, and flayed alive; they were exposed in a dying state to the heat of the sun, or to flames, or to ferocious beasts; others were tied, in a state of nakedness, into the form of balls, the head between the legs, and in this state were rolled down the precipices. Some of them, torn and bruised by the rocks from which they rebounded, remained suspended from a projecting rock or branch of a tree, and continued to groan for eight-and-forty hours. Women and young girls were shamefully treated, impaled, set up on pikes at the corners of the roads, buried alive, roasted upon lances, and cut to pieces by these soldiers of the faith, as by cannibals. Then, after the massacre, the children who survived it and were found wandering in the woods were carried away, or children were forcibly dragged from what remained of their afflicted families to be conveyed into the dwellings of those butchers, or into monasteries, like lambs to the slaughter-house; and finally, the massacre and removal of children was succeeded by conflagration—the monks, the propagandists, and the zealous Catholics, running from house to house with resinous torches or incendiary projectiles, and ravaging, in the midst of the fires, these villages now filled with corpses."

It was on this awful morning of the 24th of April, 1655, that, as a battalion of 500 or 600 soldiers were seen climbing up a mountain to destroy the village of Rora, Janavel, who lived in the neighbourhood, determined to arrest its march. Going up a different way, he gathered as he went six determined men like himself, posting them near a narrow passage which it was necessary for

the battalion to pass. As soon as it came within reach, Janavel and his men uttered a loud cry, and discharged their pieces, every one of which took effect; six soldiers fell, the rest drew back; Janavel and his men continued to fire from their unseen posts, till the whole battalion, fancying the attacking force to be much larger than it was, wheeled round and took to flight. Next day a new battalion was sent by another route against Rora. Janavel and his men were now eighteen, twelve armed with muskets, the rest with slings. Repeating their manœuvre, they suddenly fired at the advancing column, when ten men and one officer fell at their feet. Stones and bullets continued to be poured on the enemy, who began to fly in disorder, till the rout became general, and the column fled in confusion to Lucerna. Two days after, the feat was again repeated from another point. Falling on his knees and offering a fervent prayer for the help of God, Janavel with his seventeen men attacked a whole regiment, laden with booty, pressing on towards Rora, and compelled them to turn back and retire upon Villar.

For two months Janavel continued to perform feats of valour not less wonderful, to the infinite admiration of his countrymen and the profound humiliation and embarrassment of the generals sent against him. On the 15th of June it seemed as if his career had ended; he was struck by a bullet which went right through his body, entering by his chest and coming out at the back. To the joy of his friends, he recovered completely in a few weeks, and was able for a long time to lead his countrymen to similar deeds of patriotic resistance and heroic valour.

But now the fame of the patriots and the infamy of the persecutions were flying over Europe. The brutal massacres and revolting barbarities perpetrated on the unoffending mountaineers, assumed a more horrible aspect in the light of the splendid courage and wonderful achievements of Janavel and his friends. The soul of Oliver Cromwell was stirred; he sent his ambassador to demand of the Court of Savoy that such proceedings should cease; and he showed his admiration and affection for the Vaudois by raising a large contribution on their behalf, to which he contributed from his privy purse no less a sum than £2,000. Milton, his Latin secretary, was not content with writing official despatches in condemnation of the tyranny; he threw his indignation and his Christian sympathy into that immortal sonnet, which, if every other record should perish, would keep the transaction alive and stir every honest and pious bosom—"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints." Other nations joined with the English, and the result was a treaty which was held by the foreign powers to be fairly satisfactory, and likely to protect the Vaudois from all annoyance in future on account of their religion.

But hardly were the backs of the foreign ambassadors turned when the treaty began to be disregarded. Leger, one of the best of the pastors, was condemned to death for holding meetings for worship at Rora, and forced to fly into exile. Janavel and his troops continued for years to make reprisals on those who violated the rights of his countrymen, for which acts, in an edict of the 25th of June, 1663, he was condemned to have his flesh torn with red-hot pincers, to be quartered, and have his head cut off and placed on the top of a pike in a conspicuous place. But he lived to inflict on the Italian armies as crushing defeats as ever. Again, however, the attention of foreign powers was drawn to the condition of the Valleys, and again an arrangement in their favour was agreed to. Janavel, however, was excepted from the amnesty which followed on this arrangement; he retired to Geneva, full of honour and of the gratitude of his countrymen; no longer to raise his arm or guide his troops in their defence, but to raise his hands in prayer to their Divine Protector, and to aid them by his advice and his projects, whenever need for these should arise.

And the need for them did arise only too soon. Oh, what a sickening feeling must have oppressed the heart of Janavel as he scanned the horizon, and saw the sure marks of another storm! Many know what it is in family life, after passing through the bitter trial of the sickness and death of one beloved member of the circle, to witness the appearance of the same symptoms in another; they know how the heart sickens and shivers at the prospect of another dark time of sorrow and death. But what must it have been to discern the coming of a persecution, where not a single friend only would pass through the fire, but whole communities, young and old, would be exposed without exception to insult and suffering, and there would be no house without its dead? where homesteads would be burned, vineyards desolated, tortures inflicted, and every barbarity practised on the people that had already withstood so much?

A feeble heart than Janavel's would have sunk overwhelmed at the prospect. But the old warrior rose to the occasion; he directed his countrymen how to act when the storm should burst; and though his advice was not taken, and the whole Valleys were swept clean of their Protestant population, he was able to help such of them as fled to Switzerland, and a year or two after he directed for them the plan of the "Glorious Re-entry," when God turned their captivity, and their mouth was filled with praise, and their tongue with singing.

It was an instructive negotiation that Louis XIV. carried on in 1685 with the young Duke of Savoy. Victor Amadeus II. was now only nineteen years of age, and neither his years nor his disposition agreed with the proposal of another shocking campaign against the Valleys. But

Louis and his ghostly advisers were very determined, and what was more, they were very strong. On the 12th of October, 1685, just six days before the Edict of Nantes was revoked, Louis wrote to his ambassador at Turin that he was about to convert the heretics in the Alpine Valleys within his dominion by the amiable method of the *Dragonnades*—by quartering soldiers upon them; and as the Italian side of the Alps was full of Protestants, he desired him to request the Duke of Savoy to adopt the same method there. The poor young Duke had not the courage to say no, but his heart shrank from the infamous proposal. He said he would think of it, but his predecessors had not found it an easy task, and he would not undertake it rashly. Again he is told that his honour is concerned in bringing back his subjects to the Church, and he should make up his mind to do it at whatever cost. And if he needed troops, the King of France would supply him with some of his. In reply, the Duke hinted that many of the Calvinists might be gained over by milder means; the King rejoined that nothing but force would do it; and as he was determined to extinguish heresy in his Alpine settlements, it would be an intolerable annoyance if the roots of the noxious weed were constantly coming back from Piedmont. In short, he would in that case continue no longer on friendly terms with its ruler. Still the Duke evaded the request. Then the King demanded that a day be fixed for commencing the crusade. And there must be no shilly-shallying in the matter—"The only course for him is by one stroke to take from them all favours and privileges that have been granted to them by his predecessors, to ordain the demolition of their places of worship, to prohibit them from any exercise of their religion, and to lodge his troops with the most obstinate of them, so that the wretches might hope for no assistance." The poor Duke, like another Pilate, gave in at last, and promised that on the last Wednesday of January, 1686, the work should be begun.

And so it was, and in due time ended too. On the 31st of January appeared the fatal edict which decreed the extermination of the Vaudois Protestants. The Vaudois, animated by their old spirit, vowed to defend their country. On Good Friday a meeting was held, where Henri Arnaud prayed, "O Lord Jesus, Who hast suffered so much and died for us, grant us grace that we may be able to suffer and to sacrifice our lives for Thee. Those who persevere to the end shall be saved. Let each of us exclaim with the Apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' All the people were called to solemn exercises of humiliation and repentance. And it was appointed that on the following Sabbath the Communion should be held in all their churches, and all should engage to defend their country.



"The young Duke had not the courage to say no, but his heart shrank from the infamous proposal."

"IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALPS."—f. 532.

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On Easter Monday the work began. Let us dismiss it in one word. The troops of France and Italy overspread the Valleys, renewed the horrors of 1655, and carried death and desolation on every side. Treachery, added to overwhelming force, ruined the brave Vaudois. They missed Janavel in the hour of battle. They were invited to treat for peace, but only to be betrayed and massacred. The atrocities perpetrated on women and children were most inhuman. At last the work was completed, the Valleys were cleared of their God-fearing people, and such as had not escaped beyond the mountains were confined in prisons where filth, cold, poverty, neglect, and hardships of every kind, created miseries not inferior to those of the battle-field, and reduced what remained of the flower of the Valleys to sickly, ghastly skeletons.

Then came the stipulation that the surviving Vaudois should be permitted to depart from their country, but under the solemn charge never on any pretext to set foot in it again. Who shall describe the horrors of that winter march, when the poor, half-naked, emaciated inmates of the dungeons set out for Switzerland over the frozen

passes of the Alps? or who shall tell the appearance of those who reached the hospitable cantons of Switzerland, some bent with age and sickness, and clothed in rags; others displaying terrible wounds which had festered in the gaols, with hardly any linen to cover them; others frost-bitten, unable to use their hands and feet; parents who had lost their children, children who had lost their parents; some on the verge of death, others on the verge of madness. All honour to the noble and generous Swiss, who received them with overflowing hospitality, and did all in their power to assuage the sufferings of their bodies, and soothe the sorrows of their minds. Very wonderful was the elasticity of the people, and very marked the favour of God for them, when in two short years a noble band of 3,000, unappalled by the dangers of the Alpine passes, and undismayed by the prospect of an encounter with the united forces of France and Savoy, determined on a bold, intrepid effort to recover their country, and at last, after incredible hardships and difficulties, achieved in 1688, under Henri Arnaud, "the Glorious Re-entry."

HER LITTLE FORTUNE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW SHE CAME BY IT.



HERE were half a dozen grave gentlemen in the dining-room of the late Mrs. Priscilla Jones, putting on their great-coats, and buttoning their gloves ready for departure. With all the usual ceremonies they had laid their respected friend in her grave, talking, as they drove to

and from the cemetery, of her long and blameless life. They had listened with decorous interest to the reading of the will that bequeathed all of which she died possessed to her only kinsman, a nephew; shaken hands with and congratulated the heir, who, with the keys of his new possessions in his pocket, would leave for his home in Manchester by the next train.

All was over: yet not quite. At a whisper to the heir from Dr. Raye, Mrs. Jones' medical attendant, the bell was rung, and answered by a young girl, pale and heavy-eyed with many a long vigil beside the bed of a querulous invalid.

"I am sorry my aunt made no provision for her servants," Mr. Jones began, fumbling the while with his pocket-book. "I shall retain the cook and house-

maid in my service, so they will not be the losers by her death; but as you will have to seek another situation, here are the wages due to you—and—and a trifling addition in recognition of your attentions to your mistress."

"Take it, Margaret, take it!" cried little Dr. Raye peremptorily, when she hesitated to accept the crisp new bank-note Mr. Jones regarded lovingly before he folded and tendered it to tearful Meg. "I can certify that you deserve to be rewarded for your care and your tenderness. Take it, and be off with you to your friends. You want a long rest and country air. Go and get both at your grandfather's before you think of doing anything else."

Meg curtsied and vanished. Her boxes were already in the back of the roomy trap in waiting for her, and Aunt Martha, to whom it pertained, was speculating with her blooming daughter Patty as to the style and fashion of their contents. Mrs. Priscilla Jones had spent the last two years of her life in a search for health at various watering places, carrying her servants with her and shutting up her house till the near approach of death hurried her back to it. So for that term Meg had been almost a stranger to her relatives, and it was with a sob of joy that she threw her arms round the neck of the tall, grey-haired old man, who stood ready to help her into the vehicle.

"It's so good to be with you once more, grandfather!"

"And it's so good to have ye, Meg! The house has been terrible unked [lonely] since your uncle Joe took it in his head to emigrate; and the poor old lady begins to fail sadly. Maybe she'll brighten up when there's some one to look after her better than I can."

Aunt Martha listened stolidly. She was the wife of Mr. Hawley's eldest son, and it was her money that had made him a tolerably prosperous farmer; but she did not consider herself bound by her marriage vows to do aught for the aged parents of her husband beyond taking them occasionally a chicken, or a little of the firm, sweet butter on which she prided herself.

"So your name wasn't in the old lady's will, Meg?" Aunt Martha remarked, when she had guided her steed through the narrow streets of the town, and a mile of smooth country road lay before him. "That's all you've got by serving the rich night and day!"

"I had my wages, aunt, and kindly treatment. I had no right to expect more," retorted Meg, a little resentfully. "And yet I did have more, too," she added, remembering the note which, in her embarrassment at confronting so many strange gentlemen, she had slipped into her pocket without examining.

She smoothed it out on her knee as she sat beside her cousin at the back of the vehicle, her grandfather and Mrs. Hawley turning round in their seats, that they too might see it.

"For twenty pounds, I declare!" cried Patty, the first to spell the amount. "Oh! you lucky Meg, where will you spend it? Just think of the many pretty things you'll be able to buy yourself with it!"

"She'll not spend it at all!" said her grandfather, speaking with decision. "It's Meg's little fortune, and if times don't mend with us, I'm afraid it's the only fortune she'll ever have left to her."

Mrs. Hawley now broke in to lecture her daughter on her frivolous ideas; and Patty's saucy replies provoking more and more rebukes, Meg and her grandfather had to keep silence. So not another word was said respecting the bank-note till they had been dropped at the door of the old-fashioned cottage that had been the home of the Hawleys for several generations.

But it was produced for grandmother's inspection as they sat at tea, and passed from one to the other with careful handling and much admiration.

"I suppose I had better put it in the bank," suggested Meg.

"Nay, nay, my lass, don't ye run any risk with it," her grandfather exclaimed; "but sew it up in your clothes, or keep it hidden between the bed and the mattress. Banks are always breaking, and it would be hard on ye to lose your little all."

"But there's the post-office savings banks; it would be safe in one of them."

"I don't believe it, Meg; I don't believe it," the old man responded. "Why, they're Government concerns; and don't tell me the Lords and Commons

would trouble themselves with the affairs of poor folk like we. No, no; you keep your money in your own hands, my lass, and then you'll know where 't is when you want it."

More enlightened than her grandsire, Meg smiled at his notions, but she did not offer any opposition. The note was consigned to a place of safety, and the rest of the evening spent in inquiring for old friends and school-fellows.

More than once a question was on her lips that was not asked after all; simply because Meg could feel her colour rise and her lip tremble as soon as she attempted to put it.

Not till the following day, when she was kneading the dough for a batch of bread, her silver-haired grandam watching contentedly the operation that had so often taxed her failing strength severely, did Meg contrive to say—

"You have not told me what has become of Laurence Vyne."

"There, now! how often we do seem to say least of what's most in our thoughts!" ejaculated the old lady. "He has had a hard time of it, my dearie, with that father of his. I do marvel he hasn't been tempted many a time to break away and leave him to it. 'T is terrible, ye know, for a man to be a disgrace to his only son."

"Laurie promised his mother before she died," said Meg hurriedly; "he wouldn't break that promise."

"He's had enough to make him, let alone the loss of his good place at Mr. Emsworth's, the builder's. When Laurie's father took to going there half mad with drink, and raving at his son before all the work-people, it wasn't to be wondered at that the master paid the lad his wages, and bade him get work elsewhere."

"Poor Laurie!" whispered Meg, her eyes filling with tears.

"Ay, dearie, he's been sore tried; but it must comfort him now to think that he done his duty to the last."

Meg looked up with a startled air.

"Eh, child! didn't I tell 'ee Dick Vyne died, and was buried just after Christmas? As soon as our Joe heard of it over there, in New Zealand, he wrote to say there was a good opening for Laurie if he'd come at once."

"And he's gone! Gone, and without one good-bye!"

Not knowing what she did, Meg took her hands out of the pan and wrung them.

Her grandmother looked at her doubtfully. Her hearing was failing, as well as her strength, and she was not sure she heard that plaintive cry aright.

"Who's gone? Not Laurie; how could he, with his father's funeral to pay for, and the doctor's bill, and every publican for miles round bringing a score to be settled? With no regular work since he was turned off at Emsworth's, how's he to pay these, let alone gather up the price of the passage across the sea?"

Meg had all these things in her mind the first time she encountered Laurie Vyne, striding down a lane to his lodging, long after every one else had left their work.

Always inclined to be reserved, and too proud to take any one into his confidence, he had of late become almost moody. The struggle had been such a long and terrible one, that who can feel surprised if he had begun to faint by the way?

He had done his duty faithfully, but not yet could he take consolation from it; and the smile that irradiated his features when he greeted Meg was the first they had worn through many sorrowful days.

She might not stay to talk with him, for long since her grandfather had forbidden it. He'd naught to say against the young man, he admitted, but that he came of a bad stock, and might, nay, most likely would, turn out as bad as his father. Anyhow, his lass shouldn't be seen walking with the son of drunken Dick Vyne.

Remembering this, Meg hurriedly drew away the hand she had given him. Her eyes were full of tears, but her words were hopeful ones.

"You'll not lose heart, Laurie! There's brighter days in store. Not here, perhaps; but you'll join Uncle Joe, won't you?"

"I can't go away till I can leave an honest name behind me," he answered sadly.

"And by that time the place you were to have will be given to some one else."

"Ay, long before that. Ten pounds would barely clear off father's owings, and then there's the passage money."

"But you'll not give up hoping, Laurie?"

"Not if you'll be true to me, Meg."

The kiss for which she unhesitatingly held up her rosy mouth was her only response. The next moment she was hurrying home, and Laurie had shouldered his basket, and resumed the route to his dreary, untidy lodgings.

Two days afterwards the postman left a letter there for him. It contained a blank sheet of paper, from which fell a bank-note for twenty pounds.

Next Sunday Laurie's place in the choir was vacant. He had started for New Zealand, and months elapsed before Margaret Hawley heard his name again.

CHAPTER II.—WAITING AND HOPING.

NOT one, but two summers had come and gone since Laurie Vyne left the village, and now it was nearly autumn again, and Meg was still living with her grandparents.

Aunt Martha protested that it was a downright waste of her time to be wearing out her good clothes, and getting no wage, in pottering about for two old people; but Meg turned a deaf ear to such remarks. Her grandmother had now become too helpless to be left to strangers, and her grandsire,

though still hale and vigorous, would have missed her sorely.

It was Meg who milked their one cow and looked after the fowls, from which they derived part of their income; who helped in the garden, rearing such flowers that her posies were eagerly sought in the market, and who kept the tumble-down cottage so neat and clean as to disguise in some measure its decaying condition.

Labouring for others brought with it cheerfulness and content, and with Uncle Joe's letters always containing good news of Laurie, she could sing at her work, and look forward hopefully.

Yet here she stands, out in the fields where none can see her woeful looks, crushing between her fingers a slip of paper that has brought trouble on her grandfather, trouble from which even her love cannot shield him.

In spite of Meg's efforts, time has not mended with the old man. There had been a murrain amongst the cattle, and his cow was one of the first of its victims. To replace it he went a-borrowing, and, too proud to ask from his son the loan to which the farmer's miserly wife might have raised objections, he could only obtain the sum he required at usurious interest.

To repay this he had toiled early and late, denying himself and his household aught but the most frugal fare; but to no purpose. His aged wife was slowly, surely, fading away, and the expenses of her protracted illness made such inroads in his earnings that when the borrowed money became due, he knew not how to meet the demand.

Half-an-hour ago Meg had found him counting the contents of the little bag to which every half-penny he could scrape together was consigned. She knew but too well that there was barely five pounds in it, and yet the anxious look left his face and he smiled as she came and stood beside him.

"Eh, my lass! you've been a blessing to us ever since you came home, but never more than now; for it's you that'll be able to help us over the hardest trial I've ever had. Thou knows I've done my best to get the bit of money together and failed, but you'll pay my debt for me Meg, won't ye? with the bank-note that's your little fortune. I'd almost forgotten you'd ever had it; and if I don't live to make it up to ye, I'll will ye the cottage at my death."

Meg was pale to the lips when she stooped and kissed his wrinkled forehead, but she did not speak. How should she tell him the note was no longer in her possession; parted with to further the fortunes of one whom he had always distrusted?

Feeling as if she could not breathe in the narrow space of the cottage, and quivering with fear and grief every time she heard her grandfather's voice or footstep, she hastened away.

What should she do? What could she do? Appeal to Laurie for the return of the money? Alas! long before that appeal could reach him her



"How long Meg stayed in the field . . . she did not know."

grandfather's merciless creditor would have stripped the cottage to satisfy his claim.

She thought of her uncle the farmer, and began walking swiftly towards his house to beseech his aid, then hopelessly retraced her steps. Aunt Martha kept the family purse, and what plea could be urged that would induce her to take twenty pounds out of it?

Then Meg tortured herself by picturing the mingled wrath and surprise with which her grandfather would listen to her avowal. Ah, would he ever forgive her for what she had done?

But even the prospect of his reproaches was not so

terrible as the thought of the bitter disappointment she would have to inflict. How would he bear it? Would he break down under it? Oh, Laurie, Laurie, must the sacrifice made so cheerfully for your sake recoil upon this old couple, and bring the sorrow of hopeless poverty and privation upon them?

How long Meg stayed in the field, sometimes weeping piteously, sometimes putting up fervent supplications, she did not know; but she felt weak and ill when she dragged herself back to the cottage. She had resolved that until the morrow she would keep her secret, though her heart died within her when her grandfather read aloud a psalm of triumph,

and reverently thanked God for relief from a great anxiety.

Half distracted, Meg tossed to and fro on her bed till morning. As soon as her grandfather had finished his breakfast, she knelt down beside him to make her hesitating confession that the help he was depending on she could not give.

But some one was coming up the path; there was a tap at the door.

"It's Mr. Bennett," cried Meg's grandfather. "Come in, sir, come in. I'm thankful to say we're ready for you."

The visitor walked in, and Meg started to her feet. It was not the usurer, but Dr. Raye, sharp-tongued warm-hearted little Dr. Raye.

"Here's your receipt, Mr. Hawley; don't get into the hands of the money-lenders again. How came I to settle this affair? I'll tell you. A young fellow

used to live in this village whose father and I were schoolfellows; you know his history and his son's. Before Laurie left England he came to me, told me all his secrets—eh! Mistress Meg, what are you blushing for?—and I was able to help him to guess whence came the bank-note that set him free to go abroad. Since then sundry sums have been sent to me to be used for the benefit of Margaret Hawley, and this is one of them."

Meg's grandmother died before the winter, and the news of her death brought a letter from Joe Hawley, entreating his father to join him.

The old man went, and not alone. Need we say who stood on the quay, the first to welcome Meg to the new land? or who, now she shares the home he has made for her—a home that will never be wrecked by the vices of his father—often proudly declares her to be a fortune in herself?



WHAT IS PROPER SPIRIT?

SOCIETY has its own code of morals, and the Bible has another, and on some points the two codes differ a good deal. From what we find around us, and what we read in ancient history, we see that the modern man is pretty much the same as the ancient one. He may alter his clothes to suit the social climate of this nineteenth century, but the *man* who stands behind this veil of visible change, the average civilised man, is still governed by the same principles of action which history tells us ruled him thousands of years ago. With regard to what the Bible calls the *natural man*, his heart is still the same, and his thoughts, and therefore his actions, as circumstances permit, are still the same.

A just public law carries a punishment as nearly as possible equal to the crime, and the old Israelitish law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was a perfectly just law. The public administrator of the law has simply to execute the law, and not being the injured party has no resentment against the criminal. But when a man takes the law into his own hands, then what in the former case was only justice, with him becomes revenge, for as the injured party he can hardly help being prejudiced. So in the time of our Lord the law of an eye for an eye had been brought from public into private use; and those ancient Jews quoted it to justify them in taking revenge for injuries. That is human nature; and as that is still the same, the modern rendering of an eye for an eye is, "Give as good as you get,"

which means as *bad* as you get. That is what is called *spirit*—to give as good as you get; or if you have not the power to give, to at least wish you had, which Christ says is doing the deed in your heart. According to the way of the world, then, it shows spirit to resent injuries. And the person who does not do that is counted slack, and considered soft, and sometimes told that he is "no man."

Now, let us look at this a little. There is an inconsistency here. The world holds that courage makes a brave man—the more courage the manlier. Very well, to strike back when we are hit is natural and comes easy—it does not require a tithe of the courage that is needed to quietly bear the stroke, and the still sorer scorn of others for being so slack. That is what needs most courage; and, therefore, on the world's own showing, the man who forbears is the brave man. And so when we come to the Bible we find that it is consistent, and gives the true idea of our relations with our fellows; and tells us how to act, not because it is more politic, or even more manly, but because it is *right*—and acting right is necessarily noble.

Still, inconsistent as it is, if you want to show "proper spirit" in society you are expected to give as good as you get. But Christ said that was *improper* spirit; and by precept and example scattered all such hateful maxims to the winds. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. What thank have ye? Do not the very publicans love those that love them? But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully

use you and persecute you." That is proper spirit.

"Oh, but words are easy," says one.

Well, Christ acted His own teaching—that was not easy.

"But surely you don't expect me to come up to Christ's example?"

"No, but it is the bounden duty of every professing Christian to try how near he can come."

"Well, it's not easy."

Oh, you want your ease, do you? What do you call the kind of spirit that puts ease above duty? Christ never looked at easy or difficult—He only looked at right and wrong, and the right He said, and the right He did, at any cost. All through His life, and especially on the cross, when we hear His prayer for His murderers rising heavenwards in its infinite pity and tenderness, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—we wonder in awe and reverence at the sweet forgiveness that overflowed His heart. After all He did, in healing the sick, in comforting the sorrowful, in tireless loving labour to lighten the burdens of weary humanity—His betrayal, sham trial, unjust condemnation, surrounded by men who mocked at His agonies—surely such were fitted, if ever anything was, to rouse resentment and bitter feeling—and yet how different! He who had the power to destroy them in a moment, had only gentle and kind thoughts towards them. Was He therefore without *spirit*? Read the chapter where He exposes and denounces the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. His sentences ring and roll out, strong and stern and firm in the majesty of righteous indignation, the like of which are unequalled in all literature. See how He walked straight on in His duty, come love come hate, come life or come death, and say if it did not need a heart of rare and regal courage to do as He did. As He taught, so He acted. His teaching and example we are to follow.

And if we are to love and forgive our enemies, much more are we to walk in the same spirit towards our fellow-Christians. Yet how often do we find professing Christians act in opposition to this, and even becoming so very unchristian as to say that it is right to do so.

One person is slighted by another—most likely unwittingly, for I believe the greater number of slights, and insults, and small neglects, that people make so much of, and which cause so much ill-feeling and social chilliness, are not intentional—but whether or not, there it is; and the other feels called on to stand on his dignity, and not to be so poor-spirited as to take no notice. So he does take notice, and in such a way that the molehill often becomes a mountain, with a cold snow-clad summit, between them, to the great unhappiness of both, and the demoralising of society. It is a miserable spectacle.

The world says it shows *spirit*; so it does, but it is the spirit of the devil. But it shows a want of proper spirit—the spirit of Christ. To show how far we are to be from striking back in any sense, He says that if any strike us on the one cheek, we are to turn the other.

Christ gives one excellent rule, which if acted on would prevent in a large measure the small ill-feelings that so much embitter society. "If thy brother offend thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone." If that were done, how many offences would be smoothed down, and how many more would vanish away altogether! To do that sometimes needs delicacy and tact, but the pleasantness of reconciliation makes it well worth while, not to speak of it as our bounden duty. Whether others do their duty towards us or not, we are to do our duty to them. But pride and cowardice stand in the way, and instead of seeking the offender *alone* in a kindly and generous spirit, we don't go to him at all, but we go and tell others of his misdeeds, often with ill-natured embellishments, until by much talking a very small matter becomes a very great one. Besides, it gratifies our vanity to make a black background of others, against which our own whiteness may show to advantage—sham virtue. All this shows spirit, no doubt; improper spirit. And besides being wrong, it is not a very pleasant arrangement; to be ready to take offence, to keep spite, to cherish bitter thoughts of others, does not make Paradise within any more than around us, however common it may be, and however spirited it may seem. "Ye fools and blind!"

None but those who have the experience can tell how it soothes the heart to know that as Christ has forgiven us, so we have forgiven others. It is a joy unknown to those who dote upon their dignity, who walk starched and stiff on the thorny path of their proper spirit, and with elevated nostril snuff up the east wind of detraction. They know not of the pure joy that flows deep and calm through the forgiving soul, sweet as the streams of that crystal river whose life-giving waters refresh the summer lands of Paradise.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the Law." That is proper spirit—love—which we owe to every man. A comprehensive truth.

Now, some may think that as there are so many unconscionable people in the world, if we act in this way they will just squeeze us into any shape they like, and ride roughshod over us in their selfish career. That is to say, circumstances may occur in which it is impossible to obey God and hold our own. Well, whatever of our own we cannot hold but by doing wrong, in God's name let it go, and preserve the manhood of our Christian character. It is always manly to do right, and nothing can ever make it right to do wrong. If we can win position, honour, wealth, honourably

and justly, so let us strive for them. But if we lose by acting a generous and loving part, by all means let us lose; it is not our bounden duty to be rich, but it is our bounden duty to do right.

"But, as the saying goes, we must have as much pride as will keep our tails out of the dirt." That is a confounding of terms. Self-respect will keep our tails clean and dry, while the tails of pride sweep the streets like a scavenger.

"But we must stand up for our rights!" Certainly, but let us always be quite sure of what are our rights, and let us take care that the getting of our rights does not involve the wrongs of others—let us not "do right wrongly."

Christ, our great Example, held His own with His opponents in meek dignity. Paul and Silas, when unjustly imprisoned, would not sneak privately out of prison at the bidding of the authorities. Firmness is quite compatible with the spirit of love. We can stand up for our rights as a matter of justice without any ill-feeling. And if it should happen that we may on occasion lose our rights by acting in this spirit, let us lose them; it is a far worse thing for those who will not let us have them than for us. Our rights are but a small matter compared with our duties. We are bound to love others, and therefore to do what is right to them; if they do not give us the same, so much the worse for them. It may be hard for us temporally, but to fail in our duties to others

because they do not observe them toward us means degradation of character, which if it goes on is eternally ruinous. If we want to keep a good conscience we shall have to suffer for it sometimes. And we must be ready to submit to injustice rather than let our motives be questioned, or our influence for good lessened. But how far, common sense, guided by the Word, must judge.

On the other hand, it may sometimes be our duty to preserve our influence for good, as well as, for the benefit of society, and even that of our opponents, to show that we cannot be touched with impunity. There are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We may at times be puzzled how to act; but if we have the spirit of Christ, and seek His help, we have a right to expect His guidance. It may, on occasions of difficulty, be useful to consult a wise Christian friend of large experience as to what we should do or not do in particular circumstances. But however doubtful we may be how to act towards others at any time, there can never be any difficulty as to what should be the attitude of our heart towards them. "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." If people had the courage to show proper spirit all round, instead of keeping up feuds and ill-will and misery, it would surely bring in the time shadowed forth in prophetic song—the golden age that is to be.

J. HUIE.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

87. Our Lord, in giving His commission to the twelve Apostles, uses the words, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." Quote some words from the Book of Samuel which have similar teaching.

88. What was the first recognition of Saul's being accepted as king by the people of Israel?

89. On what account was the name Ebenezer given to the district near Mizpeh?

90. Besides bringing a fearful disease upon the Philistines themselves, in what way did God punish them for keeping the Ark in their country?

91. What important event is connected with the first passover of our Lord's public ministry?

92. What expression is used in the Old Testament to intimate the terrible nature of the news which is about to be communicated?

93. To what place did the Philistines first carry the Ark of God, and what happened there?

94. To what curious custom did this give rise which is mentioned by the prophet Zephaniah?

95. By what name is Ashdod known in the New Testament, and with what event is it there connected?

96. Where was the Ark taken after it was brought back by the Philistines?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.

77. St. James, the son of Zebedee. (Acts xii. 2.)

78. Of John the Baptist. (John v. 35.)

79. Jason. (Acts xvii. 5—9.)

80. Silvanus and Timotheus. (2 Cor. i. 19.)

81. Because the ancient name of Bethlehem was Ephrath, or Ephrath. (1 Sam. xvii. 12; Gen. xxxv. 16—19.)

82. Philippi, in Northern Greece. (Acts xvi. 12.)

83. Both set forth the great blessing of humility and condemnation of pride. (1 Sam. ii. 1—12; Luke i. 41—45.)

84. 1 Sam. ii. 29.

85. 1 Sam. ii. 36.

86. Silvanus. (2 Corinthians i. 19; 1 Thessalonians i. 1; 2 Thessalonians i. 1.)

GRUBBY'S PARADISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODDLEKINS," "CALICO BUNDLE NUMBER TEN," ETC.



AT Covent Garden Market a crowd of poor children—the poorest of the poor—scramble and scrape and pick among the cabbage leaves, and orange peel, and battered fruit, in the open space where the country carts are unloaded. The crowd assembles daily at dawn; on Saturday afternoons there are pickers to be seen too, where the paving stones are strewn with scraps of green and orange and straw, and where the boxes and hampers make bastions and walls round about the glass-roofed Market. It was in the early day that little Grubby got tired and crept into the corner of a very big basket under the side arcade. No one noticed her; she fell asleep. There she lay huddled up in a small heap in the corner—a waif and stray of Drury Lane—a dirty, ragged little atom, with bare feet and legs, short skirt of mud-colour to her knees, amber necklace, gold ear-rings, smeared face, and curly head that would have been golden if the dust of the lane had not dyed it to a hempen brown. Grubby—so the boys called her—was tired almost to death. Her world was dingy, dismal, narrow, noisy Drury Lane, and the nearest streets and courts. Her playground was the enclosed bit of gravel with seats and shrubs, among the backs of houses, with the little red lodge for the coffins of the poor at one side; it was a boon to have that bit of space where the dead of centuries had lain among the city's roar; but Grubby liked the Lane gutters better; and as for the Market—oh! that Market was the grandest sight in the world. A peep down its middle walk was a glimpse of delight—a vision of a glass-roofed bright place, with brilliant fruit and flowers all along on each side. Once some good old lady had told little Grubby that heaven was a beautiful place where one might go to.

"It must be like the middle of the Market," said little Grubby.

"Oh! no," said her friend with a sad smile; "far better than that. Good children go there and are always happy."

As little Grubby could imagine nothing grander than the bright middle vista of the flower and fruit market, she gave up trying; and the days were so hungry and full of hard words, and the nights were so suffocating in her corner of the garret, that she found no quiet time for thinking about heaven any more. She gave it up like a hard question—a hard riddle we were near saying, but little Grubby knew of nothing so nice as puzzles and riddles—and her chief thought in the day was to get early to the space round the Market, and fill with scraps the front of her short gown, and then run home with them to her grandmother, who was early at work under the slanting

roof of the garret, sorting sackfuls of rags with bony hands that looked like the claws of a large bird.

Well, we have left this poor little mortal with the bare feet and grand necklace, curled up asleep in the great market basket as in the corner of some vast wickerwork shed. Hers was a deep sleep.

Jog, jog—shake, shake—swing and jog—shake, shake!

The bright eyes opened under dark lashes—those "diamonds put in with dirty fingers." A glimmer of sunshine came down through the wickerwork roof, but a wicker wall had come to the open side of Grubby's house—another great square basket had been set against it, and half into it, and the whole affair was creaking, and swinging, and shaking, and joggling.

Little Grubby was sharp—Drury Lane children are. In a moment she knew that her basket had been hoisted into a cart, and that the cart of "empties" mountain high was rumbling and joggling along on its way.

There were pulpy orange peels to be sucked, and battered fruit and raw carrot to be eaten; this occupied a long time, and Grubby after her breakfast *remained alive*. The little pickers that come after the market carts in some way or other manage not to be killed, though they swallow vegetable poison enough for a regiment.

After a long, bewildered time of waiting, the joggling stopped, the cart was unloaded, and the little stowaway was shaken out of the basket like a kitten out of a bag.

She behaved exactly like a kitten too. You know what it does when it gets out of a bag; it goes off like a shot before you can tell what colour it is. Now the carters were so rough in their talk when they found this bit of a girl shaken out of the basket, that she shot away as fast as the bare legs would carry her, out of a walled yard, and up a dusty lane, out of sight of the barns and the yard where the men had found her and frightened her.

It was a long run. The heart was knocking fast at the fragile little bosom when the child stopped all alone in the delicious stillness, and sank on the long grass under the hedge, panting, but safe—only afraid of the very beauty of this new world. If you and I were told to lift and handle a heap of diamonds—handfuls of priceless brightness—we should look and stop first. That was how the stray child was awestricken when she sat alone in a mossy lane, under giant trees that almost frightened her with their leafy grandeur—alone, with a glimpse through the hedge of the meadows yellowing with autumn grass, and a vision above of that infinite height of the blue heaven that seemed to carry her very life upwards and away, as the fragrant breeze carried her breath.

"I must have gone to heaven," thought little Grubby, putting her hands together, and trying to be very quiet and still, lest something or other wrong might happen, and send her back to Drury Lane again, to the fusty garret of rags and the scolding old woman who groped with those hands like brown claws.

Little Grubby had always associated her grand-

the biggest might come back and take a bite out of her leg.

She went farther. The sound of laughing and childish shrieks of play came on the warm breeze. Golden dandelions blazed at the roadside; she did not dare to take even one. The flowers growing at the outer stalls of Covent Garden Market were not to be touched; she would not touch these—



"She saw that these happy children were swinging high up and down low on a see-saw."—p. 542.

mother's hands with a certain turkey that she had beheld for sale and dreamed of. In her dream the turkey became frightfully large, and began picking rags, and turned into her grandmother.

"It couldn't be wrong to walk on," thought this timid town mouse at last. She thought so, because a yellowish-green thing hopped almost from under her into the water channel below the grassy bank, and then several other greenish yellow things began taking such prodigious hops, that little Grubby thought seriously she might "be good" and walk a little further. In fact, she had sat down among the frogs; and she knew so little of natural history, that she had no idea what these jumpers were, or whether

it would not be "good;" and only those who were good were in heaven and happy always.

But when the scent came through the hedge, she might take a long, long sniff. It had never been any harm to stand at a distance and sniff at the wall-flowers on the end stand in the Market. And when the bird sang—oh! so far and free—she could listen without fear. She had once known a skylark personally—he lived in a cage in the court; and there were dingy bird-shops full of cages, and seed and singing, all along St. Martin's Lane. It was very extraordinary that this bird was singing and no cage to be seen—no bird either. There were brown birds on the road—not sparrows—sparrows were black all over;

and those birds on the road were not singing. Little Grubby thought at last that the sky itself was singing, that blue sky that dazzled her eyes till it danced all over with specks of light. As for the sun, she could not look that way. The dust was white, and the road was warm to her feet; and the voices and the laughter were nearer. She was coming to the other children who were in heaven and happy always.

At a distance beyond the hedge, suddenly some boys and girls went up high and sank again, while another group appeared rising into the air. Then up again they went, with a laughing shout, and down out of sight.

When little Grubby stood at the gate of the field, she saw that these happy children were swinging high up and down low on a see-saw. The boys at the Market had played like that once, with a plank across a box. But the see-saw here was three times as long as it had ever been in the far-off world. She stood at the gate, with bright eyes and parted lips—a very wretched-looking little creature of a diminutive six-years size—bare-legged and dusty to the knee, with a touch of gold in her ears and a gleam of amber about her baby neck, and a hempen curly head, and dark eyelashes raised over those liquid, diamond eyes. She watched the see-saw and the crowd of well-clad children in the field. Oh! happy boys and girls, who gathered heaps and sheaves of flowers among long grass and sunshine, how very good you must have been to have come to heaven, *and to be inside the gate!*

Oh! oh! oh! what was that? Two small boys were sitting together sharing a bun, and one of them—the big one, too—tumbled the other over and ran away with both pieces, whereupon the small boy—who was even smaller than Grubby—began to cry out loud. These children were not all happy, and not all good; it dawned upon Grubby that even she might venture to climb in between the bars of the gate. And in she went. But not near. Those well-dressed children overawed her; they seemed absolutely splendid, though they were only village boys and girls on a holiday. Sitting unnoticed under the hedge, she watched them, and enjoyed watching them for hours.

At last a great bell rang, and they all went away through a gate at the other end of the field. Their voices ceased. They were not coming back. Little Grubby felt desolate; and she felt hungry.

She made her way out to the road again, and wandered along till she came to white-washed cottages with gardens and green palings, and spires of red and purple flowers towering over the garden rails. There was a big red house with no garden, and the door was open. Grubby went up the three steps; she was pale and exhausted; and there was a rosy-cheeked woman who looked kind, and who was coming out with a basket and a can.

"Please," said little Grubby, "I'm so hungry. Is this the place where the people in heaven live?"

"What?"

"Please I'm so hungry."

The rosy woman turned and said to some one within, "Come here, William, and look at this poor ragged little thing. She doesn't belong to Berrywick, does she?"

A big man, with silver buttons and white braid on his coat, came to the door, and shook his head.

"No; she's none of ours."

He bewildered the little child so, that she had a vague impression that he must have been asking her name.

He said, "Where did you come from, eh?"

"Little Grubby."

"What place? Speak up."

"Little Grubby."

"Don't you know your way home?"

She looked down at her dusty toes fixedly.

"There's no place about here called Little Grubby, that I ever heard of. What way did you come?"

"In a baxet."

"What road did you come?" He spoke loud; he might as well have shouted at a butterfly. Her brain was giddy with exhaustion and the heat of the day; the steps were swinging, and her heels were turning, and everything was swimming round; how could she understand?

"What do you want, eh?"

"So hungry." She could say that.

"That child is over the School Board age," said the man. "Where do you go to school?"

"Little Grubby," she muttered, in a helpless effort, to satisfy him.

"Poor little thing!" said the rosy-cheeked woman; "isn't she like——"

"Like our Daisy," said the man; "she is, if only one could see the colour of her face. They must be very dirty folks at Little Grubby—that's all I've got to say. I've got a bit of dinner left; I can't eat in the heat, Jane, and I told you not to cram that basket so. She may come in and finish up for me. Come along!"

Then he put on his hat. It was a policeman's helmet. It made him a policeman at once; he had been nothing before. When he stretched out his arm and said, "Come along," little Grubby just doubled up like a piece of rag, and rolled down the steps and lay there in a little heap.

When she opened those bright eyes again, it was like coming to life. She felt gentle arms round her; she saw what she had never remembered seeing before—a smile that was all for her, love that looked into her eyes from the eyes of a mother.

But what was this place? A sanded floor, walls pasted over with newspaper pictures, men with silver buttons and helmets. She was all among the policemen. Little Grubby almost screamed.

"What's the matter? Poor little thing—drink this. Oh! William, how like our Daisy she is!—What are you frightened of, dear?"

Little Grubby faintly tried to explain to the rosy-cheeked woman who was sitting and holding her in

her arms. "I thought I'd gone to heaven—and that wasn't it, because the boys thumped each other; and then I thought I'd gone again when I opened my eyes—and that wasn't it, because—because——"

"Suppose I take her home, William, and find her shoes and stockings, and one of our Daisy's little gowns," said the woman. And home she was taken by the policeman's wife.

Little Grubby had seen wonderful things to-day; but it was the greatest wonder of all to sit in the evening on a policeman's knee, and to know that a policeman had a cottage, and a tea-kettle, and buttered toast, and a shelf-full of toys, and a cat.

The policeman said they would keep her till next day. And then they kept her till the next—and the next—and the next. They kept her always.

Ah! you will say, and what about that poor old woman who lived under the slanting roof of a garret, and picked rags with hands like big brown claws? Well, the policeman found out about that old woman, because policemen can find out all about everything. And when he asked if he might keep the little child with the bright eyes and the curly hair, all that formidable old lady said was, "Good riddance of bad rubbish!" When he came home after this journey, there was a well-shod child in the cottage—a fair and curly little thing with a blue dress and a holland pinafore.

The man started. His eyes looked red and liquid. "Why, Jane, I thought it was our Daisy! And so this is Grubby all dressed out by a fairy godmother, eh?"

"No, that is not Grubby," said Jane, curling the bright hair on her finger. "It is somebody else, but I can't think who. . . . What shall we call her?" she asked, when her husband had told her that the child was wanted no more in Drury Lane.

"Suppose we call her Dora," said the man, think-

ing. "They say that Dora means a gift, and Dorothy is 'God's gift.'"

"That sounds right," said the woman. "She may be a God-gift instead of little Daisy."

The child broke in on this family council by saying, with an effort of courage, prompted by long-suppressed desire to reach to the corner shelf—

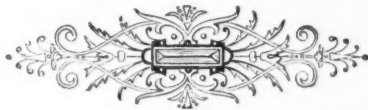
"Don't you ever take down your toys?"

The man laughed, and yet his eyes looked as if there was a tear somewhere, when he took down the gaudy bits of painted wood, the old dolls and the china mug, and dusted them with the tops of the white cotton gloves in his hand.

"I shall give all my toys to you, little Dorothy," he said, filling her pinafore. "An old policeman ought to give up playing!"

Sometimes, when the toys were on the floor, the new "mother" held her apron against her rosy cheeks; she cried when the handle came off the china mug. She was thinking of Daisy whom she loved. But when this little "waif and stray" filled the broken china mug with daisies from the field, and gave it to her, the mother held her in her arms a long, long time, and sobbed, among her kisses, "Poor child! you will be a comfort to us—good little heart!"

It was only gradually that the vaguely guessing mind understood that the life of love was not heaven at last. Only, as she grew older, little Grubby knew, that as country sunshine excelled the flower-stalls, and as being loved excelled even the sunshine, so are there many things that excel our farthest dreams. And when knowledge tells us that our eyes have not seen nor our hearts conceived the glory and the mystery of this fair world, a voice says to us small and ragged wayfarers in the narrow labyrinth of care, and along life's hot and dusty ways—"Beyond, beyond!"



THE SOUL'S DISTRESS.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

OUT of the depths, O Lord, to Thee I cry,
Out of the depths of sin and misery:
Hear Thou my voice.

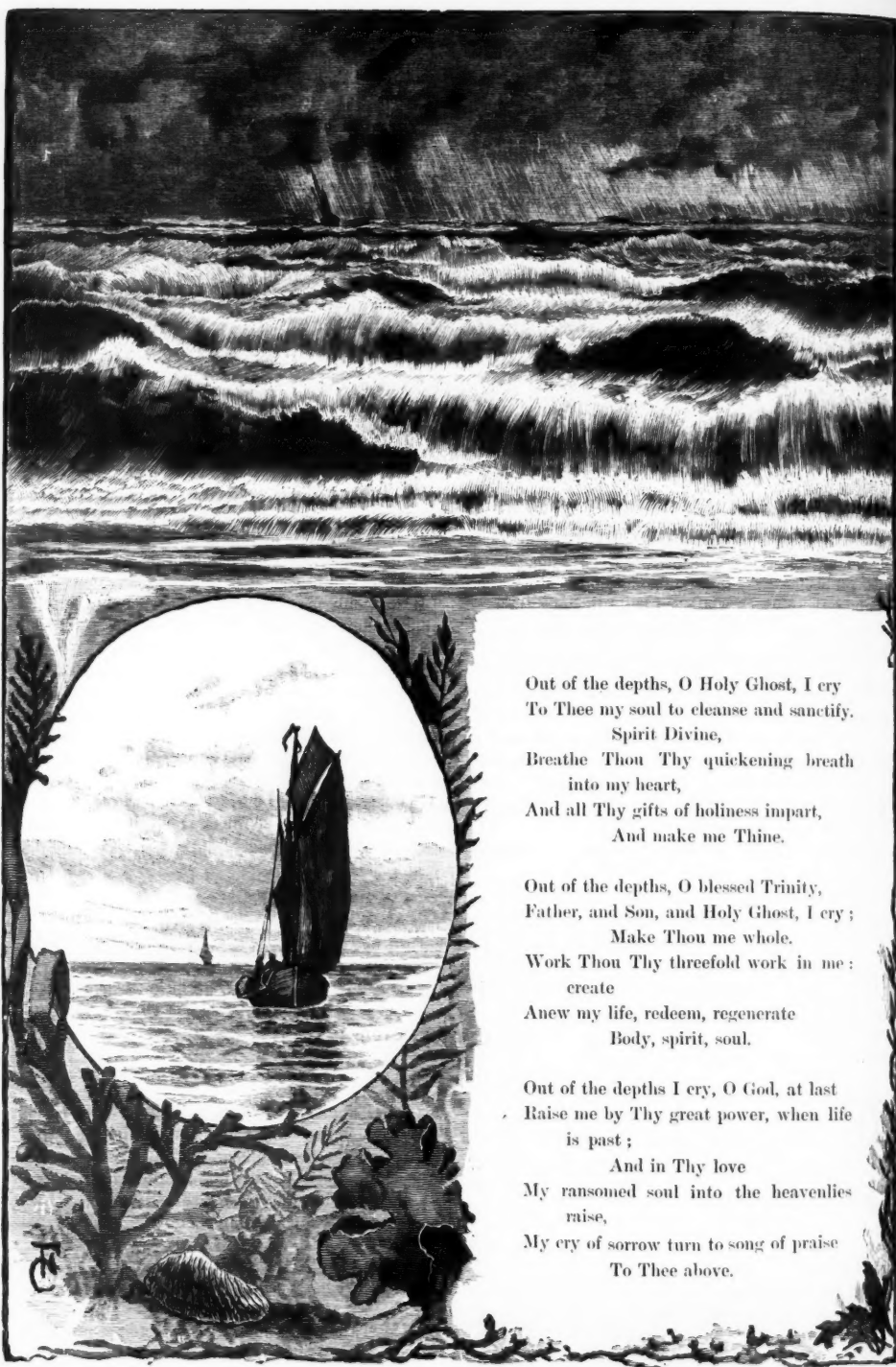
Unto my supplications bend Thine ear,
Lift up my sinking soul, and calm my fear;
Bid me rejoice.

If Thou to mark our sin extreme shouldst be,
What man could stand before Thee? But with Thee
Is mercy still—
Forgiveness—and though in our hearts is fear,
Yet love shall cast it out and bring good cheer
Our souls to fill.

I wait, O Lord, for Thee, as in the night
The watchers wait and watch for morning's light.

Lo! in Thy Word
I hope, and hoping, wait till Thou forgive,
Blot out my sins, and bid my spirit live
In Thee, my Lord.

Out of the depths to Thee, O Christ, I cry,
Thou, Who, that I might live, Thyself didst die
Upon the tree,
Oh! by Thy precious death of pain and scorn,
The glories of Thy resurrection morn,
Deliver me!



Out of the depths, O Holy Ghost, I cry
 To Thee my soul to cleanse and sanctify.
 Spirit Divine,
 Breathe Thou Thy quickening breath
 into my heart,
 And all Thy gifts of holiness impart,
 And make me Thine.

Out of the depths, O blessed Trinity,
 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, I cry ;
 Make Thou me whole.
 Work Thou Thy threefold work in me :
 create
 Anew my life, redeem, regenerate
 Body, spirit, soul.

Out of the depths I cry, O God, at last
 Raise me by Thy great power, when life
 is past ;
 And in Thy love
 My ransomed soul into the heav'lies
 raise,
 My cry of sorrow turn to song of praise
 To Thee above.

THE MOUNT OF THE LORD.

SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS.—THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM. PART I.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Our gracious God has many visitors, and has a kindly welcome for all who come to Him. Some come as His poor dependents, knocking at the back door and seeking to get their basket filled with the scraps they need. Well, these shall not be sent empty away. But, alas! how much they lose. They have

His gifts, but they never see His face, they never hear His voice, they never know His heart. Some are His servants—they dwell with Him. They seek to know His will, and set themselves to do it earnestly. They commune with Him, and yet they do not dwell in the innermost circle. Having done His work, they turn to their own. There are limits and divisions of interest. Some are His children. They are always with Him. They live in His presence: they are ever at home with Him. They know His heart. Unto them He saith, Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine. Pauper, servant, son—which are we? This Psalm is the song of one who *dwells* with God. The Psalm of the Son, from which the Tempter fetched the quotation with which he feathered his arrow:—"If Thou be the Son of God; . . . for it is written." . . . He who sings this song has found in God a rest, a satisfaction, a delight, a home.

It is supposed by many that this Psalm was written by Moses. Certainly there are in it allusions that would come most naturally from one in his circumstances. This first verse gathers a fulness of new meaning as we think of it coming from his lips. We think of him in the wilderness, wearied with a people who seemed incapable of entering into any worthy thought of their high calling, vexed at the delays and wanderings, wearied, too, by the unchanging dreariness of the desert. He, a whole heaven above the people in the nobility of his spirit, turns from all this to find comfort in God, and prays, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." There is given the gracious answer, "Behold, there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock. . . . I will put thee in a cleft of the rock. I will make all My goodness pass before Thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee." We think of him going up into the secret place of the Most High—away up from the multitude into the unbroken calm and stillness, up from the dreary

monotony of the desert into the Mount of the Lord, with new beauties opening before him at every step; up from the languid heat into the fresh wind of the early morning; on to where God Himself waits with all-gracious welcome, and then into the cave. And there the Lord, the Lord God, passed by and proclaimed Himself. And there Moses finds God as his own—"my God"—and puts Israel into his keeping, and prays Him to come and make His abode amongst them.

That mountain height, that secret place, is within our reach. It is Calvary. There are the clefts of the Rock wherein we hide while God comes down to make His goodness pass before us. Then may we draw near to say of Him, "My God," and to find in Him our Dwelling-Place and Home.

Our Home in God. Let the thought sink down into the heart and become a desire, a purpose, a possession. It is for us, for each one of us to know it if we will, to go up out of the way of the wilderness, and to find our rest and dwelling-place in Him. Outside are biting winds and bitter rains; outside are stony ways and stony faces too; outside are the fleeting hopes that find no place to light upon, wishes that are swiftly swept away by fear; outside all that suggests hurry, and toil, and want, and uncertainty; a hungry world, not knowing what it seeks, but believing that its satisfaction lies ever a little further on. To step out of this into the secret place of the Most High—what is it? To find oneself no more a bubble flung on lawless seas; no more a fallen leaf, the sport of wintry winds; but round and about us are the Everlasting Arms, and we rest against the very heart of our Father God. To be known through and through us—all the weakness and the want, the wasted past, the dreadful possibilities of evil within us—and yet to be loved infinitely. To be known in all our dull thought of things, our clumsy failure, our quick forgetfulness, our shallowness and cowardice, and yet to hold as our own such exceeding precious promises of blessedness. To pass out of the din and grinding wheels of earth, with its mystery of want and pain and sorrow, and to rest in a great assurance of pity and help for every one; that behind all things and running through and through all things is the love of the Father; and that all things are set to this one end—to help men up to higher life. No more the uncertain; but a very *terra firma*; lying down in the shadow of the Eternal, feeling that waves may toss far down below us, and tides may come and go, but this sure

Rock of our Resting-place abideth for ever and ever. To have the hallowing hush of God's own presence, the soothing, strengthening touch of His own hand, the heaven of His smile and favour—this is to dwell in the secret place of the Most High. To let ourselves and ours go with a glad abandonment right into the keeping of His love; to live with a childlike freedom from care, or fear, or want, knowing that He careth for us; to be loosed from ambition, to have no fierce and jealous eagerness, and yet to be stirred with a great desire and a fixed endeavour to know His will and to please Him perfectly. This is to dwell in His secret place. And there, hidden in the clefts of the Rock, it is ours to look out on all things, finding everywhere the revelation of His goodness, and hearing evermore that voice proclaiming the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious.

He that dwelleth shall abide. These words denote the settled and unchanging. This is no occasional privilege, as when the High Priest once a year went into the Holiest of all. It is no exceptional thing—the festival of some rare day. No vision is it, shortlived. Not a rift in the clouds, a passing glimpse of a glory that is to be hereafter.

We dwell— and *He abides.* God is to us what we will let Him be. He changeth not. Where we are bold to come, there may we be bold to stay. He will not go away; nor need we. If we will dwell there, there will He abide.

A secret place. He only that seeketh shall find it. A blessedness of which any man may say, "It shall be mine, and I will search diligently until I find it." But they shall never know it who think they can drift to heaven with languid desires and lofty longings that come to nothing. Nor is it for those who can put heart and soul into everything else, sticking at it until they do succeed, but in religion are content with theories and notions; with mere creeds and services. Yet every one that seeketh, findeth. It is an open secret to the searcher. These further heights of blessedness are not a kind of Alpine climbing, requiring great endurance, and much skill, and resolute courage. Seek—never mind how clumsily, if only the heart be in it. Seek—God sends forth His light and truth; they wait for us at the foot of the holy hill. Seek and ye shall find. Men lose these things not because they do not understand them, and not because they do not desire them, but because they do not seek them.

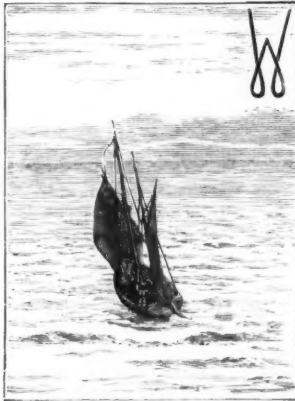
And then, seeking and finding the secret place, its full blessedness is for those only who will make themselves "at home" in it. Custom and blessed familiarity are needful to home. "Is this our home?" said my little one to me as we drove up to the door of a new abode. "No," said I, "*not yet*." It is our house—it will be our home, I hope, when we get used to it."

Soul, the secret of finding thy home in God is to be much at home with Him.

THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY. BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER XII.—HAD SHE RECEIVED HIS LETTER?



When Duncuft arrived at Plymouth, he found his mother so much better, that all talk of danger was now at an end. If any person, however, had a place in Lady Florence Duncuft's rather shallow heart, it was her boy, the present owner of Duncuft. She was afraid of Bridget. In the old days when her husband was alive, she had never got on

with or understood him, but with Hugh she felt quite comfortable.

Lady Florence had her own private jointure, and managed, after a slipshod sort of fashion, to live within its means. Plymouth was her favourite resting place, for she had a great many relatives and friends in the navy. She was good-natured, and would not willingly injure anybody, but she was a gossip, a busybody, and a matchmaker, therefore, of course, to her own unbounded astonishment, she always found herself in hot water.

Just before the illness, which had been caused by a violent chill, she had been the means, through some idly spoken words, which had reached the wrong ears, of causing a violent quarrel between two families of intimate friends. A marriage had just been arranged between two members of these houses, which Lady Florence's foolish words had caused to be broken off. She had been full of despair and repentance, and her first wild idea had been to propose Hugh as a substitute bridegroom for the afflicted young lady.

Hence her urgent letter to him ; but as she concluded it, she suddenly remembered that he wanted to marry Agatha. The next day she was very ill, and all interest in the present world faded, for the time being, from her slight brain.

Hugh came quickly, and his mother, now out of danger, was delighted to have him. She would not hear of his going away, and even to broach such a subject drove her into hysterics.

Poor Hugh, who used to consider Plymouth an agreeable place enough, now found time hanging heavily on his hands.

Agatha was no longer there, and his heart was with Agatha.

When he wrote her those hurried lines, he had given her his mother's Plymouth address ; he had implored of her to write to him instantly there, and now he waited impatiently, as post after post came in, for her letter. He had told her that he would certainly be back at the end of a week, but the week went by and found Hugh still dawdling away his time at Plymouth, and no word or line of any kind had come from Agatha. What did it all mean ? He grew angry, impatient, anxious.

Finally he sent off a telegram to Bride begging of her to explain how matters really stood. Bride replied calmly by post, and her letter was a masterpiece of diplomacy, for it simply told the perturbed young man nothing at all. She had seen Agatha, and Agatha seemed very well, and so was Kitty, only Hester had a headache and was very cross, and Mrs. Stanhope was quite well, and the girls were a little anxious about her. She—Bride—had taken care to mention that Hugh was away, so it was all right. "I vow and declare, Bride would think it all right if I never heard from Agatha again," exclaimed the exasperated young man, tearing up his sister's letter into bits, and putting on his hat.

He had resolved there and then to pay a visit to Agatha's aunt, Miss Judith Stanhope.

With this old lady Duncuft was a prime favourite. She received him graciously, and soon poured out a history of her wrongs.

"I thought you were in Ireland, Mr. Duncuft. Well, I suppose you have not heard the latest about our dear Agatha ?"

"No, I have heard nothing. Is anything wrong?" asked the young man, turning pale.

"Wrong! I should think things are wrong!" continued the old lady, in a voice of great indignation. "That silly girl is bent on her own undoing. She is ruining her future, her prospects. Oh! I could cry about it. I have cried about it."

"But what has she done?" demanded Duncuft. "I implore you to tell me, dear Miss Stanhope. You know, the fact is—I—I—I'm awfully fond of Agatha. Well, I don't mind your knowing—you can help me best if you know—I have asked Agatha to be my wife."

"I thought as much," replied Miss Stanhope; "and as far as her beauty went, and her sweetness, and her accomplishments, she would have been worthy to

have been any man's wife, Mr. Duncuft. Oh! but she is ungrateful! She never told me this."

"Why should she? She has not given me my answer yet. I have been expecting to hear from her. What is this dreadful news?"

"Well, Mr. Duncuft, you have my sympathy, although I fear there is little hope for you. Agatha is obstinate, and she has chosen her own path. When she went home a trouble awaited her, which she took to heart, I grieve to say, in a most unsubmitive manner. It has been the will of Providence, Mr. Duncuft, to deprive her mother of her eyesight. My sister-in-law is, I believe, at this moment totally blind. Of course, this circumstance, in addition to the affliction to the poor lady herself, has other drawbacks, as it prevents her adding to her income by teaching. Now what do you think this foolish Agatha does? Instead of gratefully accepting your offer, and securing a comfortable home for herself, and thus lightening her mother's cares, she flies off at a tangent—for I can really call it nothing else—and goes to London to teach."

"To teach?" said Duncuft, "Agatha goes to London to teach? I don't quite understand, and," he added, in a hopeless and almost bewildered manner, "I wrote her a letter, and she never answered it, and now you say she has gone away to London to teach."

"Oh! I don't know that she has absolutely gone. She wrote to me on the subject, and I thought it my duty to give her a very plain piece of my mind. The foolish girl thought I would help her to find a suitable situation, instead of which I offered her a home with myself. She refused this, and then I told her I absolutely washed my hands of her; and I have done so, Mr. Duncuft," added the old lady, rising and walking over to a distant window.

"But you will explain to me, at least, her reason for going away to teach? The fact of dear little Mrs. Stanhope losing her sight could not have necessitated Agatha's going away to London to earn her bread. You will tell me her reason for this, if you know it."

"My dear sir, a quixotic reason—a ridiculous and quixotic reason. She has got it into her head that her mother's eyesight can be restored by means of an operation which can be performed by a London surgeon, at a fabulous price. Agatha goes to teach that she may earn this money. Now, did you ever hear of anything more absolutely ridiculous, when the very excellent and able doctor at Castle-town said himself that her mother's blindness was all but hopeless! She throws away her chance of you, and for what? A whim—a fancy. Oh! I have no patience with her. As I said just now, I absolutely wash my hands of her."

Duncuft stood silent. During part of Miss Stanhope's speech, a slight glow had come into his sunburnt face, and his lazy blue eyes were lit up with a spark of enthusiasm, but when she had finished speaking, he looked cold and impassive, and a moment afterwards he shook hands and went away. Duncuft's coldness however, was all assumed. He left Miss Stanhope's

comfortable hall door with his heart beating as he had never felt it beat before in the whole course of his sunshiny and butterfly existence.

For the first time he was crossed in his heart's desires; for the first time his hope, and his love, and his longing, were put aside as things of no moment.

Agatha had not deigned even to answer his few and earnest words. She had gone away; she had chosen her own path in life—a path in which he had neither lot nor part.

Agatha had almost put him to shame, and had plainly shown that she despised him, and yet, strange as it may seem, he had never loved her as he did at this moment. He did not agree with Miss Stanhope with regard to her opinion as to her niece's conduct. He read the generous and impulsive young heart aright; he saw the nobleness and unselfishness of her motives.

"My poor Agatha!" he muttered to himself, "my brave, dear, beautiful Agatha! Of course I'm not a bit worthy of her; but still, I wonder she did not answer my letter."

Then it suddenly occurred to him, with a hot flush and a spasm of torture, that perhaps she had not got it—perhaps Bridget's messenger might have dropped it, or perhaps that dreadful little servant-girl at the Stanhopes' lodgings might have failed to deliver it. Such things had happened to others, why not to him? If this was so, Agatha's silence was accounted for, but then, what must she think of him? he felt that he could bear this state of suspense no longer. He must see for himself how matters really stood. And Agatha might not yet have left Ireland. He hurried back to his mother, burst excitedly into her boudoir, and flung himself into an easy-chair.

"Well, mother *mia*! why, you're looking positively handsome. How very well that tea-gown becomes you. Oh! by the way, I'm off by the mail train to-night."

"My dear Hugh! my poor boy, you are so thoughtless. Your noisy entrance has set my heart fluttering. Just hand me my vinaigrette. Ah! thanks. Yes, Hugh, I think this colour suits my complexion, and you must give me your opinion, presently, as to the trimmings Madame Quentin is putting on my new dinner dress. The dress is a soft rose-coloured plush, Hugh; it lights up wonderfully. The doctor is quite sure I shall be strong enough to dine at Sir G—— G——'s. Now, look here, Hugh! if you *will* make yourself very agreeable, and if you will ring the bell, I will reward you by asking Dawson to bring in that box of trimmings for you to inspect at once."

"Yes, yes, mother; but you see I must run away to pack, and I'm sure you and Dawson will make an admirable selection. Rose-coloured plush is just your style, I know that. Now, do take care of yourself, little mother, and wrap up well, when you do go out. I'll be back as soon as I can." The young man stooped down to kiss his mother, but Lady Florence pushed him away almost pettishly. "There, there! you have disarranged my head-dress. You are quite

tiresomely clumsy, Hugh; and when you talk to me about wrapping up, in that disagreeable voice, I feel myself quite an old woman; and what do you mean, when you talk of going away?"

"I'm awfully sorry, mother dear; but some sudden business takes me to Duncuift at once."

Lady Florence pressed a morsel of cambric to her eyes.

"I always *did* say that you and Bridget were selfish. I only wish my own sensibilities were not so keen; but as your poor dear father used to remark, 'Florence, your fault is that you have too much feeling. Your nerves are overstrung, my love, overstrung.' He used to say it, Hugh, and it is the case. No one knows what I suffer, and want of consideration in those belonging to me cuts me to the quick. Well, well, if you must go— Ah! Dawson, you have brought that box of lace. Here, set it down on this chair, in a good light. Well, well, Hugh, good-bye; good-bye, my dear boy. Give my love to little Agatha. Now, Dawson, you may draw up the blind, to let in the light; and pray open this box. Dawson, you are sure these are the patterns Madame Quentin ordered?"

CHAPTER XIII.—"I BURNED IT."

BRIDGET had passed a week—nay, a fortnight—during which she had worked hard.

It was midsummer, and the harvest was coming on, and the hay-making was at its height.

Bridget rose earlier than ever, and went to bed a little later, and seemed to be everywhere at once, and giving her clear and accurate business head to half a dozen things at the same time.

All her accounts were in perfect order, all her affairs were prospering, and she had little or no time for thought.

Hugh was away—safe out of all possible mischief. Agatha, too, had left Ballycrana, and Bridget would not allow herself to think she had done anything wrong in slightly aiding the separation between these two. She was quite comfortable, and perfectly happy in her own mind, except just in church on Sunday, and then she owned that she did not enjoy the service as much as usual, and that the sermon, delivered earnestly by an earnest preacher, awoke some sentiments which were usually foreign to her mind. She put them aside, however, almost angrily, and Monday, with its numerous cares, came on quickly, and the next Sunday Bridget pleaded a headache, and did not order her pony carriage to drive to the old-fashioned church at Ballycrana.

The following Tuesday, while at breakfast, she was startled by hearing a quick step that she knew, and the next moment Hugh entered the room. He kissed his sister warmly, and then threw himself into the depths of his favourite arm-chair.

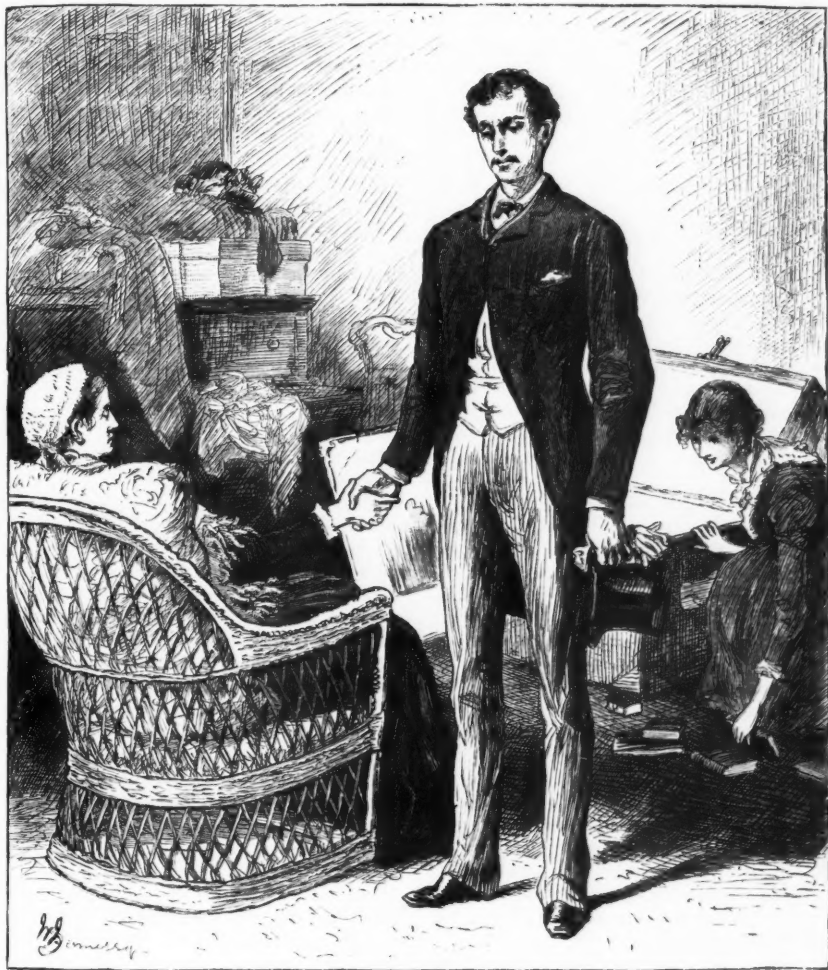
"I shall go back to Plymouth, presently, in the *Fire-fly*. I hate railway travelling. Oh! yes, Bride, the mother is nearly all right again. Poor little woman! she had rather a sharp attack, though. Coffee? Well,

if you have a cup worth drinking I don't mind having it."

Bride stood by her brother, and poured out his coffee and heaped his plate. She was very glad to

"Why, Hugh dear, what has come to you?"

"I'm worried, Bride; oh, no! I don't feel lazy to-day, I can tell you. I have travelled day and night from Plymouth, and I have felt more bothered



"She wrung the young man's hand."—p. 551.

have him back. She loved him dearly; but still she owned to herself that she was not quite comfortable. She had a latent uneasiness, and she plunged eagerly into conversation, and allowed no break in the flow of her narrative. Hugh drank off a cup of coffee, ate some bread and butter, and then suddenly stood up, tall and straight and full of energy, before his sister.

and more upset each moment, and I have come to you to set me right."

"What about, Hugh?"

"Oh! you can guess; it is Agatha. I love her more every day. You know, Bridget, for I told you, that I asked Agatha to be my wife, and my darling did not answer, but she looked—she looked as if she would say yes. I wrote to her, Bridget.

I wrote to her the day I had to hurry away, and I begged of her to send her answer to Plymouth. I waited and waited, and no answer came, and then by chance one day I went to see Agatha's aunt, Miss Stanhope, and Miss Stanhope told me a horrible, dreadful story: dear little Mrs. Stanhope has gone blind, and my—my darling, she has rushed off to London to earn some money for her mother. Just like Agatha! I love her and honour her more than ever for thinking of it. I never felt myself so unmanly, I can tell you, Bride, as when I heard of her brave work. But she has never written to me, and that is unlike her. Bridget, it has occurred to me that the letter I gave you to send to her may have been lost. What messenger did you give it to, Bridget?"

Bridget turned quite white—white, and cold, and still.

"How queer you look, Bride! Do you know that the messenger lost my letter? Is anything up?"

"Agatha has gone away," said Bridget, each slow word dropping from her with a distinct pain, "Agatha has gone away to earn one hundred guineas. You feel unmanly, contrasting yourself with her; have you never felt unmanly contrasting your life with my years of toil? I am only your sister, and I work for you; does that make such a difference? No, Agatha never got your letter, because—I burned it."

Bridget stood perfectly motionless when she had done speaking; she expected a torrent of angry words, she expected her brother to storm at her, and she bent her head a trifle, and her breath came hard as she listened. To her astonishment no sound came. Hugh fell back two or three paces. When she ventured at last to raise her eyes slowly, they met his.

Hugh's blue eyes seemed to blaze at her, almost to curse her, but he did not utter a word; he turned on his heel and left the room.

"I have lost him," sighed the miserable girl, and she sank down on the chair, trembling violently.

At last she saw what she had done; she had read, in the expression on her brother's face, her own falsehood, her want of faith, her dishonour.

"I was blind and foolish!" sobbed Bridget Duncuft. "I did it for Hugh, to save him, and now he hates me, and will never trust me again. Oh! I am a lonely woman, cut off even from Hugh at last, and it is my own fault. I see it now."

She sat quite still for an hour or more. She did not cry, for she was not one to whom tears came readily, but a dull aching began in her heart which went on for many days, many weeks, many months to come.

CHAPTER XIV.—ABSOLUTELY DETERMINED.

WHEN Hugh left his sister's side, he had been literally incapable of saying a word to her.

When she had said, in her calm and outwardly quiet voice, "I burned that letter," a lump had come in his throat, and a mist had risen before his eyes.

He felt for a moment as if he would faint, and when he staggered back from Bride he was in danger of falling.

He quickly, however, recovered his equilibrium—the giddiness and physical sense of being struck passed away, and he only knew that his faith in his sister was utterly shattered, and that, in consequence, his belief even in goodness itself seemed to fade and grow indistinct for the time being.

If there was one person in the wide world Hugh respected and looked up to, it was this strong young sister, his senior by a couple of years.

All his life he had looked up to Bride; he had taken her counsel, and followed in her steps as far as his lazy nature permitted. As far as in him lay, he respected, and admired, and loved his sister.

Now, as he left the pleasant breakfast-room at Duncuft, he knew that all this was over. Bride in the future was his sister in name, nothing more.

He could never love her again. He felt, as he left the room, that he never wished to look at her face again.

He rushed up to his bedroom, and dashed cold water about his face and head, and then he became better, and less confused, and his heart began to beat more regularly.

Old Simon came up and knocked at his door. After so long a journey he expected his master to lie down for some hours. Hugh, however, was far too excited to think of repose.

"Look here, Simon," he called out, as the old white-headed retainer stepped respectfully into the room, "you put a fresh supply of clean shirts into the portmanteau, but don't unpack it, for I am off again directly."

"Oh, Mr. Hugh! and may I make bold to ask if her ladyship is no better?"

"Yes, yes, Simon, my mother is nearly quite well by this time. Now, don't bother, like a good old fellow, but get the portmanteau ready; and see here, Simon, I don't want Miss—Miss Duncuft to be troubled. You are to send this portmanteau at once into Ballycrana, to meet me in time to leave by the three o'clock train; do you hear?"

"You're going to Castletown again, then, sir?"

"I don't know where I am going; have the portmanteau at the station without fail. Now, good-bye."

Hugh slammed the door after him, and rushed down-stairs, forcing himself to whistle a gay tune as he did so.

Bridget heard him in the distant breakfast-room, and for a moment a wild hope filled her heart that he might be coming back to her. He went out of the house, however, and she heard his footsteps dying quickly away.

It took Hugh but a short time to walk to Ballycrana. He soon found himself at the Stanhopes' lodgings, and ran up-stairs. They were going to leave immediately, for the little house outside Ballycrana had been taken, and part of the furniture had been sent there the night before, so the room into which

the young man entered looked quite desolate. The muslin draperies had been removed from the pretty bay window, the little nick-nacks which had once made this small room, in Hugh's eyes, almost charming, were all gone. It was a scene of desolation on which he entered, and he stopped short on the threshold with a feeling of dismay.

"Why, you're not all going from Ballycrana!" he exclaimed.

His words startled Kitty, who was on her knees busily packing some books into a box. She jumped to her feet at once, and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh! Hugh, you have really come back at last! We thought we were never going to see you any more."

"Believe me, Kitty, I never knew of this great and terrible trouble which had come to you until a day or two ago. As soon as ever I heard it I came back. I have no words to tell you what I think about it."

"Dear Hugh!" said Kitty, a slight dewy look giving moisture to her bright eyes. "But we are not all so dreadfully upset now, Hugh. Agatha has set us the example, and we have made up our minds to be so brave! Mother, too, is such a dear—no one could be discontented who looked at her; and we are beginning to laugh about it, and to make fun of the little mistakes mother makes, for she has been quite blind for the last few days. We are all copying Agatha, and I really do not mind now turning myself into a common servant."

"Oh, Kitty! what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you presently. I'm awfully glad you've come back. It's the greatest comfort to unburden my heart to you. But here comes mother. Mother darling, Mr. Duncuft has just walked into this room and found me on my knees packing the books. Do talk to him, mother; he's nearly stiff with horror, at the thought of our troubles. I tell him he needn't be, for really and truly we don't mind."

"Come here, Hugh," said Mrs. Stanhope's sweet voice. She held out her hand in the pathetic, uncertain fashion of a blind person.

Hugh flew to her side.

"My dear boy, I am glad you are here. Yes, you shall take me to my own arm-chair. You think all this very terrible, Hugh," she said, for she had felt a slight tremble in his strong arm; "but my blindness is not half so bad to me now that it has come as when it was coming. I was very tired, and now I can rest; and I've got two pairs of eyes to work for me, to read to me, and to help me. Things are not so bad as they seem; and in short, Hugh, we three have made up our minds to be cheerful."

It was impossible for Hugh even to smile. He was thinking of Agatha, and of his own wrecked hopes.

Mrs. Stanhope kept on talking, in a gentle and peaceful voice, and soon her words began to jar on the excited young man. He pitied her from his soul. He thought her good and sweet and brave,

but then she was old, and he and Agatha were so young.

He listened breathlessly for the first few moments. Would not the mother say something about the brave girl who was doing so much for her? But Mrs. Stanhope did not mention Agatha's name; she said a great deal about Kitty and Hester—about Hester's work in the school, and Kitty's new domestic duties, but Agatha, who was doing far more than either of them, in Hugh's opinion, was not alluded to at all.

He rose at last, impatiently, to his feet.

"I am very sorry, but I must go. I wish I could help you all. I never was much use, and you all seem so terribly self-helpful. No, I don't know when I am coming back. Bride goes her own way; she does not really want me. My mother, after all, perhaps needs me more than any other creature. Good-bye, Mrs. Stanhope; your courage amazes me."

"It is not my courage, dear Hugh, but there is such a thing as the peace of God."

She wrung the young man's hand, and he turned away, with a lump rising once more in his throat. Hester had not come in. He had learned nothing by this visit. Suddenly he caught an expression, which puzzled him, in Kitty's wistful eyes.

"Can you let these books be? Walk up to the railway station, Kitty, with me—do!"

Kitty's hat was in one corner of the room, her gloves in another. A moment later the two were walking quickly along the narrow street.

"My train won't go for an hour; come down to Patrick's Quay with me, Kitty."

Kitty followed Duncuft without a word, and they sat down side by side, on the same bench where she and Hester had woven their day-dreams a month ago.

"Now, Kitty, you have got to answer me a few questions. Where is Agatha?"

"Stop!" answered Kitty, looking him full and directly in the face. "Hester and I have been talking a good deal. We are young, but about some things we are wise, and we mean to protect Agatha. We have talked it all over, and we have quite made up our minds, and there is no use in your trying to bully us, Hugh. A month ago I would have told you anything about Agatha; but she came home, and she looked—she looked—— No, I won't tell you how she looked, only you never came, and you never wrote. I don't know why you want to hear about Agatha to-day."

"Why, Kitty, what utterly childish nonsense you are talking! Don't you know—need I tell you—that I love Agatha with all my heart and strength; that I am starving without her, that I am miserable without her?"

"Then why did you not write to her?" asked Kitty, who was immensely softened and interested by this bold declaration.

"That is a secret which I must explain to herself. I am blameless in the matter, though there are

reasons why I cannot tell you about it. I am going off to Agatha this instant! You must trust me—you must confide in me, you must tell me where she is."

day-dream over it this evening. We thought you false, but now I see you are not; only, poor Hugh, I am afraid Agatha has her life's work cut out for her. You know she has gone to earn an enormous lot of



"She told Agatha that she did not approve of her scheme."—p. 556.

"And do you really, really want to marry her, Hugh?"

"Marry her! I would marry her a thousand times over if it were necessary. I can at least promise you one thing—I will never marry anybody else."

"Agatha would make a beautiful bride," said Kitty, in a contemplative fashion. "I am glad you told me this, Hugh, for Hester and I can have such a

money to save our mother. I don't see how she can have any room for you, or thought for you, in her heart at present."

"Only tell me where she is, Kitty, and I can manage all that for myself."

"I don't exactly know; you know, Aunt Judith would not help her, and so she went to Madame Jardine's at Forest Hill, where she used to be at school

In her last letter, written two or three days ago, she said she was going into lodgings, for Madame Jardine had no room for her. She said she soon hoped to get a situation, and she would give us her new address in her next letter. Is not she brave? Hester and I speak of her as our young knight."

"She is very brave. Now, Kitty, I must not miss my train. I must be going."

"But I have not told you where she is."

"I shall go to Madame Jardine's; she will probably be able to let me know."

"Then you are quite determined to find her?"

"I am absolutely determined. I should move heaven and earth in the cause if necessary, and I am equally determined to make her my wife some day. Now, good-bye, Kitty; I must really run to catch that train."

CHAPTER XV.—A SURPRISE FOR MISS STANHOPE.

MISS JUDITH STANHOPE was one of the most particular and prudish old ladies in Plymouth. She had comfortable means, and a nice house, and careful servants. She had also two pet cats, and a very small and uninteresting Italian greyhound. She had a parrot in a cage, who assured her every time she entered the room that she was still young and beautiful.

"Still young and beautiful! still young and beautiful!" he would scream at her in his shrill voice. He had been taught this trick by a tiresome school-boy, and nothing would ever break him of it.

Miss Stanhope had also a tiny conservatory beyond her drawing-room, the flowers in which she tended herself, but beyond her flowers, her parrot, and her cats and dog, she seemed to have no interest in life. She had neither cares nor pleasures; she had not one single friendship sufficiently strong to cause her heart to beat, and beyond taking a daily constitutional in a bath-chair, the outside world had no meaning for her.

This was not the fault of the clergyman in whose parish Miss Stanhope lived. He called upon a parishioner whom report told him was wealthy, and begged of her to interest herself in his parish and its needs. She listened politely, turning her grey-white face and faded eyes full upon him, then she slowly took her purse out of her pocket.

"I will give you, Mr. Martin, five pounds a year. You can spend that money precisely as you please. Do not ask my opinion on the subject; do not trouble me in the matter. You shall have the money—that is all."

The clergyman assured her that a little personal interest—ever so small a trifle of personal sympathy—would go farther and be more acceptable than the gold.

But Miss Stanhope stared at him sternly, and assured him that beyond the yearly subscription she would give nothing.

The Church having failed to arouse the intelligent

interest of this good woman, the world, which had a gay time of it enough at Plymouth, endeavoured to have its say.

But Miss Stanhope was equally proof against the seductions of the worldly. Now and then she subscribed half-a-crown to a concert, but she was never seen to occupy the seat she had paid for. She did not want three-volume novels from the circulating library. She did not think it necessary that young people should have subscription fêtes. The only form of relaxation she allowed herself was one at home afternoon in the week, when she entertained the few old maids that visited her with the strongest tea, the richest cream, and the best pound-cake she could obtain.

Once, and once only, was she known to rouse herself from the death in life to which she had sunk. A young girl, with the likeness of a face she had loved, had stepped across her threshold.

Miss Stanhope's languid heartstrings had been touched by Agatha's beautiful olive-tinted face. She was very like the brother Judith Stanhope had sincerely loved and mourned. She bore no resemblance whatever to the Irish mother, whom Miss Stanhope had never forgiven for marrying her brave and handsome captain.

Miss Stanhope had also another reason for being interested in Agatha. Agatha represented to her the one good deed in her life. She was the girl for whom she had secretly expended eight hundred pounds. For eight years now she had paid for the schooling of this unknown niece. At last she had invited her to visit her, and behold, the young creature on whom she had expended her bounty had proved worthy.

No more graceful girl had ever entered the dark old rooms, and since Miss Stanhope's brother had died, she had never gazed at brighter eyes. They were her brother's eyes looking at her again in her face, and Miss Stanhope felt that it would be possible to her to love Agatha.

Her school life was over, and arrangements were made for a long visit.

Miss Stanhope supplied her pretty niece with plenty of suitable clothes. She relaxed the severity of her bath-chair, and allowed herself to be bowled along in an open victoria by her niece's side.

When Agatha called her "auntie," the words came with a pleasant surprise. When Agatha suggested a little colour, and some soft laces, to relieve the severity of the old lady's attire, she yielded with a sense of pleasure which she had not experienced since her brother's death.

Since Agatha had arrived at the old-fashioned house in Plymouth, Miss Stanhope's Wednesday afternoons began to assume a new complexion; the old maids, who appreciated her pound-cake and tea, still dropped in, but there was a good sprinkling now of pretty girls and young men, who had made friends with Agatha, and who enjoyed seeing her even in her severe aunt's presence.

The most frequent of these guests was Duncuft. He was the first to arrive and the last to go; and when he looked at Agatha, old Miss Judith Stanhope was reminded of a long, long ago day-dream, when she too had thought of love. She took care to learn all about the young man, and she made up her mind that when he asked for Agatha he should have her.

The Duncufts were a good old race; Hugh was not without means, and Miss Stanhope might leave her money to whom she pleased.

Agatha came to her aunt in the winter, and long before the following summer dawned, the old lady had come to regard the young girl as her own.

This idea, however, Agatha by no means shared; not all her school life, not all the years she had spent in England, had abated her love for the mother and sisters she had left at home. Agatha had never forgotten little Hester's heartbroken cry when she had first left her, and Agatha's mother was still to the girl the first and dearest of women.

She enjoyed her time with her Aunt Judith, but when the days were at their longest, she boldly declared her intention of going home.

"They expect me at this time; we are always together at this time of year, and I would not disappoint them for worlds," she said in her emphatic young voice.

Miss Stanhope could not move her niece, and she could only comfort herself with the reflection that Duncuft was very close to Ballycrana.

After all, it might be wisest to let Agatha have her way.

Very soon afterwards came a letter which the old lady regarded as a death-blow.

Agatha was going to teach. Agatha would demean herself, and her mother's blood flowed in her veins after all.

Miss Stanhope wrote promptly, expressing her opinion, and offering her niece a permanent home with herself. Agatha refused, and now the old lady declared that she had cut her permanently out of her heart and life.

Miss Stanhope was possessed of the most obsolete and old-fashioned ideas: a governess was a creature who belonged to a distinct sphere of her own.

When a lady suffered herself to earn money she submitted to a degradation for which no after years could atone.

So Miss Stanhope endeavoured to put Agatha out of her life. She forbore to make a new codicil to her will—her money should still go to a largely endowed hospital—and she endeavoured to resume her flagging interest in her cats and dog and parrot; the old maids again alone frequented her afternoons, and all things were as they were before.

Not quite, however. One day there burst upon her an eager and excited young man—a young man who asked most pertinent questions, and made the boldest declarations.

She found herself telling the story of her wrongs to ears that listened with impatience. She had a

momentary sense of pleasure in avenging herself on Agatha by telling of her disgrace to her lover, but the young man's brown cheek only glowed, and his eyes had seemed to catch some of Agatha's own fire, and with scarcely a word he rushed away.

Was it possible that a man in Hugh Duncuft's position could still seriously think of a girl who was a governess as his future wife?

Miss Stanhope thought over this problem day and night, and the cats, the dog, and the parrot began to feel themselves a trifle neglected.

A few days passed by, and one evening as the old lady was preparing for her customary doze, after her six o'clock dinner, there came a vigorous ring at her front door.

"Good gracious! who can be arriving at this hour?" she exclaimed.

The words were scarcely out of her lips, before the greyhound uttered a vicious snarl, the two cats rose slowly, and turned themselves round with the airs of martyrs, and the trim parlour-maid, throwing wide the dining-room door, announced Mr. Duncuft.

Hugh came in, a trifle breathless, for he had been walking hard. He did not sit down, but came straight up to the hearth, where he stumbled a trifle, for he stood on the tabby's tail.

"I am so thankful to find you at home," he said to the old lady.

As Miss Stanhope had not been out at this hour for thirty years, she declined no reply, but gazed up with her old stony stare at the excited young man.

Hugh looked round to see that the door was shut, then he took a chair and sat down close to the old lady.

"Now, look here!" he said, "how long do you take to pack?"

"To pack?" exclaimed Miss Stanhope.

"Yes, yes! women always do take an awful time over that rubbish; all that's necessary is a night-dress, and a brush and comb, and a pair of stockings in case your feet get wet. Look here, Miss Stanhope, I'm in desperate trouble, and only you can help me, and if we're quick we can catch the mail from Plymouth to-night. I want you to come with me to London to-night."

Miss Stanhope sat quite silent for the space of a full minute by the slowest clock that ever ticked. The only idea which had entered into her enraged and astonished brain being, that the young man had suddenly developed into a confirmed lunatic.

She knew that it was necessary to soothe lunatics, but she felt horribly frightened, and she edged away her chair as far as she could from the wall.

"Are you coming?" said Hugh, when he could bear the silence no longer. "I have given you an hour and a half. It is quite long enough for any one to pack, isn't it? I will tell you what I want you to do for me while we're in the train; and now shall I ring for your maid?"

"Yes, yes, pray ring the bell, Mr. Duncuft; and perhaps—perhaps, if you will kindly go away now,

"I will give you an answer in the morning, you know."

"In the morning! But, good gracious! will women never understand? I want you to come with me to-night. To-night, do you hear? Well, I suppose I must tell you the reason. Here—here goes! How few words can I get it into? Look here, Miss Stanhope: I went straight home after I saw you the other day—straight home to Duncuft, and then to Ballycrana. Agatha was gone, but I saw Kitty. Kitty gave me a sort of address by which I hoped to find her. I mean my—well, Agatha, you know. A Madame Jardine, Forest Hill. I went straight there and saw the principal, a horrible woman; not a grain of heart or sentiment about her. Would you believe it, Miss Stanhope?—but no, you are so different—she absolutely and positively refused to give me Agatha's address. She said nothing would induce her to part with it to a young man who was not her brother. My word! I was so enraged, I tried to make up a lame story that I was a sort of brother, but she nearly turned me out of the door. Oh! she was an awful woman—a monster—and her last words nearly finished me, for she said Agatha was ill! I felt quite wild for an hour or two; then I suddenly thought of you. I caught the very next express here. If you come back with me, Madame Jardine must tell you all about Agatha—don't you see? Isn't it a capital idea? Now you've an hour and a quarter to pack. I told you my story in five minutes, after all."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE CAUSE OF GALLANTRY.

WHEN Miss Stanhope could at last open her lips, and get out any words from her confused and startled brain, she stumbled to her trembling feet, and looking hard at the agitated and excited young face opposite to her, said in a low and stern manner, "Then you—you, a young man of good family—a Duncuft of Duncuft, still seriously contemplate uniting yourself to a governess!"

"If Agatha were the scrubbiest little nursery governess that ever walked, and could only teach the A B C, I would marry her," replied Hugh, with fervour. "If she were a housemaid or a kitchen-maid I would marry her, and no one else. Good gracious! what do you take me for?"

"I take you for rather a demented young person," said Miss Stanhope; but she sat down again, and put out her hand to the bell.

"Send Prudence Price here directly," she said to the parlour-maid who answered her summons.

"Are you, or are you not, coming with me?" demanded Hugh, stamping his foot on the hearth-rug.

"I am coming with you, Mr. Duncuft, and if you will try and subdue your extraordinary excitement, I shall be ready all the sooner. Prudence Price must accompany us, also the greyhound. I am doing this for you, Mr. Duncuft, which will probably cause my death, as I have never, never travelled by night

before. I have not felt the night breeze on my cheek for over thirty years. But this is a question of duty, and no one shall ever say that Judith Stanhope failed herself in the supreme moment."

"You're a dear, noble old woman!" said Hugh, "and if Agatha and I won't love you and bless you all our lives for this!" and before Miss Stanhope could interpose, the audacious young man had stooped down and kissed her.

Nothing could exceed the commotion and yet the solemnity of that journey to town. Prudence was a small edition of her mistress, having carefully taken the pattern of her for twenty-five years.

She adopted the same sober drabs in her dress, and the same pruness in her manner, and although inwardly adoring all nice young men, thought it scarcely due to her maiden modesty to look in the same direction.

Hugh secured a first-class carriage for himself and his party. He managed to smuggle in double the regulation allowance of foot-warmers, he carefully shut the windows, and drew the ventilators tight, and did all that he possibly could to make the air as hot and close and like Miss Stanhope's drawing-room as circumstances would permit.

He detested the greyhound, but he allowed it to curl itself up on an evening paper which he was particularly anxious to glance at, and he rushed out at the first station which they stopped at, almost at the risk of his neck, to buy biscuits to tempt its jaded appetite.

At the larger stations he assailed Miss Stanhope and Prudence Price with steaming cups of tea, and even plates of watery soup. He screamed to the porters to bring fresh hot-water bottles, and in short, made himself, in the cause of gallantry, a perfect nuisance to every one. But long before they reached London he had at least won the heart of Prudence Price, who pronounced him one of the most affable and refined of young gentlemen.

Miss Stanhope refused to commit herself on the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.—HOPE DEFERRED.

NEVER did a young girl set out to fight a solitary battle with the world more ignorant of its ways than Agatha.

She knew her school-life; she had caught a slight glimpse, a very slight glimpse, of society when staying with Miss Stanhope.

She knew plenty about the simple every-day existence which went on at Ballycrana, but of that world which rears a stony front to oppose those who try to win from it bread and butter, she knew nothing, and less than nothing. She had fifteen pounds in her pocket, and she knew exactly the correct steamers and the right trains to take which would eventually land her at Madame Jardine's door.

Once there, she felt sure that all would be well with her.

Madame Jardine had been fond of her as a pupil; how gladly she would aid her now in the noble purpose which filled her heart! She had been told over and over that she was clever; she knew she was accomplished; nothing, surely, would be easier than to obtain a situation as governess in some wealthy family, where a hundred guineas a year would be considered rather a low salary than otherwise.

Agatha slipped away from her little home with a heart beating high with hope.

She had a sore ache there, it is true, for she could not get over Hugh's unaccountable silence, but she tried to banish all thought of Hugh from her mind, and for the rest she apprehended no difficulties.

Poor Agatha! she was destined to speedy disappointment.

Madame Jardine, who received her at first with open arms and protestations of undying affection, grew colder and colder as she proceeded with her tale. Agatha had made up her mind that Madame Jardine would offer her a shelter at the Glades until she found a suitable situation.

The worthy principal, however, made no such suggestion. She told Agatha that she did not approve of her scheme, that she thought it very inexpedient of her to fly in the face of her wealthy aunt. She speedily also damped the young girl's hopes as to the possibility of her getting anything like the salary she anticipated.

"My dear," she said, "you're inexperienced; this will be your first trial. You may think yourself extremely lucky if you get from forty to forty-five pounds a year. I will give you the names of one or two excellent registry offices, and I suppose—yes, I suppose you must use my name as referee, though I consider it very awkward your aunt refusing to act in the matter."

"Can you also give me the name of a respectable and cheap lodging?" asked Agatha, her lips trembling a little.

"Oh, dear! how tiresome it all is! I really wish you were not so headstrong, Miss Stanhope. You're a great deal too young and too—too striking-looking to stay alone in London lodgings; but I see no help for it. I cannot possibly have you here—the house is crowded. Yes—yes, let me think; there is No. —, Edgware Road; the people are quiet and respectable. Be sure you take the drawing-room floor, and don't, on any account, stir out after dusk."

Agatha thanked her late mistress, and took the next train to London Bridge, with a very heavy heart indeed. She drove straight to the address given to her in Edgware Road, thereby making a considerable hole in her small purse. She found the dingy drawing-rooms far beyond her means, and chose instead an attic bedroom at the top of the house, for which she had to pay half a guinea a week.

The landlady, who had been civil enough when she thought she was about to let her drawing-rooms, became proportionally distant to the owner of the despised attic, but Agatha's beautiful young face awoke a certain amount of interest even in the worldly-minded landlady, and when she found that the young girl knew nothing whatever of London life, she consented to supply her meals in her room, and even, eventually, to accompany her to a registry office.

Then began a fortnight of weariness, and of that constant disappointment which soon began to make this young heart sick.

Agatha was very brave, and she would not let her courage fail her, and she felt that nothing could induce her to damp the expectations of those at home. She wrote briefly, and in a bright manner which was sadly hypocritical just then. But her purse was getting very low, and no likely situation offered.

No one seemed to want this accomplished young girl. The fact of her never having been out before debarred her from all but situations of the poorest and worse paid class.

At last, almost in despair, and having gone a considerable way into her last five-pound note, she resolved, sorely against the grain, to pay another visit to Madame Jardine. That lady was severe in her admonitions; she gave the poor worn-out child no encouragement, and advised her to go down to Plymouth and beg her aunt's forgiveness without a moment's delay.

"I will never do that," said Agatha proudly, to herself. "I have not given up hope yet, and I still believe that God will help me."

When she returned to London, after this fruitless visit to Forest Hill, she was worn out and exhausted both in body and mind, and a severe wetting finished the business. The next day she was too unwell to get up.

(To be continued.)



"Let all the World in ev'ry Corner Sing."

Words by GEORGE HERBERT, 1632.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, M.A. Mus.D.
(Organist to the University of Cambridge.)

$\text{♩} = 96.$

f

1. Let all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, My God and King!
2. Let all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, My God and King!

1. The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thith - er fly; The
2. The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out; But,

1. The heav'ns are not too high,..... His praise may thith - er fly;....
2. The Church with psalms must shout,..... No door can keep them out;....

1. The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thith - er fly; The
2. The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out; But

earth is not too low,..... His prais - es there may grow. Let
a - bove all, the heart..... Must bear the long - est part. Let

..... The earth is not too low,
..... But, a - bove all, the heart

earth is not too low,.....
a - bove all, the heart,.....

ff

all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, My God and King!

The small notes are for Accompaniment only.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY; ONE OF THE
COMPANY OF REVISERS.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



IN our first paper we examined the nature and limits of the work undertaken by the Old Testament Company of Revisers. Let us next turn to their work itself, and our first look will naturally be to the opening words of Genesis. And here at once we see proof of the carefulness and conservatism of the Company. Thus, they retain the word *firmament*, though noting in their margin that the Hebrew word means "expanse." Their reason probably was that the word *firmament*, in becoming an integral part of our language, had lost that idea of solidity which belonged to it originally, and which made it an exact translation of the Greek word in the Septuagint, but not the equivalent of the word in the Hebrew. In verse 2, however, they put *waste* instead of "without form," and do not scruple to give the literal rendering of the words at the end of each day's work. "And there was evening and there was morning, one day." And so a "second day;" "a third day." It is the office of commentators to explain the exact force of the words, but the English reader will know that he has a literal rendering of the Hebrew, and will form his own opinion of its meaning. In verse 21, "whales" have disappeared, and *sea-monsters* have taken their place. So *sea-monster* is substituted for "whale" in Job vii. 12. But the Company has not carried out its rendering uniformly, for the simple reason that it is incorrect. In Exod. vii. 9, they retain the rendering of the Authorised Version *serpent*, but in the margin put the correct meaning. "Hebrew *tannin*, a large reptile." Nevertheless, in Psalm. lxxiv. 13, Isai. li. 9, Ezek. xxix. 3, where *tannin* appears as the symbol of Egypt, they keep the word "dragon," and so in Jer. li. 34 the "dragon" is again used as the symbol of the Babylonian empire. This shows us that the Company has not done as much as might be expected in making Holy Scripture explain itself; for we should have supposed that they would have been careful to note that the creature into which the rod of Moses was changed, was the same as that used subsequently as the symbol especially of Egypt, and thence of any great empire. Moreover, *dragon* is etymologically wrong. It is a Greek word signifying "the looker," and appropriately belongs to snakes, which are supposed to fascinate

by fixing their gaze on their victim. "*Tannin*" means any long creature, and is especially used of reptiles, and of these the crocodile was best known to the Israelites. In the case of Moses' rod, and in the parallel passages, crocodile is the right rendering; but serpent would have been endurable. Dragon is bad. It is now the symbol of the Chinese empire, but never was that of the empires of Egypt and Babylon.

Perhaps heralds may rejoice in the preservation of the dragon, but they have lost the cockatrice and the unicorn. Instead of the latter, a real animal, the wild ox, appears throughout the nine places where unicorn occurred. This animal seems to have been common in Gilead and Bashan throughout the times of the Jewish monarchy; and as there is no doubt about the accuracy of the translation, the Revisers have rightly made the change.

They have not, however, aimed at strict accuracy either in the flora or the fauna of the Bible. Thus the "rose" keeps its place in Isai. xxxv. 1, and Cant. ii. 1, though in both places the plant is undoubtedly the autumn crocus, as noted in the margin. But their emendations are very numerous. Thus the dragons of Job xxx. 29, Isai. xiii. 22, xxxiv. 13, etc., a different word from that referred to before, become *jackals*, rightly; *ostriches* take the place of "owls" in chaps. xiii. 21, xxxiv. 13, etc.; for "cockatrice" we find *basilisk*, *ibid.*, chaps. xi. 8, xiv. 29, etc., with *adder* in the margin; so again "wild beasts of the island" are *wolves*, and "doleful creatures" become *screech-owls* (Isai. xiii. 21, 22). Instead of "the plain of Mamre" we find Abraham dwelling under the oak of Mamre, with *terebinth* in the margin, and this correction of oak for "plain" occurs in very many other places. So in Gen. xli. 18, the kine feed not "in a meadow," but in the reed-grass. And, not to multiply too much our notice of these very numerous corrections, we will only further point out that Saul gathers his council of warriors under a *tamarisk tree* in Ramah (1 Sam. xxii. 6), and under a tamarisk tree his bones are laid at rest (*ibid.*, xxxi. 13; see also Gen. xxi. 33).

But in Genesis ii. we come to a matter of far greater importance, namely, the rendering of the name of God in covenant with man. Here, in verse 4, we find in the text LORD in capitals, with the marginal note, *Jehovah*. Now upon this point there was a great division of opinion among the revisers, of which the version bears clear indications. For some of the Company regarding

Jehovah as the personal name of the Deity, wished to retain it uniformly in all places; while others considered that the substitution for it of LORD had the authority of New Testament usage, and, as a minor point in its favour, referred to the fact that the right pronunciation of the word is a matter of uncertainty. Finally, it was decided that LORD should be retained, but that the usage of the Authorised Version in occasionally rendering Jehovah (see Exod. vi. 3, Ps. lxxxiii. 18, Isai. xii. 2, xxvi. 4) should be enlarged. Thus we now find Jehovah in Gen. xiv. 22, xxi. 33, xxii. 14, etc., and this will at least serve to remind an attentive reader of the very frequent use of this name, so pregnant with meaning, in the original language.

Another very important matter is the rendering of the Hebrew word *Sheol*, which signifies the abode or place of the dead, like the word "hell" in the Apostles' Creed. In the Authorised Version it was translated sometimes *grave*, sometimes *pit*, and sometimes *hell*; but the latter word is now misleading, because it has acquired the meaning of the place of torment. This rendering, therefore, now disappears, except in Isai. xiv., where the sense cannot be misunderstood; but elsewhere, in the poetical books, *Sheol* is generally placed in the text, and *grave* in the margin; while in the historical books *Sheol* is put into the margin, and *pit* or *grave* into the text.

While evidently anxious to preserve the majestic rhythm of the Authorised Version, and careful to use no modern or slipshod words, the revisers have earnestly laboured to make their version substantially correct, and the changes they have made are therefore numerous. To enumerate these would be impossible; but as examples we find the angel saying to Jacob, "Thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed" (Gen. xxxii. 28). Next, "Jacob comes in peace to the city of Shechem" (ibid., xxxiii. 18), though the city Shalem, unknown to geographers, is retained in the margin. "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between the sheepfolds" (ibid., xlix. 14), instead of "between two burdens." The Israelites "ask" jewels of the Egyptians, instead of borrowing them (Exod. xi. 2). At the passage of the Jordan by Joshua the waters no longer "rise up upon an heap very far from the city Adam" (Josh. iii. 16), but "they rise up in a heap a great way off at Adam." The narrative becomes thus intelligible; for far away, to the north of the place where the Israelites crossed, the waters were held back, while the lower waters continued their course down to the Red Sea. It is a gain also that the Jordan Valley retains in the Version its proper name, and is called the Arabah.

Some of these changes may be unexpected. Thus, "Great was the company of those that published it" (Ps. lxxviii. 11), even more familiar to

many in the Prayer-book Version, "Great was the company of the preachers," by reason of Handel's use of it, becomes "The women that proclaim it are a great host." But Hebrew scholars were aware that the word is a feminine participle, and that the Psalmist refers to the Jewish custom of the maidens celebrating the deeds of their heroes with timbrel and dance. So it may seem strange that, in place of the "grove," we find a proper name, Asherah, in places such as Judges vi. 30. But the rendering "grove" was known to be a guess, partly from this passage where it is said to be "cut down," and partly from Deut. xvi. 21, where it is said to be "planted." Really the Asherah was a wooden pillar, roughly carved probably at one end, and with the other stuck into the ground; and it represented the productive power of nature, as Baal was the masculine or generative power. And as Baal is often identical with the sun, so was Asherah the representative of the earth, in which therefore her image was planted. Another name for her was Astarte; and Asherah will quickly lose its strangeness, and be as well understood as Baal, or any other of the heathen gods.

But more frequently the correct rendering is manifestly a great gain to the English reader. Thus in the history of Achan, Joshua vii., we find *devoted thing* for *accursed thing*. Things devoted to God were destroyed (Josh. viii. 26), because they might be put to no common use, but they were not accursed, but most holy. Often, too, the literal rendering is most forcible, as when that spirited woman Jezebel calls to Jehu: "Is it peace? thou Zimri; thy master's murderer!" (2 Kings ix. 31); or where, as in Ps. xix. 3, the silence of the stars is contrasted with their unceasing and universal testimony to the Creator's power and wisdom—

There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth
And their words to the end of the world.

In the Prayer-book Version the thought is at least partly preserved; but in the Authorised it is lost in the feeblest of expositions. For the insertion in italics of words not in the Hebrew is expository, and not translation.

But, finally, there are passages to which Bible students will at once turn to see what the Revisers have done with them. Let us take one or two as examples. And first let us take Job xix. 26, where by the insertion of *worms* and *body* in italics, King James's Revisers had rather interpreted than translated the original. The margin, with its many suggestions, is an indication of the laborious carefulness of the present Company, and their rendering is as follows—

But I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that he shall stand at the last upon the earth:
And after my skin hath been destroyed,
Yet from my flesh shall I see God,

Whom I shall see for myself,
And mine eyes shall behold and not another:
My reins are consumed within me.

The main difference is in the fourth line, which is strengthened in the margin by putting *without* as an alternative rendering for *in my flesh*.

In the prophecy of the Immanuel the chief alteration is "Butter and honey shall he eat when he knoweth to refuse the evil," etc. (Isaiah vii. 15). In other words, agriculture will have ceased, and the land through the ravages of war have fallen back to a pastoral condition at the time when the child here prophesied of is able to discern between good and evil.

At the end of the prophecy in chap. ix. 3, the negative is omitted, according to the instruction of the Massorites, who tell us that this is one of several passages wherein *lo* does not mean "not," but "for it." They translate, therefore, *thou hast increased their joy*, the word "their" being the equivalent of the Massoretic "for it." In verse 5 it has long been known that the word rendered "battle" really means *boot*. This the revisers

have placed in the margin, and translate, "For all the armour of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be even for burning and fuel of fire." The sense is thus made plain. What the verse tells of is the gathering together of the broken accoutrements and stained clothing of the vanquished oppressor, that they may be destroyed, and all the painful vestiges of the struggle be removed before the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Lastly, in Isai. liii. the alterations are very few in number, and such only as make the sense more plain. And generally, we think the verdict as regards the prophetic books will be, that the labours of the Company have done much to make them intelligible to an English reader. And neither their time nor their expenditure of thought and study will have been in vain if they have enabled those who devotedly study the Word of God to understand more easily the treasures of Divine knowledge which it contains.*

* *The Revised Bible*. Oxford Edition: Henry Frowde. Cambridge Edition: C. J. Clay, M.A., & Son.

FORGOTTEN?

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU will not forget me, Ursula?"
"Forget you, Frank? Never! Need you ask?" and Ursula raised her eyes to his in a glance more eloquent than words.

"Waiting is weary work, Ursula; and I may not write to you. Now that my mother lies in her grave there will be no one to give you tidings of me. Your father and sister will urge you to forget me—to believe that I shall forget you, when I am far away. Sometimes it will be hard work for you to withstand them."

Ursula looked up once again with that glance of sweet and steadfast resolve so characteristic of her nature.

"Every battle that is worth the fighting is hard, Frank. I have learned that lesson already. You need not fear for me. I will be true to you through all—in thought and word and deed."

"In thought and word and deed!" he repeated, with emphasis. "That shall be my watchword, Ursula, through these long weeks and months of probation—true to each other in thought and word and deed. If we are that, no power can ever come between us."

And Ursula smiled bravely in the bronzed face of her sailor love. She was not afraid of the battle that lay before her.

Frank Errington was only first officer on board one

of the large ocean-going steamers; and Ursula Mayrick was second daughter of the Squire of Hartley Hall, and was expected to make a marriage suitable to one of her rank and prospects. But then Frank was every inch a gentleman, despite the loss of fortune which had blighted his career in life; and Mrs. Errington had been ranked amongst those whom Ursula loved the best, for it was she who had brought the girl to a knowledge of the Saviour's love. She and Frank had learnt the same lessons from his mother's lips, and by slow and imperceptible degrees a deep love had grown up between those two.

Great was the indignation of the Squire when he found out that his daughter had been forming a "clandestine affection" towards a youth whom he hardly recognised as worthy to address a single word to him or his; but Ursula could be determined as well as her father. She told him quietly and respectfully that no definite engagement existed between them; that Frank was not yet in a position to marry, and would not accept a pledge from her as yet. But at the same time they understood one another, and she should never love any one else.

"He comes after you for your money," sneered Squire Mayrick fiercely; "but he shall never touch one penny of it. If you won't give up this sentimental nonsense, I'll cut you off with a shilling—that I will."

But this threat did not move Ursula; and matters

stood thus when the time came round for Frank's next voyage, which was to Australia.

They had met for the last time this sunny March day, in a little sheltered copse, where the daffodils

"I am not sure; it may be longer than that. Ursula, should you begin to doubt me were I six—nine—twelve months gone?"

"I should not doubt you, Frank—nothing shall



"Ursula walked slowly away."—p. 563.

grew wild. Ursula had put a few golden blossoms in his coat, and he, looking down at them, said softly—

"I shall never part from them. They will go with me to the world's end."

"You will be back by midsummer, will you not, Frank? I shall see you again in three months?"

He looked at her, and seemed to muse deeply.

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make me doubt you; but, oh, do not—do not stay away so long!"

"Ursula," he said gravely, "if I came back a rich instead of a poor man, would your father then deny his daughter to me?"

"What do you mean, Frank? Are you going to try to make your fortune out there? My father

certainly attaches great importance to wealth ; but——”

“ But you think I stand but a poor chance of becoming a millionaire,” concluded Frank with a smile. “ My darling, you are quite right ; but having said so much, I will say more, and tell you a secret—the only one I have ever hidden from you.”

They sat together upon a fallen tree-trunk, and Frank prepared to tell his tale. But the lovers were not destined to part in peace that day. Hardly had the young man spoken a dozen words before a loud, angry voice made itself heard, and Squire Mayrick came crashing through the underwood, brandishing his heavy stick.

I will not repeat the violent language he used. When a passionate man is roused to a fury of rage, he does not pick his words with a view to other people's feelings. Frank's face flushed darkly beneath its bronze, and his hands unconsciously clenched themselves in repressed anger and indignation.

But Ursula stood between the two angry men ; and she lifted her pale face to Frank for a last kiss.

“ Good-bye, Frank,” she said quietly ; “ I have not heard the secret, but that does not matter. I trust you. Whether you are away for a short or a long time, it matters not ; I will be true to you, in thought and word and deed.”

The hot flush of anger died from his face, as he bent to kiss her trembling lips.

“ God bless you, my darling ! ” he said, with deep feeling. “ God bless and keep you, and bring me safely home again. We will be true to Him and true to one another, in thought and word and deed. That shall be our watchword through this time of parting and trial. Good-bye, my love ! good-bye ! ”

This hasty parting would hardly have been accomplished so quietly had not Squire Mayrick been inarticulate from rage. As he led his daughter roughly away, it was some time before he could speak.

“ You minx ! ” he gasped at length, “ you graceless minx ! I'll put a stop to these pranks, see if I don't ! I'll get you married to some fellow who will know how to look after you. There is Dick Hetherington coming to the Hall to-day. They tell me he admired you in town last spring. If he's in the same mind he shall marry you as soon as he likes. I'll put a stop to this disgraceful philandering, as sure as my name's Tom Mayrick ! ”

CHAPTER II.

DICK HETHERINGTON was a nice young fellow, of whom Ursula had seen a good deal last May, during her annual visit to her aunt's London house.

Ursula was not a beauty, nor yet an heiress ; but she had reasonable expectations of her own, and there were many who said that they found more to admire in her grave sweet eyes, and pale olive-tinted face, than in the brilliant, sparkling beauty of those over whom the world went into raptures.

Ursula possessed that rare grace of simple self-

forgetfulness which is of all things the most to be admired in man or woman. Many people wondered much why the Squire's second daughter had never married.

Miss Mayrick was not nearly so popular. A disappointment in early life had soured her temper, and she seemed most happy when she was lecturing or criticising somebody else. She had not learnt the secret of Ursula's even happiness ; and the patience with which her younger sister listened to her advice and accepted her reproofs, only increased her pleasure in administering them.

The next months passed very heavily for poor Ursula.

Father and sister leagued themselves together to force upon her the proposed union with Mr. Hetherington, and the poor girl's difficulties were not lessened by the fact that he himself behaved towards her with great courtesy and consideration, and won a large portion of liking and gratitude. It was at her request, after she had received and declined his earnest offer, that he went away and made no further attempt to win her ; but the pain she gave him hurt her too, and she found it in her heart to wish that this lover of hers had been less worthy of love.

Unfortunately for Ursula, matters did not greatly improve with the departure of the rejected suitor. Squire and Miss Mayrick knew quite well that a single word of encouragement would bring him to her feet again, and they were quite determined that this word should be spoken.

But Ursula remained true and steadfast, and never wavered in her trustful love for the absent Frank.

But she was sorely tried. His ship came back after its long voyage ; but no Frank appeared, to give her joy and hope ; the ship made a second voyage, and a third, and still no word or sign from the absent lover, who had parted from her in the daffodil copse a year ago now.

Her father and sister sneered spitefully and triumphantly at the name of Frank Errington ; and the Squire would sometimes mutter to himself, “ Thought I settled him that last time. Thought he would know better than to come again ! ” But Ursula clasped her hands closely together, and murmured—“ True in thought and word and deed,” and smiled bravely through all.

March had come, with its cold winds, its hot sun, and its treacherous intervals of summer-like days. It seemed, indeed, to Ursula as if summer had come as she dropped her heavy cloak at the lodge-keeper's cottage, and wandered out, basket in hand, to hunt for daffodils in the copse. The soft blue of the sky above her, the golden sunlight slanting in through the bare trees with their swelling buds, the songs of the happy birds, and the busy clamour of the rooks, all served to fill her heart with that peculiar joy incident to the glad springtide. How could she be sad when all nature was telling of sorrow past and joy to come, of the fruition of hope and the reward of patient waiting ?

Ursula's heart was glad within her; she sang softly to herself as she pursued her way over the crackling dry twigs underfoot; but paused suddenly with a start, for she saw that she was not alone.

A woman was gathering sticks in the copse—a handsome, hard-faced woman, who carried her two-and-forty years as if they had been but half as many. Dame Mason had married young—the handsomest and wildest man in the place, who had deserted her three years after her marriage; and two years ago she had lost her only daughter, who had been the village beauty, and the apple of her mother's eye ever since she could run alone. Dame Mason lived in a lonely cottage a quarter of a mile from the village, and supported herself by needlework, which she disposed of in the next town. She never mixed with her former friends, but kept herself shut up in hard loneliness, feared and respected by all, but beloved by none.

Ursula knew her well by sight; but had hardly ever spoken to her, and would have passed her by to-day with a quiet "Good-morning," but the woman straightened herself suddenly, and stopped her.

"Miss Ursula," she said, in a hard but not unrefined voice, "is it true what folks say, that you are breaking an honest man's heart, and fretting your own away, and all for the sake of young Frank Errington, that's been gone a year or more?"

Intense astonishment robbed Ursula of all power of reply. Dame Mason continued in the same tone—

"Miss Ursula, I ask you to listen to me. I know you must think it's a vast liberty for a woman like me to speak so to a young lady from the Hall. But if you'll kindly hear me, I won't keep you two minutes, and it would ease my mind to tell you. I'm no scandal-monger, as you may know. What I tell you, is what I saw with my own eyes. You mind my daughter Rose, as we laid in her grave two years come midsummer? Did you know what killed a fine hearty lass in her first blush of maiden beauty? My Rose died of a broken heart, she did; and if you want to know who broke it—it was Frank Errington, the young sailor-gentleman. Do you ask how I know? I know, because I saw him courting her with my own eyes. I know, because I followed her sometimes when she stole out to meet him. I saw him give her letters and love-tokens, which we found upon her heart when she died. And when he was tired of the game, he told her so, and left her—and she pined away and died. That's all, Miss Ursula. I don't want no answer. I only tell you what these eyes saw. You can believe it or not, as you please; but if you are breaking your heart and another's all for the sake of Frank Errington, it's time you should know as they're not the first as he has broken. You think he will come back to you? Not he! He let my girl die desolate, and he'll let you do the same."

The woman stopped speaking, and stooped to gather her bundle, looking half-scornfully, half-compassionately after Ursula, who walked slowly away,

her grave dark eyes fixed on vacancy, her empty basket hanging unheeded from her hand.

Ursula had not walked a hundred yards, before she suddenly turned a corner, and encountered Mr. Hetherington.

CHAPTER III.

THEY paused, both of them startled, and looked each other steadfastly in the face.

"Ursula," he said, very gently and very earnestly, "I have been patient; I have waited a long year in silence. Can you give me no word of hope yet? Is this always to go on till my life's end?"

She struggled to speak, but could not find voice. He continued, with beseeching vehemence—

"Ursula, I know your story; I know you loved another—that is why I withdrew my suit. I know I was too late. But what now? They tell me he has not been heard of for a year. Could he have been silent so long had he—had he been true to you as you are to him? Ursula, I do not wish to speak ill of any man, still less of a man whom you have loved; but does not your own heart tell you that he has not justified your constancy? I could give you up to a man who loved you; but it is hard to give you up to a vague dream."

Ursula was silent. She clasped her hands closely together. It was hard to have to undergo two such ordeals within one brief half-hour.

What should she say? What must he think? How ought she to act?

Suddenly a voice within her answered—

"Be true in thought, in word, in deed, as you have promised."

"In thought," repeated Ursula to herself; "in thought; I will not wrong him even by a thought;" and the doubt and trouble faded into calmness and confidence, as she raised her eyes to the pale and anxious face before her.

"Mr. Hetherington," she said, "I am very sorry if I have to give you pain; but you would not wish, I know, to win the hand and not the heart. My heart is not mine to give—whether I have given it wisely and well, only time can show; but given it is, and where I love I cannot and will not doubt."

He stood still, like one who has received a blow, his eyes looking haggard and grieved.

"Then you can give me no hope?"

Ursula shook her head.

"Not even if—"

She just lifted her hand to check him, and answered very quietly—

"I may have to live my life alone; and God will help me to do it. But I cannot take a step that would be a wrong to you, to myself—to Him. By-and-by you will understand, and will know that I am judging right. Forgive me, if you can, and let us part as friends."

She held out her hand, and he took it and kissed it fervently; then plunged in—amongst the under-wood, and was lost to sight in a moment.

Ursula stood quite still, dazed and weak. Was he coming back to tempt her again? Other steps were crashing through the wood towards her. A dark figure sprang suddenly out. She felt herself clasped in a pair of strong arms, and a quivering voice in her ear repeated passionately—

"My love! My love! My love!"

"Frank!" said Ursula, and said no more, for that one word seemed enough.

"You have kept your word to me, my darling," whispered Frank presently, after they had stood together a long time, in the silence of utter contentment. "You have been true to me through all. Did you ever think I gave you cause to doubt?"

"I never doubted you, Frank," she answered, "even in my thoughts."

"Not even when you heard that poor woman's story just now?" he asked gravely.

She looked up surprised.

"I heard it all," he said quietly. "I landed yesterday, and came straight here. Some instinct told me you would visit this spot to-day. I heard the sound of voices, and came near, but the sight of you held me spellbound for a moment; and in that brief space I heard her tell her tale. When you had gone, I just stayed to tell the poor mother all the truth, and then I followed you. My darling, is it true that you have had so hard a battle to keep your faith with me?"

"It does not seem hard now," said Ursula, smiling through a mist of happy tears. "But, Frank, tell me what you have just told her. I do not doubt; but I, too, want to know the truth."

"You shall, Ursula, you shall. Do you remember my cousin George, who stayed three months here one summer—three years ago now? He it was who loved pretty Rose, and was loved by her. At first I cautioned him earnestly against any entanglement; but he was determined, he said, to marry her, and as he had told her so, and won her love, I could say no more. He went away, and several times charged me with letters or gifts for his promised wife, which I duly delivered, telling her all I knew of my cousin's success in life. Then I went away on a long voyage, and returned to find Rose dead and George married and prosperous. More than that I never knew, till I heard Dame Mason's story just now."

Ursula lifted her sweet face with a smile of proud happiness.

"I did not doubt you, Frank," she said, "not even in thought—I never have done, all through this long, long year. I have kept my promise and my watchword—true in thought and word and deed."

Frank's lips met hers in a kiss of perfect trust.

"You have, my Ursula; and I have done the same. God has been very good to us in bringing us once more together. May He grant that we never be parted again!"

Ursula looked up wistfully. Thoughts of her father and sister began to rise within her. Frank looked at her smiling.

"Do you think the Squire will deny your hand to a man with six thousand a year?"

She looked up bewildered.

"I do not understand, Frank."

"No? Then I will explain all in a few words, and tell you what I meant to do on our last interview a year ago. Upon my last voyage to Australia, I found out a rich old relative of mine, childless and lonely, who seemed to take a great fancy to me, and promised to make me his heir if I would come and live with him. My mother was alive, and I declined, and said nothing about the matter to any one.

"Just before my last voyage," he continued, "I received a letter saying that he was dying of some incurable malady, and begging me to go to him, that he might not die alone. This I did, leaving my ship at the end of the outward voyage, and remaining to tend him through his last lingering illness. It seemed as if he were dying when I arrived, but he lived on and on till the new year, and died in my arms. I did not write to you, because we had arranged that it would not be honourable to do so without your father's consent, but I trusted you, and waited with quiet confidence for the time to come when I could claim you. My Ursula, I am a rich man now; but you loved me when I was poor—you loved me for myself, and trusted me through all. God bless and reward you for your faith and love, and make me worthy of it; and grant that we both may live our lives to His honour and glory."

Then, after a pause almost solemn in its significance, Frank added more lightly—

"And no treasure that our wealth can purchase will be so dear to me as this."

He took from his pocket-book a piece of folded cardboard, on which a few faded yellow daffodils were mounted, and round them ran the motto, "True in thought and word and deed."

Squire Mayrick withdrew all opposition to his daughter's marriage with this wealthy young man; and Frank speedily won his way to all hearts.

When the old man died, a few years after their marriage, Frank and Ursula came to live at the Hall with the now gentle elder sister, who had lost her health, but had gained that inestimable treasure, a contented mind, resigned to the will of God.

A very happy household now dwells in the old home, and the tiny children, whose gay voices echo down the long corridors, tyrannise dreadfully over the invalid aunt, over Frank's great friend Dick Hetherington, and over Dame Mason, the best of lodge-keepers.

Sometimes, as Ursula passes the gate, the woman will smile and say, "To think of the day when I tried to make mischief between ye! not that I meant it for mischief, but for honest truth." And then a smile would beam out, softening the hard lines that still remained, as she would conclude—"But there—I've had my days of doubt, but they're all over now. I have learnt to trust too."

THE VILLAGE WELL.

BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "NEW PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.



It was as pretty a village as any one could wish to see, with its picturesque cottages and trim gardens, the river winding in and out amongst them, reflecting their ruddy roofs and pointed gables in its placid waters; but the crown and glory of the whole was the village well, which stood in the centre of the green; for was it not noted in the county guide-book, and during the summer months did not strangers come from far and near to admire its

Gothic canopy, and had it not figured in many a sketch and painting of the surrounding scene?

The afternoon was hot and sultry; not a breath of air stirred the boughs of the old elm trees under which the cows, knee-deep in the stream, were lazily switching their tails to keep at a distance the flies, whom alone the heat had seemed to endue with redoubled energy; the occasional crow of a cock, or the bleating of a sheep in a neighbouring field, alone broke the stillness. All spoke of peace, and yet, to those who had ears to hear, a grating, grumbling sound proceeded from the mouth of the well.

"Up and down, down and up, all the day long; did ever any one lead such a life?" groaned the bucket. "The oftener one goes, the deeper the water seems to be."

"Round and round, jerked and twisted and twirled, who would be the chain to let you down?" creaked the latter.

"Or me?" squeaked the windlass, "with my arms nearly torn from their sockets by every man, woman, and child who chooses to lay hold of me. I wonder what it is all for, when there is water in abundance in the river."

"Ay, that is just what it is," resumed the second speaker. "If I could see the result of my labours I should not so much mind; but as soon as I have wound you up, the water is carried off, and I behold it no more, nor the use it is put to. It is very disappointing."

"But think of my case," retorted the bucket. "I neither make any impression on the well, for it is as deep as ever, nor do I remain full myself, for even that which I have gathered with such pains I must give away to others, and that without a word of thanks. On the contrary, do they not often grumble that I do not hold more, or that I am so heavy to draw, the well being deep, as if that were my fault!"

"Thankless maybe, but not useless," sounded in silvery accents from the imprisoned waters. "Have I not soared up to the heavens, and descended to the lowermost parts of the earth, and do I not know from the depths of my own knowledge that you are the means of carrying life to thousands?"

A sudden rush, and shout, and whoop, interrupted the speakers, as the doors of a building close by were thrown open, and a troop of merry children rushed out on to the green, which was soon alive with the sound of bat and ball and other rural games.

Shortly afterwards a middle-aged couple left the school-house, and turning towards the well, seated themselves on its steps watching the children at their play.

"It is weary work, Annie," said the man, as he leant his head against one of the pillars, "weary and disappointing. One seems to know so little, teach so little, and to make so little impression. The children go out in the world so early, one sees no result for all one's trouble; and they forget so soon—one hears of them so seldom in after life."

"True," replied his companion; "a work never ending, always beginning. Like this bucket, we dip ourselves into the well of knowledge but to pour our gathered treasures out for others, and they turn from us down the varied paths of life, and we know not how the precious gift we have entrusted to them is employed. But it is something to be allowed even to arm them for the battle. Knowledge is power, if springing from the Source of all; whilst apart from God it is even as yonder river—polluted, contaminated by the things of earth, a giver of death instead of life. Is it not written, 'All my fresh springs shall be in Thee?' With God alone is the well of life. Let us, dearest, take heed ever to draw deeply from it ourselves, and lead others to do so; and in watering others we too shall be strengthened and refreshed, till in God's own good time, in the light of His eternal day, we shall see and know the light which He permitted us to throw on the paths of others."

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR ROBERTS, D.D., UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

HIS EPISTLES.—IN TWO CHAPTERS.—I



THE letters of illustrious persons are always interesting, and sometimes extremely valuable. They enable us to form an idea of the individual better than could be done through any more formal writings; and, as in the case of Cicero among the Romans and of Horace Walpole among our own countrymen, they often let us into the secret of public movements, which, but for them, would have been very little understood.

Now, were we not so familiar with the fact, we could scarcely fail to be impressed and excited by the announcement that we possess at the present day certain letters which were the production of the Apostle John. "What did he write about?" would naturally be our eager exclamation. Letters from one who had seen and talked with the Lord Jesus Christ! Letters from that Apostle who had leaned on the Saviour's bosom, and was emphatically "the disciple whom Jesus loved!" We are at once prepared to read such epistles with the most devout yet eager curiosity, in the assured hope of deriving from them not a little that will both interest and instruct us. We expect to find much in them respecting Him Who "spake as never man spake;" and we expect also to gain from them some information which will lead to our better acquaintance with the circumstances of the early Church.

Let us, then, open these letters of St. John, and see what we find in them. Let us spread them out before us, and endeavour to enter into their meaning, while we gladly appropriate the instruction which they convey, and apply to ourselves the lessons with which they are charged to all generations.

We cannot fail to perceive, on giving a first rapid glance over these letters, that they are, to a certain extent, *polemical*—that is, that they were intended to expose and counteract some pernicious doctrines which had then sprung up in the Church. What were these erroneous and destructive heresies, and how does the Apostle meet them?

The various evil tendencies to a perversion of Gospel truth which had become widely prevalent towards the close of the Apostolic age may all be classed under the comprehensive name of *Gnosticism*. St. Paul tacitly refers to this system in several parts of his writings (Col. ii., etc.), and more specifically adverts to it (1 Tim. vi. 20) under the description of "oppositions of science [or rather, "knowledge"—*gnosis*] falsely so-called." In its varying forms, this was a very

ambitious system of religious philosophy, striving, as it did, to account for the existence of evil, and how to reconcile the finite with the infinite. In the pursuit of these objects, the Gnostic teachers made a very free use of Scripture, while, at the same time, they gave the loosest rein to their own imaginations. The most absurd and incongruous theories were thus called into existence—theories equally at variance with the doctrines of revelation and with the dictates of all sound philosophy.

These Gnostic systems, as we have suggested, were often mutually antagonistic, so that while all were opposed to the plain teaching of Scripture, two of them might, at the same time, be found in exact antithesis to one another. St. John specially deals with two theories, which might thus be regarded as being at opposite poles. The first of these is what is known as *Docetism*, and the second as *Ebionitism*. The Docetics held that all matter was sinful, and therefore maintained that Christ could have had no real body. His appearance in the flesh was, according to them, a mere illusion. It was no actual body which He assumed at birth: it was nothing more than phantom-flesh which was nailed to the cross. Thus, His true humanity was set aside and denied. The Ebionites, again, while admitting the humanity, opposed the divinity of Christ. They regarded Him as a mere man, though distinguished above other men for the righteousness and wisdom which He displayed. A notorious heresiarch, who agreed substantially with the Ebionites, was one Cerinthus, who seems to have been a Jew educated at Alexandria; and the name of the sect referred to appears to have been derived from a Hebrew word (*Ebion*) signifying "poor."

Now, every careful reader of St. John's Epistles must notice how carefully he guards his readers against these two opposite forms of deadly error. "Even now," he declares (1 John ii. 18), "are there many antichrists;" and he proceeds emphatically to condemn the two false systems which have been mentioned. Against the Docetics, he declares (1 John iv. 2, 3), "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world." And again, with equal emphasis, the Apostle says (2 John v. 7), "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This

is a deceiver and an antichrist." The true humanity of Christ being thus explicitly asserted against the Docetists, St. John no less earnestly insists on His true divinity against the Ebionites. He describes the Saviour (1 John i. 2) as "that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." And again he says (1 John v. 20), "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

Now, it may at first appear as if these old polemics had little or no bearing upon our spiritual interests at the present day. The various Gnostic systems have long been forgotten, and are now like so many extinct volcanoes, from which no danger is to be feared. But although the Æons of Cerinthus are no longer heard of, and it would simply be beating the air to fight against them, still there is a constant tendency to allow one or other of those great doctrines, to which St. John gives so much prominence in his writings, to sink into abeyance. And the earnest words of the Apostle are a standing memento against this danger. On the one side, we are to guard against a practical Docetism, which does not realise the true humanity of Christ, and which, therefore, fails to derive comfort and strength from the thought of His sympathy with us in our struggle with sin and suffering in the world. On the other side, we are to beware of that virtual Ebionitism which, strongly contending for the manhood of Christ, and constantly holding Him up as an example, forgets the divinity which He possessed, and ignores His work of propitiation and deliverance. One or other of these errors is ever apt to prevail in the Church; and nothing could be more useful in regard to them than the careful study of St. John's Epistles, which, as we have seen, guard the Christian community so earnestly against both the pernicious tendencies which have been mentioned.

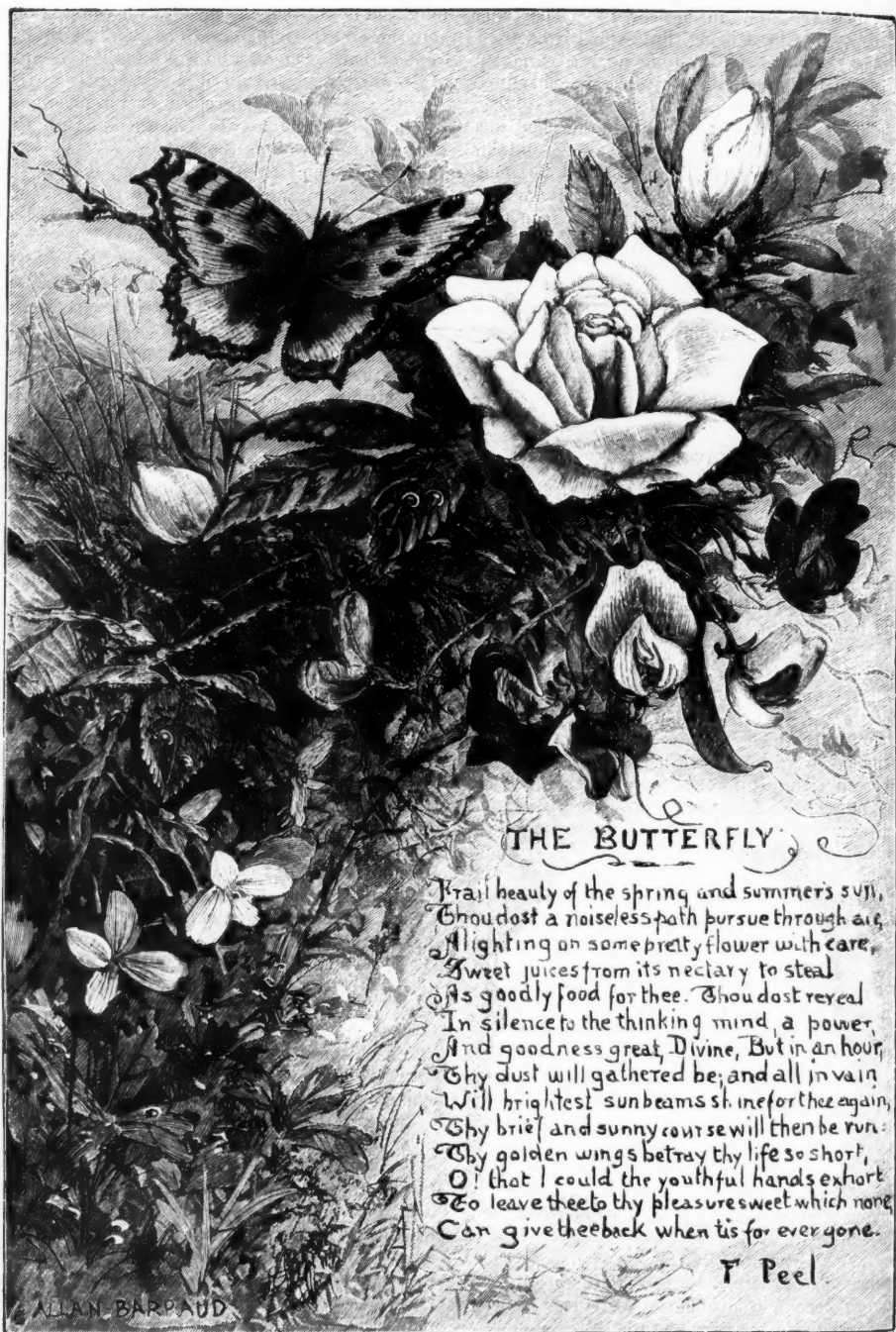
Every intelligent reader of St. John's Epistles will perceive how exactly the general tone of these harmonises with that of the Fourth Gospel. Identity of authorship is at once suggested. This has been fully admitted by the more candid even of sceptical writers, and cannot, indeed, without the most flagrant prejudice, be denied. But then it is worthy of note that this admission furnishes another irrefragable argument in favour of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel. We find the following words in the "Ecclesiastical History" of Eusebius (iii. 39):—"Papias has made use of testimonies from the *first Epistle of John*." This Papias is elsewhere described by the historian as having been a companion of Polycarp, and like that primitive martyr, a hearer of St. John the Apostle. The conclusion is obvious. No fair

mind can doubt that the first Epistle of St. John and the Fourth Gospel are to be ascribed to the same author. Papias, who was himself a disciple of St. John, expressly ascribes that epistle to the Apostle; it follows, therefore, as an inevitable corollary, that the Fourth Gospel was also the production of St. John the Apostle.

Before passing from this subject, it may be interesting to glance at one out of many points of connection between the Gospel and the Epistle. We read in the Gospel (chap. xix. 32—34), "Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already, they brake not His legs; but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." This striking incident is narrated only in the Fourth Gospel, and it is referred to only in this first Epistle of St. John. We read (chap. v. 6):—"This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood." The Apostle refers to the incident which he had himself recorded in the Gospel, and proceeds to comment upon it, as serving, among other things, to prove that it was no shadowy being who expired upon the cross, but one who had "flesh and bones" as we have. The Epistle may, indeed, be described generally as a sort of commentary on the Gospel: both writings move in the same realm of thought, and both manifestly proceeded from the same author.

The reader of the Epistle will not fail to observe how remarkably its tone is in keeping with the conscious authority belonging to an Apostle. Its writer does not think it necessary to enter into any argument with those false teachers whose doctrines he so conclusively sets aside. It is enough for him simply to speak and declare the truth. As in the writings of the great Julius Cæsar there is observable a kind of imperatorial dignity which expresses itself with the utmost simplicity and directness, so in this first Epistle of St. John there is an Apostolic loftiness of manner which leaves upon the mind an impression that the author felt he had merely to make known his sentiments in order that every contested question might be settled, and every clamorous voice might be hushed.

But it must not be forgotten that the polemics of St. John's Epistles form, after all, only a small portion of their contents. Too often has this been overlooked, and every verse almost has been regarded by some commentators as bristling with arguments against heresy. But now, leaving controversy out of sight, we shall look in the following paper at some of the glorious truths set before us in these Epistles, and which may be contemplated by themselves, apart from any necessary reference to contemporary errors.



THE BUTTERFLY

Frailest beauty of the spring and summer's sun,
Thou dost a noiseless path pursue through air,
Alighting on some pretty flower with care,
Sweet juices from its nectary to steal
As goodly food for thee. Thou dost reveal
In silence to the thinking mind, a power,
And goodness great Divine, But in an hour,
Thy dust will gathered be, and all in vain,
Will brightest sunbeams shine for thee again,
Thy brief and sunny course will then be run:
Thy golden wings betray thy life so short,
O! that I could the youthful hands exhort
To leave thee to thy pleasures sweet which none
Can give thee back when 'tis for ever gone.

F. Peel

ALLAN BARPAUD

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

No. 20. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

To read—St. Luke i. (parts of).

I. **THE CHILD PROMISED.** (Read 5—23.) A scene in the Temple at Jerusalem—service going on—time either 9 a.m. (the morning sacrifice) or 3 p.m. (the evening sacrifice). The people stand praying without in the large court, while the priest for the day slays and

offers the daily lamb; meanwhile another priest offers incense on Altar of Incense in the Holy Place. (Ex. xxx. 7, 8.) Who is this priest? What is said about Zacharias and his wife? They were old and childless—but were righteous. Had often prayed for a child (verse 13); were at last to receive answer.

Describe the scene—the old priest alone in the Holy Place—the strange visitor—Zacharias' fear—the angel's message—Zacharias' doubt (verse 18)—the rebuke and punishment—he has not believed God's message, therefore shall have a sign. For nearly a year shall be dumb. What a terrible trial!

What was foretold about the child? How was he to be great? *By birth?* No; his father but a poor priest. *By position?* No; only a wandering missionary preacher. Yet when he died what did Christ say of him? (Matt. xi. 11.) None greater. In what, then, did his greatness consist? (a) *In his office.* What was he to be? *A herald,* announcing the coming of the King of kings; *a pioneer,* preparing the way (see Isa. xl. 3, 4), every obstacle to be removed. What were these obstacles? Sin of all kinds. So he was to tell men of their sins—to bid them turn away from them—*i.e.*, preach repentance. But was also great (b) *In his character.* What was he to be full of from his birth? This supply of God's Holy Spirit would make him holy in life and character—prepare him to be forerunner of the Holy Child Jesus.

II. **THE CHILD GIVEN.** (Read 57—66.) A year soon passed—the child born. What a wonderful thing to see the aged mother with a little baby! No wonder many came to rejoice with her. What is the next thing? At eight days old must be admitted into God's family in God's appointed way—by circumcision (Gen. xvii. 12), and receive his own name. Not strange that friends should wish an only child

to receive his father's name. But what did Zacharias do? Notice, he wrote "His name *is* John"—already given by the angel. What happened at once? Zacharias uses his voice first in praising God.

LESSONS. (1) *True greatness.* Not in birth and position, but in character. John grew up bold, fearless, upright, and when called to suffer was patient. This greatness worth having, and within reach of all. Shall we not seek it? (2) *God's Word true.* The birth, the sign to Zacharias, the office and character of John, all happened just as foretold. All God's other words will come true also. Punishment to the wicked, eternal happiness to the righteous.

TEXT. *A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.*

No. 21. THE CHILD JESUS. PART I. INFANCY.

To read—St. Matt. ii., St. Luke ii. (parts of).

I. **THE CHILD HONOURED.** (Read St. Matt. ii. 1—11.) Had a lesson at Christmas on the birth of Christ—to-day two scenes during His infancy. Who were the first persons to be told of His birth? Jewish shepherds in fields at Bethlehem. They came, saw, worshipped, told the news to all, praised God. But Christ also a light to lighten the Gentiles, *i.e.*, all nations of the world. Therefore read of Gentiles coming to worship Him. Who were these wise men? Eastern kings from Persia, in far Asia. Had been studying stars—saw new meteor. Had read of star to be seen in Judah (Num. xxiv. 17), determine to follow it. So arrive at Jerusalem. For whom do they ask? Herod, the King of the Jews, hears of them and their strange question—is troubled—consults the Scribes. What do they tell him? So sends wise men to Bethlehem, saying he will come and worship the Infant King. Wise men depart—star still guides them—brings them to the house. What do they do? Kneel in reverence before the Babe. What do they see in Him? A King, and more—they recognise the Son of God. So they offer gifts—gold as to a King, frankincense as to a Priest, myrrh as to a Man of Sorrows.

II. **THE CHILD DEDICATED.** (Read St. Luke ii. 22—40.) Remind of Israelites leaving Egypt on night of last plague. What was it? Firstborn of Israelites saved. Therefore all their firstborn always to be set apart as holy (Ex. xiii. 2). This done by solemn service in Temple when child forty days old. His mother offers sacrifice as a sin-offering (Lev. xii. 6), and the Child Jesus is solemnly dedicated as holy to the Lord. Who are there to see and worship Him? (1) *Simeon*, a good old Jew, often in the Temple. For what was he waiting? What promise had been made to him? Was told that the Child would be brought to-day. He sees the Holy Family—Joseph, Mary, and the Babe. Can this infant be the Messiah? Taught by the

Spirit, he believes. What does he do? Blesses God, and asks to die now in peace. (2) *Anna*. Who was she? A pious old woman—lived near the Temple. Comes in to-day—sees the Babe—worships, gives thanks—goes away and tells all who are looking for the Saviour that He has come.

LESSONS. This same Jesus is our Saviour. We too must seek as the wise men, *worship* as all these did, *honour* with best gifts we have to give, *tell* of to all in our power.

He when a Child, though God's Son, was dedicated to God. What a blessed thing to give whole life to God!

TEXT. *They that seek Me early shall find Me.*

NO. 21. THE CHILD JESUS. PART II. CHILDHOOD.

To read—*St. Luke ii. 40—52.*

I. THE CHILD LOST. (Read 40—45.) Nothing heard of Christ for twelve years—since presentation in Temple. Lived quiet and retired life at Nazareth with Joseph and Mary. Probably also their nephew John (the Baptist) lived with them—the child of aged parents—brought up by uncle and aunt after parents' death—was six months older than Christ. Now time come for Christ to go up to Jerusalem for solemn worship. How often had all Jews to go up and keep feasts? Passover the first and most important—corresponds with Christian feast of Easter. Remind of its institution as memorial of deliverance from bondage of Egypt. So Easter is memorial of our being delivered from bondage of sin and Satan by death of Christ, the true Paschal Lamb. (1 Cor. v. 7.) Custom to make the journey in parties, for sake of protection—would take several days. At last Jerusalem reached—feast celebrated—kept up for eight days—time to return home. But great crowds in narrow streets—the Child stays behind—not missed for a whole day—supposed to be with some friends. Picture the search among the company—the eager inquiries of friends—the return to the city—the search continued.

II. THE CHILD FOUND. (Read 46—52.) Where was He found at last? Had been three days in the Temple! What was He doing? Probably in one of the numerous rooms built on to the Temple—is sitting in the midst of wise and studious doctors, learned in God's Law—reading the Scriptures—eagerly asking questions as to the meaning of what He reads—listening carefully to the answers—storing up knowledge—so increased in wisdom as well as stature. What did His mother ask? Notice His answer. He is doing his heavenly Father's business by trying to learn all He can. What an example to children—to learn diligently while young, and to do God's work. What did He do then? Returned to Nazareth—was subject to His parents.

LESSONS. (1) *Love for God's House*. Usual age for boys and girls to go for the first time was fourteen—Christ eager to go—went at twelve—early habit kept

up through whole life. (2) *Love for God's Word*. He loved God, therefore loved His Word. Remind of Ps. cxix. 97. God's Word read and taught in His House. Therefore should learn to love both. Christ worshipped God—how much more need have we! Christ studied the Scriptures—told Him of His Father. We, too, may find God in His Word. (3) *Obedience to parents*. Remind of fifth commandment. Christ worked for them, obeyed them, loved them. Was in all respects a model child.

TEXT. *Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves.*

NO. 22. THE BABES OF BETHLEHEM.

To read—*St. Matt. ii. 16—18.*

I. THE ANGRY KING. (Read 16—18.) Remind of lesson on the wise men. To whom had they gone at Jerusalem? Who was this Herod? Not a Jew, but of another nation—had managed to get himself made king—now hears of one *born* king—perhaps with better right than himself to reign. So is fearfully alarmed. What can he do? The wise men have been gone some days—not come back—perhaps have joined the party of the new king. So he determines to crush the rebellion (as he thinks it is) by force immediately. Collects his guards—sends a troop of soldiers to Bethlehem—slays all the children under two in the town and suburbs (coasts), hoping to slay the infant Jesus.

What an awful scene! Cannot tell how many were slain—probably about fifty. No wonder was bitter crying, as when Babylonians took Jerusalem. Mothers saw children slain (Jer. xxxi. 15); so now great grief—no comfort possible. See how *jealousy* led Herod to *cruelty*, also to try and *resist God*. Prophecy (Micah v. 2) had said that the Jews' Messiah should come from Bethlehem. He would try to frustrate this for his own ends. Did he succeed? The Child escaped to Egypt and was safe.

II. THE MURDERED BABES. Notice they were (a) *innocent*—too young to have done any positive sin—yet they were (b) *sufferers*. Felt pain, endured death for Christ's sake. Were martyrs in deed though not in will. Can we doubt that they were (c) *blessed*? Taken from the evil to come. Their souls returned to God Who made them.

Children still often have to suffer—pain, sickness, death. Share in results of Fall—but still are loved by God. What did Christ do to the babes brought by their mothers? So still takes little ones to Himself. He died and rose again for them as well as others. They will live with Him for ever.

LESSONS. Two classes spoken of—the persecutor and the persecuted. Can we be like Herod? Yes; when laugh at any one for trying to be good—when mock at anything religious. Can we be like these babes? Yes; by living innocently—bearing suffering patiently—submitting to God's will.

TEXT. *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.*

SERVANT AND YET LORD.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet."—ST. JOHN xiii. 13–15.

CHRIST here illustrates His own law, and furnishes us with an example of self-sacrificing service which He would have us follow. And how wonderful an exhibition have we here of the true character of our Great Master! We see Him in the midst of His disciples as the Servant of all, but Who, notwithstanding the lowliness of His service, does not disguise from them the fact that He is their Lord and Master. We have here an instance of what we so often meet with in the history of our Divine Redeemer—the blending of apparent meanness with essential majesty. He Who is thus meek and lowly in heart, cannot conceal the fact that He does not cease from being Lord of all in becoming the Servant of all. He loses nothing of His Royal dignity when He says to His disciples, "I am among you as one who serves."

Our Saviour here presents Himself to us as our true Exemplar. He takes upon Himself the form of a Servant, that we might know how noble and beautiful a thing true, loving, self-sacrificing service is—and in setting us this example He teaches us that we should be ever ready to serve one another in loving and self-sacrificing humility.

The picture called up before us by the Evangelist is a very striking and beautiful one. Christ's hour has now come, and we see Him observing the Passover with His disciples. In this Gospel we have no detailed account of this Passover; John seems to take for granted that his readers have been made acquainted with what transpired on that occasion by the writings of the other Evangelists, and he merely preserves the record of that wonderful and instructive incident in our Saviour's life of which we have a description in the earlier part of this chapter. Supper being ended, He rises from the table, takes off His mantle, girds Himself with a towel, pours water into a basin, and washes His disciples' feet. One after another submits in silent astonishment, till the Lord comes to the impetuous and outspoken Peter, who—no longer able to restrain himself—protests against what he regards as an unnecessary and even unseemly act of humiliation and condescension on Christ's part. Peter says to Him, "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? Jesus answered him, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me." Simon Peter, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, saith unto Him, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands, and my head." Jesus saith unto him (alluding to the well-known fact that, after the

daily bath, only the exposed and sandalled feet would need to be washed), "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all; for He knew who would betray Him, therefore He said, Ye are not all clean. So after He had washed their feet, and taken His mantle which he had laid aside, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

The great lesson which our Saviour here dramatically teaches us is that we in love and humility should be ready to serve one another. And if we turn to the account of this Passover which has been preserved for us by the Evangelist Luke, we shall find that there was evident need that this lesson should be pressed home upon these disciples in some very decided and forcible way. Even on so solemn an occasion as the observance of the Passover, we are told that an unseemly dispute arose among them as to which of them should be accounted greatest. Christ rebuked this unseemly rivalry, and reminded them that they were to cultivate a very different spirit from that which prevailed in the world. Luke tells us what Christ said during supper; John here tells what He did after supper in enforcement of the great lesson that we, as His disciples, should be ready to serve one another in loving self-denial and humility. *We have here the fact declared—that He Who sets us this example of lowly service is, according to our own acknowledgment, our Lord and Master.* "Ye," says Christ, alluding to a matter of fact, "ye call Me—ye are in the habit of calling Me by these titles—*Lord and Master*, and ye do well; for so I am."

Ye call Me, says Christ, the Master, the Teacher, the Instructor, and so I am. He is the Teacher sent from God—the Divine Teacher. All that we really know of Divine and Spiritual things, we owe directly or indirectly to His instructions. He had been patiently teaching these disciples for the last three years; they were very ignorant at first, they were very ignorant still, but all that they knew they owed to the Master. He had been teaching them by word and by deed, by miracle and parable, and by the whole of that wonderful life which He had been living in their midst. They had been very slow and inapt pupils, but He had led them on from one degree of knowledge to another, had

given them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, and they certainly did well in calling Him *the Master—the Teacher*—Who spake as man never spake, and Who taught as no one else could teach. And this is the title by which He should be still distinguished. He is the great and good Teacher, and the truth which we receive is the truth as it is in Jesus.

But He is not only the Master—*He is the Lord*—the Sovereign—the Ruler—One Who claims absolute dominion. Addressing these disciples whom He had gathered to Himself, and who were, in a sense, the representatives of all who should afterwards believe, He says—Ye call—ye are in the habit of calling Me *the Lord*—and ye do well—it is a fitting title for you to use, and for Me to receive, for I am indeed your Lord. While Christ claims to be the Lord of all, He claims to be in an especial sense the Lord, the Sovereign, the Ruler of His own people, whom He has redeemed unto Himself as a people peculiarly His own. Thus redeemed, we are not our own, we are His—His servants, His people; over us He exercises a special rule, and to us He lays special claim, and we can speak of Him as others cannot—as our Lord.

Now, says Christ, / Who am your Master and Lord—I Whom ye are in the habit of calling the Master and Lord—I set you this example—the example of loving, disinterested, self-denying, self-forgetting service. I Who am Lord of all, and Whom you might reasonably expect to see waited upon and served by angels and men, I have humbled Myself to take the form of a servant. “He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Herein do we see the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich.” He was so intent on serving others, that He had no idea of receiving service Himself. He stands before us as at once the servant of His Father and the servant of His people. In the pages of prophecy He is introduced to us as the Elect—the chosen servant of Jehovah, and we cannot read the record of Christ’s earthly life without noticing how the idea of service runs through and characterises it from beginning to end. He served the Father in serving others. His life was one long-continued act of service. He served His disciples. He served all who needed His service, all who craved His aid, and in doing this He made no account of Himself. His crowning act of self-sacrifice being the offering up of Himself on the cross. Well, it is He Who, though He is the Lord and the Master, has done all this, and Who, addressing His disciples, and pointing not only to this particular act of service, but to the self-sacrificing service of His entire life, says, I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

These words, which declare a fact—*suggest an inquiry*—we can scarcely read these words without being moved to inquire whether we are imitating, whether even we are sincerely seeking to imitate, the example thus set by Him Whom we are in the habit of calling the Master and the Lord. The inquiry which He suggests to these disciples is really this: In calling Me Master and Lord, in speaking of Me as such, *do you mean what you say?* Do you habitually act as though I were your Master and your Lord? By which Christ gave them to understand that when speaking to Him or of Him as Lord and Master, He would not have them do it as paying Him a merely formal and empty compliment, but would have them honour Him as such in their hearts and lives. We must see at once the force of this appeal which Christ here makes to His disciples, and the ground on which this appeal rests—and it is an appeal which comes home with equal force and directness to us. He alludes to a commonly recognised, and, indeed, quite undeniable fact, that His disciples were in the habit of speaking of Him and to Him as the Master and the Lord, and He declares that they did well in so doing. We do the same—in the speech of common life—in the praises we sing and the prayers we offer. We seldom, indeed, allude to Christ but we in so many words admit that He is the Master and the Lord. Now the practical inquiry is, do we mean what we say? Do we act as though Christ were the Master, the Teacher at Whose feet we are to sit—the Lord Whose rule we are to obey—in Whose service we are to engage? Addressing these disciples, He virtually says to them: It is not enough for you to call Me the Master and the Lord. You must learn of Me, Who am meek and lowly in heart; you must imitate My example, you must submit to all the requirements of My service; if—to allude only to one particular—I, the Master and the Lord, am among you as One that serves, you should learn in a loving, humble, self-sacrificing, self-forgetting spirit, to serve one another.

Our Master and Lord is making the same appeal to us—and it is an appeal to which we should not be slow to respond. And let us remember that He not only as our Lord authoritatively demands our service, but as our Master, our Teacher, He tells us the kind of service He expects, and for our guidance sets us an example, furnishes us with a pattern. As Christ, in serving His Father, served His people, so we, in serving Christ, are to serve one another. And we are taught for our encouragement that Christ will regard as rendered to Himself all services rendered to His people. In the last great day of manifestation and account may we hear Him saying unto us, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”

SHORT ARROWS.

"GIVING HIM THANKS."



hope has dawned that, by God's grace, under improved sanitary conditions leprosy may yet cease to exist in India, as since the Middle Ages it has passed from our own land. These little ones, the fruits of Christian charity, have in their own turn started a missionary-box, and the contents were sent by their desire to Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London. The deepest gratitude seems to characterise the out-cast race, forsaken by the world, yet remembered by Christ and His people. We read of a Chinese leper, deprived of his fingers and toes, who yet showed his anxiety in some way to serve the Master by spending his little hoard of savings to buy wood to replace the rickety reading-desk, and then, holding a knife between his teeth, he managed at last to carve out a beautiful rest for the Bible. Of another, if possible bearing a heavier burden of pain, it is said, "He was always happy, putting us to shame who often grumble about trifles." A lady who visited the asylum at Sabathu says, "The lepers begged us to take some of the vegetables they had grown, not liking to offer us what they touched, but showing us where to find the fruit of their labour. A Hindoo gentleman exclaimed, 'Oh! what a benefit it is to live under British rule, that brings such institutions to our land!' and not only loyalty, but *Christianity*, is recommended to the heathen by this mission of compassion—this service of love that forsakes its own ease, that those who were once afar off may, with a loud voice, glorify God.

"THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.

We have received the following letter from an old reader of *THE QUIVER* :—

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a suggestion in connection with your Fund? It seems to me that the value—the true and not the intrinsic value—of your medals will be inestimably increased if the Fund which provides them is more or less national; that is to say, if it is supported by the thousands of our people, and not merely by the tens. The generous appreciation of those few who have been richly blessed with this world's goods is a pleasant thing to receive, but I am bold to assert that every true hero or heroine would value far more the self-sacrificing zeal of those who give even of their necessity in grateful recognition of grand and noble deeds.

Why not, then, start a *shilling subscription* to enable the masses to help in your good work? By this I mean, let every reader of *THE QUIVER* subscribe himself, or collect from his friends, the sum of one shilling and send it to the Fund. If the shilling be collected in pennies, so much the better: the medals will then indeed be National. Of course I do not desire that this shilling subscription should put an end to, or in any way interfere with, the efforts of those who can collect *pounds*. My suggestion is only that there should be a supplementary effort within the reach of all.—I am, etc., W.

[Our readers will see, in a footnote (p. 515) to the article in this month's issue, "The Roll-Call of the Heroes," that we have very gladly acceded to the suggestion of our kind correspondent.]

"THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE."

Great gain have they who remember the commandments of the Lord to do them. At first sight this may almost seem impossible in some cases, for the earnings and produce of seven days must surely exceed those of six, and the Sabbath-keeper would appear to be in a worse position than the competitor who ignores the Day of Rest. But Sovereign Love sees further than we do, and in infinite wisdom decrees that our energies should be renewed one day in seven. As the years go on, the vigour of the Sabbath-keeper is equal as a rule to accomplishing far more than can be managed by the failing powers of those who have deemed themselves strong enough to disregard the injunction of God. Nature requires a repairing as well as a producing time, and the God of nature, when He spake the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," knew that His decree would be physically as well as spiritually healthful for mankind. As an American minister has well said, "The Sunday is a savings bank, into which we gather our resources of strength to draw on all the week." Even machinery breaks down at too

high pressure, and locomotives are allowed to cool off occasionally, or expensive repairs would be constantly required! As to animals, it has been found where cattle have been driven long distances abroad, that those drovers travelled most quickly who rested their herds one day in seven by the way. Last year a London omnibus company decided to give up Sunday traffic: their numerous horses were henceforth to share the Sabbath rest—and the result now shows a remarkable increase in the traffic receipts, which are nearly a thousand pounds in excess of the money formerly taken.

THE BEST CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE.

An Englishman at Ningpo asked a Chinaman, worshipping in his mission-room, if he had ever heard the Gospel before. "I have not *heard* it," he said, "but I have *seen* it. I knew one who used to be the terror of his neighbourhood, shouting and cursing for two days and nights without ceasing. He was a bad opium-smoker, and like a wild beast, till the religion of Jesus took hold of him; then he became wholly changed. He is now gentle, and not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly, the teaching is good." That the Chinese in New York and Brooklyn may likewise become living witnesses for the Lord, and work for Him when they return to their own country, a Chinese Sunday-school Union

has been lately established by our American brethren, on a similar plan to that of the Young Men's Christian Association; religious and secular classes are held, and Christian men and women devote themselves to securing the moral and physical progress of these strangers in their midst. A great awakening has certainly taken place in Foochow. A Christian worker relates that one Sunday, when his preaching was over, the largely increased congregation begged him to go on. The missionaries are greatly encouraged to find a growing desire to know the teachings of the "foreign Bible," and the *colporteur* of the American Bible Society reports that the sale of the Scriptures has risen from scores to hundreds.

A LOST CHORD.

"Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

So runs the hymn, and some of us who seem so placed as to be able to contribute nothing to the harmonies of earth and heaven should carefully consider if it be in reality *impossible* for us—even us—to set immortal echoes astir. There are so many ways of rendering life tuneful, so many opportunities that go by, *lost*. "I go regularly to that place of worship," said a working-man. "When I chanced in, they gave me a friendly word and shake of the hand, and now I've settled down and feel at home." The kind grasp and greeting cost little to the giver, but who knows where their influence may end? "I will speak to her next time," thought a lady, shyly, as a stranger of whom she had some slight knowledge—a traveller from a far land—stood near her at the close of a communion service. "Next time" the stranger was in the Father's House, and the friendly words unspoken must be mute till eternity. "As we have opportunity," let us tread in His steps Who went about doing good; whether the only service we can render be a look or tone of cordiality to a fellow-worshipper, a letter or visit to the sick, or comfort and peace brought to a fretful child, perchance one of our own household. A poor old man, of whom many would think, "Can any good be done by *him*?" had a habit of taking the village boys for a walk before they left, as so many did, for the distant city. He talked to them with earnest love, and prayed with them under the shadow of an oak, bidding them, wherever they went, remember that oak-tree and the prayer: again and again it was proved that God used that old villager's parting words to



A CHINESE STREET.

draw the boys to Himself. Our very existence here is a proof that in some way or other we have a special power to perform. In one of his sermons, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse relates that a piccolo player at a Handel rehearsal stopped playing, thinking his instrument would not be missed amid the crash of cymbals, but Sir Michael Costa hushed the music of the whole orchestra, missing *him*. So God may be waiting and listening now for music which it is in our heart and within our power to waken.

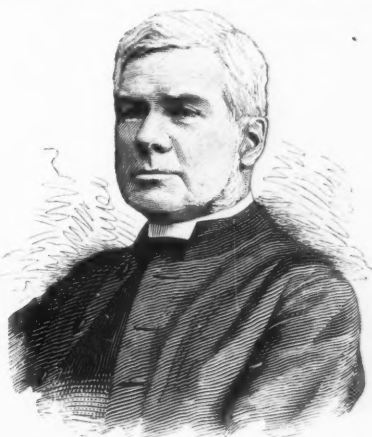
SIGHTLESS CHILDHOOD.

Nelson House, College Avenue, Lower Clapton, is a Home for blind children, superintended by Miss Rye, who prayerfully started the good work in 1874 by taking one little boy from Jersey. Her aim is to train poor blind children for a useful Christian life, and fit them to support themselves by honest labour. The little ones are taken from two years old, their friends making small payments, according to circumstances; but destitute cases are freely received if funds permit. Any one who undertakes to collect fifteen pounds a year can maintain a child at the Home. We are glad to read of a gift of toys and books coming to these little afflicted ones from the children of a neighbouring Sunday-school. The blind children themselves minister to others, for their sweet voices, singing at a mission-hall meeting of the Father's House, touched the sad and wandering heart of a poor backslider. He Who remembers and uses the weak things of this world will open the hearts and hands of those enjoying His benefits towards this little blind family.

"SWEET LAVENDER."

Out in India last year it was said of the famine-threatened province of Mysore that some of the fields looked past reviving by natural means. The Lord's people prayed for rain, and there came copious showers, making the parched ground green and hopeful. Amid the exciting surroundings of an atmosphere of unreality, many things seem against the influences of Christianity in the hearts of those employed in the theatres, but earnest labourers are working and praying for such, and the heavenly showers of blessing have descended, making this corner of the harvest-field likewise a place of promise. The theatres being closed as usual last Ash Wednesday, Mr. George Williams, by means of the London City Mission, entertained a large number of guests at tea in Shoreditch Town Hall. Many present, even the pretty child-fairies, looked as if the daily-bread struggle were a hard one at times, but all seemed to enjoy the bread and butter, cake and oranges, so bountifully provided, and the kind words of those who waited upon them. The guests were gathered from the East-End theatres, and though Shoreditch and its vicinity are not especially associated with sweetness and fragrance, this assembly had the benefit of plenty of refreshing

perfume, every one receiving the gift of a little muslin lavender-bag, to which was attached some beautiful text of Scripture. After tea, the large gathering listened in delight to Gospel singing by ladies, and bright addresses by the Bishop of Bedford,



THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fradelle, Regent Street.)

Mr. Nokes, the theatre-preacher, and others; they heard earnest words as to the one thing needful, and they were reminded how some who had been glittering on the stage had at last to "put on the old ulster" and go back to every-day life—they were lovingly pointed to Him Who takes the rags of self-righteousness from us to clothe us in His purity, and Who, when we have to give up this robe of mortality, will bestow on the soul that has sought Him the shining wedding-garment that endureth for ever.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Men of business, who have to rise early and labour late to hold their own in this competitive age, and young men, starting in the world and throwing all their energies into the rush and hurry of city life, too often find it difficult to secure the leisure for the careful study of the Word of God which they yet feel to be of vital importance. They are half inclined to envy the lady members of the family, who they believe (in blissful ignorance of household demands) can draw quietly aside with their Bibles at pleasure. In every case the old saying holds true that "where there's a will there's a way;" the truly earnest soul will secure its daily food. There now exists a Railway Bible-reading Band, originated by a few good men who travelled to town every day by the same train, and who resolved to devote their communion together to searching the Scriptures, and learning more of the will of God. Others heard of this, and the Bible-readers increased in number, and now every morning, instead of the usual newspaper discussions, many a voice takes part in the study of

the truths dearest to the Christian heart. Those who first start a company like this may be certain that their moral courage will, with the blessing of God, result in mutual cheer and encouragement; the ordinary topics of the day have their place doubtless in our conversation, but time is short, and the prophet reminds us that when they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before Him.

"CHILDREN OF NATURE."

But they are children, too, of our one Father—those little dark-limbed gipsy-waifs, those small, neglected wanderers, for ever moving from scene to scene by water or by land. To recall their needs is to think almost simultaneously of their friend and advocate, George Smith of Coalville. When he was a child, little creatures less than four years old were toiling in the brick-yards, and at nine years of age he was employed in continually carrying about forty pounds of clay or bricks upon his tired head. In later years the Brick-yard Bill, urged on by his earnestness, set free for education thousands of suffering children. This Christian philanthropist has made heavy pecuniary sacrifices, and denied himself even common necessities to rescue the perishing. He has grown white-haired in serving the cause of the friendless, he has sought no earthly reward, but a host of once forgotten and uncared-for lives shall rise up and call him blessed. Untiring have been his efforts for our "floating population," numbering more than one hundred thousand souls, passing hither and thither about our canals and rivers. He once asked some little ones on a boat if they had heard of Jesus, and this was the answer that stirred his heart with its pathos:—"No; what sort is He? He has never been along this cut." "Before long," says this nineteenth century hero, "I hope to evoke legislative and philanthropic music that will draw the gipsies and their children heaven-wards."

TWENTY-TWO MILES TO A SERVICE.

People who take a walk of twenty-two miles to attend a religious meeting would certainly seem to be in earnest. The report of the Bethel Santhal Mission mentions that this is the case with some of the worshippers who, in far Bengal, have heard of the God of love. Among the Santhals labour missionaries from various lands—German, English,

American, Scotch, Scandinavian—who live long distances from each other, and are very seldom able to meet for mutual cheer; their encouragement is in beholding every year more and more coming forward to confess the Lord, even from amongst the priests, who had taught superstition. The Christians from twenty-seven villages assembled to celebrate the opening of a new place of worship, and after the thanksgiving service more than two hundred people dined together, the plates and cups being made of leaves, the fingers doing duty for forks and spoons. At this strange meal Brahmins, Santhals, and Europeans mingled freely, and surely it was an earnest of

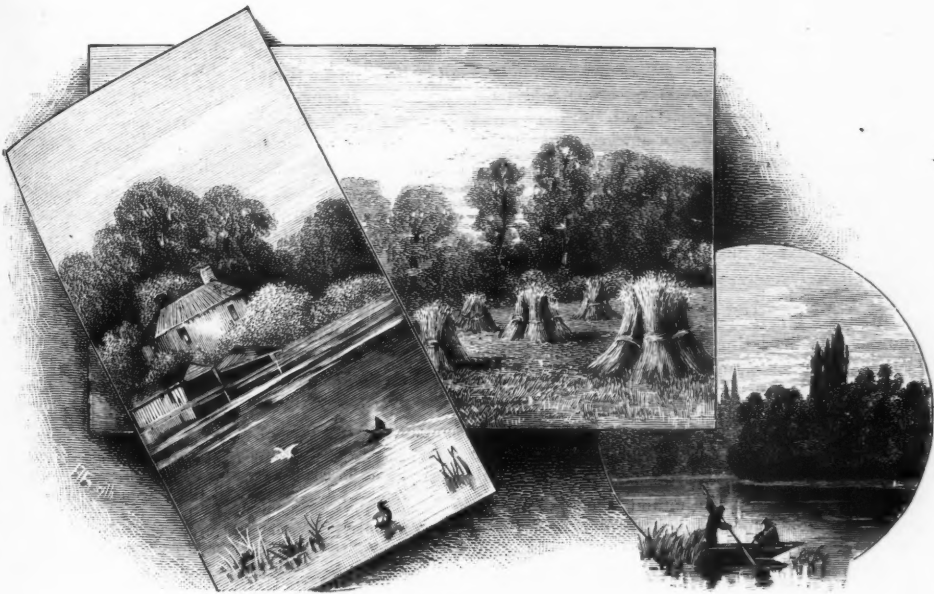
Christian fellowship overcoming prejudice and caste. The first female convert was Karu Ma, whose heart is so filled with love to Jesus that, in addition to her outspoken testimony for Him, she has long been accustomed to rise by night and pray for the salvation of her people. The girls' school at Bethel will prove a lasting power for good, as the Santhal race think highly of their women. There, in the jungle, a few years since, no voice went up to God, but now these bright young girls gather early in the morning to pray together.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATIONS.

The Lord has promised to protect His servants, and to keep the feet of those who are bearing His tidings of peace. Mr. Haegert, of the Bethel Mission, bears witness to the shielding power of God, that has kept his little company safe amid imminent peril. Workers in the East encounter not only the troubles of climate and oftentimes surrounding disease, but in some cases they have to face venomous and hurtful creatures threatening their lives. On one occasion a furious leopard sprang towards one of the Christian workers, struggling hard to reach him; most strangely the animal's hind leg became closely entangled in a rope, and in this position the creature, measuring 6 feet 11 inches, was found securely fastened even after a third shot had killed it. Two feet from Mr. Haegert's infant child was found one day a poisonous and angry snake, destroyed before the babe knew its danger; another time, while the school girls were singing in the evening, a large cobra, the bite of which is fatal in a few minutes, came crawling upon the scene, but seemed so attracted by the singing of the hymns that it kept quiet and made no attempt to bite. Well might the whole throng, when the peril was over, unite to lift the strain, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!"



GEORGE SMITH OF COALVILLE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Speight, Rugby.)



SIDE PATHS AND QUIET RETREATS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAPERS FROM DOVEDALE."

LET us start together on this bright breezy morning, and tread, with firm foot and cheerful heart, the King's highway, as it winds by hill and dale, bare beetling cliffs, and grassy undulating downs. If we are prepared in body and soul for a day's contact with Nature in her brightest mood, we shall gather strength and gladness as we go, and come home with revelations which a sightless soul could never receive. We must, however, possess ourselves with clear vision, keen ear, receptive soul, and unsullied conscience. A sad, tainted, or weary heart is the heaviest burden one can carry. You remember what the immortal bard of Avon says anent the jocund, swinging step of the enthusiastic walker—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

We must have another element within us if we would be the possessors of a full and harmonious pleasure in walking—that of contentment. Let us start, then, with modest demands, and be satisfied with the returns that Nature gives to us. If we go abroad by dell or stream or green flower-spangled down in this spirit of rever-

ence and wealth of faith, we shall find, ere the sun goes down, that the treasures we bear with us are beyond computation by the arithmetic of earth.

Given a bright and breezy day, with the *sough* of the wind amidst the leaves, like the sound of the far-off sea, with the lark pouring song from every fleecy cloud, and the melodious strains of the blackbird and thrush coming from the green woodlands through the stillness of each momentary lull, and one need not care whether, all day long, he does not leave the crisp sound of the gravel beneath his feet. The moment the foot of the keen walker tastes the crispness of the road, his soul is out of chains. The joy of motion possesses him; he thirsts for distance; leagues shall not satisfy him; he feels that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and knows at the same time that all the treasures of earth and sea and sky are the dower that God bestows on the reverent seeking soul. Little wonder, then, that visions of glade and dell, of grove and stream, of the wayside inn with sanded parlour, "lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the wall," or of quaint old towns with swallow-haunted church-towers, from which float the evening chimes as a welcome from earth to the first bright pulsing stars that pierce the deepening blue, haunt his yearning heart.

We have people amongst us who consider walking to be vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose their dignity if they left their carriage. They do not object to be driven through a country, either in *diligence* or coach and pair, and have the scenery served up to them, like fresh varieties on a *fête* day or new paintings in this season's exhibitions; but to ask them to tread the same quartz-grit on the hard highway which the common tramp claims freedom of, is to offer them an indignity which their lofty souls resent. After all, if we are not mistaken, the free, unfettered tramp, if he has anything like an observant spirit, has the best of it. He can make levies on all nature. For him the sunshine has a greater joy, and the moon in the falling twilight a less cold smile. The jolly miller can give him the merry laugh and the frankest hospitality; while the grandee is permitted to roll past in his carriage without having tasted such Arcadian sweets. For him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood, and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well. "The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song" are his by prescriptive right; and if he can bear with him a pure heart, a love for honest labour, and a reverence for the Giver of all good, we think that he is happier than his richer neighbour who dare not go afoot.

No one looks so kindly and so lovingly on Nature as he who walks. A long stretch on foot in the open country, in the face of the bugle-breezes of morn, in the full glory of noonday, or in the tender, fading lustre and sacred shadows of twilight, is a human experience that tends alike to bestow physical strength and intellectual power and joy. The man who walks abroad with a keen eye and a receptive soul will get in one day more of the beauties of Nature in all their rounded perfection—in colour, in tint, and in sound—than he could obtain by the study of books through many a silent and thoughtful night.

No matter the season of Nature, and no matter her mood, she is always shining and fair, even when she falls into her winter sleep of untainted and untouched silence, covered over with snow-wreaths of exquisite purity, curve, and grace. And what for matchless outline and tint can equal a snow-wreath lying across your path on a crisp, clear winter afternoon, with the western sky all ruddy and aglow like molten ore, and the solemn pine-trees lifting their dark green feathery branches midway between the unsullied stretch of snow and the deep azure of the holy twilight coming from the east, bringing with it the silent, friendly stars? Do you think that the term "friendly" is out of place with reference to the stars? I hope not. How those glorious lights look down upon us with lingering, loving lustre from the midnight skies! Each one seems as if it were an angel's eye gazing on us with watchful care. And, as we mark the constella-

tions, and learn of their slow, silent march across the dark, solemn dome of heaven, we learn unconsciously to give them a personality, and treat them as friends. There is Orion, in his massive grandeur, moving round our sleeping world like a sentinel from above, majestic, solemn, awful—a constellation whose position seems to be assured through countless ages. Then there are the Pleiades, those sweet seven sisters of the heavens, whose pulsating rays compass every colour of the rainbow as they

"Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid."

When Leigh Hunt and Keats sat down to write, within a limited time, each a sonnet on "The Cricket and the Grasshopper," we all know how Keats bewitchingly sung—

"The poetry of Earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has ever done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of Earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Hath wrought a silence, from the stove there thrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills."

So sings Keats of the poetry of Earth. In like manner it may be said that the poetry of the heavens shall never die so long as those wondrous constellations exist. And beyond either Keats or Tennyson, Job, in that grand Book which bears his name, describes in "winged words" the tender, bright beauty of the one, and the heroic grandeur of the other: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?"

The Chaldean shepherds, as we know, studied the circling round of these sparkling constellations. Those same gliding, mysterious stars comprised, in the experience of those watchers of flocks, one of the books of Nature, which they, with all the reverential instincts of their training and their lives, handed down to their children.

But here is a side-path and quiet retreat from the highway. Far away yonder, too, is the old village church with its ivy-mantled walls and strong, square, battlemented tower, with its noisy rook-sentinels cawing from every nitch, and its swallows twittering from beneath the belfry bars. How peacefully it lies on the gentle slope of the green hill side, remote from the sound of "the madding crowd," and safe from the din of the crushing wheels of labour, encompassed by stately elms and solemn yews, and sanctified by the sacred dead beneath the moss-grown mounds.

It is only the joyous, earnest, Nature-seeking walker who knows the exquisite delight to be obtained by turning aside into shady dells enriched by the songs of birds and the shining face of the meandering stream. It is in a dell such as this that the robin first builds his humble hut of a nest, and then comes upon you with joyous throat and crimson breast. Here first awakes the clear, metallic ring of the wren's song, and here the yellowhammer contributes his first melodious bar to the swelling chorus of spring; while far down the dell is the sweet voice of the bird whose note was so well described by Wordsworth—

"Oh, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird?
Or but a wandering voice!"

The by-path through the shady fir-wood, the moss-grown footway by the stream side, fringed with sedges and lilies, and the time-worn way of beaten turf through the dewy meadows, have their delights for the patient walker, which the man who hurries through the world can never know.

Not far up the dale there is a little hamlet, a small epitome of the world, containing all that

has ever been joyous and sad in human existence. Beyond, too, is the mill, with green, ooze-covered, spray-lashed wheel, with joetnd miller, his blithe wife and buxom daughter, sheep and cattle on the sheltered lea, and cackling fowls in the well-stored yard. That little nook, containing so many cheerful human hearts, could justly claim a special visit. We shall not enter upon it to-day. Let us rest on this rustic foot-bridge. It is a dear old friend of mine. Thirty years ago I first made its acquaintance—I had almost said friendship.

I have come to regard it as one of the affectionate friends on earth that I must bid farewell to when I cross the *other* dark stream whose waters never a bridge has spanned, but in whose strong overwhelming floods there is the outstretched hand of that One Who, for us, passed through those waters of gloomy death all alone!

But hark! the evening chimes are filling the air, and the golden beams of the low sun are tingeing the birches yonder with ruddy light. We may overtake yon little hamlet with its quiet life-dramas in our next ramble. In the meantime, farewell!

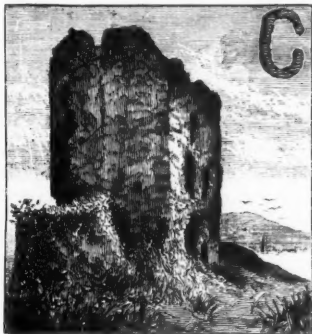
A. L.

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHARM.



LAIRE and Lucie passed a wakeful night in brooding over Mrs. Barnes's ominous announcement. The elder of the sisters had often grown impatient of the monotony of their

lives, and longed to escape from the secluded house in which they held such an anomalous position; but when she saw herself in danger of being thrust forth into that world of which she knew so little, her heart sank, and she trembled.

"I am glad that my sins are not to be visited on you and Mollie," she said, when, soon after dawn,

she and her bedfellow sat up and talked sorrowfully over the changes following so quickly on Miss Eldridge's death.

"What difference does it make?" asked Lucie. "We cannot be separated. If Mrs. Glenwood sends you away, do you think I should consent to remain here?"

"It would very much lighten my anxieties if you did," was the response. "As long as I knew that you and Mollie were well cared for, I could not be very unhappy."

"But you would be alone; if you were sad there would be no one to cheer you; if you were ill there would be none to nurse you. Besides, I could not do my duty to those who had driven my sister away. I should be constantly struggling with my sense of their injustice. No, Claire, you must not dream of a separation. While we cling together we shall find strength to bear whatever may befall us."

"But if it becomes necessary?"

"It will not," Lucie answered confidently. "Mrs. Glenwood is a good woman, and will do nothing unreasonable. If she does not need your services she will not require mine, and we will go away together, taking Mollie with us."

"But where?"

"Wherever it pleases our Father to send us," was the reverent reply. "I am not afraid that He will forsake us; are you?"

"No!" and for a few seconds Claire bent her head and was silent; but she did not possess the trustful spirit of Lucie, and when she looked up it was to say—

"How cruel it was of those who first found us on Mr. Woods' premises not to make greater efforts to discover whence we came, and to whom we belonged! Surely if more inquiries had been made at once some one would have come forward to claim us. We must have friends and relatives somewhere."

"But not in England," she was reminded. "Neither Manon nor we could speak any language but French."

"We had been taught to say our prayers in English; we were given to understand that if we had lost one of our parents the other was still living, and in this country. Manon was in no way related to us; of that I have always felt convinced; and also that her errand in England was to deliver us to the good papa, with whose wrath she used to threaten us when we were naughty; or if not to him, to the person who was deputed by him to receive us."

"But this is only supposition," sighed Lucie.

"Not entirely. Had we been her own grand-daughters, for what purpose would she have undertaken such a long journey? It was not to beg, for I can recollect that she did not go out to work as other women did in the village, and yet was fairly well supplied with money. Depend upon it, she was our foster-mother, our nurse, and had been paid for taking care of us till we were old enough to be put to school."

"But by whom? If your surmises were correct, we should have been expected and inquired for. I cannot remember that any one ever came to see us while we were under Manon's charge, and we did not travel as children would who had relatives ready to give them a loving greeting."

"It is very mysterious," Claire admitted. "Had we been older when Manon died, we might have gleaned more from those who found her. It seems extraordinary that she had nothing in her possession that would have given a clue to our name and destination."

"Mrs. Woods has told me that Manon never spoke till just before her death, and then she was delirious, and could not be understood."

"Yes," said Claire, who was struggling with her faint recollections of those days. "Her death just then was most unfortunate for us. Could she have come by it fairly? Surely no one would maliciously injure a poor unoffending old woman—and yet—" She stopped and put up her hand. "Ah, Lucie, it comes back to me that beneath her shawl she always carried a little bag or wallet, from which I have seen her take money and some letters or papers. What has become of those papers? why were they not given up to you and me?"

"Mrs. Woods will know, if any one does," said Lucie. "And yet it is not at all probable that she would have withheld such a fact all these years."

Claire sprang out of bed and began to dress herself.

"I will go and see her; I will question her till she tells me all there is to tell."

"Do not be too hasty," and Lucie drew her sister down beside her. "I am afraid of what we might hear. We know that we have no mother, but we also know that accounts of Manon's death and the forlorn children she brought to Glenwood must have appeared in the local papers. If no one noticed these reports, no one came to inquire into them, does it not look as if those whose duty it was to rear us were not sorry to escape the trouble?"

"To think this is to think that the father we were taught to love had not a spark of affection for his motherless children."

And Claire pushed back her hair from her flushed face, adding, hastily—

"And so, dear, we will not think evil of any one, but, as we have a natural craving to possess a name and a family, we will leave no means untried of discovering them. I shall adhere to my resolution. I shall go to Mrs. Woods."

"And force your way into her bedroom before her eyes are opened?"

"Nay, I will have patience till that silly Matt and his father have breakfasted and gone into the fields. Then I can assist her to dress—she is so helpless since her illness—and she will talk to me the while."

"It will be to scold you for refusing to become her daughter-in-law," she was slyly reminded.

Claire reddened, and was disconcerted.

"I had forgotten. She has not forgiven me; she will not overlook my indifference to her son's perfections. What is to be done?"

"I will tell you!" cried Lucie, after a pause. "The man who used to be shepherd to Mr. Woods has come back; he and his wife have once more taken possession of the cottage where you and I passed such miserable days till Mollie came to our rescue. Go to her; she was with Manon at her death; it was she who prepared her for burial. If the wallet you mention was amongst her clothes, Madge Evans must have seen it."

Claire acted on this advice. As soon as she had finished those domestic duties that fell to her share, she started for the shepherd's cottage, and found his sullen-looking, untidy wife standing on her doorstep.

Her face lightened when she discovered the approach of a visitor, and she greeted Claire with civility till she learned her errand, when all her ill-humour returned.

"A pretty thing indeed, to insinuate that she helped herself to anything that belonged to an old tramp. As if *she* should have soiled her fingers by touching such rubbish! Was this all the thanks she got for

losing her rest by sitting up with a gipsy, a creature as ought to have been taken off to the union at once? Wallet, indeed! If so be she wore one, it was gone before she—Mrs. Evans—was fetched to the out-

parentage, she bade the woman good-morning, and left her cottage.

The path led her beside the ill-kept hedge separating the shepherd's garden from the common, and just as



"You will give me time?"—p. 581.

house to look after her. It was the young gentlemen from the Lodge as first lighted upon the body. Better go and ask them if they robbed it."

After vainly endeavouring to convince the angry woman that she brought no charge against her, Claire was fairly driven away by her insolent speeches. Vexed to have failed in her attempt to obtain a clue, however faint, to the mystery of her

she reached the end of it, a hand was thrust through a gap, and a small square packet tossed at her feet.

"Take the thing; I'm mortal glad to get rid on it!" exclaimed Madge Evans, glowering at the astonished girl. "It have never done me any good. Nothing has gone right with us from the day I first had it. My man have took to drink, and can't keep his places; and he have had a dozen or more since he

quarrelled with old Master Woods, all them years ago. But mind ye, I won't be called a thief for keeping of that! Them as lays out a corpse has a right to whatsoever they finds on the body."

"If it is money——" Claire began.

"Yah! can't ye see what it is? 'T is a charm; it were pinned inside the old woman's clothes, just over her heart, and that's where I've worn it; but it haven't brought me no luck, and I'm glad to get shut on it."

Eager to examine the tiny packet, Claire hurried away with it to a secluded spot, where she could sit down on the turf and examine it at her leisure.

The small square of paper was yellow with age, and defaced with the pricking of the pins that had secured it to the clothing of its superstitious wearer. By Manon it must have been preserved for a very different reason, as when unfolded it proved to contain one long tress of a woman's raven hair secured with a scrap of crimson ribbon.

On closer inspection Claire saw that underneath the hair there had been traced half a dozen lines in pencil. They were in Italian, and so unsteadily written as to be almost illegible, but she contrived to decipher their import.

The tress severed from the writer's head was a token of her undying love for the dear husband she would never see more. Manon, who would give it to him, had been unspeakably good to her and the little ones.

But here the writer's strength must have failed, for the note ended abruptly.

"It was my mother's hand that penned it," thought Claire, her eyes filling with tears. "This lock of hair was hers; Lucie and I will treasure it for her dear sake;" and the young girl rejoiced in the possession of the relic that seemed to bind her and her sister to that mother of whom neither of them had the faintest recollection.

But the husband and father to whom Manon must have been bringing his offspring, and this last token of his wife's affection, who and where was he?"

"I shall yet find him!" exclaimed Claire. "Who knows whether he is not seeking us as eagerly as we shall seek him?"

But even as she said this her heart misgave her, and she felt that she had talked too hopefully. After all these years, what prospect was there of such a discovery if the only clues to it were the tress of a dead woman's hair, and a few pencilled words not even signed with her name?

CHAPTER XXIX.

REBUTTING THE CHARGE.

THAT same morning Mrs. Glenwood, as soon as she had despatched the household affairs that devolved on her in the absence of Miss Asdon, and seen her boys start off on their ponies for a long ride with their elder brother, put on her bonnet to walk to the village.

The sick boy and girl, of whom Mrs. Barnes had spoken, must be her first thought, and she was eager to have them removed from the small crowded cottage of their parents to the more airy rooms of the Red House, there to be fed and nursed under the vigilant eye of Mrs. Barnes herself.

Strange to say, this sharp-tempered lady had a weakness for children. Cottage mothers were wont to shut their doors if they saw her approaching, and to refuse to hear her taps for admittance, her lectures on their want of cleanliness and thrift being delivered with an acrimony that affronted some and terrified others; but their little ones never avoided her, for to them she forgot to be gruff and grim; or, if she scolded, at the first sign of penitence she was appeased, and her hand found its way into a pocket never without sweeties—wholesome ones—for little mouths.

The old gardener touched his hat as Mrs. Glenwood stopped to pluck one of the brilliantly red single dahlias just coming into bloom.

"You'll not be going far, will you, ma'am?" he queried respectfully. "The glass has gone down so fast that I'm afraid we shall have a storm."

Mrs. Glenwood thought of her sons, and looked at the sky anxiously, but there were no signs of the tempest the old man was predicting, and though thanking him kindly for his warning, she took so little heed of it as to linger in the village longer than she had intended.

Nor, when she had transacted all her business, and came away from the invalid to whom she had been reading, did she notice how thickly the clouds had gathered overhead since the morning. She was thinking as she walked homeward whether room could not be made at the Red House for a young girl, who had come home from service in London with her health seriously injured by overwork.

But she was still nearly half a mile from her own house, when a flash of lightning was followed almost immediately by such a heavy peal of thunder that the timid, sensitive woman hid her face and sank on her knees till the deafening crash was over.

Still scared and trembling when she rose, she made her way to a stile not far off, and looked around her. Across the darkling heavens another flash darted; rain must surely follow long before she could reach the Lodge, and she had not even provided herself with an umbrella.

She ran back a few steps, thinking she would return to the village, but stopped on remembering that she was farther from the first house in it than from her own. She returned to the stile, but only to sink down upon it, stunned by another roll of the artillery overhead into helplessness.

Heavy drops splashed down upon her; a few minutes more and she would be drenched; yet—always powerfully affected by a thunder-storm—she was incapable of making any effort to reach a place of shelter.

She was growing faint with terror, when a young

girl who, from a distant path, had seen and recognised Mrs. Glenwood, came flying towards her.

One glance at her closed eyes and ghastly face proved that she was not in a condition to help herself, and an arm was thrown around her waist the while she was urged onward.

"This way, dear madame. Do not fear to lean on me; I am very strong. From the top of this bank we can reach the churchyard and take refuge in the porch under the belfry tower. Come quickly, for the rain is beginning to fall fast."

Indeed, it half-blinded them as, breathless with haste, they sped on, but in the deep wide porch there was shelter, and Mrs. Glenwood gasped a thanksgiving as she sank down on the stone seat and held out her hand in grateful recognition of the aid that had been given her.

The thunder soon rumbled away in the distance, but the rain continued to fall in sheets, rendering it impossible for them to brave it until its violence abated. It was Claire who had come to the assistance of Mrs. Glenwood; who had hovered about her until she was sufficiently recovered to feel ashamed of her weakness; but who drew back as soon as the lady's composure returned, and proudly refrained from forcing herself on the notice of one whom—if Mrs. Barnes was not mistaken—she had unwittingly offended.

There was a long silence, for Mrs. Glenwood, thus brought in actual contact with the young girl who had appropriated her ring, knew that she ought to charge her with the theft, yet had never felt less capable of bracing her nerves to the painful effort.

It was Claire who spoke first, after all. By some accident their eyes met, and, returning to where Mrs. Glenwood sat, she boldly yet respectfully addressed her.

"I am told, madame, that you are displeased with me. May I know why?"

"You sold a ring at Ensom's, the jeweller's," said Milly, rushing to the root of the grievance at once.

Claire flushed and started. Who could have told Mrs. Glenwood that? But she did not utter any denial, and disappointed the kind-hearted woman who was eagerly waiting to hear her do so.

"Are you aware that that ring was mine?"

Again Claire started, and consternation was forcibly depicted on every feature.

"Oh! no, no, it is impossible! Pardon me if I seem rude, but I cannot believe that it could be yours!"

"Is not this quite immaterial?" asked Mrs. Glenwood. "Whether the ring belonged to me or my sister, and whether it were picked up at the Red House or elsewhere, is not of the slightest consequence. What I have to impress on you is this: under no circumstances could the act of finding such an article justify the finder in retaining it."

"No," Claire admitted, faintly, looking so—penitent was it, or only confused?—that Mrs. Glenwood laid a hand on her arm, crying earnestly—

"Why did you keep my ring? Where was your sense of right and wrong when you parted with it for your own purposes? The few pounds it fetched will not do you any good, no matter to what uses you put——"

"Oh! stop, pray stop!" exclaimed Claire, now angry as well as distressed. "You surely do not—you cannot think that I stole, deliberately *stole*, your ring! It would be unjust; it would be cruel! How could I forgive you, even you whom I love and reverence more than any one I know, if you have been cherishing such a wicked thought!"

This was turning the tables with a vengeance, and Mrs. Glenwood was sufficiently annoyed to retort, almost sternly—

"I am surprised at the tone you are taking. So far from condemning you too hastily, I refused to believe you guilty of so paltry a crime till I had seen Mr. Ensom, and learned from him that I had not been misinformed. He said at once that it was from you he had bought the ring, which I had not missed till the previous day."

"Yes, it was I who carried the ring to him," said Claire, her distress increasing. "I have not dreamed of denying it; but I did not steal it. I did not know it was yours. To be called a thief—to see you looking at me as you do now—ah! it is horrible!"

"If you have erred in ignorance, I will endeavour to overlook the offence," Mrs. Glenwood began; but with a passionate ejaculation Claire broke in—

"For what would you forgive me? I am innocent, innocent! I would rather die than wrong you. Do you think I would have gone to Mr. Ensom with that ring if I had known it was yours?"

"You do not appear to see that the question is not to whom it belonged, but by what right you sold it, knowing that it was not your own."

Claire hung her head, but quickly looked up to say, with clasped hands and heaving bosom, "Must I believe that it was your ring?"

"Of what consequence——" Mrs. Glenwood began, but was interrupted.

"Of the greatest, to me. Pray answer my question. Is there no mistake? Have I indeed wronged you without intending it? May I look at the ring I am accused of stealing?"

It was rather awkward to have to avow that the missing trinket had not yet been retrieved; that the jeweller had sold it within a few hours after it came into his possession.

Claire looked very grave when she heard this.

"What shall I do?" she asked, speaking to herself more than to Mrs. Glenwood. "Must I lie under the stigma of being a thief? No, no; not for a single day! And yet—and yet——"

Suddenly she threw herself on her knees beside Milly.

"Ah, madame, will you not consent to suspend your judgment? It is so terrible to be suspected, that I do entreat you to be merciful, and give me time to think how I shall prove to you that I am

guiltless ! If you openly accuse me of a theft, I shall be scorned, shunned by all who know me ; and Lucie, my poor sister, what suffering for her ! Spare her, I entreat ! ”

ventured to touch the hands that were folded on Mrs. Glenwood's knee.

“ I will not only give you time, but all the assistance in my power. I should be so glad, so



“ Mrs. Glenwood had slipped her hand through his arm.”—p. 588.

“ What am I to say, what am I to believe ? ” demanded Mrs. Glenwood, who could not hear such an appeal unmoved.

“ I am innocent ! ” said Claire again, and with such convincing earnestness that her auditor could not but be impressed.

“ Prove it,” she answered quickly.

“ You will give me time to do so ? ” and Claire

very glad to be able to like you as well as I used to do.”

For this speech Mrs. Glenwood's hands were passionately kissed, and she was thanked with all the fervour of Claire's southern nature. Yet the girl had scarcely ceased speaking, ere she grew pale and began to sob.

“ Ah me, if I cannot clear myself, if I cannot do it ? ”

"You can be truthful, no matter how you are situated," she was assured.

"That is, I can refuse to answer any questions that are put to me. What an alternative! And I have neither father nor mother to come to my aid and answer for me, that I am incapable of a dishonourable action."

Had Elfreda Balfour been there she would have opened her beautiful blue eyes in grave reprehension of her aunt's impetuosity. But there was no one at hand to check Mrs. Glenwood when her pity overcame her prudence, and drawing the weeping girl towards her she kissed her wet cheek.

"Dear child, I will have faith in you. I will wait with patience till you can give me proofs of your innocence. If you are bearing the blame to shield another, as I am inclined to fancy, recollect there is such a thing as carrying magnanimity too far. To bear the penalty for one who is too cowardly to make open confession may be mistaken kindness; and I am quite ready to forgive a first offence if it is sincerely repented."

"You are thinking of Lucie or of Mollie!" panted Claire, her eyes flashing. "Why, this is worse, ten times worse, than suspecting me!"

Mrs. Glenwood rose from her seat vexed as well as bewildered.

"What am I to think?" she queried. "Are you not treating me very badly? You behave as if you were the injured person, whereas I have endeavoured to show you every consideration."

Then Claire humbled herself to implore the lady's pardon, and having obtained it, walked beside her across the soddened fields, guarding her steps where the path was slippery, and refusing to leave her till the Lodge gates were in sight.

All that time a question was trembling on the young girl's lips that she could not bring herself to ask till she was being gently dismissed.

"Does Mr. Glenwood know that I am suspected?"

"Not yet."

She asked no more, but ran back to the Red House to hide there her dread of the moment when every one would point at her as a thief. Neither could Mrs. Glenwood dismiss the subject from her thoughts. Had she bungled in her management of the culprit? Had she treated her more severely, would Claire have acknowledged her sin, instead of fencing with the charge, and behaving as if she were unfairly used? How unfortunate that Dr. Balfour had not been at hand to advise his sister-in-law, or, better still, to act for her!

Harassed at one moment by her fears that she had been unjust, at the next by a conviction that more austerity would have elicited the truth, Mrs. Glenwood had nearly let the afternoon flit by ere she remembered that Miss Asdon's request for a lengthened leave of absence ought to be answered before the post went out.

Her pen was travelling rapidly over the paper; she had kindly consoled with her lady-help on the pro-

tracted illness of the relative she had gone to nurse, and was just intimating that there need not be any hesitation in appealing to her if monetary assistance were required, when some one passed the window.

Was it Percy? She had felt no little motherly uneasiness respecting her boys till she reminded herself that about the time the storm occurred they must have been safely housed with the friend they had gone to visit.

But now she started up in alarm. Percy returned without his brothers! What could have happened?

She hurried to the door, reaching it just as it opened, and she clasped in the arms, not of her eldest son, but of Lance Balfour.

CHAPTER XXX.

HIS ERRAND.

HER exclamations of surprise were heard with smiling amusement. Her sober-minded nephew was in unusually high spirits, and teased her a little on her curiosity before he satisfied it.

"What has brought me here again! First tell me if I am welcome, and then guess if you can."

"There has been one of those dreadful strikes! But no, you are laughing at me. Ah, now I know; you have made a great resolve. You are going back to Mincester and your father."

Lance gave his shoulders a shrug.

"I should very much like to know why every one seems to think that the only proof I can give of loving my father is to oust the very able assistant he has and put my inefficient self in his place. Guess again, Aunt Milly. At present you are very wide of the mark."

"There is nothing wrong?" and she regarded him inquiringly. "You have good news for me? then do not keep me in suspense! You have heard from your mother?"

"Is she not here? I thought I should have told you together of my good fortune. But never mind," he added, when Mrs. Glenwood had explained how her sister had been induced to go to the sea for a few days before settling down again at Mincester.

"And my father and Elfreda are with her? I must go to them; they must all share my first triumph."

"Triumph, Lance?"

And then to his sympathetic listener the young man told how, during his absence from the workshops, an invention, to which he himself had attached but little value, had been as it seemed accidentally brought into notice, tried, and approved by the heads of the firm to which he was attached.

The results were great. Lance's invention not only effected a saving of time and labour important to the employers of the latter, but brought him under the notice of the shrewd, thoughtful men, who never let an opportunity slip of improving their machinery, and never by any false economy omitted to reward those who served them well.

They sent for him immediately on his return, and after some conversation offered him a post in a branch of their firm near London. This would not only bring him in an excellent salary, but enable him to carry out other plans in which they saw a prospect of further advantage to themselves as well as their *employé*.

No one could have been more delighted to hear this than Mrs. Glenwood, though she kept expressing her regret that Percy was not at home to share her pleasure. She hovered about the hungry traveller while he partook of the luncheon she insisted on ordering, and wished she could go with him to St. Leonards, that she might witness her sister's gratification at her boy's successes.

"And why should you not be my companion, Aunt Milly? I dare say I should bore you to death with my prosy details, but you are gifted with a fair amount of patience. Will you pack a bag and let me whisk you off to the coast for twenty-four hours? I cannot take more, for I am expected in town to-morrow evening."

Mrs. Glenwood hesitated awhile, then pronounced it impossible on account of Miss Asdon's absence. There were the lads to be considered as well as Percy; and she could not leave them even for so short a time with no one to attend to their comforts and keep them in order.

"I'll tell you where you can go with me," and Lance grew ruddy as he spoke, "and that is to the Red House. I must have a few minutes' conversation with Claire before I quit the neighbourhood."

"Oh, Lance, you have heard—"

"Of Miss Eldridge's death? Yes—some one, I think it was Mrs. Barnes—posted to me a local paper. Has it thrown those poor girls on the world?"

"Not exactly. They will remain at the Red House for the present." And then Mrs. Glenwood alluded briefly to her scheme of converting it into a convalescent home for children.

"Ah! if you are going to take care of them, they will be in good hands," said her nephew heartily. "But still I shall not be easy in my mind if I do not see Claire before I go away."

His aunt regarded him with an air of concern.

"Do not do anything rashly, Lance. You have your parents to consider."

"Ay, but not to the extent of forgetting the claims another has upon me."

"I don't understand you. Claims, did you say? and Claire! You are not secretly married to her?"

"Nor ever shall be!" and Lance laughed at Mrs. Glenwood's wild conjecture. "Dear aunt, how could I be so unmanly as to marry a young girl without a home to take her to?"

"When I was first here," he went on, drawing nearer to the kind little woman from whom he knew he need not have any reservations, "when I was first here I used to dread going back to my lonely room, and the careless landlady who took no interest in me; and I used to picture myself blessed like

some of my mates with a wife who would have a clean hearth and a bright fire for me when I went home in the evening. And I used to think that such a bright, energetic girl as Claire Eldridge would be a real help to a man who was striving as I was against the great discouragement of knowing that he lay under the ban of his friends' disapproval."

"Never your mother's, Lance! She has always entered into your feelings."

"And made her own position harder by so doing," he answered with a sigh. "But these were all selfish considerations, to which I was not so foolish as to give way. It wasn't an affair of the heart," he added, laughing in some embarrassment. "I am not sure that I knew I had one at that time."

He got up and walked away, to come back and place himself behind Mrs. Glenwood's chair, and rest his unsteady fingers on her shoulder.

"It was not till I saw the report of Miss Eldridge's death that I discovered how dear, how very dear to me Lucie had become."

"Lucie! You talked of her sister."

"Yes, when I spoke of my own selfish needs; but who could think of those seriously enough to make them a reason for marrying? Claire is—all I should like a sister to be; Lucie is—but you will not care to listen while I dwell on her perfections. You must please remember," he went on, colouring and laughing, "remember that I saw so much of her when I went backwards and forwards to Miss Eldridge's that I do not speak without knowing what I am saying."

"And you have come here to ask her to be your wife?"

"No; it would not be fair to her to do so," he answered thoughtfully. "I must first secure my position, and prove myself equal to the work expected of me; I must insure my life, and learn to take better care of my money before I dare ask Lucie to share my lot. Oh, Aunt Milly, if you had seen her with Miss Eldridge—how sweet, how tender she was! never returning a rude answer, though she was often chided till my blood would tingle in my veins, and I had to bite my lips to keep silence—if you could only have known how good-humouredly she bore with the fretfulness that never spared her, you would understand how I learned first to wonder at and then to love her."

"And you are going to tell her so?"

"Not a word of it until I am justified in my own eyes in asking her to come to me, and let me take care of her as long as God"—he bowed his head reverently—"will spare us to each other."

"Don't think"—and again, in his agitation, he paced across the room—"don't think that I haven't warned myself that she may refuse me. Such a rough fellow as I am may fail to win the goodwill of a dainty, delicate little creature like Lucie, and it was partly this thought that prompted me to come here to-day."

Seeing Mrs. Glenwood looked puzzled, he came and sat down beside her, crying—

"Don't you understand, Aunt Milly, that I could not rest now that these forlorn young creatures are in trouble without letting them know that they have a staunch friend in me? If you have taken them under your protection, they may not want mine; but still I should like to say to Claire that I claim a right to help her and her sister in any time of need; the right my hope that I am working for Lucie has given me."

Mrs. Glenwood clasped her hands round his arm as he stood beside her.

"Dear boy, don't do this till you have consulted your mother! You will first hear what she thinks about it?"

He stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Not in this matter, Aunt Milly. Had she been here, I would have told her my intentions just as I have told them to you, but I know her too well to think she will blame me for acting up to the dictates of my heart and conscience."

"And your father? Oh, Lance! so deeply as you have already grieved him by not falling in with his plans, would you vex him still more by making a marriage that he would consider beneath you?"

"If there is any inequality, it is the other way," cried Lance sturdily. "It is I who am not worthy such a darling as Lucie! Think what a daughter she would be to my poor mother just now that one feels instinctively she wants some one about her who, if not as clever as Elleda, would be a thousand times more loving and gentle."

"If I were to go with you to the Red House," Mrs. Glenwood demurred, "your parents might think I have encouraged you in taking a step of which, I fear—nay, I am sure—they will not approve."

"Then I will go alone," and Lance prepared to depart. "I would not have you get into trouble on my account."

But when he bade her good-bye Milly resolved to be his companion. Who knew but her presence might restrain him from wooing pretty, penniless, nameless Lucie too openly?

She was relieved to find that he adhered steadily to the intentions he had expressed, not even asking to see Lucie, though the wistful glances he cast at the door every time a footstep passed it proved how ardently he longed to behold her.

He came, as he told Claire, speaking simply and frankly, brought by his great love for her sister, to entreat her to regard him as a brother and Lucie's future husband, if his toils were crowned with sufficient success to warrant his wooing her.

And Claire saw nothing incongruous in it. She was too fond and proud of her sister not to regard her as a fitting match for a wealthier man than Lancelot Balfour; and it never entered her mind to inquire whether his friends would approve of his pledging himself to one of Mollie's maidens.

But Claire's satisfaction was short-lived. She was quick to discern his aunt's uneasiness when Lucie came into the room, the bearer of a message from

Mrs. Barnes, who had seen Mrs. Glenwood enter the house, and wished to speak to her; and she began to suspect the nature of her fears when Milly rose and sat down, reluctant to leave her nephew, especially in such dangerous proximity to the object of his affection.

All unconscious of the interest centring in her, Lucie, her pensive face lighting up at the sight of Lance, greeted him warmly. Miss Eldridge had always liked him so well! Would he not be pleased to know that she spoke of him only a day or two before she died, and expressed a wish that she had thanked him more gratefully for the pains he had taken to make her invalid chair easy, and her room cosy against the coming winter?

Lucie's tears flowed softly, as in her pathetic tones she repeated the words Miss Eldridge had spoken, and Lance continued to hold the hands she had given him, and to gaze down upon her as if he longed to take her in his embrace, and bid her take comfort. But Claire drew her sister away from him, and this recalling him to himself, Mrs. Glenwood no longer hesitated to leave them.

"I must go; yes, I ought to go," he said confusedly, "but I shall take with me the consolation of knowing that whenever I may come again I shall find you in your old home?"

Lucie smiled assent, but Claire replied quickly—

"Do not depend on this. There has been an accusation brought against me which I must disprove or quit Glenwood. At first, the thought of facing that world of which we know so little frightened Lucie and me sadly, but we have come to the conclusion that it is only there we shall learn who we are and to whom we belong."

Lance was surprised and grieved to find that the sisters were cherishing such a desire.

"After all these years, what could you hope to discover? Why not be content with the friends you have made here?"

"Not friends, but patronesses by whom we are believed to be the children of a tramp who died here from the effects of injuries inflicted none knew how," Claire responded. "While we were children we told ourselves, as others did, that this was our history, and we need not seek to know more. But we are older; trouble has come upon us, and both for Lucie's sake and my own I feel that we ought not to be content without striving to ascertain whence we came and what connection really existed between Manon and ourselves."

"You were the dearest little children I ever saw, and the most quaintly dressed!" cried Lance. "Do you recollect," and he turned to the blushing Lucie, "how you made amends to me for the thumps I received from your passionate sister?"

"Hush!" said Claire, "do not speak of that now. It was you and Mr. Glenwood who found Manon."

"Your grandmother? Yes."

"She was not our grandmother; we never call her by that name. She was our foster-mother—our nurse; I

am convinced of it. We had been in her care since the death of our mother; see—we both wear a portrait of her. When Manon fastened these round our necks and enjoined us to keep them carefully hidden, she did not speak of the original as her daughter, and we were taught to hold the father we did not know in as much respect and awe as she herself testified whenever she spoke of him."

"Is this all you remember?"

"All," sighed Lucie, "except that the long journey we made—both before crossing the sea and after—had the one end always set before us; we must be good, or we must not murmur at the length of the way, because it was to our 'dear papa' his little daughters were going."

Then Claire, pleased at the thoughtful interest Lance was evincing, produced the little packet she had received from the shepherd's wife. Was it not another proof that at the time Manon brought them to England they had a parent living?

"If you were correct in your supposition," argued Lance, "why did not this father of yours come forward and claim his children?"

"I have thought of this," was the reply, "brooded over it till my head ached; then reminded myself that Manon could have had no misgivings, or she would not have left her own land to travel hither; and Lucie urges that he may never have heard of Manon's death. From all we can learn, every one seems to have taken it for granted that she was one of the gipsies who came to the neighbourhood for the hop-picking."

"It was most unfortunate that she did not regain consciousness," Lance admitted.

"And that the bag or wallet in which she carried her money and papers, or letters of some description, should have disappeared. Madge Evans protests that she saw nothing of it."

"Are you sure she had such a thing in her possession?"

"Quite," was the positive reply. "That she was not without money is proved by the fact that neither Lucie nor I ever went without food; and I can remember seeing her pore over a letter which she showed to some persons with whom we travelled for a day or two. What had become of it when she died?"

Lance shook his head dubiously, and reflected awhile.

"If you think it will make you happier for inquiries to be set afloat——"

"If! At present there is a barrier betwixt us and respectability. Should we determine to leave here and seek employment elsewhere, what shall we answer when asked who we are? Outcasts only saved from pauperism by the affection of a half-witted girl and the charity of an aged woman. A noble recommendation, truly!"

Still Lance meditated, and the sisters watched him

with much anxiety. But Mrs. Glenwood was returning, and what he had to say must be said quickly.

"Putting myself in your place, I feel that I should think and act as you do. But my opinion is that the best way to go to work will be to hark back; to try and find out where Manon started from."

"Yes, yes!" cried Lucie eagerly. "She was well known in the village, for the *curé* met us as we were walking to the coach, and stopped to wish her a pleasant journey, and the people at the mill waved their caps and shouted adieu."

"A woman well known and respected in some French village ought to be traced without much difficulty. There is a long lapse of years to contend with, certainly, but it shall be tried. Have patience till you hear from me again."

He could not say more, for Mrs. Glenwood had slipped her hand through his arm, and was questioning the faces of the sisters. Had she done wrong in permitting herself to be detained so long, or had Lance preserved his self-control and thus avoided a premature engagement?

He shook the hand of Claire, raised Lucie's to his lips with a glance that made her thrill with bashful surprise and joy, escorted his aunt back to the gates of the Lodge, and was gone before she had decided whether she ought or ought not to have apprised him of the loss of her ring, and Claire's connection with it.

Just as abruptly did he burst into the drawing-room at St. Leonards, where Mrs. Balfour and Elfedra were sitting, with the lamp turned down and their books closed, that they might watch the moon rise over the sea.

Dr. Balfour was not with them. He had been suddenly recalled to Mincester by a note from the architect superintending some extensive repairs to the school-house. His wife and daughter were to follow on the morrow.

"That is, we shall go as far as Glenwood," Elfedra explained. "From thence Percy will be our escort."

Her brother's brown eyes sparkled.

"You are going to the Lodge? That's well. Mother"—and he put his hands lightly around Mrs. Balfour's waist and looked in her faded but still handsome face—"I want your help. I have undertaken a task which I cannot execute alone. I have neither the time to devote to it, nor the tact and patience it will require; but you—I can depend on you to aid me. When have you ever refused me anything in reason?"

With a tender smile, she leaned forward and kissed her son's lips.

"I want work, Lance; the busier I am, the better I feel, so your request comes opportunely. What would you have me do for you?"

"Help me to trace out the parentage of Claire and Lucie Eldridge."

(To be continued.)

THE ANATOMY OF SELF-CONCEIT.

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL.



HERE are degrees and diplomas which cannot be won at the Universities. A little success in study is often a hindrance to their acquisition. It is only in that College of Life, where the lesson-books are trouble, failure, and disappointment, that a man deeply and devoutly learns to think little and truly of himself. No haste is possible in this study. No tutor is of service. The heart must ponder life's realities in God's very presence to master this lesson. Oxford or Cambridge may help us to write M.A. after our names; but only God Himself, in the College of Life, can teach us how truly to write the personal pronoun "I." Even after that is learnt, it only needs a few chapters of success to make us soon forget our attainments.

A French writer has said "he is obliged to conclude that amidst all the conspicuous inequalities of life, God has made the most equal distribution of judgment and common sense. For men are seldom satisfied either with their property, health, position in life, or even personal appearance; but they are always consoling themselves with this reflection: 'Well, whatever else I have not, at least I am not wanting in common sense'"—a faculty which, perhaps, is not quite so common.

The Israelites, in their manifold wrong-doings, always found the cause to be in Aaron or some one else, never in themselves. To-day the man who loses his situation, or fails in the examination room, or takes the wrong step in politics, or produces a dispute in the family or church, or invests and loses property—how readily such a man finds an excuse in the conduct of others, and in circumstances, rather than in himself. How seldom we hear men say, "I have been careless, impulsive, unwise, indolent; I am only reaping the results of my own folly." We scan heaven and earth for the causes of our failure when we should look simply into our own hearts. Excuse-making is as old as Eve. A man has learned much who has learned not to think too highly of himself. He is truly brave who dares first tax self with the results of past folly.

Self-conceit (like all other vices) is the misdirection and perversion of a force and quality in itself good. Self-interest, self-respect, self-reverence, are most essential for our culture and

well-being. No one will adhere to the man who abandons himself. But out of the necessary principle of self-reverence comes often a mistaken and ignorant view both of self and others. We have only to ask the meaning of such words as pride, self-love, arrogance, self-esteem, haughtiness, bigotry, persecution, to see how wide the ramifications and results of self-conceit may be.

The parent of self-conceit is generally ignorance; its home the paradise of fools. Like Mammon, who ever kept his eyes bent downward, and could not look up, conceit always looks beneath, and never sees beyond or above self. Sometimes conceit is a parasite, borne on the exterior of noblest efforts and highest graces. There may be conceit of principle, of fortitude, of goodness, and even of religion itself. The very tree of life may have its parasite.

The man who reforms abuses is often obliged to wear an attitude of self-assertion and to face a constant opposition. Unless such a man is very watchful, he may come at length to assert *himself*, and forget the *principle* he is contending for. He comes to love protesting and fighting rather than to grieve over the necessity which occasions it. The creed of such a man is often held, it has been well said, "less because it is in the Bible than because *he* finds it there."

Hence it is that many good and earnest people have a manner sour, unpleasant, and forbidding; wanting in ease, sweetness, and light; making their principles to be disliked and shunned rather than to be admired and imitated. "Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest." "Honey catches more flies than vinegar." There is no unloveliness or pugnacity in light. It enables others to see, but it does not see itself. Christ was a Reformer, but He was like the sunshine that smiles upon you, and hides the sun in the very fulness of light.

There is a difference between asserting a principle and advertising ourselves. We never can serve God by making our fellows miserable for our own sakes rather than for His sake. If we have special lessons to urge in the fields of religion, temperance, or politics, let us be careful how we seem to publish our own superior excellence, with an unloveliness and egotism which can only make us disagreeable and disliked, and bring our good cause into contempt. This is a danger to which earnest enthusiasts are particularly liable.

Meanwhile, self-reverence and self-reliance must be wisely fostered. No greater torture can a man endure than to feel that he cringes and shrinks away from life's converse and conflict. Self-

reverence should be to human character as the salt to the ocean; or, as Dr. Holmes well says, "as the unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables it to shed the rain that falls on it, and the wave into which it dips." To lose self-reverence would be like getting the bird's feathers soaked through—then it never would fly again.

Every circle needs its *centre*. Only little-minded people are like circles which are all centre and point, and little circumference. A fixed centre, true and firm, then vast and ever increasing circles sweeping round it—this is the symbol of the reliant and generous mind.

Self-conceit has two special infirmities. The first is a singular blindness. It is never able to see itself. In this particular it has been said that humility and conceit are alike. It is only part of the truth. Humility, like the eye, does not see herself, but then, like the eye, she never *looks* at herself, and never will; but conceit is for ever looking at itself, and *yet* never dreams of its own existence. It even admires itself and does not know it. Beautifully did the wise old Greeks say that the lovely youth Narcissus resisted every charm, until he came to look in a still and clear pool. It shone like a mirror. In it he saw his own beautiful form, and fell in love with it, thinking it a deity. That love, necessarily unrequited, was his death, as all self-love must ever be. Such self-love always remains unconscious of its own blindness, and busies itself with finding out others' faults, without ever attempting to pity, much less to cure them.

A second infirmity of conceit is its inherent poverty—poverty of blood, which cannot be enriched. No man is so poor as he who is so satisfied with himself or his work that he has no noble desire to be or do better. Delight with present attainment is largely fatal to further effort. Noble discontent with self is a right stimulus to loftier attainment.

Conceit will sometimes delight itself in its poverty—wishing to *seem* nothing, only that it may be thought the more of. There have been those who have indulged in habitual silence, assuming a clever look (no one can be as clever as some persons can look), thus hoping to be thought wise. Studied reticence, broken at intervals with brief mysterious utterance, is one of the guises conceit is pleased to wear. How difficult it is to be simple and natural! How beautiful realness and naturalness are, and how powerful, we only fully appreciate when such a life as Gordon's is lifted into conspicuous admiration.

Pride is really at the bottom of all our mistakes. Self is, after all, our one chief enemy. The great lesson of the four Gospels and of Christ's life is this: that the eye which is full of its own light has no room for, or need of, Christ. Christ cannot benefit a Pharisee. Hence it is that Christ

promises so much to the child spirit, and sets the child spirit so high in His Kingdom. Cleverness and much knowledge will often make sceptics and self-worshippers. Only much humbleness of mind can open up to us Christ's truth. Phidias when engaged on his famous statue of Minerva inserted his portrait on part of the shield. The Athenians punished the man who thus "profaned" their "goddess." Whenever we venture to write ourselves into the Gospels—to say, like Naaman, "*I thought*," rather than humbly inquire what God thinks—we are self-banished from truth and God's deeper mind. The prodigal went wrong when he began to think much of his rights. He came *right* when he felt he had no rights. When he thought much of himself, he lost himself. When he thought nothing of himself, he came both to himself and to his father. The elder brother said he was so good, "he had never transgressed." If he never had transgressed before, he surely did when he so boasted of his goodness.

Conceit, then, is a most subtle mischief: it is blind and poor—a barrier and hindrance to all possible improvement. Yet how often we indulge in this self-worship. How common the utterance, "*I saw what was coming*," "*I took the matter in hand*," "*I used my influence*," "*I*" first and last, like the Athenian who said, "In this fortune had no part," and never prospered afterwards. Not in vain for us should be those old-world legends of one trying to drive the chariot of the sun and setting the world on fire, and of another seeking to fly heavenward with self-made wings, and thus working his ruin. The pursuit of knowledge must be carefully watched, lest it minister to this sin. It was the tree of *knowledge* that seduced our first parents; and the light still shrivels the wing of many a moth. We have only to remember how much there is we do not know, and how truly humble the greatest minds have ever been, to guard against this enemy.

Conceit often lurks under dogmatism and persistency about our own opinions and judgments. When the Florentine magistrate came to look at Michael Angelo's statue of David, he declared it was splendid, with one exception, "the nose was too large." The sculptor said it was quite as it should be, but the magistrate was so sure it was too large, that the sculptor took hammer and chisel, and seemed to reduce it, but in truth only let some chippings fall he had carried up with him. He had never really touched it. "Now," said the magistrate, "it is perfection." Few persons but have met with similar proofs of the egotism of conceit and its blind folly.

In the most critical hours of life conceit will work us sad mischief. For all of us there will come times critical—sad, dark times, when intricate problems face us, and with eager outlook we ask, "What does this mean?" "What ought I to do?"

Such events are like locks we are trying to open. All life's best is locked away from us, and we are trying our different keys to obtain access to our wish and treasure. *Pride* says, "Let me try my key," but it will not turn, it is so stiff. *Selfishness* tries her key, but it is too big to go in. *Vanity* tries hers, but it is so manifestly bigger still, it is folly to try it. *Temper* is in such a hurry she cannot get her key in. *Conceit* is so blind she cannot find the key-hole. Then comes lowly *Love*,

with her two sweet sisters, Modesty and Humility, and to them the door, the secret, the teaching, and the will of God, all lie open. Well says Mr. Ruskin, "The Temple in Ezekiel's vision was measured with the reed and the line of flax, both born of the lowly grass, because only humility and love can either measure the lowliest goodness here or the loftiest glory yonder."

Vanity makes man ridiculous; conceit makes him contemptible.

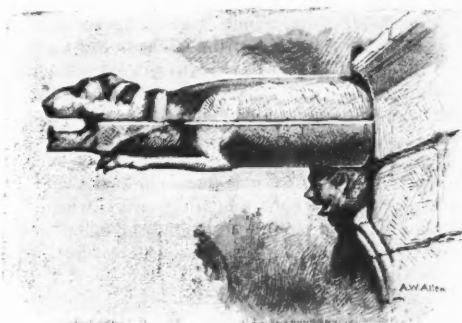
CONCERNING GARGOYLES.



IN the same way that the old masters placed the likeness of a friend here and a foe there in the various groups of figures in their compositions, we may be sure mediæval sculptors occasionally pleased themselves or

revenged themselves in the resemblances they threw into their treatment of the gargoyle. Many a time, we may be sure, the long stone that was to do duty as a spout to carry off the rain has been shaped, with subtle touches and aggrieved heart and resentful skill, to represent in some outward form an ill-dominating influence in the sculptor's life, albeit the general outline was that of a grotesque animal or bird only; and quite as often some conical resemblance may

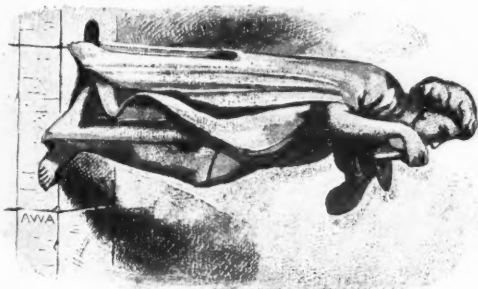
faithful resemblance. As a rule, no two gargoyles were ever produced alike; hence there was scope for a numerous army of sculptors, notwithstanding these ornamented spouts were not in use in Gothic architecture before the



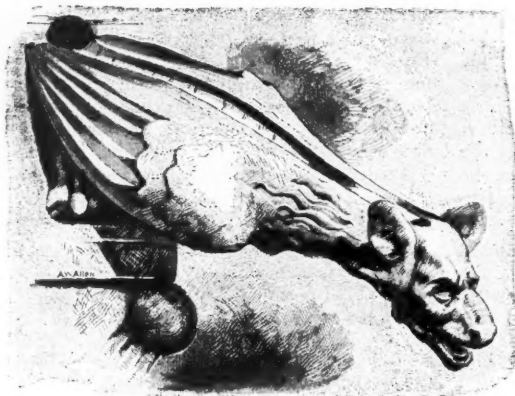
thirteenth century. In the old Greek temples there were veritable lion-headed gargoyles, but the need of them must have fallen into disregard, for, as we have said, they were not introduced in mediæval buildings till the thirteenth century.

Some of the earliest gargoyles are made in two pieces, the lower one containing the channel for the water, and the upper one forming the cover. These are simple in form, and generally possess dog-like or toad-like profiles. They are short and robust compared to the elongation of those of a later date. Gradually sculptors recognised the value of these objects as vehicles for their choicest skill, and architects made use of them to break the severity of their outlines. Complete figures of animals clinging with their claws to the cornice, with their necks

outstretched to the uttermost, so that the water passing through them should fall as far as possible from the walls, proved to be both useful and



have been given good-naturedly as Mr. Marks depicted in one of his best paintings, and as frequently some loved face has been idealised in



ornamental. Long blocks of stone were chosen for this purpose, and carved with all the artistic merit of the period. Occasionally we find winged demons amongst the strange creatures invented at this time. In the choir of the Cathedral of Clermont, for instance, there is a winged demon holding in its arms a small nude human figure. The channel passes along its back, and then enters its head to enable the rain-water to come out of its open mouth. Eventually the opportunity was seized to introduce more beautiful forms, and human figures holding ewers, whence issued the water, were substituted, in many instances, for the fierce and strange creatures of earlier times.

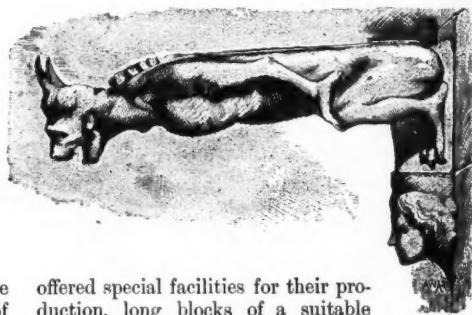
Here is Melrose Abbey, with a bright blue sky above it and bright green grass among the tombstones around it. Looking down upon the frayed arches, the carved doorways, the canopied niches, the ruined cloisters, the array of buttresses and pinnacles, finials, and stone foliage, are rows of gargoyles stretching out from the eaves. They have gaping mouths for the water to run out of, and are altogether strange and weird. One of them, always pointed out to strangers, represents a sow playing on a bagpipe.

In ancient fortresses the gargoyle was often made in the likeness of a portion of a small cannon, and the waters came out of the mouth of it. Here is Alnwick Castle. There is the same blue in the sky, the same green in the grass as at Melrose this sunny day; there is the same toned and tooled masonry, telling of centuries of sunshine and storms; only, whereas Melrose is uncovered to the firmament, there is the difference here that all the towers and turrets, as well as the superb keep, are well kept, the paved paths through the closely cut grass in the inner courts are well swept, and order reigns. From the outer entrance, or barbican, with its

two strong towers, there departs down the hill towards the river a high stone curtain-wall, wind-swept and worn, but still in perfect repair, having clearly marked in its masonry three different periods of construction. For about eight feet in height there is a length of very rough, weather-worn ancient work, probably part of the first enclosure made when the fortress was founded, in the old, old times before it belonged to the Percys. On this is raised another eight feet of masonry, the stones of which are smaller and more compact than those below; and on this extra height thus gained is raised an embattled parapet, which runs the whole length of the wall till it reaches a garret or turret, and then on again,

with merlon and embrasure, stepping up and down, till it comes to a large square tower of three storeys, called the Abbot's Tower. The gargoyles, in the form of half cannons, project from the moulding of a cornice below this long line of Plantagenet embattlement. There are nine of them, at tolerably equal distances from each other. The storm waters they were meant to discharge must have fallen into the moat below, now filled in. They are imitated in a modern length of walling, built in the last century, in another part of the castle, with the usual exaggeration of size found in such reproductions of ancient features.

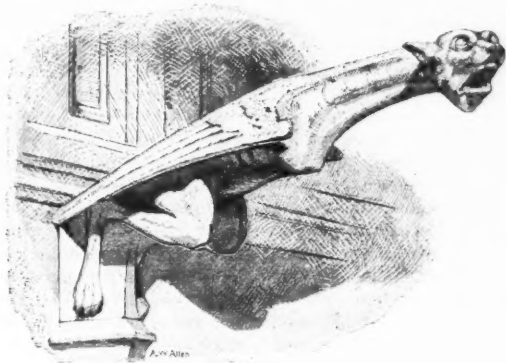
French examples of gargoyles—*gargouilles* they are called—are very numerous on ecclesiastical buildings and on chateaux. A particular kind of stone in the district of the Seine, *luis cliquard*,



offered special facilities for their production, long blocks of a suitable size being easily procurable. M. Viollet-le-Duc tells us they are, however, rare in Burgundy and in the centre and south of France. In the few instances in which they are to be seen there, they were introduced by northern architects, as in the Cathedrals of Clermont, Limoges, Carcassonne, and Narbonne. In

Normandy, he adds, where hard stone is uncommon, gargoyles were short, seldom sculptured, or often wanting altogether, the storm-waters being allowed to fall from the roof to the ground

without channels of any kind. Very rarely they were made of metal, but never of terra-cotta. In Toulouse there are several brick buildings furnished with stone gargoyles. S. W.



HER CHILDREN BY ADOPTION.

A SKETCH IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS," "SELINA'S STORY,"
"DR. BLANDFORD'S CONSCIENCE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.—ALONE IN THE WORLD.

MISS LIGHTWOOD, of No. 9, Beech Grove, Laxtow, was a recently emancipated governess. She was new to freedom and new to housekeeping, and delicious as was the draught with which her cup of life had been newly filled, she felt embarrassed by the situation after the novelty had worn off.

As a penniless orphan she had been early left, by relatives who cared very little about her, to fight her own battle with the world. The capital she had to trade with was chiefly invested in a fair amount of health and spirit, and the good education that had been afforded her, in the hope that by its aid she might get along without making any further claims.

She was independent enough and self-reliant enough to allay any apprehensions her friends might entertain on that score. Once fairly launched, she found that but little notice was taken of her. It was perhaps considered impolitic to show her too much favour, and so she held on the even tenor of her way from eighteen to forty years of age, with little expectation that the next twenty years, if she lived, would bring her deliverance from the thralldom of a scholastic routine.

What would become of her when she was too old to teach she dared not allow herself to think. Her

savings, one year with another, never amounted to much, and it only needed a short spell of sickness, or a temporary loss of employment, greatly to reduce the little fund she had reserved for a rainy day.

Yes, she was alone in the world, but she was too busy during the term to chew the bitter end of that reflection, and a few friendships that she valued took the place of family ties. The little girls of a large school called out a certain latent playfulness and tenderness which even the drudgery of the school-room had not been able to stifle, and the elder ones were companionable to her just in the degree that they were congenial.

But there were better things in store for Miss Lightwood than she, with a long-formed habit of expecting every day to be like the last, could have imagined. An unexpected relish was provided with her coffee and roll one morning, with the effect of immediately taking away her appetite, and sending her from the breakfast table like one stunned.

An official-looking letter lay beside her plate. Permission to open it was asked, and given with a bow, and then she learned "that Messrs. Slater and Fell, solicitors of the late Mrs. Dorothy Haggerston, of Barda Valley, held in trust for her a bequest of £300 a year at the present rate of interest on railway shares, the proprietorship of which was transferred to her by the will of the deceased, together with the house at Laxtow, which the testatrix hoped

she would occupy so long as she remained a spinster. Messrs. Slater and Fell awaited further instructions from her, and were prepared to make her any advance she might require on the money that they held in trust."

What words can express the joy and thankfulness that welled up in the heart of the patient governess when she knew of the rich provision that was made both for present and future? She might well say, "The Lord is my inheritance," for what claim had she on so good a fortune?

Mrs. Haggerston had been one of her early patrons. Between herself and the child she was engaged to teach was a strong affection, and deeply did Miss Lightwood sympathise with the fond mother when her only darling began to droop, and, after several months of weakness and pain, was laid to her rest with the quiet dead, at the time of the year when sweet Michaelmas daisies and forget-me-nots were brightening the grassy mounds around her.

Her occupation gone, Miss Lightwood had soon removed herself to another sphere of labour, and though she kept up a friendly correspondence with Mrs. Haggerston, and sometimes spent the long vacation with her, she had no idea of such a regard on that lady's part as would influence her in the making of her will.

It was not presumptuous to think that the great Disposer of all things, Who has the hearts of all men in His keeping, and turns them whichever way He will, had remembered her for good, leading her into a green pasture by a way that she knew not of.

After practising for years the cheerful acceptance of things as they are, that becomes the "stranger within the gates," it was a rare pleasure to Miss Lightwood to be entering on the possession of a house and adapting her environments to her own tastes and requirements. She had hardly realised before that she had any. She felt a little new to household occupations part of the day, and long leisure during the remainder; but the leisure was what she had coveted, and the staid Abigail—who offered herself for the place because there were no children—was the soul of order and punctiliousness, waiting upon her with a deference that showed she had seen good service. Still Miss Lightwood felt a want. Those sorrowful words, "Alone in the world," echoed and pulsed through her soul, there in her comfortable home, as they had never done in the bare, hard-seated schoolroom, filled with restless young creatures, who had numberless interests of their own in which she could not share.

Miss Lightwood had a good field around her in which to work, and yet after visiting her district and making her eyes ache at the sewing meeting, she would fall asleep in her chair during the evening because she had no one to speak to. She could not enjoy the full flavour of her comforts, because there was no one near to whom she could say, "Drink with me, for there is enough and to spare."

One evening, however, she went to a meeting, where the cause of destitute children was to be advocated—the little waifs and strays of our large cities who are growing up either to fill our gaols or to people our colonies and increase our commerce, according as they are left to themselves, or taken by the hand and planted in a congenial soil.

The speaker was himself the father of a Children's Home.

Miss Lightwood put half a sovereign into her muff-purse and went to hear him. She thought, as the man told the story of his search on bitter nights for the waifs and strays whom he found in the very extreme of forlornness and misery, and of the success which by God's blessing attended home nursing and discipline, and a loving Christian education, that he had the face of an angel, and it seemed as if the great depths of her own nature were broken up into fountains of pity and tenderness. Ah! what a work was to be done, and how few there were to do it! She returned to her home thoughtful. Why should not she adopt a little child? take on herself the burden of just one of these little ones who were perishing, because the will of the Father in Heaven concerning them was darkly read by childless women who sat at ease, forgetful that their capacities for loving were never meant to be a sealed fountain; but to be unloosed for divine uses, and sent flowing through the desert of this world, that the thirsty and weary might drink the waters not sought by those who had no need?

Miss Lightwood felt that she could not take such a step without risk, but then if no one would risk anything for the little ones! With another to think of and to care for, her life would be transfigured, her solitude blossom like a rose. Love would beget love, and the provision her heavenly Father had made for her in the autumn of her days, would enrich and provide for another sheep of His pasture. So unexpected as it was, it was only right that it should be shared.

The angular, stiff old maid in the kitchen wondered what her mistress could be thinking of to do the absent-minded things she did this day or two. She would have wondered more if she could have seen her eccentricities out-of-doors. She could not pass a toy-shop without looking wistfully into the window, an event which usually ended in her going in and purchasing some juvenile treasure, as bashfully as a young man purchases his first valentine.

Her visit to the gentleman whose plea for the children had touched her heart and put a good thought into her mind, was not made without careful consideration and counting of the cost. She had prayed earnestly for guidance and for help. When she made known to him her errand, handing him at the same time a letter from her rector as a voucher of her trustworthiness, his face rippled over with satisfaction, because here was a green pasture offered for another of his lambs.

"But you will let me choose among as many as I

can," said Miss Lightwood tremulously. "I have been used to children. There are great differences among those of a better class, so there must be among these. If I had not a gentle, refined nature to deal with, the plan might not work happily. Though I am willing to take the little one for better, for worse, I should like to know there was a fair chance of better. Perhaps, as you are a medical man, you would let me know what the health possibilities are, and not leave me to choose my little life-companion in the dark. You will think me very selfish, but I promise you I will do my best for the child; I only want good material to work upon."

"Indeed, you are very sensible. Our knowledge is necessarily limited, but I will not knowingly burden you with any likely candidate for a hospital or a lunatic-asylum."

"The contract is like marriage; after you are once pledged to your charge, you must keep to her, in sickness and in health. You do well to consider before you finally commit yourself. I have now on my hands two little ladies, daughters of a veritable member of the aristocracy, who died of drink on the floor of a police-cell. These children have bitter memories and sweet stored in their little minds. The great care of their guardians must be to make them forget the past. I think it might answer well for you to adopt one. Six weeks ago I dared not have let you see them; but good matronage and medical care have removed the traces of neglect. At present they are both very delicate; but they will, with good management, get well as time goes on. There is nothing to be afraid of, only let them be brought up carefully, and to avoid the drug that destroyed their mother. I will call them in."

Miss Lightwood looked earnestly at the pale faces of the recently rescued children; one about eight years of age, the other six. Both of the little faces told a tale; yet the well-shaped heads, the regular features, and clear though pathetic eyes, promised a rich return for the kind of nurture and education she was prepared to bestow on them.

As they looked at her they clung to each other, in evident dread of any change.

"It seems a pity to separate them," murmured Miss Lightwood. The doctor said nothing; but noted the signs of an emotion which made her face pale one moment, and flushed it the next.—"What are your names, my little girls?"

"I am Lucy Everest," said the elder.

"They call me Jane," said the younger one.

"If you will allow me," said Miss Lightwood to the doctor, "I will adopt them both."

A child needs a companion. How was it that it had not occurred to her from the first to adopt two? It would be better for herself; there would be more variety, and she would be spared the necessity of making herself into the playfellow of an only child. Besides, two sisters ought not to be separated.

CHAPTER II.—THE HOUSE BECOMES A HOME.

MISS LIGHTWOOD completed her arrangements for her foster-children with a nervous kind of flutter at her heart. She blushed as if she were confessing to a crime, when she told her maid that two little ladies were coming to Beech Grove that week, and that they were not visitors; they were wards of hers, and would live with her.

"Are they a sister's children?" rejoined the maid gloomily, losing her respect in a deep sense of personal injury.

Miss Lightwood hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, they are a sister's children."

"I ought to have known before I engaged here; I'd no objection to your having a friend come for company now and then; but you said, exceptin' them there'd only be our two selves."

"These children are left orphans. Many things happen that we cannot foresee," replied Miss Lightwood; "but you can easily make a change, if you are not suited, Sarah."

The Abigail thought she would not give warning until she had seen whether the place was worth having after these upsetting youngsters came.

A few days after Miss Lightwood went to London and returned with them in a cab. There had been a great fuss made about their reception, the maid thought, and she wondered that the children had such a quiet, scared look. They hung back as if they were afraid, even in the cosy sitting-room, where the cat and the tea-kettle were alike singing them a welcome, and little chairs were placed for them near the fire.

But these children of misfortune gained confidence as the evening wore on. Was it a dream, that beautiful little bed-room, with the nice large painted bath in it, the pictures, and the pretty white-draped bed, all for their very own? The toys, the picture-books, the dolls that for so long had passed out of their life! Visions returned to them of the school-room and the nursery they had lived in at home, before their troubles came; their pretty young governess, the tall, powdered footman who always accompanied them when they drove in the Park, dessert with papa and mamma. And then papa had died. He had lost all his money, it was said, and then something had dragged them down, with poor mamma, to what would always haunt their imaginations as an earthly hell.*

They had been glad when the cabmen gave them coffee, and let them sleep in their cabs, on those dreadful nights that the mother was taken by the policeman to the station-house. Such a sigh burst from the elder child's lips! Such a sigh to come from the heart of a child! Then a tear stole down her cheek; but she looked up as if in apology to

* "Impossible!" some reader may say, "from such a height to such a depth." Not at all; the story has its parallel. We have not coloured certain facts that are known to us.

Miss Lightwood, and smiled. "It's so nice to be here! We will try to be very good."

"You will make me very good," thought Miss Lightwood, "if it is true that a 'little child shall lead them.' The spell works even now."

"Why you cry? I love you," said little Jane, who was seated on her lap, as she put up her lips for a kiss. "What we going to call you?"

"Call me Madre," said Miss Lightwood, after a moment's pause. "There can be no objection; and—and—I should like it."

No longer was there a great want felt at No. 9, Beech Grove, Laxtow. It is a grand thing to have a house left to one, but even a house has not found its true mission in the world until it is made into a home. The sweet young voices that were to be heard in the hall and on the stairs were getting the clearer, keener ring of childlike liberty and joy. It reminded one of the pipe of tiny birds strengthening in the nest.

The lady of the house moved about with a face of calm content and happiness, and her domestic was sweetening like a winter apple in late autumn. What had made all the difference?

Ah! there was a little bed to visit at night! Two little unconscious brows to kiss, two little white souls, travellers through a sin-polluted world, to pray for; as their foster-mother knelt beside it, and thought how, in the long, long ago, her sleepy eyes had opened sometimes on a kneeling form, and her glowing lips had received a kiss, which became even more long and clinging, till such visits were made no more, and she was taken for her kiss into a darkened room, where a changeful breath was heard, and often an inarticulate moaning.

Ah me! how little children understand of what they see and hear!

Love lightened, too, the duties of her day, when the teaching and the training of her foster-children made no small demand upon her time and energy. Their health, too, called for great care and watchfulness on her part, in the beginning; but, like plants taken out of the cellar and put into the sunshine, they grew in strength and beauty. She beguiled them into forgetfulness of the past, and enjoined it upon them to bury its sad secrets. To their dear Madre they might unburden all their hearts; but they must not tell the story to another ear. They would know why some day. Fulfilling Peter's commission, the joy of service, of work for the Master, was very largely hers.

We should present an ideal picture if we hinted at the pleasures of motherhood without its cares. Her children gave her trouble sometimes. There were days of struggle with a fallen nature; times when they grieved her, and threatened to disappoint all the bright hopes she had been forming of them; but she knew human nature and the besetments of young children too well to expect unalloyed satisfaction. She did not expect them to be an exception to other

children who are taught line upon line, precept on precept, with here a little and there a little. She cast her bread upon the waters, in faith that she would find it after many days; nor was she disappointed.

She knew all the mingled pain and pleasure of giving in marriage, when she saw Lucy led to the altar, and gave her to one who now must have without dispute the first place in her heart. But "little Jane" was left to her, an elegant and accomplished girl, whose youth and brightness made her heart feel young, and whose many interests and cultured intelligence helped to keep the currents of thought from becoming slow and turbid.

As the wedding guests assembled at breakfast, there was heard a heavy tolling, and a long funeral procession passed down the broadest street in Laxtow.

The circumstance was unfortunate; but the guests did their best to disperse a gloom which was not occasioned by sorrow. She, who was going to her long home, so near the house where sat a bride, was one whose heart had been dead long before she yielded up her mortal life. She was a very rich woman, but she had had a disappointment when she was young, it was said, and she never got over it. No, she had never tried to get over it.

Her sealed affections were a bitter reservoir. They had poisoned her whole being, and conveyed the breath of their corruption to those around her.

She had not asked God for any palm, or wished for any, wherewith she might sweeten her Marah. From nursing an idle grief, a vain regret, she had passed into an apathetic selfishness; only energised sometimes into sarcasm and unkind suspicion. Subscription lists showed the extent of her charities; but though she gave of her money when it was asked for God's work in the world, she never gave herself—never dreamed of giving herself. The bedside of the sick poor, the cottage hearth, were not for such as she.

Her presence was almost an honour to the large, solitary pew of the church she frequented on Sabbath mornings, with her servants seated in an uncushioned one behind her.

"How unlucky that that funeral had to come off after Miss Lucy's wedding," said Sarah to her mistress when the bride had left. "It won't have spoiled the pleasure, much, of those who knew Miss Lucy, and there's nothing in signs and omens, you say. I hope I may never see the day Miss Jane goes from us. I should feel quite lost without either of them. But that Miss Ochilvie—do you know, ma'am, what was the last thing she did? Made her will over again, because she jealoused the Sinclairs at last, and thought they'd been so kind because they'd an eye on her money. And that niece of hers, Miss Clara Sinclair, that was left young without the same fortune her cousins had, and that's fair wore herself out attending of her aunt in her troublesome illness, she stung her to the quick with the cruel things she said, and she's cut her off with a mere present, poor thing, when in the other will, it's said, she'd provided for her hand-some. Oh, she must have been a miserable woman!"

Miss Lightwood shuddered. "And so might any of us be, Sarah, if we were exempted as she was from work, and never thought of making duties for ourselves, and finding out the people that needed us, just that we might do good to them."

"Such might I have been—who knows?" thought Miss Lightwood—"if it were not for the children."

"I can count upon everything with the love," said Miss Lightwood; "for love is the fulfilling of the Law. Oh, my dear Jane, if you only knew how much more you children have given me than I could ever give to you! You have enriched not one barren human life, but two. Even Sarah said it was an ill day that took away one of the young ladies, and she hopes she may



"What are we going to call you?"—p. 596.

Sarah, her old maid and gossip, was growing old and infirm; but Jane would not hear of her leaving them, and said—"Madre mia, it would hurt her to leave, and Lucy hoped with extra help from me we might be able to keep her. She did not forget her the day before she was married, though she gave me so many charges about you. I was never to let you use your eyes too much, or miss your walk when it was fine, or— But Lucy thought of everything. When I don't think, do tell me, Madre mia, for you know I love you as dearly, if I am not quite as wise as she was."

never see your wedding-day. Let that be as it may, I have my children's hearts, and the love contents me."

"But all the love you reap you sowed, Madre mia. How much harder life must have been to Lucy and me if you had not adopted us! I am not allowed to refer to it, but do forgive me this once for mentioning what it is good for me to have often in my thoughts—even the rock from which I was hewn, while I bless the hand that—guided by God—took me out of it."

THE MOUNT OF THE LORD.

SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS. THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM. PART II.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

THE STEPS UP TO IT.



WILL say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and Fortress, my God; in Him will I trust.

Here the reader sighs, perhaps, "Ah, it is a long way up to such blessedness as that. I—poor, dull, unworthy I—cannot presume to seek such a privilege." But look: the scene changes altogether. Away at the entrance of the valley there stands the castle; the high towers from which the banners wave; the ramparts where valiant men in armour pace watchfully; the battressed walls, and moat and guarded entrance; and within these are the royal apartments where dwells the King with his lords and knights. We, alas! are afar off. Not for us a home like that. But some day the foe sweeps across the country, bringing ruin and death wherever they come. Behind them the sky is ruddy with the fires of the destroyer. Then poor peasants fly from their lowly homesteads—fathers with lads and maidens, mothers with their little ones. Whither shall these helpless ones hurry? Why, to the castle, of course. What is the good of a refuge if it is only for valiant knights and mighty men? It is on purpose for the weak, the little, the helpless. The foe shall find only massive walls and the deep moat, and soldiers who stand ready to receive them; but for these helpless ones there is a postern gate, low down within their reach, where they can find entrance and safety.

A home in God! I may fear to say so much as that. But here is the door within my reach—"I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge." Think not that our glorious God is for communion with the holy angels only, a home for lofty saints and heroes in His service. He stoops to thee and me; and because we are weak and helpless and in peril, we can find in Him our Refuge.

Here may each begin. *My Refuge.* Think of the foes that pursue us. Out of that past come the troops of things undone, half done, ill done, the passing wish, the evil thought, the hasty word, the influence for ill. These things cry out against us and follow us. That past cannot be buried, cannot be hushed or hidden—it lives and chases us. There is a refuge and fortress. It is in Christ the Lord. He hath borne our sins in His own Body on the tree. He by the grace of God hath tasted death for every man. He hath redeemed us from the curse of the Law being made a curse for us. He is my Refuge—a Refuge even as when the great rock in

the desert lifts itself up and catches the fierceness of the noonday sun, the fiery darts, that it may cast its cool and refreshing shade over those who rest in its hollow places. Or as when the little fishing boats lie safe within the harbour, because the rocky cliffs rise up and catch the beat of furious seas that dash with thunder, and hurl the showers of spray far up the sides. Or as when the massive walls catch the spear and arrow and let them fall dented and broken to the ground that the weak ones within the stronghold may be safe. So hath the Lord, Who is my Refuge, given Himself for my deliverance and safety. He hath met, and by His own death He hath for ever silenced my foes. And now "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Over all the past there goes the hush of God's forgiveness. "I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge."

But do not put a full stop there. At once there comes the next step—*My Refuge and Fortress.* A refuge is the place in which I hide from my sins. A fortress is where I turn to fight them. Make the Lord thy Refuge, and then at once up the steps and on to the ramparts—and my Fortress. Let me run from my sins till I find my Lord; but in Him, as my impregnable Stronghold, let me defy them all. There, soul, is the secret of victory. Outside the Refuge thou art ruined, but inside the Fortress thou art conqueror. Sin may summon thee to surrender, and sound the trumpet, and bend the bow, and talk exceeding proudly, but my Lord is my Fortress. Then let me boldly claim the victory. In Him it is mine to live with a defiance of my foes. It is ours to put the glorious Lord Himself—His grace and His power—as the walls of the Fortress between us and our sins. Ill-temper, hasty speech, fretting, foreboding, pride, envy, indolence, love of the world, of gain, of self, and every other evil thing, now may we claim the victory over them all, since the Lord is our Fortress! Of thyself and in thyself nothing, willing to be weak, a very coward outside the Refuge; but in Him daring to expect and claim a constant conquest, since the Lord is thy Helper. "Without Me ye can do nothing." Right gladly do we acknowledge it, gracious Master. Thou art our Refuge. But we can do all things through Christ, Who strengtheneth us; THOU ART OUR FORTRESS.

*I will say of the Lord, He is my—*there is much in that. We lose much because it lives only in suggestion, in vague thought, in passing desire. The truth wants to be grasped with a resolute grip; to be fixed and riveted by a word that gathers up all the soul and utters it. Say it now,

I—there must be the personal assertion ; *I will*—there must be resoluteness ; *I will say*—let there be the determined expression ; *I will say of the Lord, He is my*—there must be a personal claiming and possession. Say it, then, soul, say it yet again, keep saying it. To speak the thing is often to turn a thought into desire, and desire into purpose, and purpose itself into half possession—here and now it may be into full possession. *I will say of the Lord, He is my Refuge and Fortress.*

But the full-stop is not yet. From the ramparts I am led within the royal apartments. And, lo ! the Lord bringeth me into the Banqueting Chamber, and there, beneath the banner of His love, I learn to rest in the secret place, and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, I, even I, am bold to say, MY GOD.

My God ! Each heart must unlock for itself the wonderful wealth and fulness that are hidden in these words. We cannot come to say them as the result of cold argument or exposition. These can only point us on toward the secret place. This glad possession is born only of communion, heart union, as when God made His goodness to pass before Moses it was that he cried, "My Lord !" It comes of contact, as when the finger rested on the very wound-print, and the hand was laid upon that sacred side ; then Thomas's soul leapt forth with this glad utterance, "My Lord, and my God !" It is a knowledge of a love in which God gives Himself to me—all mine. And I by the sweet constraint of love's own interchange give myself up to Him. My God ! It is to find in Him my perfect satisfaction, to delight in His Law, to serve Him in the Almightyness of His help, to lie down in His care, to dwell in the safety and blessedness of His presence, and to look up for the gladness of a communion with Him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.

My God—words that seem too daring for any human lips : too great a boast for any man. And yet I may speak it. I, who found in Him but yesterday my Refuge, and who came seeking in Him only my Fortress, may boldly claim His fulness for my own. I can lose my fear and feebleness and want in Him, like a drop of rain that falls into the sea ; and I possess Him in His infinite fulness. Come, timid child, wilt thou say it ?—My God. Tremblingly, perhaps, at first, but say it. Ah, if thou wilt hide in the clefts of the Rock, and wait and muse, the words shall well up from thine heart. Thou canst say of the Lord, He is my Refuge. Tarry here, then, and gaze upon the Crucified. Thinkest thou that the cross is the glorious token of how God *once* loved the world—

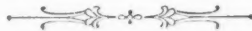
as if it swept and surged about the world, a very flood of love, that left here its pledge and measure, whilst the love itself was withdrawn into the bosom of our God ? Nay, the cross is the token, the pledge, the measure of an everlasting love. That, in all its agony of desire and unutterable eagerness to help and to bless, is the declaration of how God feels towards the world to-day. "The world." Dost thou sigh, thinking, "Yes, to the world—a pity moved by a mass of suffering in which I am but one !" Nay, God's love is perfect. If He love thee at all, He can only love thee with *all* His love. Love cannot be shared. It is all in all or not at all. It is everything or nothing. Our love—misled, deceived, too passionate, and then forgetful—partakes of human frailty. Yet is it a thing almost divine, infinite, immortal, defying force. Think then of the great, deep, perfect love of God—all thine. As if He had no other heart on which to bestow His love. "My God," thou mayest say right boldly, "as if I were His only child. His power mine, all mine, as if the Everlasting Arms were only for my protection. His wisdom mine, as if it were busied with nothing but the guidance of my steps. He mine, as if I were His universe, and He my God."

But is not this the essence of selfishness, of greediness, forgetting others in the vastness of my claim ? Ah, this is the glory of our God. Here greediness is consecrated. Here am I exhorted to covet earnestly, for covetousness itself is ennobled. The more of earth I have, the less others may call their own. But the more of God I have, the more shall others have as theirs. Love and truth and goodness cannot be hoarded. They live by blessing like God's sun by shining.

In Him will I trust—of course, and irresistibly. Faith cannot be forced ; it must be won. It is a poor trust that lives by argument. Here is faith's birth-place and home—in knowing Him. "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep"—that is the cry of faith. With such mighty power and such tender care about us, we trust because we cannot help it, without effort, almost without consciousness of trusting, lying down in the Everlasting Arms of love. So then I will give myself with a glad abandonment to Him Who is my God. All things that come I will take from Him, in everything sure of His love. All things I have I will use for Him, making His good things better by His service.

"Let good or ill befall,

It must be good for me :
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee."



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

NO. 23. THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

To read—*St. John iv. 43—54.*



THE SICK SON. (Read 43—46.)

This nobleman, probably one of courtiers (see margin) of Herod Antipas, ruler of Galilee (called Tetrarch, Luke iii. 1). What trouble was he in? Had probably tried many doctors; got best advice, but his son grew worse.

Sickness always sad thing in a house, but still more sad to see sick boy lying pale, unable to move, instead of running about, making house merry.

LESSONS. (1) *Sorrow comes to all*—to rich and mighty as well as poor and humble. Childhood not always bright—times of sadness, sickness, sorrow—make us remember this world not our home. (2) *Sympathy*. When hear of any one ill, learn to feel for them—if in same house move quietly, so as not to disturb—all can pray for them.

II. THE BELIEVING FATHER. (Read 47—54.) Of whom did he hear? Christ's miracles much talked about. What did they show? His wonderful *power*—to be able to do such great works—proved He was indeed God's Son. Also showed His great *love*—willing to live among men, and do so many deeds of kindness. So what did the nobleman do? Left his anxious household—went off at once to Christ. What did he ask Him to do? Will He come to his house—see his poor boy, and heal him? What did Christ answer? He knew what was in the father's heart—that he had at present but little faith. Again the father implores him to come. His child was dying—will not Christ come quickly? He *does* believe in Christ's power—so Christ tests his faith. What does He say? "Thy son liveth." Can it be true? Can picture him looking up at Jesus as He speaks—reading His face—seeing perfect truth written there—faith fills his heart—it *is* true—his son lives. So the father returns home. Whom does he see on the way? How eagerly the servants will hurry to meet him. What do they say? Ay—he knows that already—but he does not know the hour at which he began to get better. What hour was it? So he tells his news to the servants—goes home—tells his wife and all the others. What is the result? They all believe. But what do they believe? In Christ's power—Christ's love—in Christ Himself.

LESSON. We call ourselves Christians, say we believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son. How do we show our faith? Without works faith is dead (James ii. 26). Must *live* as Christians—be humble, holy, patient, obedient as Christ was—like Him in word and deed.

TEXT. *Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father.*

NO. 24. THE LAD WITH THE LOAVES.

To read—*St. John vi. 1—14.*

I. THE LAD'S LOAVES GIVEN. (Read 1—9.) A well-known story. The time, the second year of Christ's ministry—near the time of the Passover, *i.e.*, early summer. People collecting from villages to go up in companies to Jerusalem to keep the feast. Large multitudes follow Christ. Had seen His miracles of healing, blind made to see, lame to walk, etc. Probably brought sick with them now—stayed all day till evening. (See Matt. xiv. 15.)

They must not go away fainting, or might regret having come to Christ. Whom does Jesus ask about it? Because Philip belonged to these parts. Now Andrew speaks of the same place. (John i. 44.)

What does he say? So the lad comes forward—perhaps servant of Peter and Andrew. How much has he? Not much—just enough for the twelve disciples—but he gives all at once to Christ—willingly, cheerfully—presently has his reward.

LESSON. *Blessing of a little service*. Let each child think—what can I give to Christ? A visit to cheer a sick child or old person—a kind act done to a companion. All such will be accepted because of willing mind. (2 Cor. viii. 12.)

II. THE LAD'S LOAVES BLESSED. (Read 10—14.) Question on the familiar story, so as to bring out the following lessons. (1) *Order*. Where did the people sit, and how? Not merely for convenience of reaching all, but that all might be done orderly. Picture the disciples going up and down the rows—handing the food out of the baskets—returning to Christ for fresh supplies. (2) *Thanks*. What did Christ do before giving out the food? Thus God acknowledged as the Giver of all good things—without His blessing even food will not profit—He must be thanked even for commonest daily mercies. (3) *Thrift*. What was to be done with the pieces? Thus showing the sin of waste. How much was left? More than there was at first! What a wonderful miracle! The lad's few loaves were indeed blessed.

LESSON. *Use well what we have*. This applies both to things of the body and soul. What has God given for the *body*? Health, strength, understanding, intelligence, etc. If these used well, as God's gifts turned to good account, shall prosper—as Christ grew older and wiser (Luke ii. 52), so may all. Age of miracles past; but industry, perseverance, etc., will bring success.

So also with the *soul*. Have knowledge of God. Bibles to read—means of grace provided. These well used will produce hundredfold of blessings.

TEXT. *The diligent soul shall be made fat,*

NO. 25. JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

To read—*St. Mark v. (parts of).*

I. CHRIST'S SYMPATHY. (Read 21—24, 35, 36.) Question on the well-known story. The people crowd about Jesus Christ again—what do they want Him to do? Would not work miracles merely to gratify curiosity, but always willing to help those in trouble. Who comes to Him now? A ruler of the synagogue (*i.e.*, a deacon or churchwarden). What does he say? A sad tale—a little girl, twelve years old, at point of death. What does he ask? Did Christ ever lay hands on people? Remind of His touching the leper (Matt. viii. 3), putting His hands on the blind man. (John ix. 6.) So Christ went at once, and a crowd follows to see what will happen. Who are these hurrying to meet Jairus? They are servants from his house. What is the news? Is she better? Alas! the child is dead! It is no use, they say, to trouble this clever doctor any more—it is all over. Never had they heard of a dead person being raised—therefore now too late. But what does Christ say! Only believe—thy child shall rise again.

LESSON. *Christ a true Friend.* Sorrow a great test of friendship. Jairus had learned Christ's sympathy with distress, therefore turned at once to Him. He is the same to-day and for ever. Shall never turn to Him in vain.

II. CHRIST'S HELP. (Read 38—43.) Now the house is reached. Whom did Christ take in with Him? Three chosen disciples and the child's parents—all else turned out. What did he say? Death but long sleep, from which will be waking at day of resurrection. Now picture the wonderful scene: the child laid out on the bed—pale, dead; the weeping parents—the expectant disciples—the Saviour, calm and full of compassion, standing by the bedside. What does He do? Takes her cold hand—speaks, "Arise"—and, lo! her eyes open—she looks around—gets up—goes to parents. What a happy meeting!

LESSONS. (1) *Children's sufferings.* This child, only twelve, sickened and died. Children often called upon to suffer pain—must all sooner or later die. How wise, therefore, to prepare for death. (2) *Christ's tenderness.* Takes child by hand, lifts her up, orders food to be given her. Still puts into people's hearts to be gentle with children—learn of His Spirit. (Matt. xi. 29.) (3) *Christ's power over death.* One day all dead will hear His voice (John v. 25) and rise again. Meanwhile He gives life to dead souls (Eph. ii. 1), causes them to lead holy lives.

TEXT. *I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.*

NO. 26. THE CHILDREN BLESSED. THE YOUTH UNBLESSED.

To read—*St. Mark x. (parts of).*

I. THE CHILDREN BLESSED. (Read 13—16.) This one of most touching scenes of Christ's life on earth—often seen pictures of it. May learn much from it. (1) *The parents.* Why did they bring the children? (See Matt. xix. 13.) This form of blessing

—putting hands on head and praying for special blessing—very old custom. Remind of Isaac blessing Jacob, and Jacob blessing Joseph's two sons. (Gen. xlviii. 14.) These parents probably seen Christ's loving deeds and heard gracious words—longed for Him to bless their children. (2) *The disciples.* What did they do? Perhaps thought children would trouble Jesus! How little they could really have known Him! Or perhaps did not like other people to come too near Christ; even rebuke the parents! (3) *Jesus.* Picture Christ—loving looks on face, loving words on lips, taking the babes, one by one, from their mothers—smiling on them, laying hands on each, saying words of blessing—then giving them gently back—mothers looking so pleased. What did Christ say? His love boundless—will bless even unconscious babes. More than that—all must be like these little babes—full of faith, meekness, gentleness, or cannot enter His Kingdom. (4) *The babes.* Too young to understand, but not too young to be blessed.

LESSON. (1) *Bring children to Christ.* Can pray for them while mere babes—teach them as grow older—always influence them for good. Then may their whole lives be given to Him.

II. THE YOUTH UNBLESSED. (Read 17—22.) Who came to Christ next? What did he call Christ? Was not He good? Yes—but was God as well as man—the young man must look to Him not merely as a good teacher, but as God. What did he want to know? The answer was plain—must fear God and keep His commandments. What did he say? Had kept from sin—had feared God. But Jesus knew all things—knew what was keeping him from giving whole heart to God. Had been living to himself—not caring for or helping others. Must live for and help others. So what did Christ tell him to do? Must part with his money—must help others—follow Christ, who gave up all. What was the result? Could not do this one thing. Therefore went away sad and unblessed.

LESSONS. (1) *Nature of Christ's service.* Riches not wrong in themselves. Abraham, Solomon, David, all rich and righteous. But this man's riches prevented his serving God fully. Let us ask—does anything keep us back from prayer—from doing right? Must be given up. (2) *Blessedness of Christ's service.* How did Christ feel towards this young man? How much more would He have loved him had he followed Him! No sacrifice without blessing—no cross without crown. His ways are blessed and paths peace, but must be known by trying them. Will you?

TEXT. *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.*

NO. 27. TIMOTHY.

To read—*2 Tim. i., iii. (parts of).*

I. THE SCRIPTURES KNOWN. (Read iii. 14—17.) A few verses from an old man to a young one. Who

is the old man? St. Paul, at this time a prisoner at Rome for Jesus Christ's sake. (See note at end of chap. iv.) Who is the young man? Timothy, first bishop of Church at Ephesus. What does St. Paul charge him to do? Of whom had he learned the Scriptures? (See 2 Tim. i. 5.) Lois and Eunice, two holy women, only mentioned here, but honoured as having taught and brought up this holy young man. What had they taught him? The Scriptures, the best possible book. What do we call them? The Bible, or the Book of all books, *i.e.*, the best Book. Timothy could only have been taught the Old Testament—Gospels not yet written. Mother and grandmother must have regularly attended Synagogue in which Scriptures read every Sabbath day (Acts xiii. 15), and then taught Timothy at home. What would he have learned? All the stories about Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, etc. Perhaps taught some of the prophecies about Christ. How would he learn the Scriptures? *In his head, i.e.*, in his memory. No printed Bibles then—very few had books at all of their own—probably Timothy as a child never even saw a book. Therefore would try and remember all he could. But that not enough. He stored it also *in his heart*. What good would this be? (See Ps. cxix. 2.) Remind of Christ when tempted in the wilderness—what did He answer each

time? "It is written." So Timothy used the Bible, and it made him "wise unto salvation."

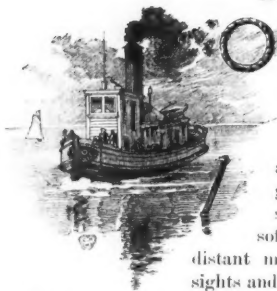
LESSON. *The blessing of learning the Bible.* What does it teach us? About God—His power, goodness, love. About Jesus—His life and death. About the Holy Spirit, Who makes us holy. About good people who have lived and set us good examples. About heaven—our home, and how to get there. So we, too, must know the Scriptures, and love them, if we would be wise.

II. THE SCRIPTURES PRACTISED. (Read 2 Tim. i. 1-6.) Not enough to store up God's Word—must also practise it. What does St. Paul say of Timothy? (1) *His faith*. Had been taught about Christ, and had learned of Him, believed in Him, feared Him, loved Him—so much so that though quite a young man had been set over other teachers—made a bishop. (2) *His piety*. Was known to St. Paul for his holy life. This the right sort of fruit to bring forth. Remind of Parable of Sower. What did seed in good ground bring forth? Good fruit of love, joy, peace, gentleness. (Gal. v. 22.) This is test whether learning the Scriptures is doing us any good. Is it seen in our lives? Are they more loving, pure, gentle, obedient? Then shall grow in grace, as did Timothy.

TEXT. *Thy Word have I hid within my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.*

DRIFTING SAND.

A STORY OF THE CHURCH UPON THE BEACH.



ON the wide-spread sheet of water the sun shone brightly, making it glisten and sparkle like a field of diamonds, and the waves glided gently in, over smooth silvery sands, with a soft, soothing tone, like distant music. Such were the sights and sounds one early morning in summer, when two little girls stood at an open window impatient to catch their first glimpse of the great sea.

"Oh, Linda!" exclaimed Grace, "is it not lovely! Do make haste! I want so much to go out."

"I'm afraid we can't go very far to-day, Gracie; but when Rupert and Henry come, they will take us everywhere."

"Henry is only a little boy, is he not? and Rupert is too old to like being with us."

"Oh! you don't know them at all. Henry is such a manly little fellow! And Rupert is not a bit ashamed to walk with us, tall as he is. Just wait till you see them!"

Grace had never been from home before. All the

time she could remember of her short life had been spent in a large town. She was an only child, and had lately shown such delicate symptoms, that her mother thankfully consented to let her spend the summer holidays with her hitherto unknown cousins at a quiet watering-place. Linda and she quickly became good friends, but Grace rather dreaded the arrival of the two school-boys of whom she had heard so much.

Grace stood in the background on the station platform, feeling shy and lonely as she watched the glad look on Linda's face, the rush made by the new-comers across the platform, and all the greetings which followed. When the boys caught sight of her, Henry seemed as shy as herself, but Rupert held out his hand, and the two were soon very good friends.

Weeks went by happily. Day after day the children amused themselves on the beach according to their different tastes. Grace could not decide what she liked best. Shells were a great attraction; her little spade was also in much requisition for various purposes. The worst of it all was, that the weather grew too warm, and she was easily tired.

One day, a memorable one to her, the children went as usual to the beach, Henry carrying a ship which he had just finished making; Rupert with a book on marine objects in his pocket; and Grace

having her spade and bucket. A number of other children were playing on the sands; but, apart from these noisy groups, the Mortons had discovered for themselves a favourite inlet, abounding in shells, seaweeds, corallines, and many curiosities such as Rupert was fond of collecting, and where, even when the tide was far out, a channel of clear water always flowed.

"Come on," said Henry to his sister, "and see how my new ship floats. I'm going to call her after you, because you made the sails; just hold the other boat, while I launch the *Linda*."

"I'm too tired to go any farther," exclaimed Grace, as she seated herself on a bank of sand, and plunged her feet into the cool stream. "I wonder are there any sea-monsters here to-day," she said, letting her bucket down to the bottom, and quickly drawing it up again half-filled with water and sand. Rupert, who had thrown himself at full length on the opposite side of the narrow channel, stretched forward his head.

"Have you got anything new there?" he asked; and both were so intent on their examination, they did not observe that other eyes were also gazing into the little bucket, until Grace, turning round with a sudden start, saw a boy of about Henry's size standing close beside her, holding in his hand a small wooden spade.

"Did I give you a fright?" he said. "I was only looking what you had got there. This is your spade. I found it over there near the sand-hills, where you were resting."

"Oh! thank you; I'm glad I did not lose it, for I like digging so much when it's not too hot."

"As it is now," remarked the stranger; "but in the cool of the evening we can build."

"Build what?" asked Grace.

"A Church; we get it up very fast by all working together. Will you give a help?"

Grace was about to say she would like to do so very much, when Rupert interposed.

"It's not right to play at making Churches; can't you build castles or houses?"

"I know it's not," replied the boy with a smile, "but this is not play; we make real Churches."

"Real Churches!" exclaimed Grace; "then, we can't help, for we have no stones, and we're not masons."

"No matter; we can build well enough. Don't you know what a Church is?"

"Yes, of course; it's a large building with a steeple."

"It's a place where people meet together to worship, and Jesus stands in the midst. Do just give us a hand with the seats, and then you can stay for the service."

Rupert was not yet satisfied. "What do you call the service?" he inquired.

"Oh! singing and prayer, and an address."

"Who does all this?"

"We all sing, and my papa reads and prays and talks to us. It's very nice; you can choose your own place and make a seat for yourself. Any one may come. Papa told me to get as many as I could to help."

"Did you ever do this kind of thing before?" asked Rupert.

"Oh, yes, lots of places; but this is the first time here. We came yesterday—papa and I. Mamma and the others are at home. I'm David, the eldest of us all, so I help papa. It's time to begin now. This is a very good place. I'll go and look for more builders."

Grace having resumed her stockings and boots rose, and with spade and bucket in hand, declared she was ready for work, though her head ached a little from the heat of the sun. Rupert also stood up, and beckoned to Henry and Linda, who, tired of sailing their boats, quickly joined the others, and were told what was to be done.

Soon a number of children were busily engaged in the work. Seat after seat, tier after tier, one above another, rose rapidly. A platform was made in the centre for David's father to stand on while he was speaking, so that every one might hear.

"What a pity," remarked Grace, "that our beautiful church won't last. I'm afraid the next tide will sweep it away."

"Yes, it will only do for this evening. We must make another to-morrow. My papa says that's the way with all things here. If we want them to last we should build on the Rock, and not on sand. Don't you remember the parable about the two houses, and how the winds and the waves came and beat on them?"

"Oh! yes, we all know that," replied a great many voices.

"So do I too," said Grace softly, "but I don't understand the meaning of it; do tell us, David."

"No, my papa will tell you better. I think he's going to speak about that very parable this evening. All I can say is, that if any of us stand on the Rock it won't fail us, or drift away like these sands."

Just as the last row of seats was finished, David's father arrived, and took the place prepared for him. He was quickly surrounded by quite a large congregation of little builders, and the service commenced with a very pretty and suitable hymn—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

Grace caught up the air quickly, and as she over and over again joined in the chorus, began to see something of the meaning of what David had been saying. Then, after a short prayer, suitable for children, a simple address followed on the parable they all knew so well. Several familiar hymns were sung before the congregation dispersed, most of the little ones much pleased with what they had heard, and promising to come another evening.

Grace said nothing. God's Holy Spirit had opened her heart to receive what she had heard, and she walked home quietly and thoughtfully.

Once when Rupert and she were alone for a moment, he asked how she liked the meeting.

"Oh! so very much!" she replied. "I want to stand on that Rock. Don't you, Rupert?"

"I have been there some time, Gracie."

"Why did you not tell me about it?"

"I did not think you cared to know. But that is only an excuse; I should have given you a hand up."

It was later than usual when the children arrived at home, and tea was waiting; but Grace could not eat, and seemed so tired that Mrs. Morton recommended her going at once to bed. Soon she fell into a heavy, feverish sleep, from which she started up in the middle of the night with a wild scream. Linda sprang from her bed, and leaned over her cousin entreating her to speak, but though her eyes were wide open, and the bright moonlight streamed into the room, Grace did not appear conscious of her presence. Mrs. Morton was at once called, and a doctor sent for, who said the child's brain was affected from the heat of the sun beaming on her head, and that she was dangerously ill. No time was lost in summoning her mother, and for many days little Grace's life was despaired of. Gloom and silence reigned where lately all had been cheerfulness and joy. The children did not care for their usual amusements, but lingered near the house anxious to hear the latest accounts of their little companion; but no one was allowed to see her, as the doctor said any excitement might prove fatal. At length a slight improvement was observed, and hope revived. Gradually mind and memory returned, but extreme weakness was still to be contended with. "Mamma," she said one day, as her mother sat beside the sofa where she lay, "I'm able to talk now, and I want to tell you something. If God had taken me away when I was so ill, I should not have been afraid, because I'm safe on the Rock. Before that evening I was only standing on drifting sand. Are you on

the Rock too, mamma? It would be so pleasant to be together!" and Grace fixed her eyes anxiously on her mother's face.

"You must not excite yourself, dear," was the answer, given in a soothing tone; "lie still, and do not try to talk till you are stronger."

Fearing the delirium had returned, the anxious mother went to ask Mrs. Morton to send for the doctor, for poor Grace was again raving about rocks and sands; and she repeated what the child had said.

Rupert, who happened to be present, explained the whole matter to his aunt, to her great relief. But the simple question of her little girl—just restored to her from the very brink of death—sank deep into her softened heart, and produced good fruits.

Grace's recovery, though slow, was sure, and as soon as she was strong enough to be moved her mother took her home, to the great grief of her cousins, who stipulated for another visit next summer at the sea-side.

This hope was realised. Grace felt much better and happier; she was careful to avoid the full glare of the mid-day sun, and many were the pleasant evening rambles and sea-side services they all enjoyed together on the drifting sands.

S. T. A. R.



"Other eyes were also gazing into the little bucket."—p. 603.

SOME OF THE KING'S SERVANTS.

II.—SAUL.

BY THE REV. J. T. BURTON-WOLLASTON.

AMONGST all the scenes for which Gilgal is famous, there is not one more noteworthy than that when Samuel met Saul after his return from the slaughter of the Amalekites. The prophet had some time before commanded Saul, as the servant of Jehovah, to utterly destroy the Amalekites—a long deferred act of Divine vengeance for the part Amalek had taken against the Israelites in the desert of Sinai.

Falling without warning on the tents of his enemies, Saul drove them forth, and pursued them at the point of the sword from Havilah to Shur, on the very borders of Egypt. One of them, the king, he spared, and he spared also the best of the sheep and the cattle. Then, as best he could reconciling his conscience to his want of obedience, he returned from the war leading the captive king in his train, and with his victorious followers, amidst the plaudits of the people, he repaired to the oft-used camp at Gilgal. Hither, presently, comes Samuel to meet the king. The prophet knows now, what he had before suspected—how unworthy of that high honour is the man whom he had so recently anointed king over Israel; and as a true lover of his country as well as of his God, this knowledge makes his heart very bitter as he draws near to the appointed meeting-place. And now he is so near the spot that the multitudinous sounds from the camp fall plainly on his ear. He hears the song of victory blending with the notes of the pipe, the tabret, and the harp, now clear and distinct, now lost in and mingled with that indescribable din which always accompanies a large number of people. But other sounds than these greet the ear of God's aged servant—sounds that are to him excessively distressing, for they are prolific witnesses of the disobedience of Saul.

Gradually the noises cease, the warriors grow silent, as the rumour runs swiftly through the camp that Samuel is there. Saul is one of the first to hear the news, and taking his fate in his hands, he goes forth to meet the prophet. The king's only hope—a poor one, but a possible one—is to act the part of innocence, and to appear before Samuel in the light of one whose conscience is at rest. He therefore, with much worldly cunning, does just what he would have done had all been well with him, and the moment Samuel is in sight the King greets him with apparent fervour, "Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord." Samuel, far from being imposed on by this appear-

ance of integrity, replies with a simple question—simple, and yet more condemning than a torrent of reproach—"What meaneth then this bleating of sheep and lowing of oxen?"

One false step of disobedience had been taken, and the false step of lying had followed it, and now, though he must know that all is discovered, Saul has not the grace to throw himself on the mercy of God, but must needs fall into the coward's refuge of putting the blame on others. Yet he will spare no effort to make his own conduct seem right, and as far as possible he will propitiate the prophet. He therefore replies in terms best calculated to achieve both ends. "*The people* spared the best of the sheep and the oxen, to sacrifice to the Lord *thy* God." But no cunning of Israel's king can impose upon Jehovah's servant.

In accents of reproach the prophet reminds the king of his humble birth and lowly occupation before he was chosen out of all Israel to reign over the people of God; and he proceeds to show to Saul the ingratitude of his disobedience, and the heinous character of his sin; when, instead of receiving the reproof with humbleness of heart and cries for mercy, Saul makes one more effort to set himself right in the eyes of Samuel. He reiterates his plea that he *had* destroyed the Amalekites, and *had* performed the commandment of God, while the cattle that "the people" spared were not spared for an unworthy motive, but that they might be offered in solemn sacrifice to the Lord in Gilgal. Whatever hope may still have remained in the breast of Saul was now speedily destroyed by the trenchant reply of the prophet—"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . . Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." Even now, when the whole displeasure of God is plainly put before Saul, without any hope of his forgiveness and restitution to favour, he seems to be moved by the fear of public shame rather than by the loss of God's smile. He pleads not for pardon, he asks not the prophet to intercede for him with God, but his one overwhelming desire is that Samuel will come with him as of old, and honour him before the assembled host of Israel.

In considering the character of Saul, two points in his moral being stand out more prominently than others—his strong will, and his weak faith. We see the result of this combination in many of his public acts, and notably in the two instances when he fell under the just anger of Samuel.

But it is not so much from the particular blemishes in Saul's moral character that I would draw a lesson as from that one special act of disobedience (which we have been already considering), and the manner in which he tried to evade the responsibility of that act.

The plain commandment of God, as spoken by the mouth of the prophet, was, "Go and destroy utterly." Saul went to destroy, but only so far as it pleased him. He slew the common people, but he spared Agag the king; he destroyed the vile and the refuse, but he spared the best of the sheep and the cattle. It may perhaps be pleaded, in extenuation of Saul's disobedience, that a feeling of compassion moved him to save the life of Agag. Even so—the sin remains; shall man be more merciful than God? But this weak point in Saul's favour is unhappily a very improbable one, for the whole history of the man is against such a supposition. The man who slew "utterly" men, women, and children, and who would have taken the life of his own son, to keep the terms of a rash vow (had the people not prevented him) was not the kind of man that pity would greatly move. The explanation clearly is, that he who loved to hear the songs of the Jewish maidens recounting on the harp his deeds of prowess, wished to add another stave to the song by displaying a captive king led in the train of his conqueror.

Saul's service to God was the service of fear, and not of love—hence his readiness to disobey when anything he really loved stood in the way of obedience.

Now, may we not take the lesson home, and remembering Saul's fate, avoid participating in his sin? All disobedience is sin; and that we are often guilty of this *kind* of disobedience I have no doubt.

How many of us, knowing what God's will is, deliberately and wilfully stop short of performing it? The duty lies before us, right in the path on which we tread, and because it suits not our private reasons, we step aside and leave it undone. Yet we do not leave it—like Saul, we *drag it a prisoner behind us*. In other words, we carry about with us through life all neglected duties, and bear witness against ourselves of our own unfitness for the service of the King.

Again, are we not often in danger of assuming a religious life which we do not really embrace? May not the singing of hymns, the saying of prayers, the partaking of Holy Communion, the daily services, and the regular using of other means of grace, become so much a matter of course, and be so much merely a habit, as to destroy all the true spirituality of them? So that we reiterate the words of Saul—in effect, at least, if not in fact—"Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the

Lord." It is certainly a sign of evil, rather than of good, when we profess to have done our duty. How much rather should we say, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

And again, are we not very much in the habit of trying to evade the blame justly attaching to our actions? As in Saul's case, "the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen," so in ours—the evil lies not at our door. The most common form, perhaps, in which this excuse is dressed is our manner of laying the guilt of our failings on the force of surrounding circumstances. No doubt Saul's warriors, clamouring for spoil, were very strong "circumstances" to him, yet he made his sin none the less by pleading them as the culprits. That circumstances do largely determine our behaviour it would be folly to deny, but that we should make them our excuse before God would be even greater folly. The most we may hope is, that He Who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will give us strength equal to our day, and, when the day of reckoning comes, remember how much we had to bear. Still, when things are much against us, so much the more earnestly should we pray that He may be for us. The same excuse is made in a great variety of ways. The passionate person says, "You provoked me;" the thief says, "You tempted me;" the liar says, "You surprised me;" the slanderer says, "You told me;" the drunkard says, "You supplied me;" the niggard says, "You withheld me." We are apt followers of our common mother, who put forth as *her* excuse, "The serpent beguiled me!"

Again: do we never plead, like Saul, a good motive for a bad deed? He spared the sheep and the cattle—which was wrong; but he wished to sacrifice to God—which was right.

May I put it in this way:—Men often commit dishonest acts as a matter of business, and they plead to their conscience that they are compelled to do it in order to provide for their families. Conscience *maybe* satisfied—but what about God?

So, also, we often compel our poor neighbours to pay their debts to us, at a time, perhaps, when the compulsion means ruin, and we give as our excuse that it is a matter of JUSTICE. We forget that there is also a law of MERCY. We need to be reminded of Samuel's rejoinder, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."

And these words we may carry with us through life, and work them into all life's circumstances and belongings. They are capable of much expansion, and may be regarded from many points of view; but one consideration enhances their value more than all others, for they breathe the spirit of Him Who gave us the most exalted example of sacrifice, and Who "became OBEEDIENT unto death, even the death of the Cross."

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

V.—FLORENCE.

"The Sheepfold of St. John."—*Dante*.

PERHAPS there is no city in Italy, except Rome, which has so many visitors within its walls on a Sunday as Florence the Fair. English people are drawn to it for quietude and worship on the day of rest, because there is so much provision made for divine service in the English tongue; members of the Church of England can repair to St. Mark's, Via Maggio, and Nonconformists to the Scotch Chapel, No. 11, Lung' Arno, Guicciardini. We

have repeatedly spent a Sunday in the beautiful city, and remember once having united in a Holy Communion where there were just twelve communicants assembled to perpetuate the blessed commemoration of what took place when the Divine Founder of the Supper "sat down with the twelve."

More thoughts than can be expressed in this paper have on these never-to-be-forgotten seasons passed through our mind—of a local kind chiefly, but a few of them gathered from what we wrote on Sundays on the spot we now venture to offer our readers.

We begin with the city in the days of Dante, who delighted to call it the Sheepfold of St. John. He did not intend by that name to suggest the gregarious habits of the citizens, though in that respect it was applicable enough, for they flocked together and followed their leaders, each striving to be foremost, and overleaping obstructions which came in their way; but we believe that a passionate patriotism was the main impetus which often led to the collisions and strifes which have left such blots on Florentine history. The citizens loved their city above everything in the world, and did not care what they suffered for its sake. The artistic and political construction of this unique sheepfold does not belong to our subject, but we must say that its sacred architecture, with its majestic Duomo, of later date than Dante's time, made it the joy of the earth, and nobody now can look down from the heights of

San Miniato on glorious churches built later still which dot the landscape, and on the setting of the whole picture in a framework of goodly gardens, vineyards and fields, the spires of the Apennines forming a rich border, without recalling Rogers' lines:—

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence."

The Duomo embodies a religious idea which minds of sensibility must feel as they stand under its solemn roof. It bears, indeed, the name of *Maria del Fiore*—"Mary of the flower," in allusion to the lily of the municipal heraldic arms; and it cannot be concealed that reverence for her often degenerated into idolatry. Yet let not the tares hide the corn, for the church after all was really raised for the worship of God and the adoration of Christ; and the citizens, when they piled up heavenwards the marble stones, bound themselves to produce a monument of genius, beauty, and strength the utmost result of all the resources which at the time were in their possession.

The name of St. John the Baptist, especially memorialised in the Baptistery, leads us to think of him who prepared the way of the Lord, who made His paths straight, who proclaimed the Kingdom of Christ which was at hand, and called on men to repent of their sins, and bring forth fruit meet for repentance; and the name of our Lord's forerunner must be connected with the names of many saints in the Old and New Testaments, who are represented in some form or other in every church or gallery we enter, and at every step we take. Mementoes better than those of warriors and statesmen, buildings, statues, pictures, bear witness to the Florentine reverence for holy men of old whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. People visiting Florence are made familiar with acts and deeds glorified in Holy Writ. Sculptures on the Baptistery doors, "worthy of being the gates of Paradise," recall to the passer-by the memory of men of old whom God has immortalised in His own records, and Masaccio and Fra Angelico depict in lifelike form and colour the disciples of Christ and the angels of heaven.

If we may touch again upon a point noticed in a former paper, let us say that truth and error, spirituality and superstition, are largely mixed together in what we see in Florence and other foreign cities. Beauty appears in close alliance with a great deal of which the earnest Protestant must disapprove. Art is in service to a religious

system widely removed from Scripture teaching. Before Christianity had been revealed, art was in bondage to heathen mythology. Masterpieces of sculpture in Florence represent the gods of paganism. Yet what is truly admirable in these creations of genius after all rests upon what is true. For the charm to us of a Venus or an Apollo consists not in the remembrance of a classical divinity, but in the natural expression of human grace and loveliness. We can view the carved marble as embodying ideals of female purity or manly strength. And so the pictures of Roman Catholic painters may be regarded, not as objects for misplaced veneration, not as pointing to imaginary mediators between Christ and Christians, but as exhibiting Christian life in its aspirations and achievements, its conflicts and sufferings. We see the virtues enforced by the Gospel embodied in artistic form and feature, attitude and expression. We think of works of art in the churches and galleries of Florence as bringing near to us the lives of those who have gone before us in the Holy War against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, who were fellow-heirs of the blessed promise; and putting aside recollections of perverted genius, we can use and enjoy them as a stimulus to our own spiritual improvement.

Tourists in Florence must needs remember Savonarola and his times—times, like the age of Dante, full of patriotism, party strife, and trouble—yet times different from those when the poet lived, for the chief monuments of architecture and sculpture belong not to the thirteenth, but to the fifteenth century. The grand statue of Savonarola, the various buildings connected with his name, and the relics of him preserved in the public library, are objects which no right-minded traveller will pass by with indifference. The last of these memorials often fail to receive the attention they deserve. They include records of his trial, letters respecting him written by the brethren of San Marco and many Florentine citizens, a large collection of his printed works, and above all, the Bible which he used to carry under his arm, as priests do their breviary. It is entitled "*Biblia Integra*." The date is 1491, and the type is beautifully clear. In the margin are autograph notes, and at the end are several autograph pages. A likeness is placed at the beginning of the volume, with a note stating that the book belonged to him, and that it contains prophecies written in his own hand. His story may be traced from point to point by the help of what we have now described. In his cell in the convent of San Marco we can see him as a monk studying the Scriptures. In the chapter-house we can hear him saying to the brethren of his order, "My sons, in the presence of God, . . . and with my enemies already in the convent, I now confirm my

doctrine. What I have said came to me from God, and He is my witness in heaven that what I say is true."

In the cathedral we read the description of his preaching by Burlamacchi. "The people got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon, and came to the door of the cathedral, waiting outside till it should be opened, making no account of any inconvenience—neither of the cold, nor the wind, nor of standing in winter with their feet on the marble; and among them were young and old, women and children, of every sort, who came with such jubilee and rejoicing that it was bewildering to hear them, going to the sermon as to a wedding. Then the silence was great in the church, each one going to his place; and he who could read, with a taper in his hand read the service and other prayers. And though many thousand people were thus collected together, no sound was to be heard, not even a 'hush,' until the arrival of the children, who sang hymns with so much sweetness that heaven seemed to have opened. Thus they waited three or four hours till the *Padre* entered the pulpit. And the attention of so great a mass of people, all with eyes and ears intent upon the preacher, was wonderful; they listened so, that when the sermon reached its end it seemed to them that it had scarcely begun."*

In the villa of Careggi, three miles out of the city, we witness his interview with Lorenzo de Medici, in his dying hour, when the monk stipulated with the merchant prince that he should restore to Florence its independence and liberty, and on Lorenzo's refusal to comply, we see him leaving the room without pronouncing words of absolution. In the Bargello, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the piazza in front of it, we reach the closing scenes of Savonarola's stormy career. His prayer at his last sacrament is recorded, "Lord, I know that Thou art that perfect Trinity, indivisible, distinct, in Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I know that Thou art the Eternal Lord, that Thou didst descend into the bosom of Mary, that Thou didst ascend upon the cross, to shed blood for our sins. I pray Thee, that by that blood I may have remission of my sins, for which I implore Thy forgiveness for every offence or injury done to this city, and for every other sin of which I may unconsciously be guilty." There is a picture in his cell at San Marco's representing his martyrdom. The place of that martyrdom had been the spot where, as the result of his frequent appeals, "the pyramid of vanities," as it has been called—consisting of objects identified with the worldliness and immorality of the citizens—had been set on fire and had blazed up to heaven, in honour of the New Divine Commonwealth, which Savonarola

* "Makers of Florence," p. 244.

sought to establish. The study of the life and character of this extraordinary man is a befitting employment for those who stay in the city and have leisure for the task.

His failures and mistakes were obvious. It is easy to condemn his unintelligible mysticism, his wild prophecies, his intense fanaticism, and his revolutionary schemes; but after all we are convinced that an evangelical spirit penetrated his wonderful genius, and inspired the eloquence which led the city captive, and that he aspired,

at the University of Oxford on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians and the Romans. Thus a Florentine worthy is seen co-operating with English Reformers. Antonio Brucioli is another Florentine name we recall when looking back to Reformation times. He executed an Italian translation of the New Testament, and prefixed to it this remarkable sentence:—

"If we consider it in a pious and Christian point of view, would it not be a holy and praiseworthy thing if the ploughman, while he was guiding the



THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

from patriotic motives, to establish a religious commonwealth on the ruins of Lorenzo de Medici's despotism. Savonarola really wished to make the people fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

The Reformation had no great sway in Florence, but the city can count up some who promoted that cause in different ways. Peter Martyr Vermiglio, a Florentine, is a decidedly Protestant name. His early monkish days are connected with the beautiful Fiesole, in the neighbourhood of the city. Then we find him provost of St. Pietro at Naples, where he commences a decidedly Protestant career. Abandoning popery altogether, he left Italy, proceeded to Strasburg, where he wrote an Italian exposition of the Apostles' Creed; and afterwards visited our own country, on the invitation of Archbishop Crammer, and lectured

plough, were to sing psalms in his native tongue; the weaver at his loom were to refresh himself from his labours by repeating some portions of Scripture; and the boatman at the helm were to chant sacred verses? Thus all, while industriously occupied, would solace their labours by the holy praise of God and the words of the Gospel; and the venerable matron, whilst employed about the house, or in spinning her flax, instead of talking with her family about the Trojans, or Fiesole or Rome, might recite passages from the Gospels to her young grandchildren." No less than three natives of Florence engaged themselves in Biblical translations, and even the poet Berni, author of the famous *Orlando Innamorato*, in his latter days added to his poem stanzas expressive of evangelical sentiments. At first they were suppressed, but afterwards they were pub-

lished ; and the learned Panizzi goes so far as to say, "The more we reflect on the state of Italy at that time, the more have we reason to suspect that the Reformed tenets were as popular among the higher classes in Italy in those days as Liberal notions in our own."

Pietro Carnesecchi, of Florence, was not only a Reformer, but a martyr ; being basely betrayed into the hands of the Roman Inquisitors, he was beheaded and burned, probably at the foot of the bridge of St. Angelo. These names of eminently learned and pious Florentines cannot but interest those visitors to this delightful city who are in harmony of thought and feeling with the great revolution of the sixteenth century ; and it adds much to the pleasure of an Italian tour for such persons to gather up all the illustrations they can of the labourers and suffering in the Reformation movement, which commenced in many parts of the peninsula three centuries and a half ago with so much promise and hope, but was cut short with so much resistance and disappointment. Long years of repression kept under the preaching of the primitive Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. So late as thirty years ago an Italian Bible was so rare, so costly, and in such an inconvenient form, that it was practically unobtainable by all

but a very few—of which fact we recollect a striking example when, in 1854, we inquired after one in a Florentine bookseller's shop, and he brought down from a dusty shelf a copy in several distinct parts, for which he asked a heavy price. Now the Bible-seller's stall may be seen in the principal piazza, where the Holy Scriptures can be obtained for a small sum ; and within the last few years, in spite of priestly opposition, a large number of copies have been disposed of. Protestant missions are at work in Florence and other parts of Italy, but unhappily sectarianism is a great hindrance to the progress of evangelical religion in this part of Europe. It is deplorable to think that so many denominations are carrying on *separate* efforts, sometimes mutually antagonistic, where the Church of Rome makes such a proud boast of its unity and catholicity. In Florence, happily, the Waldensians and the *Chiesa Libera* work quietly side by side, and we are glad to think that, before long, it seems not unlikely that a closer combination of labours may be secured. Religious liberty is now largely possessed by the Italians, and where formerly, within a short period, Protestants were forbidden to assemble for worship, now considerable congregations may be found assembling without let or hindrance. Very large Italian audiences we have seen attentively listening to evangelical addresses.



A LETTER.

ACROSS the fields a little lassie goes,
With eyes as sad as rainy April day :
The village postman meets her just half-way,
And, as the sunlight on a pure blush-rose,
So with warm summer flush her sweet face glows ;
For God has sent the prayed-for news at last,
And all the woe of hope deferred is past
In the glad peace and joy that now she knows.

For as the sun that, long time hid from sight,
Pierces at length the blackness of the night,
And with its glory floods heaven's eastern
gates ;
Or as refreshing rain whose welcome sound
Fills with new life the dry despairing
ground,
So is a letter to a heart that waits.

G. WEATHERLY.

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"God has sent the prayed-for news at last,
And all the woe of hope deferred is past."



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THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A COMRADE IN MISFORTUNE.



AGATHA lay in her little dingy bed in her dingy attic room and wept.

She had never felt so ill before; she had certainly never been so desolate. Her head ached, her limbs ached. Was she going to die, was God angry with her for not choosing the pleasant path of Hugh's love, and her aunt's luxurious home?

Ah! no, this could not be; even if she failed in her endeavours, even if she failed utterly, it must have been right at least to make the effort to save her beloved mother.

The thought of her mother brought more and more tears; she longed, beyond words, for the feel of her arms, for the sight of her patient, gentle face; she would have given worlds to hear her darling Kitty's bright tones, and to catch one of Hester's sympathetic and luminous glances; but she was far away from them all, and Hugh, her own dear, handsome Hugh, had utterly forsaken her.

Agatha felt thoroughly frightened as the dismal day wore on to its close; her head ached worse and worse; all kinds of gloomy fancies came to her, and she wondered if she should lose consciousness by-and-by.

Presently the little dirty maid-of-all-work came into the room.

"Jane," said Agatha, "my head aches dreadfully. Oh! no, thank you," as the girl presented her with a cup of sloppy tea. "You are very kind, but I could not touch it, indeed."

"Lor, miss, you do look bad," replied this shrewd young London maiden. "Why, yer ain't never a bit o' colour, and your eyes is that heavy!"

"I wonder, Jane," said Agatha languidly, "if you would do something for me? I am so giddy that I cannot walk, and my purse is in the dressing-table drawer—will you bring it here?"

Jane obeyed, and then stood looking on with curious eyes, while Agatha opened the little sealskin bag, and looked sorrowfully at its meagre contents.

"How old are you, Jane?" she asked, looking up suddenly at her stolid companion.

Jane coloured, and her small eyes glistened with surprise at this unusual mark of interest.

"Well, miss, I give out as I were twenty, for 'tis

an advantage to seem to be aged when you goes in for these sort of situations; but my real age is eighteen come next October, miss."

"Poor Jane!" said Agatha, "you are eighteen, and I am twenty. Twenty is not at all old. We are both young girls, and we are both badly off—for I have often noticed how hardly you are worked—and you get plenty of sharp words, and I don't think anybody seems to love you much here."

"Lor no, miss, why should they?"

"Well, Jane, suppose you and I were to enter into a sort of little partnership? I am very ill now, and can do nothing for myself; will you help me to-day, Jane? and I will help you another day. Shall it be a bargain?"

"Lor, now, miss, look you here," said Jane in an excited voice—"you're the first body as 'as spoke civil to me for many a day. You seems to know as I'm a human, whereas down-stairs I'm treated worse than cats and dogs. Now, miss, Jane Bailey's at your service; and I don't want no sort of reward, that I don't, except your pleasant voice a-saying, 'Thank you, Jane.'"

"Thank you, Jane, now," said Agatha, holding out her hot little hand, and grasping the servant's rough palm. "I made a mistake; I thought I could do something, something great for one I dearly love, but I don't think now it is God's will. My home is in Ireland, and I must go back to it, and to my mother; oh! my darling, darling mother! and I have not money enough. See, I have only two sovereigns, and a few shillings in my purse, and I owe most of that to Mrs. Croker; but see, too, Jane, I have this little ring. That tiny red stone that flashes as you look at it is a ruby, and I have got my watch, and I want you, Jane, to sell them for me, and to bring me in all the money you can get; you're a wise London girl, and you ought to make a good bargain about my watch and ring, and then perhaps I shall have money enough to go back to Ireland. Do you mind trying, Jane?"

"Yes, miss, I'll take them to a shop round the corner. Why, bless yer, miss! I can do that sort of business; and I'll not sell 'em, no, no; I'll pawn them, and you can have 'em back again whenever yer likes to pay the money. There, now, give them me, and I'll be off and back again before missus finds out."

Jane caught up the trinkets, and the next instant was heard flying down-stairs.

Agatha, however, had scarcely time to realise that she was gone before the little maid returned, her eyes almost starting out of her head.

"Ef you please, miss, pop 'em under your piller.

There's a mortal stout old lady comin' up the stairs, and another lady, most as big a-comin' arter her, and a small dog, with a coat upon his back, a-trotting by the side of 'em, and Mrs. Croker is

Alas for the best intentions! Instead of doing anything of the kind, the old lady sat down on the side of the miserable little attic bed, put her arms about the young girl, and cried over her.



"We will read it over our tea."—p. 618.

a-showin' of them up her own self, and they're axin' for you, miss. Oh, lor! here they be!"

Agatha sat up in bed, and her heart began to beat loudly. Mrs. Croker threw open the door, and Aunt Judith, Prudence Price, and the greyhound entered.

"Oh, auntie!" sobbed Agatha.

Miss Stanhope had made up her mind to give her niece a severe scolding.

CHAPTER XIX.—BUSTLE AND CONFUSION.

"Now, Agatha, you shall come with me at once. No, no. I shall lecture—I mean I shall tell you everything presently. Prudence, feel her pulse. Feverish! Ah! yes, but we'll wrap her up, and we'll take care of her, and when we have got to Bailey's Hotel we'll get her a doctor and everything else she needs."

"Feet in hot water, mum, and a good tablespoonful of strong mustard thrown in," remarked Prudence, in a firm, strong voice; "that, with a little sweet spirits of nitre, to open the pores of the skin, is all that's necessary."

The greyhound got up on the bed and sniffed round Agatha, but finally, not liking the aspect of affairs, he stood on three shivering little legs on the dressing-table, holding the fourth in the air and whining.

Then ensued bustle and confusion—Mrs. Croker attending on Agatha as if she were a princess, and poor Jane shoved altogether into the lower regions. Finally, Miss Stanhope, her niece, maid, and dog drove away in a close-fitting brougham to Bailey's Hotel. Agatha's head ached so badly, and she was still so frightfully giddy, that, notwithstanding this happy deliverance, she was scarcely capable of thought, but as she sank into a low chair, in her luxurious bedroom, and watched Prudence preparing the hot bath for her feet, she did fancy she heard a very eager masculine voice outside.

The voice was pleading, and her aunt's tones were emphatic enough to reach her.

"No, no—on no account whatever! I could not dream of permitting such an indiscretion. Prudence shall report progress presently, and now you really must have patience."

"Who are you talking to, auntie?" asked Agatha, when the old lady, still flushed and agitated, came in.

"My dear Agatha, if you will ask me who I have not been talking to in the last twenty-four hours I shall endeavour to inform you. My head is in a perfect whirl, and I have seen so many new faces that I am absolutely dazed. It has been all your fault, my dear, but I shall lecture—I mean speak to you presently. Now, Prudence, if you pour the hot water in that reckless fashion into the foot-bath you will scald the dog—he is standing right under your feet. Come here, Tiny."

"How is the parrot, auntie? and Fluff and Tiger?"

"The cats were well when I left them, my dear. It seems a long time since. How many hours, Prudence, since we left Plymouth?"

"It was just exactly at this hour yesterday, ma'am, as I was preparing to mend your grey alpaca dress, that the young gentleman thundered at the bell-rope—oh, lor! I forgot. We came away by the night mail, Miss Stanhope. I haven't reckoned the hours, ma'am, only I will say that considering it was a night journey, I never was more comfortable, nor had a more haffable young—"

"That will do, Prudence; you need not recount your experiences. Agatha, you are now to go to bed, and have some tea and toast, and then try to sleep. Prudence will presently bring you in a basin of gruel, which you can take or not, as you feel inclined. Now, good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, dear, kind auntie."

Agatha lay down in her warm bed, with such a glow of sunshine in her heart, that already her headache was nearly well.

"Prudence," she whispered, as the old woman tucked her up, and lowered the gas so as to shade her eyes, "Prudence," said Agatha, "stoop down—that affable young—you know, who thundered so loudly at the bell last night—he was Mr. Duncuft, was he not?"

"Oh! now, really, Miss Agatha, I mustn't tell; no, no, really, dear—put that nonsense out of your head—go to sleep, do."

"And auntie could not remember his name just now, when he spoke to her outside the door, but she said that you would report progress presently. Tell him, Prudence, that I shall be quite well in the morning; and give him my love—do you hear?"

"I don't promise nothing, Miss Agatha. You've got foolish fancies in your head, and the sooner you go to sleep the better. Oh! bother that greyhound, he's gone and upset the cream."

Agatha lay quiet for many hours. She knew all about it now; she knew as well as if she had been told who had come to her rescue.

"My darling! I love him fifty times better than ever; and oh! perhaps some day I may be able to repay him, but he must not turn me from my life-work."

CHAPTER XX.—"REDEEM THE PAST."

THE next morning Agatha really felt quite well.

The sun was shining brightly into her bedroom. It never shone into her attic at Edgware Road. She jumped up and began to dress, putting on a cream-coloured muslin robe, which she arranged as prettily and daintily as possible.

"And now I wish auntie would come. Oh, dear! can I really be the same Agatha who felt so ill and miserable yesterday?"

Miss Stanhope did presently knock at her niece's door, and was surprised and pleased to find her up and dressed.

"You shall have some breakfast now, my love," she said approvingly. "You look quite like old times this morning."

The two went down to a snug little sitting-room, where breakfast was laid.

Agatha looked round expectantly, but the Italian greyhound alone greeted her, and she seated herself at the table with her spirits just a little lowered.

"And now, Agatha," said Miss Stanhope, an hour later, "I will tell you the whole story of my rescuing you from that horrible attic, my love."

"Dear auntie," said Agatha, going up to the old lady and taking her hand, "you need not tell me, for I know. It was Hugh brought you to my attic. Hugh did it all. Where is he? I want to see him. I want to thank him."

Miss Stanhope looked a trifle surprised and stiff.

"As to Mr. Duncuft doing it all, Agatha, I am

not disposed to agree with you. He was undoubtedly the originator and the organiser of the expedition ; but when I consider how I exposed myself, at the risk of my life, to the night air—how that delicate dog suffered from the complete change in all his accustomed habits, and how Prudence Price unselfishly endured her want of sleep, without a murmuring word, I cannot feel that *all* the credit is due to Mr. Duncuft."

"Oh, but, darling auntie ! I did not mean that. I love you more than I can say, for you have been very good to me ; but I do want to see Hugh so dreadfully."

"That is all very fine, miss. You gave up a very estimable young man for a whim, and now that you find your whim does not answer, you want to have him back again ; however, I promised not to scold, and I suppose you may as well meet at once."

Miss Stanhope here rose, and went out of the room, and so quickly did Duncuft make his appearance on the scene after her exit, that Agatha almost fancied he must have been listening on the other side of the door.

"My own darling ! I have found you at last, at last !" exclaimed the enraptured young man, and then he put his arms round Agatha, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and they were as perfectly happy as lovers could be. This bliss, however, was destined to have a short life, for Hugh soon said something which awoke Agatha to a sense of all those duties which had lately been crowded into her existence.

"Hugh, I cannot marry you, and feel that I have done nothing for my mother ; I love you, and I'll always love you, but I don't feel that we ought even to be engaged until I have done this thing which I have set my heart on doing. I know I have failed as yet, but I went the wrong way to work, and I may succeed. Oh ! surely I am clever enough to earn one hundred guineas. I can play and sing, and I know two languages, and I can teach a little freehand drawing, and I would be so good to little children. Darling Hugh, try and get some kind lady to take me as governess to her children, and don't let us talk about being married at all now."

Of course Hugh argued and expostulated, and vowed and declared that the hundred guineas should be forthcoming in some other way ; but Agatha knew there was no other way, and though his entreaties moved her to some tears, they did not shake her resolve. At last her eloquent young voice, and the earnest way she pleaded to be allowed to do this one thing for her mother, touched the better part of Duncuft's nature.

"I vow and declare you're an angel, Agatha, and I cannot oppose you—I really cannot. I don't know what in the world your aunt will say—she'll be in no end of a fix."

"But look here, darling, if I do agree to putting off our marriage for a year, we must be solemnly engaged this very minute, and I will go out and buy you a ring directly."

"Dear Hugh, would it not be better for you to be quite free ? If you like, you can come back to me when mother has got her sight again ; but you may change your mind, you know."

"Now, Agatha, how abominably heartless you are ! No, on no other terms will I even leave this room. We must be engaged at once."

"Very well, if you really wish it."

"I wish for it as I never thought I could have wished for anything on this earth."

"We will be engaged then."

"And now you will give me a kiss, darling."

"Yes, Hugh ; I kiss you, and I love you, and I oless you. All the time I am working for mother I shall work too for you. I shall work, so that when I come to you some day, I may bring you a brave heart, and a tender sympathy, and a true, deep love. I shall never forget you ; I shall pray for you, and think of you, day and night. Now look me in the face and tell me what you will do for me !"

"Anything—anything, my best darling."

"You can do it, Hugh."

"Then you may be sure I will."

"We will both work, Hugh, during the next year. You shall go back to Duncuft, and you shall help Bridget. I know what Bridget's aim in life is, and it is noble. She has worked for you, my dear, darling, idle boy, but now you will work for yourself. You will take an interest in your estate, you will go about amongst your people. You will take half the burden from Bride. Hugh, the day we are married I want your dear old beautiful Duncuft, the place where your fathers lived before you, to be freed from debt. There, now—is not our work cut out for us ?

"Mine is, assuredly," replied Duncuft, in quite a new and solemn tone for him ; "but, oh ! Agatha, you ask me a hard thing. Go back to Bride ! You don't know what Bride has done."

"And I don't want to know," said Agatha ; "only promise me, my darling—promise that you will turn over a new leaf from to-day, and redeem the past."

"I suppose I must promise," said Hugh Duncuft very slowly.

CHAPTER XXL—"ANOTHER FAVOUR."

MISS STANHOPE had in her heart of hearts quite forgiven Agatha. While she lived her placid existence in her old comfortable house in Plymouth she imagined that her feelings were much more stern towards her niece than was really the case.

She fully believed that a wall, as strong and impregnable as iron, existed between her and this bright young girl ; but the wall proved itself to be of the thinnest possible form of ice, and when Hugh burst into her room and told her unceremoniously that Agatha was ill, and that she must come to her rescue, a sudden feeling of anxiety and pity began to melt this icy partition.

One glance at the girl's sad face, as she lay in her poor little attic, completely disarmed Miss Stanhope.

The last remnant of her pride and anger gave way, and she clasped Agatha to her heart.

But though Miss Stanhope forgave Agatha, and was quite prepared to condone her conduct in the past, she by no means held out the olive branch to Agatha's mother; she did not a whit more approve of what she termed Agatha's whim.

This, however, was now all over, so she joyfully reflected, as she softly rubbed her hands together, and waited with exemplary patience for the appearance of the young people on the scene.

Miss Stanhope did contrive to get through a long morning's work, in which she had scolded Patience, seen the greyhound comfortably through his bath, and put her accounts in perfect order, before the breakfast-room door was opened, and Agatha ran lightly up-stairs, and Hugh came to the old lady's side.

"Well, Mr. Duncuft, are you to be my nephew, and am I to congratulate you?" asked Miss Judith.

"I am to be your nephew, and you're to give me a kiss instantly," replied this incorrigible young man.

Miss Stanhope rose solemnly to her feet.

"I think Agatha will make you a worthy wife," she said, "and I am glad you young people have arranged matters, and that all this foolish nonsense is at an end."

"Agatha is an angel," said Hugh, in an impassioned voice, "and really, Miss Stanhope, I think you are nearly as good—I don't know how I am ever to thank you."

"Tut! tut!" said Miss Stanhope, tapping him lightly on the arm with a long knitting needle, which she had been using. "All's well that ends well; and now I shall ring for Prudence Price, and desire her to pack up in readiness for our return to Plymouth to-night. You will probably like to come with us, Mr. Duncuft; you will wish to see your mother again."

"Well—ah!—I don't know about that," said Hugh, colouring a trifle. "The fact is, Miss Stanhope, I want you to do me another favour. Now, I know you are much too good-natured to refuse."

The old lady drew herself up with a slight return of her old stiffness.

"I don't care for compliments," she said, "and I must know what the favour is."

"If I order quite the nicest little victoria in London, will you come for a drive with me?"

"I do not see why I should object; the day is fine, and I can be well wrapped up. Is Agatha to accompany us?"

"No, we are going all by ourselves. I want you to help me to choose Agatha's ring, and then—then, if you *would* make a call with me—"

"My dear Hugh (I must really call you by that name now, as you are to be my nephew), I have no objection to looking through some trinkets with you, although I am no judge whatever of the modern

fashion of setting jewels. Indeed, I confess to you candidly that I do not admire the present style."

"But you know a good brilliant when you see it, Aunt Judith?"

Miss Judith laughed a trifle softly.

"I am scarcely likely to be taken in by paste," she said. "Yes, Hugh, if you wish to give Agatha diamonds, I can pass an opinion on the qualities of the gems; but about my making a call with you, you will excuse me. I do not care, at my age, to make new acquaintances. I should prefer your visiting your friends alone."

"Oh! but the lady I want you to see is much more than a friend; she is an aunt."

"An aunt, my dear boy?"

"Yes, aren't aunts a useful sort of people? She is my mother's sister, Lady Ella Bampton. She is much younger than my mother, and awfully pretty, and so bright and merry, and I am sure she'd suit you down to the ground."

"You forget that I am a staid old woman," said Miss Stanhope, but she was not altogether displeased, and she no longer objected to accompanying Mr. Duncuft.

"I'll have the carriage round at three sharp," said Hugh. "Thank you, Aunt Judith; I can't express to you how obliged I am. We'll go first of all to Bond Street, and then on to Lady Ella. She lives a long way off, I am sorry to say—in Bayswater."

CHAPTER XXII.—"I SUPPOSE I MUST DO IT."

HUGH ran down the steps of Bailey's Hotel, hailed a hansom, and, giving the driver a certain direction, allowed himself to be bowled along with what patience he could muster.

"Good gracious! I hope she'll do it—it would never do to put Miss Stanhope in a rage again. Yes—yes it is only twelve o'clock," looking at his watch, "there is time enough yet, and I expect Aunt Ella will see me through. I am bound to help Agatha, after what we said this morning—and she—poor darling, she has given me a tough bit of work, but I'd do more than that for her, God bless her!"

Hugh uttered many interjections, and ran through a rapid category of thoughts, as he drove to Bayswater.

At last the cab drew up before a large house, the door of which was sheltered by a portico with massive marble pillars.

Hugh ran lightly up the steps, and inquired for Lady Ella Bampton.

He was shown into a very pretty morning-room, and in a moment or two his aunt joined him. "Now, Hugh, you dear, naughty boy! this is an unexpected treat."

Lady Ella had a strong look of Hugh's mother, but was younger, slighter, fairer, and possessed a more sensible face. She was a little woman, and she had to raise her hands to reach her tall nephew's shoulders.

Hugh stooped down and imprinted a light kiss on the lady's forehead.

"Look here, Aunt Ella," he began impulsively, "I'm in no end of a trouble, and I want you to help me. See here—I hope to goodness you want a governess!"

Lady Ella laughed merrily.

"Indeed I do not," she said; "I have just got an excellent one."

"Oh! but couldn't you send her away?"

"My dear Hugh, what do you take me for? Send away poor Miss Berry! the only person who has ever been able to manage my naughty, naughty children! No, I am afraid I cannot oblige you in this matter."

"Well, perhaps you want a companion for yourself; I am sure you do—you look awfully lonely. And she would not be at all uncomfortable spending her mornings in this room. Yes, I'm sure you want a companion."

"Hugh, my dear boy," said Lady Ella, laughing again, "the only fault I ever have to find with my existence is that, try as I may, I never *can* get a moment to myself; and you want me to take a companion. Good gracious! I expect I should lose my senses if I had a companion in addition to all the other people. But who is this wonderful *she* who you think will find my morning-room so comfortable? Sit down on the sofa, and tell me about her, this moment."

"Aunt Ella, she's the dearest, the sweetest, the most beautiful girl in the world, and she wants to earn a hundred guineas, and she's going to be my wife in about a year's time."

"Going to be your wife! so you really are engaged. Of course I must take an interest in your future wife, though it does sound a most extraordinary story. What does your future wife want to earn a hundred guineas for? I hope, Hugh, my dear, you are not making a low match."

"Oh! no, Aunt Ella; she's as good as me, every bit, and she has got the noblest, dearest little story. And I know you will long to help her when you hear all about it."

Then Hugh related Agatha's history, doing it full justice in his own erratic fashion, for he believed in it and her so thoroughly.

Lady Ella became as enthusiastic as he could have wished. She asked many questions; she applauded Hugh's conduct, she applauded Agatha's conduct, and she even wiped away a suspicion of moisture from her soft eyes, when Hugh described Agatha's state of destitution in the attic.

"Oh! of course—I must help that girl—dear girl—it is sweet of her to do it for her mother. And that dreadful stony old aunt—but you came round her, Hugh! you really were very clever, and I feel proud of you. Now, what can I do for Agatha Stanhope? I certainly don't want anybody else in this house—unless—perhaps Gertrude would be the better for a nice companion of her own age; but

then Miss Stanhope is older—Gertrude is only sixteen."

"Oh! but Agatha is so graceful, Aunt Ella, and has such nice ways. She will be just the girl to improve poor awkward little Gerty."

"You had better not abuse my daughter, sir. Well—let me think."

"And I could manage the hundred guineas, Aunt Ella; I'd screw it somehow out of Duncuft, and Agatha need never know. I don't want to put you to expense, Aunt Ella; I only want to find a safe and comfortable home for my darling."

"Nonsense, Hugh! if she comes to me I will pay her; and I promise you, sir, she shall work for her money too; I allow no idlers about me. Well—I suppose I must do it. What will Mr. Bampton say? And now, Hugh, how shall we manage your aunt?"

After this, Lady Ella and her nephew had a very interesting conference together.

If Miss Stanhope had a weakness it was for those people who could boast of titles to their names. She was consequently disposed to be extremely gracious to Lady Ella. She agreed with Hugh that this rather young and pretty woman would suit her to perfection, and she made no objection to spending an hour alone with her in her pretty drawing-room, while Hugh strolled about on some fancy business outside.

During this hour, Lady Ella effected wonders; she managed to show to the worldly-minded old dame her niece's conduct in quite a new light. She told her that, in her opinion, Agatha was both brave and noble. Miss Stanhope hummed and hawed, tried to take up the cudgels in her own defence, but failing miserably, was obliged to sit silent.

Lady Ella was a person whose opinion she could scarcely despise, and unconsciously she began to alter her own ideas to suit this very kind and charming little lady. Finally, when the ground was all prepared for a decisive attack, Lady Ella proposed her plan.

Agatha should come to her for a year—she should come as Gertrude's companion—Gertrude was such a dear little thing. Of course, Agatha should be treated in all respects as a daughter of the house, but she should have plenty to do, and she should earn her hundred guineas, and save her dear mother's eyesight.

"And now," continued Lady Ella, jumping up impulsively, "you cannot possibly have anything to say against such a delightful plan as that, and we will just drive over and see that dear Agatha, and arrange everything directly."

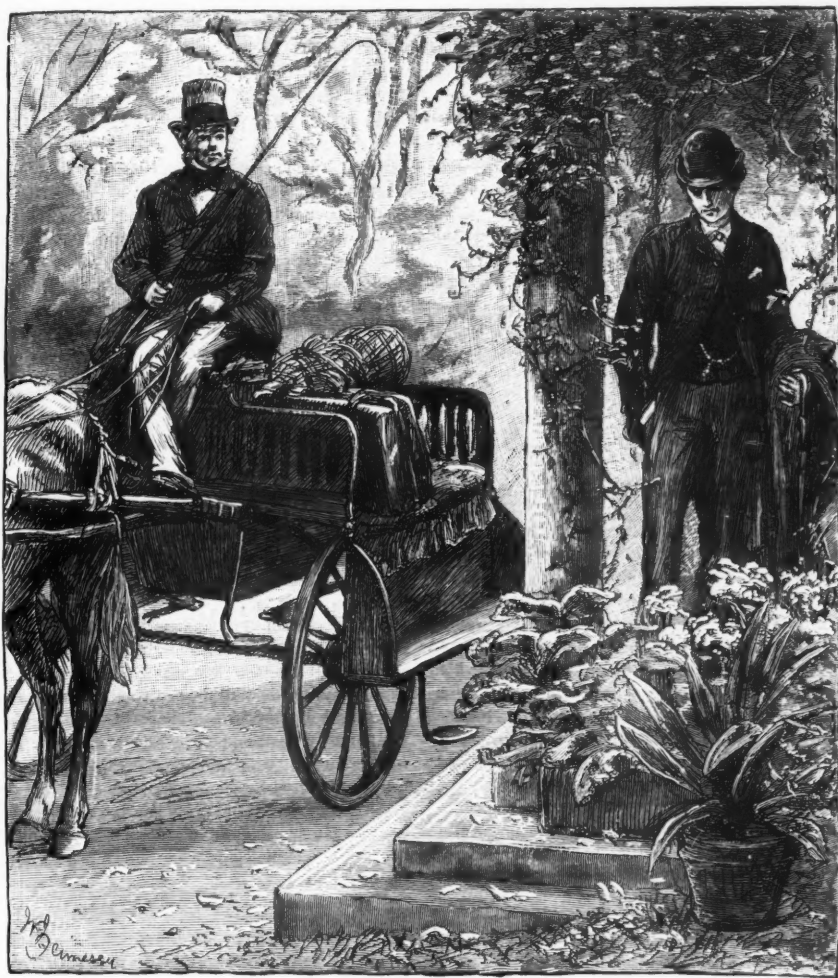
CHAPTER XXIII.—GONE AWAY!

ON a very hot day in August, Kitty had made all her arrangements in the pretty little cottage to which she and her mother and sister had moved.

She had worked hard—dusting, and scrubbing, and cleaning, and finally, when all was neatly arranged, and the dinner, which had not been quite a failure, partaken of by her mother and herself, she went

bright hair was twisted tidily round her head, and two blue eyes—as blue, and frank, and smiling as the sky overhead—looked serenely out of her fair face.

“Oh! I wonder if Hettie will bring a letter to-



“What did they mean by having the door shut?”—p. 619.

and stood by the low paling, and looked down the road.

The little cottage stood at the entrance of a wood, and a great elm tree cast its shade over Kitty and sheltered her from the full rays of the burning August sun.

She made a pretty picture as she stood by the low stile. Her blue cotton dress suited her well, her

day; the little mother seems anxious about Agatha; not that there is any real cause,” added inexperienced Kitty, “for of course Agatha must fall on her feet; and then she had plenty of money; but still, I don’t want the mother to fret, so I hope Het will bring the letter. We have not heard for more than a whole fortnight, now.”

Just then Kitty uttered a gleeful shout.

"She is coming! she's coming!" she called out to the lady within the cottage porch, and then she flew down the dusty road as fast as her swift young feet could carry her.

"Oh! Hettie darling; but how tired you are!"

"Yes, I have a headache," said Hester shortly; "perhaps it is the heat, or perhaps I am always to have headaches."

She spoke in her most querulous voice; her face was very white, and her dark-grey eyes had that pathetic look which always went straight to Kitty's heart.

"Oh! my darling, if only I were clever and could teach like you, and so spare you that dreadful walk twice a day. But I don't seem to be a bit of use, except just to clean up, and fly round, and be cheerful. Here, Hettie, love, take my arm, and you shall have a delicious cup of tea the moment you get in."

"Only please do have the kettle boiling this time, Kitty."

"Oh, yes, I shan't forget; it shall sing you such a song; and I've put by a little cream. Now, Hester, I am dying to know—have you got a letter from Agatha?"

The discontent left Hester's face at these words.

"I have got a great packet from Agatha," she said; "it is directed to mother, but of course it is meant for us all, and we will read it over our tea."

The contents of this letter, in which Agatha related all her wonderful adventures, her great hardships, and then her unexpected deliverance, were received with tears and laughter by the excited and eager three who sat in the pretty porch of the little cottage.

"God bless my darling!" said the mother softly, several times. Hester turned very white when Agatha described her illness and suffering in the attic; but when her story proceeded, and she related solemnly, and with a thankful heart, how she was now really engaged to Hugh, how God had provided for her, and how everything was now turned into a blessing and a joy, then Kitty was the one who could contain her wild excitement no longer. She jumped up from the tea-table, upsetting her own cup of tea, which streamed down on the astonished cat's back, and caused that much-injured quadruped to retire howling.

"I can't stand this," she said; "I must cry, or laugh, or choke, or something. There, I'll run into the letter for half an hour. Hester, you can finish the letter aloud to mother."

That evening Kitty was very restless. "I know what I want to do, terribly," she said.

"What is that, dear?" asked her mother.

"I should like to go out to Duncuft."

"But why, my dear child? Hugh cannot possibly have returned yet, and I never heard you express any wish to see Bridget."

"Ah! but I want to see her to-night," said naughty Kitty, her eyes sparkling. "I am so anxious to see how she will take all this about Agatha and Hugh;

for, mother dear, I do *not* think Bridget loves our Agatha overmuch."

Mrs. Stanhope sighed.

"That is your fancy, my dear Kitty; Bridget only knows Agatha very slightly; it is impossible that she should either like her or dislike her."

"Well, at least, mother, she will want to hear all this. Hugh may not have had time to write to her yet, and there is such a lot of news. May I take the letter up to Duncuft, dear mother?"

"Yes, yes, darling. Hester, would you like to go too? The evening is lovely for a walk."

"No, mammy, I'll stay with you," said Hester, seating herself on the low stool at her blind mother's feet. "Now stroke my hair, will you? The feel of your dear hand generally takes my headache away."

Kitty put on her shady hat, thrust the precious letter into her pocket, and set gaily off.

She had about a mile to walk, and merrily went her feet along the pleasant shady road.

Castle after castle in the air did the enthusiastic girl build, as she walked that evening to Duncuft; all was happening so beautifully, all was coming so right. By this time next year Agatha would have earned her hundred guineas, and their dear, their darling, their patient mother, should get her sight again. After that should come the wedding—such a wedding! with so lovely a bride, and such a noble and heroic bridegroom. Then Agatha and Hugh would live at Duncuft, and Bridget—where would she go? She could scarcely stay at Duncuft, and would she be very happy with her mother, Lady Florence? Ah! no, it was not such happy news for Bridget, after all.

Presently Kitty found herself in the old-fashioned porch of Duncuft. Contrary to its wont, the hospitable and wide hall-door was shut, and as Kitty rang the bell she was conscious of a slightly desolate and slightly neglected air, which struck her as very foreign to the trim and carefully kept place. Old Simon answered her summons.

"Yes, his young mistress was away; he did not know when she would be back; he did not know her address; he could give no information with regard to her."

His old face looked startled and perplexed.

CHAPTER XXIV.—HE NEVER HAD A HOME-COMING LIKE THIS.

WHEN Hugh saw Agatha comfortably settled with Lady Ella; when he had made quite sure with his own eyes that she was to enjoy the luxuries of that very delightful morning-room; when he had ascertained beyond doubt that Gertrude would be a pleasant friend, and Lady Ella a kind protector; when, in short, he had clearly learned that Agatha was to have the smoothest path of roses that ever fell to the lot of mortal girl who had to earn her own living, he bade her a very loving and passionate farewell, and went away. He had now to fulfil a part of the programme which

was by no means so pleasant to himself. He must go back to Duncuft; he must face Bridget, his own sister Bridget, whom once he had loved, but whom lately he had strangely turned his heart against.

By that one false act of hers she had blotted out all the loving-kindness and self-denial of her life.

The angry young man had forgotten all her hard work, all that prudent and careful management which was gradually and surely putting things right in his home.

He and his mother went about and had their pleasure, Bridget stayed at home and worked. This had come to be considered at last by them all as a matter of course; but Hugh had been warmly attached to Bride, and had cheered her on hitherto with loving words when at home, and constant and loving letters when absent. This time he had gone away without any farewell kiss or farewell blessing, and during the weeks of his absence he had written no line to the sister who, he felt, had so sorely wronged him. Well, he was coming back to-night, and he supposed he must make it up after a fashion. He would tell Bridget all about his engagement, and all about the promise wrung by him from Agatha. He would prove to Bride how really noble his Agatha was, and then, when he had brought the tears of penitence and remorse to his sister's eyes, he might be 'graciously induced to forgive her.

He pictured the whole scene as he drove rapidly on a hired car to Duncuft, for he had given no notice of his return—how delighted Bridget would be at his forgiveness, and how charmed to have him to help her in the management of the estate! He only wished he did not dislike the work allotted to him so cordially.

He jumped off the car, rang the hall-door bell imperiously, and stamped his feet up and down as he waited.

What did they mean by having the door shut on a lovely summer's evening like this?

"Ah! Simon," he said, as the old servant appeared. "Glad to see me, I hope. Where's your young mistress? where's Miss Bride? Dear me! how dowdy you all look! What's the matter with the place?"

Hugh moved discontentedly about the hall. His critical eye was annoyed by a good deal of dust on the floor-cloth. The windows, too, were closed down and fastened; the whole place had a musty feel.

"Why, then, sir, it is we who are glad to see you," said old Simon. "We have had a good deal of trouble, all things considered, since you went away, Mr. Hugh."

"Trouble! oh, what a nuisance!" said Hugh. "And wherever *is* Bride?"

"And that's more than I can tell you, sir, and what's more than anybody can tell, I'm afeared. The trouble is as our young lady's gone, and we don't know where she is, Mr. Hugh."

Hugh did start at this. He turned round and faced the old man-servant, who was watching him in the greatest perplexity and terror.

"Bride gone away!" said Hugh, "Bride gone, and

left no address! Good gracious, man! speak out, and tell me what you know."

"That isn't much, sir, but you shall hear it. Our young lady was very still and quiet like after you went away. She gave all her orders, though, as sensible as you please, and things went on, as they always do when Miss Bride has a hand in them, as regular as clockwork. I think she may have fretted a little at your not writing to her, but if she did she made no sign, but was as busy as a bee from morning to night, only all in a quiet way, you understand, and we all of us remarked afterwards as we didn't hear her laugh once. Well, one day—about a week ago now—she walked down the avenue dressed in her bit of a cotton frock, and her shady hat on, and her parasol in her hand to keep off the sun, which was screeching hot, and she said to Dan, whom she met in the avenue, as she was going for a walk, says she, and 'I'll be back in good time,' says she; but, Mr. Hugh, sir, she never did come back. We waited and waited, and we searched everywhere, but she never did come back, and 't is a week ago to-day."

"And you never let me know of this," said Hugh, when he could speak—for the news had almost stunned him at first—"you let my sister, Miss Duncuft, disappear as it were from the face of the earth, for the space of a whole week, and never so much as let me know! Is there not a post-office? Is there not a telegraph-office? I do not understand such carelessness, Simon."

"There is no use in your being angry with me, Mr. Hugh, sir. We didn't know—not me, nor Mrs. Mahony, nor none of us—where you was a-staying, so how could we telegraph to you, sir? And we did write to the missus and axed her to telegram back, but all she said was as Miss Bride was sure to be all right, and to tell her to be certain to write her a long letter when she come home. We couldn't make the missus uneasy, were we to try ever so."

Hugh stamped his foot impatiently.

"I suppose," he said, "you did something yourselves, then? You employed the police—you did something?"

"Yes, sir, I'm proud to say as Mrs. Mahony and me took all prompt measures as was possible. We communicated immediate with the police in Ballycrana, and we fastened up the house, from cellar to attic complete. 'Mrs. Mahony,' says I, 'there's not to be a door or a window open,' says I, 'until our young lady returns,' says I; 'for there's mischief in the wind,' I says, 'and an occurrence has taken place very mysterious, and there's no saying which of us may be carried off whole and bodily next.'"

"You're a pack of fools, all of you!" said Hugh in an angry voice; and he went into the dining-room and shut the door after him.

The empty, deserted room struck on him with a kind of chill. Dust lay on the floor—dust on the mantelpiece, dust and a kind of musty air greeted him everywhere. Never had he remembered the bright and cheerful and orderly home like this. What

did Bride mean by going away in this fashion? He felt angry as well as alarmed; he felt, indeed, more angry than alarmed. It was quite impossible that his clever and sensible sister could have come to any serious grief. She was playing them all a trick, a trick which he could not in the least fathom or understand, and he thought it very unkind of her. He opened wide the French windows, and let in the sweet air, and stood for a few moments under the shade of the verandah. He had never had a home-coming like this.

The brightest words, the cheeriest face, the daintiest fare always greeted him. A sympathy which extended to the veriest trifles in existence was given to all he uttered. Never had it failed him except in the one supreme moment. Ah! poor Bride—his bonnie Bride, he used to call her—where was she now?

Old Simon presently appeared with a tray on which a hastily cooked supper was arranged.

The chops, however, were burnt, and the potatoes underdone. No such meal would have been permitted had Bridget been at home.

Hugh ate a few mouthfuls and then put on his hat and went out. That evening, late as it was, he rode

into Ballycrana and made all inquiries at the police-station as to his sister's mysterious disappearance. The police-officer, a clever and shrewd man, who was personally acquainted with Miss Duncuft, did all he could to reassure the young man.

"I have come to one conclusion, Mr. Duncuft. For some reason, known only to herself, your sister has chosen to go away. It is quite impossible that any harm could have happened to her. Had such been the case, we should have got some clue—we have none. From the moment Miss Duncuft was seen in the avenue by your post-boy, not a soul has known anything about her. No one met her on the high road, not an individual can tell a single thing about her. Such a disappearance would be impossible were it not planned. I cannot fathom Miss Bride's motives, but I am convinced she meant to go away. Perhaps she was tired of doing without you," added the police-officer, with a smile, "and will return now at once. I am sure I hope so."

Hugh thought this hope unlikely of fulfilment. He returned to Duncuft in a very disturbed state of mind.

(To be continued.)

THE CONFLICTS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN,
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"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROMANS vii. 24, 25.

TAKING this seventh chapter of the Romans as a basis for the illustration of the conflicts of the Christian life, I am conscious of making an assumption, to which some will be prepared to demur—namely, that the inward conflicts here described by the Apostle as going on in the soul, represent his own state of mind after he had become the subject of converting grace; whereas it is considered by some to be the recorded reminiscence of the hard fight he had to maintain with himself, while yet in the bondage of his unrenewed and unregenerate life. The question, I admit, is a fairly debatable one, seeing that, between the thirteenth and the twenty-fifth verses, there are expressions very difficult to explain, adopt whichever view we may.

Make the supposition, for example, that, in the soliloquy he is here carrying on, the Apostle is recalling some of the mental struggles he had to go through as an unconverted man—how he fought, and strove, and kicked against the pricks, and seemed to be always carrying about him a great incubus of corruption and death; yet,

how unlike the language of a man in such a state, least of all of Saul of Tarsus in such a state, are those expressions of humble self-upbraiding—"With the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." My sins I know are many and great; and yet, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." Have recourse then to the other supposition, that it is no other than Paul the convert that is here speaking—Paul the Apostle, in the full career of victory and usefulness in the Divine service—ay, Paul the saint of God, once caught up to the third heaven, that he might enjoy near and sacred intimacy with his God and Saviour—and then how amazed are we to be told that such a man declares plainly of himself, that he is "sold under sin;" that "in him, in his flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" that his soul is in bondage and hard captivity to the law of sin; and, in fact, that he is bowed down under a mass of corruption from which he is continually putting up the most earnest cries for deliverance. This supposition may be hard to make, but casting the two sets of difficulties into the balance, I am persuaded that it is the one which we shall do well to



"'Our Father loves us all,' he said."

"ANGEL COURT."—A. 629.

accept as true. And, if true, it brings out a view of the Christian life which is full of comfort—namely, that, strangely chequered as that life is in its experiences, fierce as may be the strife which has to be made between our nature's self and our regenerate self, the same struggles have gone on in the breast of the holiest and the best of men, and that without any detriment to their final perseverance, or anything but a momentary cloud overshadowing their bright hopes of eternal life. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

WHOSE THE COMFORT.

"Full of comfort," I have said, is the fact here brought out; but it is of moment that we consider well who are they who alone are entitled to take to themselves this comfort. It is just possible that we may see a resemblance to ourselves in some features of this moral portrait, while a faithful and diligent searching into our own hearts and characters would show that we are utterly unlike it in all the rest. If the portrait be not taken as a whole, the partial likeness can yield no comfort.

Let me illustrate the danger I am pointing out by a practical example. A man, on opening his Bible at this seventh chapter of the Romans, and coming to the words, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do;" or again, "I find then a law that when I would do good, evil is present with me," immediately comforts himself with the thought, "Ay, that exactly represents my own case. Am I as safe as Paul was?" We must pause before answering this question affirmatively. We must look at the Apostolic portrait all round. And then we should have to say to one fancying some traces of resemblance to himself—

First, are you sure that while partaking, in some degree, of the Apostle's struggles between the "I will," and "I do," you are partaker with him also of the most acute self-indignation and distress? Here, it is to be feared, is too often a principal failing point in the analogy. The Apostle, you observe, has no sooner admitted that, through this warfare between the law in his members and the law of his mind, he was brought into captivity to the law of sin, than he breaks out into the language of fervid and impassioned self-disgust, saying, "O wretched man that I am!" But how many are they who are conscious of the one feeling, but who have no experience of the other? who allow that they are in captivity to sin, but who have no sense of wretchedness under its bonds! There is a spiritual man. He calls himself so, and even wishes to be so. Yet he carries his body of death about him without a groan, and without an effort. He is quite conscious that there is in him a sinful coldness

towards Divine objects—a miserable slowness, almost antipathy, to sacred exercises—that there is in his prayers no life; in his reading of the Word nothing but routine; in his participation of ordinances mere compliance with usage—in fact, that of love to God, or gratitude for salvation, or sense of deep spiritual need—of such feelings he has no experience; and yet he cannot say that the consciousness of this distance from God makes him unhappy. He could wish that it were otherwise. He will even endeavour himself to make it otherwise. But it cannot be helped, he alleges. It is part of the ordained life-struggle; such as Paul went through; such as all good men go through. And I am like unto them, save only in this one thing, that while allowing this dual strife within me to go on, and while seeing the law of the mind capitulating to the law in the members, I cannot, in the sincerity of my heart, take up that language of the Apostle, "O wretched man that I am!"

DAILY WARFARE.

Hence another indispensable requisite to any part in that happy experience of Paul, under the conflicts of the Christian life, is that the conflict be a real conflict, involving the necessity of a hard-fought and daily strife. In the twenty-second verse we read, "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

Now it is certain that the unconverted man knows nothing about this warfare. Paul himself, while under the law, knew nothing about it. He was quite satisfied with himself, so far as believing that he had all the righteousness which the law of Moses required of him. But, on his becoming a Christian, he obtained a closer and more spiritual insight into the holy law of God, and then the strife began. Conscience was no longer at ease. His whole life seemed to be a tissue of shortcomings and failures. And he had to remonstrate with his sloth, and do battle with his selfishness, and contend inch by inch against the encroachments of his lower nature. From that time, he felt that there was, in his moral and spiritual organisation, a strange compound of rival and jarring elements. On the one hand was the Christian element—that which is found in the regenerate soul, approving the law of God from the heart; obtaining, in part, the consent of the will; aspiring, with restless desire, after something which it has not reached, but which it feels it ought to reach. On the other hand is the fallen, the depraved, the corrupt, the carnal element—that which stirs to rebellion, and counsels to self-pleasing; seeking, by little and little, to draw the soul into captivity to the law of sin.

Here, then, is another rule for the trial of our spirits—for ascertaining how far we may lawfully claim a part in the consolations of this chapter. Does our enlightened perception of what God's law requires us to be, and what our own consciences testify to us that we *are*, keep up within us a constant strife? Is there any real struggle between the law in the mind and the law in the members? I do not ask if there be any opposition between them. That there would be sure to be, through the mere workings of the natural conscience. But do we know anything of what the Apostle here describes as the wrestle, the strife, the hard contest for the ascendent, between the will that labours to serve God, and the corrupt nature that bids us serve Him not? Or do we, on the first consciousness of such a struggle arising, contentedly give up the contest, on the plea that, as we consent to the law that it is good, and that to will is present with us, therefore a merciful God will accept the will for the deed, and that for this time, at least, conscience must give in, and nature be allowed to have her own way?

Oh! nothing see we of the Apostle's conflicts in this. He felt and confessed, "I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." But this was not as an excuse for any sinful compromise with his sense of duty, or for any unworthy concessions to the demands of his lower nature, but only to stimulate his endeavours after the higher life; to remind himself of the need he had of power from without, and power from above, to enable him to keep down, and keep under, and starve out that body of sin, which, as a living incarnation within him, was a burden too heavy for him to bear. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCE.

And then, to note one other characteristic of the true Christian conflict, as exhibited in this experience of the Apostle, it will always be attended with intense desirings and yearnings after spiritual deliverance. The state described in the text, you observe, is not the contented consciousness that an ineffectual struggle is going on within, and that ineffectual it must be—that there is some overbearing pressure upon our active powers which must for ever prevent us from doing the things that we would—but it shows a persuasion that the bad principle in our nature is to be got under, and a constant pressing onward to a more perfect emancipation from its thrall. The

Apostle does not say of this evil law in his members, "It is my infirmity, and cannot be helped;" he implies rather, "It is my discipline, and must be bravely gone through, in full assurance that victory will be mine in the end, and that I shall yet say, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

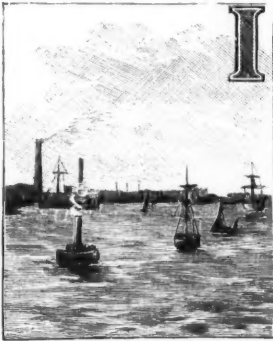
By this token also, then, judge of your past in the consolations of this chapter. You cannot always judge of your state by any sensible advances in the Christian life—for this if for no other reason, that your moral standard will advance as *you* advance; and the man who has had the deepest visitations of God upon his soul will have the most frequent humblings of spirit for his many and grievous falls. But, of our earnestness, our sincerity, our perseveringness of effort and purpose, we *can* judge. Is there the full stretch of determination and endeavour on the side of obedience? Is there a reaching forward to things that are before? Is there a resolute and unsparing hostility towards all the suggestions of the old man, accompanied with a continual calling upon the Lord Jesus for deliverance? If so, we may be of good courage. With Paul, we have felt the distress; with Paul, we have endured the conflict; with Paul, we have cried out for deliverance, and therefore with him we shall obtain the victory. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

How complete this victory is, he tells us in the words that follow. In the next chapter we see the spiritual victor flushed with the glow of conquest. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." No condemnation; he does not say no struggle, no conflict, no warring still between flesh and spirit. This will go on to the bitter end. But the evil principle within will be counteracted and kept in subjection by the strength of an opposite indwelling good. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Christ in us," is the pledge as well as the hope of glory. With regard to all the evil of his nature, the Apostle had said, "Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." And, in like manner, of every achieved victory over that evil, he would say, "Yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me." Mine is the weakness still; mine is the corruption still; mine is the body of death still. Whatever I have that is contrary to these cometh from Above. "The life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."



WITH THE DOCK LABOURERS.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "WITH THE SLEEPERS-OUT," "FAITH'S FATHER," ETC. ETC.



IN sunshine or shower, fog or fair weather, the approaches to the docks and wharves of the metropolis are every morning thronged by crowds of eager, anxious men, struggling, nay, in many cases fighting like wild beasts, to obtain work within the gates. As the hour draws near for the ringing of the great bell announcing the commencement of work, a crowd of often a couple of thousand men press around the principal entrance of the London Docks, and as the big gates swing slowly open, the mighty mass of humanity rushes forward like an overwhelming flood to the chain-barrier where the superintendent gives out the metal tokens entitling the holder to employment within. Of course he shows preference to those previously employed, but there is always the chance of obtaining a ticket, and the men strive to clutch one of the precious talismans with intense and passionate eagerness. They push and jostle and struggle, leaping on each other's shoulders, and fighting and wrestling in the mad rush like famishing animals rather than human beings. The most desperate determination is written on every face, and there is small thought in the mind of any man of that surging crowd for any one but himself. For work means food—poor and scanty, no doubt, but still something to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Failure means semi-starvation or worse.

But of the crowds who struggle and fight at the gates, frequently not more than one-third are selected, and the remainder, bearing their sad fate with as much philosophical fortitude as they can muster—perhaps it is stony despair, rather—turn disconsolately away, some to seek work at other places which open later, and others to wait for "calls" which may occur at any time during the day. Thus a visitor strolling through the fine docks and admiring the shipping and immense quantities of merchandise piled on every hand, is suddenly arrested by the strange sight of a sea of white, anxious faces pressing wistfully against the bars of a side entrance. Yes, men are still waiting there for any call for labourers that may come during the day. And presently,

as you wait, the superintendent appears, and cries—

"One man wanted!"

Instantly all the watchers spring up like caged animals when food is brought them, yelling, shouting, and extending their hands. They leap on each other's backs and clamber up to the top-most rails; and all this feverish excitement is to obtain one little metal ticket—perhaps for one hour's work, entitling the owner to fivepence or sixpence at most!

One out of the large number receives the ticket, apparently by chance rather than by any other manner of selection, and then the noise subsides, and the men wait on, patient, dogged, hungry-eyed, as before.

At another time a call will come for two men, and the same scene will occur again, and so on throughout the day. But of the great numbers who crowd the gates in their desperate struggle to obtain employment, only a very few comparatively can ever be engaged. One in every three or four appears to be the average number who obtain work. From a return of the wages received and of the employment obtained for a month by twenty dock labourers, taken indiscriminately from the crowd, the following startling results were obtained:—

That twelve hours' work per week was the average amount of employment gained, yielding a wage of five or six shillings per week, according to the rate of pay. Some of the men were married, and had to support families upon this scanty sum, supplemented perhaps by the charring or needlework obtained by the wives. The details of the return, however, which yielded this average, are even more startling. Thus, two out of the twenty only earned an average of *ninepence* per week, their number of hours' employment being nine in the four weeks, and the rate of pay (which appears to vary at various wharves and docks, and according to the work done) being only fourpence per hour. The greatest number of hours' work in the four weeks was 162, which at fivepence per hour yielded £3 7s. 6d. for the month, or an average of 16s. 10½d. per week. This was the highest obtained; one other earned an average of 15s. per week, another 10s. 1½d., one more 7s. 3½d., but all the others 5s. 10d. or 4s. 2d., 3s. or 2s. 9d., while some were as low as 1s. 6d., and two, as we have said, were 9d. only: the exact average being 4s. 11¾d. per week.

We venture to think that this return gives a very fair indication of the earnings of the ordinary "casual" dock-labourers of the Port of London.

And when we add that, according to the statement of one of the men themselves—a very intelligent fellow, and fit for work far above this employment—there are no less than fifty thousand such men engaged at the various wharves and docks of the metropolis, and of this

there are more and sometimes less, but always a large proportion are unemployed.

Their ranks are continually being reinforced by men of almost every calling, and from all quarters of the huge city. Being unable to obtain other work, from their own trade being over-supplied or



AT THE CHAIN.

fifty thousand only five thousand obtain anything like regular work, we get a very fair idea of the desperate and widespread poverty of the East End of London. It is but just, however, to state that another calculation places the number at only twelve thousand; but even if this be so, the fact remains that at least three-fourths get but little work, and that their average earnings are the miserable pittance just stated. It is impossible to make an accurate calculation of the numbers really engaged in seeking this work, for they are always varying. Sometimes

other causes, they drift down to the docks, where there is "always a chance," they think—and a very poor chance many of them find it. Hour after hour they linger at the gates for the chance that is seized by the very few, and their hearts grow sick and heavy indeed at the hope deferred. These men walk here in the early morning from all parts—Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, Southwark, Bermondsey, Hoxton, Rotherhithe, etc.—but as very many ships are now unloaded at the Victoria Docks, lower down the river, the difficulty of getting early to the scene of work becomes

greater for those who live so far "west" as Whitechapel.

A large proportion, however, are unable to pay for any fixed place of abode. They either spend the night "dossing-out"—that is, sleeping on the bridges, under archways, in courts and alleys, etc.—or in the cheap threepenny or fourpenny lodging-houses (familiarily known as "dossing houses"). It is almost impossible to imagine what the state of London streets without these common lodging-houses would be, for thousands, we suppose, instead of hundreds, would be forced to pass the night in the open air—or the casual wards would have to be enlarged.

For threepence or fourpence, as the case may be, a man can obtain twenty-four hours' shelter in one of these lodging-houses. Below, in the basement, is the large washing-room, where the inmates can wash themselves and their clothes also, and hang the latter to dry before a large furnace of a fire. On the ground floor is the kitchen, where food can be cooked and eaten at the tables standing round the room. Above are the sleeping apartments, filled with rows of small iron beds,steads, covered with coarse sheets and blankets.

The presence of this immense mass of poverty, of partially employed and of unemployed men in our midst, affords food for serious thought, and suggests many anxious considerations, which, however, cannot be now pursued. The cause of so much distress among the dock labourers is, of course, the uncertainty and precariousness of the work. Vessels come and go; sometimes the docks are full, sometimes nearly empty, and the number of hands required to load and unload varies almost from hour to hour. But there is another consideration, viz., that this is unskilled labour, and the point to be noted is that many of these men who struggle daily at the dock gates are unskilled workmen, or if they know a trade, they are inefficient workers. Doubtless this is not the case with all, for many drift here because, as we have said, their own trade is over-supplied with workers, but the fact remains that, speaking broadly, the ranks of the unemployed are recruited with the unskilled or inefficient workers. It is this fact which gives so much point to the argument of Mr. Samuel Smith, the philanthropic M.P. for Liverpool, for the industrial training of children.

Without, however, discussing such debatable questions as the training to be given in Board schools, we may point out that emigration forms a ready method by which many of these poor strugglers for work may be helped to improve their condition. And it is to assist such able-bodied men as are willing to seek their bread in one of our "Young Englands" over the sea that the London Congregational Union, in the spring of the year, determined to organise a scheme of emigration to

Canada or Western Australia. Breakfasts and suppers were given occasionally in the Borough at Collier's Rents Hall (which belongs to the Union), to the unemployed, and the meal was followed by discussions and speeches, with the object of eliciting facts from the men themselves and interesting them in emigration. Baron Rothschild, Lord Carrington, also Captain Columb and Mr. Tuke, who have been so successful in assisting families to emigrate from the West of Ireland, spoke to the men on different occasions, and gave good advice. After the meeting the applicants for emigration are seen and their cases inquired into. The cost of outfit and passage averages £7, and many men—some with and some without families—have been helped from the Special Emigration Fund of the Union to avail themselves of this opportunity. It is needless to say that each case is stringently inquired into, and, further, each candidate has to "pass" the emigration agent of the colony to which it is proposed to send him. Arrangements have also been made to receive the emigrants on their arrival in the new country, and to take them in charge until they are fairly started. But as each emigrant costs from £7 to £10, it is quite clear that a liberal support of the funds is required from a benevolent public. Those who feel disposed to take part in this practical charity of helping others to help themselves should communicate with the Rev. Andrew Mearns, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., who is anxious to give information on the subject, and who administers the fund in the most impartial manner.

A Society has also been formed in connection with the Church of England for the purpose of dealing with the question of emigration. Canon Prothero, Rector of Whippingham, is the chairman, and amongst the members of the council is the emigrants' chaplain, the Rev. A. Nicholas, Liverpool, who sailed to Canada with the first party of emigrants towards the end of last April. The Society has obtained a large tract of land in Manitoba on very advantageous terms, and settlers who take advantage of the proposals of the Society are placed upon this land, and assisted to establish themselves and cultivate their portion of the territory. Out of the money subscribed a tenth part is put aside to provide the settlers with religious ministrations.

The objects of these two movements—though different in details and in their methods of working,—are much the same, and it is these only which we notice here—viz., the seeking to relieve the dire distress prevailing among portions of the industrial classes by assisting them to emigrate. Every person who is thus helped to found a happy home for himself over the sea serves but to rivet still firmer the links which bind our Young Englands to the mother country.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

HIS EPISTLES.—IN TWO CHAPTERS.—II.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

PASSING from the region of polemics, we are now to glance at some of those positive, profound, and ever-glorious truths brought prominently out by St. John in his First Epistle. Among these may well be reckoned the two descriptions—we might almost say definitions—of God which the Epistle contains. The first of these consists of the sublime words (chap. i. 5), "God is Light." This most beautiful and suggestive term comprehends in itself the blended ideas of perfect intelligence, purity, and beneficence. Strangely enough, the epithet has been objected to by some critics as "materialistic." They are apparently unable to find in the word those ethereal conceptions to which Milton gave utterance at the beginning of his third book—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate."

The other description of God (chap. iv. 8, 16) is, "God is Love." This is the loftiest ideal of God that was ever conceived. And it points not only to the Divine acting, but to the Divine essence. The thought which it enshrines should reconcile us to all present difficulties. It was the exercise of God's love that led to creation; it was the infinitude of God's love that led to redemption; and amid all those mysteries which are now presented to our view, or enter into our experience, we may well leave their solution with confidence in the hands of that great and gracious Being of whom St. John declares that "God is Love."

Let us look next at that declaration (chap. ii. 1) of unspeakable and inexhaustible comfort—"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." As the Apostle has just said, the standard aimed at by every true Christian should be absolute sinlessness. "That ye sin not," is the object of all his teachings and exhortations. But he well knew that this spiritual perfection could not be reached in this world, and therefore he hastened to add the encouraging words which have been quoted. "If any man sin," what then—is he to

despair? Nay, says the Apostle, "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." The word here translated "advocate" occurs only in the writings of St. John, and furnishes another link between his Gospel and this Epistle. It is rendered "Comforter" (John xiv. 16, etc.) when made use of with reference to the Holy Ghost. Literally represented in English, it is "Paraclete," and this Greek word includes in itself both the ideas of "comforting" and "pleading for," which cannot be combined in any one expression derivable from our language. It has sometimes been spoken of as a discrepancy that the term "Paraclete" is applied in the Gospel of St. John to the Holy Ghost, while in the Epistle it is made use of with reference to Christ. But there is, in reality, no inconsistency. Christ speaks in the Gospel of sending "another Paraclete," suggesting that He Himself might bear that title; and, accordingly, we here find Him so styled by the Apostle, to denote that *advocacy* which He carries on in behalf of His people with the Father.

We may now turn to a very wonderful passage (1 John iii. 2, 3):—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." These words constitute a perfect galaxy of Gospel light. We can here look only very briefly at a few of the shining points which they present. "We are sons of God *now*, and we shall be like to God *hereafter*," says the Apostle. Could imagination fancy any higher elements of dignity and blessedness? It was the loftiest ambition of some mighty conquerors in the ancient world to have themselves fabled as the offspring of a god. But what they only dreamt of is far more than realised in all true believers. These are even now the children of the living God, and when their Saviour is at last revealed in His glory, they shall be fully conformed to His image. Well may this transcendent hope have a purifying effect upon the soul even in this world. A vision of some glorious future always tends to elevate the character and refine the desires. So here, says the Apostle, "He that hath this hope in Him"—that is, in *God*—"purifieth himself, even as He"—*Christ*, the outward embodiment of Divine perfection—"is pure." What a delineation of Christian privilege, and what a depth of Christian philosophy, are contained in these words!

They comprise in themselves all that is needed for time and eternity.

Christian philosophy has just been mentioned, and this leads us to the consideration of other two passages in the first Epistle of St. John, which strikingly bring before us some of its principles. The first passage (chap. iii. 22) runs thus:—"Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." Here we are taught the supreme value of the *moral* element in prayer. This is a doctrine which pervades the whole of Scripture. It is expressed in these words by the Psalmist (Ps. lxi. 18, 19):—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me; but verily God hath heard me: He hath attended to the voice of my prayer." It is expressed again in St. John's Gospel (chap. ix. 31):—"We know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth." It is expressed once more by St. James, when he says (chap. iv. 3):—"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." And so in the passage before us. We learn from it the vast importance of the ethical element in prayer. And thus we are made acquainted with the reason why so many prayers are never answered: the heart has not been right in the sight of God. In order to be able to say with the Apostle, "Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him," we must be warranted with him also to declare that "we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

The other passage referred to is the following (chap. iv. 18):—"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." St. John here sketches the *ideal* of Christian attainment. He enters very deeply into the philosophy of the spiritual life, and he insists in the strongest terms that "love," and not "fear," should be the factor which sways it. Fear, indeed, so far as servile and saddening, is just a relic of "the yoke of bondage." The man who has heartily believed in the love of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ, ought to be conclusively delivered from that yoke, and should feel love both to God and man the great mainspring of his future conduct, in accordance with the words immediately added by the Apostle (v. 19, Revised Version), "We love, because He first loved us."

On giving a final glance over this first Epistle of St. John, we are struck by the prominence of certain words in it which are also prominent in the Fourth Gospel. Of these, two may be noticed—"abide" and "commandment." The first of these words occurs forty times in the Gospel and twenty-three times in the Epistle;

oftener, that is, in these two writings, than in all the rest of the New Testament together. The word "commandment," again, is found ten times in the Gospel and fourteen times in the Epistle. The term does not occur so often in any other book of the New Testament. The Gospel and Epistle are thus bound together as well by their phraseology as by the region of thought in which they move. And it is worthy of notice that while there are four substantives used for "commandment" in the Greek New Testament, only one of these is used by St. John. It is the same word that Christ employs (St. Matt. xxii. 40) respecting the "two great commandments." Indeed, as St. Augustine long ago remarked, when commenting on 1 John v. 3, "The whole of this Epistle is full of these two commandments."

Much does not require to be said respecting the second and third Epistles. Both internal and external evidence clearly assigns them to the same author as the first. Some interesting questions arise as to the meaning of the words translated (2 John 1) "elect lady" in our Authorised Version. Some, from the time of St. Jerome downwards, have held that not an *individual* but a *Church* was addressed. Döllinger has said:—"St. John's second Epistle impresses us as being addressed to a *community*, for if a private family were signified by 'the elect lady and her children,' the Apostle could not have said that not only he, but all they also that have known the truth, 'loved the children of the elect one'" ("First Age of the Church," i. 163). On the other hand, the analogy of the third Epistle is in favour of an individual being addressed. That Epistle is inscribed to one Gaius, or Caius, of whom nothing whatever is known. And if we compare the two addresses, we find them exactly alike. That of the second Epistle is—"The Elder [unto the elect Kyria and her children], whom I love in the truth;" while that of the third is—"The Elder [unto the well-beloved Gaius], whom I love in the truth." And "can any one," says Dean Alford, "persuade us that the well-known simplicity of St. John's character and style would allow him thus to write these two addresses, word for word the same, and not to have in the words enclosed in brackets a like reference to existing persons in both cases?" Upon the whole, then, it seems preferable to adhere to the view represented in our common version.

And now we may take leave of St. John as a writer of Epistles with the beautiful words of Ewald, who says of the first Epistle that "its tone appears to be not so much that of a father talking with his beloved children as of a glorified saint speaking to mankind from a higher world. Never in any writing has the doctrine of heavenly love, of a love working in stillness, a love ever unwearied, never exhausted, so thoroughly proved and approved itself, as in this Epistle."

ANGEL COURT.

THE palace-gardens shone with flowers
 The long warm summer day ;
 A beggar-child stood watching
 The little Prince at play ;
 But the guard who passed the palace-walls
 Would have thrust the child away,
 But the little Prince, he chid the guard—
 "What has she done?" said he ;
 "Our Father loves us all," he said,
 "Whatever we may be."

"Where do you live, my little maid?"
 "In Angel Court," said she ;
 "And it's all so dark : I only came
 Just once the flowers to see ;
 We have no flowers in Angel Court,"

She murmured bitterly.
 But the little Prince looked up to heaven,
 "That is our Home," said he ;
 "Our Father loves us all," he said,
 "Where'er on earth we be."

The years went by ; the beggar child
 In an Angel Home was blest ;
 In a distant land the bright young Prince
 Was passing to his rest—
 Far from his home, and wife, and child,
 And all he loved the best.
 But he turned and saw a face he knew,
 An angel at his side,
 "Our Father loves us well," she said,
 And with a smile he died.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

DAISY THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS BY RIGHT," "UNDER FOOT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.



NOW listen, Daisy : I will not consent to your spending any of your godmother's legacy upon me. I am in a good situation, with ample opportunities of making my way in the world, while with you, sis, it is very different. That is why I rejoice so much in your good fortune,

to know that you will be independent, whatever may happen. Why, some day I might take it into my head to bring home a wife. You need not look so shocked, dear : I have no present intention of doing anything so foolish ; but supposing I did, sis, your two thousand pounds invested in the funds would make you comparatively independent of everything. If you take my advice, you will not invest the money in any other way, so try and give up all the Utopian schemes you have just been indulging. And now, dear sis, I must say good morning, for I have been preaching here much longer than I intended, and you know I always like to be punctual at the office."

"Good morning, Harry—you wise old Mentor ; try and be home early this evening."

The answer was a laugh and a hasty kiss from the tall, broad-shouldered, handsome brother, of whom Daisy was so proud. She watched him from the window, and Harry caught sight of the fair face as he took his seat in a bus which happened to be passing.

Daisy and Harry Thorne were orphans, their parents having died when they were both too young

to realise their loss. They had been well cared for by their paternal grandfather, who had done his best to fill the place of the dead. Life had been full of fair promise to the brother and sister until about three years before the opening of our story, when their great trouble came in the death of the good old man to whom they owed so much. A period of commercial depression, followed by the unexpected collapse of a bank in which he was largely interested, had brought ruin to the old man, and helped to hasten his death.

The kindness of one of his grandfather's friends had procured Harry a situation in a merchant's office. Since then the brother and sister had lived together, occupying apartments in one of the suburbs of London. It was there that a stroke of unexpected good fortune had come to Daisy, in the shape of a legacy of two thousand pounds, which had brought an element of joyful excitement into their quiet lives. Daisy laughed softly, saying to herself, as she left the window, "My wise brother does not understand me if he thinks that I will ever agree to have all that money invested for myself. We shared our cakes and sweets when we were children, and why not share everything now?"

It was still early in the afternoon, and Daisy, seated in a corner of the bay window, was placidly sewing, when a sudden swing of the gate and the sound of a footstep on the gravel made her look up. She uttered an exclamation, and started from her seat. The next moment she was at the door, and opened it in time to admit her brother.

"Why, Harry, what has brought you home so early? Is anything the matter, dear?"

The first sight of his white, drawn face had given her a shock. His continued silence deepened a vague sense of fear which had crept to her heart, making her feel sick and faint as the anguish of suspense was prolonged. Something dreadful had happened: she realised that when she saw him throw himself back on the little couch. She knelt down beside him, and taking one of his cold hands, said—

"Oh, Harry! what is it? Are you ill?"

He seemed to pay no heed to her anxious questioning, but she caught the words which he kept repeating to himself—

"Ruined! ruined!"

"Harry, Harry! what has happened? Do let me know all, dear," she pleaded, with a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice.

"Oh, Daisy! how can I tell you? it is ruin. While on my way to the bank this afternoon, a large sum of money was stolen from me—seventeen hundred pounds belonging to the firm; and what makes the matter worse for me, the junior partner, Mr. May, seems to doubt whether the money really was stolen from me. He even hinted his suspicion to the manager, who seemed ready to take the same view. Oh, Daisy, it is terrible! apart from the loss of the money, that doubt is like putting a brand upon me."

The girl's face had grown white even to the lips, then a vivid spot of crimson burned in her cheeks, and there was a rush of tears, half pitiful, half angry—pity for him in his trouble, and anger against those who could be cruel enough to doubt her kind, good brother.

"Oh, Daisy! this is a dreadful blow to me." He stopped abruptly, and buried his face in his hands. He had broken down, and wished to hide it from her.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, May, what was the result of your inquiries yesterday about Thorne?"

"So far I find that his statement was true, for he did appeal to the policeman on duty near the bank, but the officer saw no trace of the thief, and Thorne appears to have no idea when the money was taken; it is this latter fact that makes me doubt him."

"Well, I must leave you to look after this wretched affair, May, and you had better tell Thorne that we shall not require him again."

"I have already done so, for he called this morning, and I had some idea of having him arrested."

"Do not do that," struck in Mr. Robins, the senior partner, "for I am inclined to believe he speaks the truth, and dismiss him for what I consider gross carelessness."

They were in the midst of a discussion when there was a knock at the door, and the office-boy entered.

"Please, sir, a lady wishes to see you."

"A lady? Did she give you her name?"

"No, sir."

"Ask her to send it in, and her business, for I am very busy."

A few minutes later the boy returned,

"It is Miss Thorne, sir, and she wishes to speak to you very particularly."

The merchant hesitated, and turning to his young partner, said—

"I hardly like to refuse her, and yet I do not want a scene. What do you advise, May?"

"Oh, I think it will be as well to see her; she might possibly throw some light on the subject."

"Then show Miss Thorne in, Robert." The boy disappeared, and an instant later the door opened, and admitted Daisy Thorne into the presence of the two partners.

They glanced curiously at the slight, graceful figure, then into the large beautiful eyes of the fair girl. Mr. May muttered under his breath—

"Handsome, I declare! She might have got the better of Robins if I had not been here."

The senior partner was the first to speak.

"Well, Miss Thorne, what can I do for you?"

"I have called about my poor brother."

"Yes, I guessed as much. It is a very unfortunate piece of business."

"And if your brother had only exercised due care it would never have happened," struck in Mr. May, in a cold, unsympathetic tone.

"If you only thought that, sir, it would be easier to bear, but you doubt his word, and the distrust is killing him."

"It is only natural, Miss Thorne, that we should doubt him, until he produces some proof that his statement is true. I can see you think me unkind and unjust, but you are mistaken, for I can take no other view of this unfortunate affair: and I am afraid if your errand here is to try and induce us to take your brother back, it will prove unsuccessful; for even presuming that the money was stolen from him, we could not again trust one so careless as he has proved himself to be." As he finished, he appealed to Mr. Robins to confirm his statement.

Daisy drew herself up.

"I presume you are Mr. May, sir?"

"I am," he answered, somewhat surprised by the question, and the tone in which it was put.

"Well, sir, all I have to say is, that I have not come to ask for Harry to be taken back, though I feel sure that time will prove that he was not to blame for the loss of the money, and that your doubting is unjust." (She turned round, and addressed herself to the senior partner.)—"I wish you to look at that paper, sir."

Mr. Robins quietly took the document, and, opening it, found it was a copy of a will.

"Why do you wish me to look at this?" he asked in surprise; "it has nothing whatever to do with the money we have lost."

"I wish to use the legacy left me to refund the money my brother lost; and here is a cheque for the amount."

Mr. Robins started to his feet in astonishment.

"What! give up all your money to repay us?"

"Yes, sir."

"I could not think of allowing you to do anything of the kind."

Mr. May here added, somewhat excitedly—

"Certainly not, Miss Thorne! I quite agree with Mr. Robins. Suspicious I may be, and even unjust, but not so selfish as to rob you of your money."

Daisy quietly pushed forward the cheque.

"You must take it, gentlemen."

The two partners looked at each other in bewilderment, as if doubting the evidence of their senses.

There was a very resolute look on Daisy's gentle face, and the tears that filled her beautiful eyes told how much in earnest she was.

"I cannot take it back, sir, and you must not deny me this way of helping my brother. It is my only comfort."

"We really cannot permit you to make this sacrifice, Miss Thorne," interjected the old merchant.

"I do not feel it to be a sacrifice," she said softly.

"I am thankful that God has given me the means. I believe it was sent for me to use in this way, for I am sure my dear brother will never hold up his head again until the lost money is restored or repaid." And the strange unbusiness-like contest ended in the cheque remaining in the hands of the merchants.

CHAPTER III.

"DAISY, Daisy," called Jessie Haywood, "you really must come with us, for I feel sure you will enjoy the drive." Then the bright face of the speaker suddenly clouded when she discovered the drawing-room was empty. There were signs of recent occupation, for the piano was open, with a sheet of music on the stand, and on a tiny gilded table by the open French window was a dainty little hat. Jessie peered half suspiciously behind the great screen, as if she had an idea that she might find her friend curled up with a book, or hiding for fun in one of the recesses screened by the costly tapestry that was the delight of her mother's heart.

"Not here!" she exclaimed in a tone of disappointment; "how provoking! Well, I suppose we must go without her, since she wishes it. Dear, brave old Daisy! she is not a bit altered, in spite of all the trouble she has gone through! How glad I am to have her with me once more! It seems to bring back the happy time we spent together at school."

A few minutes later the heiress of Elmwood was seated in the carriage beside her mother, who said smilingly—

"Then, my dear, you have not succeeded in getting Daisy to come with us?"

"No, mamma, for the simple reason that I could not find her. I fancy she has strayed into the grounds and taken refuge in one of her favourite nooks."

The mother and daughter had been gone some

time when an unexpected visitor arrived at the house, and was shown into the drawing-room, as he expressed a wish to wait until the ladies returned from their drive. This visitor was no other than Mr. Albert May, junior partner in the firm of Robins and May, London. He glanced round at the familiar pictures, and murmured to himself—

"Dear me! I can scarcely realise that it is nearly five years since I was last here. I wonder whether old Jones is still gardener here. What boyish pranks I used to play him!"

As he spoke, he rose from his seat and walked to the open French window, from which, as the house stood on the crest of a hill, a magnificent expanse of scenery could be seen sloping away in the direction of the sea. The grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the house were laid out in flower-beds, while beyond, clusters of trees were thickly scattered over the park-like land. Mr. May had not been many minutes at the window before he caught sight of a figure seated under a large apple-tree. For a moment he thought that it was his old friend Jessie Haywood, but a second look showed that it was a stranger; still, the face which was turned towards the house seemed familiar. Suddenly the girl raised her large pensive eyes. Then it was that the memory of a scene in the office flashed through his mind.

"Surely it cannot be Miss Thorne!" he muttered; "and yet one rarely sees two such faces. What a beautiful picture she makes, sitting there with the rich ripe fruit at her feet! I wish I were artist enough to put the scene on canvas, as I should have been if my father had not set his face against what he called my hobby."

He stood a few moments silently contemplating the girl's beautiful face, which had suddenly grown very thoughtful and grave, as if the sight of the figure at the window had recalled some sad memory. Mr. May hesitated a moment, then passed through the window, and walked across the lawn to where Daisy was sitting.

"Miss Thorne, pardon my intrusion. I recognised you at once, though I little expected to meet you again so far from London, and at the house of my friend Mrs. Haywood."

Daisy had risen to her feet, but simply acknowledged his greeting by an inclination of the head.

"Our last interview, Miss Thorne, was far from a pleasant one, and I know you hold me responsible for much of its unpleasantness. I cannot tell you how pleased I am to meet you here to-day, for just previous to leaving London, two days ago, I was able (after almost giving it up as hopeless) to clear your brother's name."

Daisy's face, which had grown cold—or, as he afterwards described it, frozen—changed instantly; and putting out the hand which she had hitherto withheld, she exclaimed impulsively—

"Oh, I am so glad! How can I thank you enough for bringing me such good news?"



"Suddenly the girl raised her large pensive eyes."—p. 631.

"By forgiving my past hardness, Miss Thorne; for I begin to think I am hard on those who yield to temptation—which I confess I thought that your brother had done. What remains for us now is to try and make amends to him for what he has suffered."

Daisy's opinion of the junior partner underwent a thorough change during that interview, in which she

got a glimpse of his true character, and the reality of sterling moral worth that lay beneath the hard, cynical manner which often repelled upon the surface.

The good news which he told about her brother that day helped to weave some very happy associations round that meeting at Elmwood. They gave her softened thoughts of him, touched with a half regret that she had been led to misjudge him. All this

gave the gentleman an advantage which he was not slow to improve in future opportunities when they were thrown together. He took care that it should be very often. The result was that they saw a good deal of each other before the close of that autumn holiday which Albert May had been spending with his aunt, who resided a few miles from Elmwood. The truth was that the young merchant was fast losing his heart to Mrs. Haywood's young visitor. The mischief began on that first afternoon, for his memory never lost the fair picture under the apple-tree in the sweet Devonshire garden. It satisfied his artist sense of the beautiful, and possessed his soul with a charm that was very potent in its power. The almost childish grace of the girl's attitude, as she sat with one golden apple lightly poised in her dainty fingers, was quite in harmony with the flower-like loveliness of the face set in a frame of soft brown hair that rippled over her shoulders, catching warm gleams of light from the golden September sunshine. No wonder that he was learning to love her; for, with all her beauty, he knew how rich in sweet womanly goodness was the heart that he longed to win.

In due time a very kind letter came from Mr. Robins to Daisy, enclosing a cheque for seventeen hundred pounds, and informing her that her brother was fully restored to confidence and esteem. Harry wrote by the same post, overflowing with joy that he had been sent for by Mr. Robins, and offered his old place in the office, which he had accepted. The mystery of the lost money had been cleared by the confession of a fellow-clerk, who had been detected pilfering from the cashier's desk. He acknowledged that he had stolen the money from Harry Thorne just after leaving the office, knowing that he would be safe from suspicion.

There is little more to tell.

As time passed, Harry proved himself so deserving that he was eventually rewarded by being taken into partnership by the firm. This was some time after his sister's marriage. The kind friends at Elmwood quite agree with Daisy's husband that good may sometimes come out of evil. If the money had not been lost, Harry's noble-hearted sister might never have gone to the office, and Albert May would have missed his life's best treasure if he had never met Daisy Thorne.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

97. In what words does St. John most clearly set forth the teaching of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ?

98. What was there connected with the fast of the Ninevites which specially showed their earnestness?

99. The woman of Samaria, in speaking to our Lord, says, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." To what mountain does she refer?

100. What position did Nicodemus hold among the Jews?

101. Why was it that Samuel was so opposed to the children of Israel asking for a king?

102. What two large towns did Samuel take from the Philistines, which are generally associated with them?

103. In what words does St. John the Baptist declare his belief in the Divinity of Christ?

104. What prophet refers to Jacob's leaving his father's home on account of his quarrel with Esau?

105. When Saul was chosen to be king of Israel, we are told some of the people "brought him no present." What are we to understand from this phrase?

106. What was it made the children of Israel desire to have a king?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 539.

87. 1 Sam. ii. 30.

88. All the people shouted, and said, "God save the King." (1 Sam. x. 24.)

89. Because there the Lord discomfited the host of the Philistines by a "great thunder" in answer to the prayer of Samuel. (1 Sam. vii. 14.)

90. 1 Sam. 4, 5.

91. The cleansing of the Temple, when our Lord drove out the sheep and oxen, and those who sold them, and overturned the tables of the money-changers. (John ii. 14, 15.)

92. "At which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." (1 Sam. iii. 2; 2 Kings xxi. 12; and Jer. xix. 3.)

93. To the house of their god Dagon at Ashdod, when Dagon fell down before the Ark upon the threshold of the house, and was broken in pieces. (1 Sam. v. 1-4.)

94. The custom of *leaping over* the threshold in going into the idols' temples. (1 Sam. v. 5; Zeph. i. 9.)

95. By the name Azotus, and is connected with the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, because directly after that event the Spirit carried Philip the Deacon to Azotus. (Acts viii. 40.)

96. To the house of Abinadab at Kirjath-jearim. (1 Sam. vii. 1.)



"Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

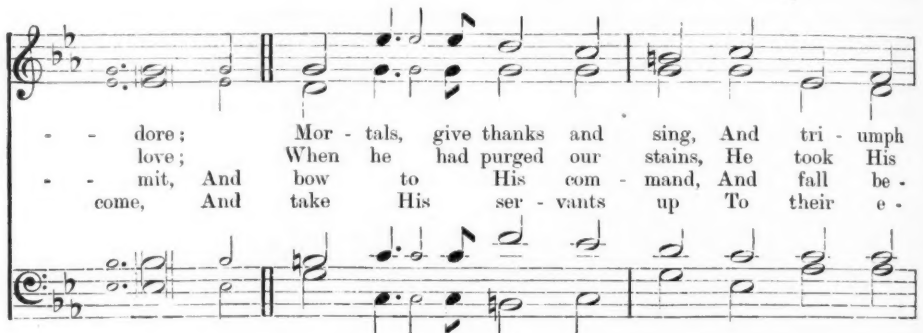
Words by CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

Music by ROLAND ROGERS, Mus.D.
(Organist of Bangor Cathedral.)


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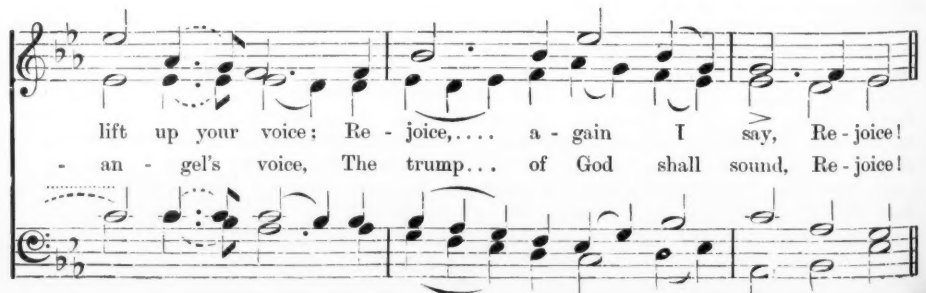
1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a -
2. Je - sus the Sa - viour reigns, The God of truth and
3. He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes sub -
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope: Je - sus the Judge shall



- - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph
- - love; When he had purged our stains, He took His
- - mit, And bow to His com - mand, And fall be -
come, And take His ser - vants up To their e -



ev - er more: } Lift up your heart,
seat a - bove: }
- - neath His feet: } We soon shall hear th' arch-
- - ter - nal home: } Lift
sf *Lift* *sf*



lift up your voice: Re - joice,.... a - gain I say, Re - joice!
- an - gel's voice, The trump... of God shall sound, Re - joice!

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

BY LADY LAURA E. HAMPTON.



LONG, long ago, when the world was much younger than it is now, the spirit of the flowers wandering forth one midsummer eve was attracted by the sound of voices borne on the evening air.

"What is the good of being graceful and beautiful, where there is no one to admire one?" grumbled a briar, swaying its pink and white blossoms to and fro. "How seldom even a butterfly penetrates the gloomy solitude of the forest! If I had only more air, more light, more room, I might indeed make a show in the world. As it is, what happiness is there for such as me here?"

"Have we not abundantly all we require?" replied a plant nestling by the water's edge. "The swallows as they skim by me say that the world is full of restraint and struggle, and forgetfulness of others. Nay, if I could have my wish, it is not admiration, but the power of influence that I would seek."

"And I to make others happy," laughed a tiny white flower, as it folded its petals closely over its golden heart. The dew fell slowly and softly on the speakers, lulling them to rest; and the spirit, breathing on the sleepers as he passed, granted the wishes he had heard.

The briar, removed from her lonely position in the wood, became in time the queen of flowers, and held her court in stately gardens; but gone were her careless grace and caressing ways, which had made her welcome in bush or bower; for were not her admirers also her judges, and had she not to fulfil their rigid rules of form and colour? Was it not also whispered abroad that her happiness was not complete, for did not thorns still linger around the rose, with which at times she even wounded her friends?

The forget-me not, too, left the babbling brook and crept into the meadow and pleasure grounds, bearing its unselfish message, using its unconscious influence; for did it ever speak of itself? was it not always a *souvenir* of past joys, a remembrance of the beloved and absent, contented to be a reminder and nothing more?

And the daisy wandered far and wide over the land, and found its way into cottage and palace, loved and greeted alike by peasant and prince; for was it not the children's darling and plaything? and their innocent voices shouted with joy as they linked together the living chain. The mother, as she wept by the grave of her first-born, clasped the tiny blossom to her breast, and was comforted; the old man bowed with care gathered the wayside flower and was strengthened; for did it not speak to each of all-pervading love? that unbroken chain which with its golden fetters binds the fleeting days of time to an unfading eternity.

SHORT ARROWS

AN ABSENT SCHOLAR.



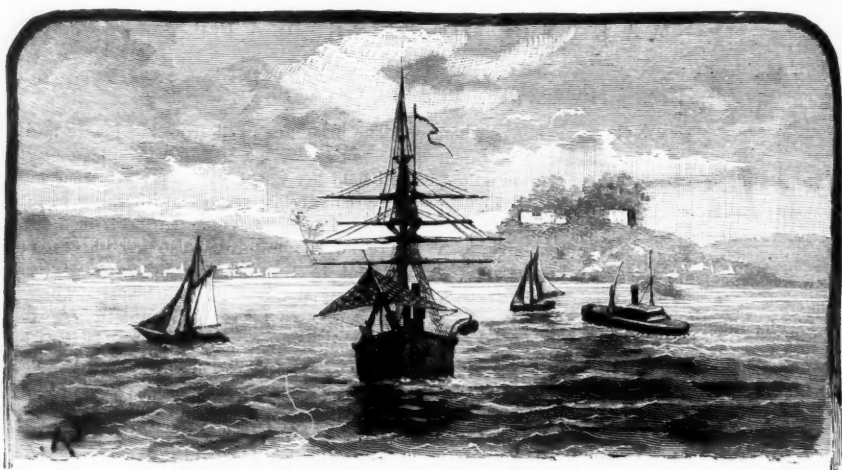
AN American bishop, speaking of the personal love and earnestness which in Christian work prove, with God's blessing, so successful, related that a youth belonged to a Bible-class, but at last the time came when he thought fit to discontinue his attendance, and to otherwise occupy his time. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. "Friends," he said, "read, sing, and pray; my work is to seek and find a stray sheep;" and he started off on the quest. "The stray sheep

is before you," said the bishop to his hearers. "My teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading; I could not continue to wander and stray whilst I was sought so tenderly." He had never before realised that the warm heart of his teacher and friend could not do without him. Such love must in some degree have been a revelation to him of the yearning that came down from heaven to save, at cost we cannot tell—

"For none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

A ROSY MULTITUDE.

Clayton House, Epsom, and the neighbouring Home for Infants, shelter Miss Mittendorf's flock of one hundred orphan girls, a bright and rosy multi-



IN GREAT WATERS.

tude, thanks to the care surrounding them, and the healthy air of Surrey. The elder girls look after the tiny ones, or help in the domestic duties of the large house, which is spotlessly neat and clean. Miss Mittendorf received about £100 last year from friends of the children, who are otherwise dependent on free-will offerings. Again and again their daily bread has been sought in need and faith, but they have lacked nothing, and in cases of illness the little extra supplies required have been forthcoming. Any one who has heard Miss Mittendorf tell the story of the Home—how no one would take her flock in because they had had fever, and how they were forced to enter a damp dwelling, in every room of which they committed themselves, in their extremity, to Him Who has kept them safe—and any one who has seen Clayton House as it is now, and the girls, cheerful-looking as the glimpses of red they wear in their hats, will long to share if possible in this most tender work.

IN GREAT WATERS.

The Rev. George Hill, secretary of the Seamen's Christian Friend Society, 237, Commercial Road, London, E., thus writes:—"From the commencement of THE QUIVER the publishers have very kindly sent a free copy for our Sailors' Reading Room, in Ratcliff Highway, and it continues to be much appreciated. Articles respecting our work appeared in the numbers for May, 1884, and January, 1879." The aims of the Society cannot be too widely considered; the first object is to lead the sailor to the Lord, and to render him a witness for the Gospel through all his wanderings, whither he is in many cases followed by letters of cheer and sympathy, whilst at home innocent recreations are arranged to shield him from evil influences. One old man wrote

shortly before his death, "There's a great Rock right ahead that keeps the swell from breaking on me—'t is Jesus Christ; and under lee of Him all is well." We hear of one whose career seemed ruined by intemperance conquering the vice when he found the Saviour. He is now trying to use his influence for good as chief officer of a large ship, and thousands will doubtless echo his words—"Wherever I am I daily pray God to bless the Seamen's Bethel in Ratcliff Highway." A debt of £700 still remains, unfortunately, on the building-fund of this institution—"a haven of safety amid abounding perils"—and help is greatly needed for various branches of mission work, such as free meals to the destitute, and distribution of Bibles and tracts ashore and afloat.

"LADIES UNDER EIGHT."

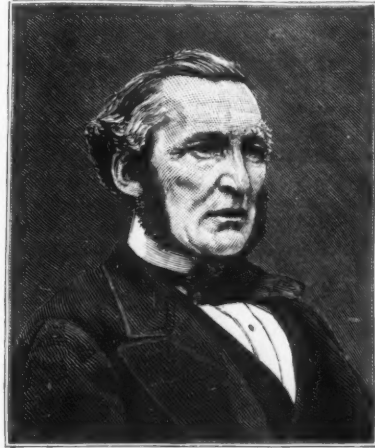
The Children's Special Service Mission is still hard at work in holiday time, when the sands and the beach are lively with those fortunate little folks who are able to enjoy the breezes of ocean. None the less merrily do these children run races—special races are arranged for the "ladies under eight" sometimes by their kind friends—or paddle in the foamy spray, because for awhile they are formed into a tuneful choir of sweet young voices to sing the hymns they love. Boys from our public schools are helpers in these bright beach services, and at Scarborough one of the workers was a gentleman who two or three years before was stroke to the Cambridge eight. Outside the little congregation stand frequently groups of fashionable people, listening quietly to the preaching of the Gospel, attracted to the spot by the bright faces of the flock. One boy explained his feelings thus—"I like these meetings, because you get the fresh air, and you don't get preached at—they only

give you a good talking to ;" and one little girl thus describes the meeting—"Oh, we all sit round on sand seats, and Mr. Arrowsmith stands on a sand pulpit. Sometimes we sing, and sometimes we pray, and it's all land and sea round us." At Southsea, some of the boys who had joined the Scripture Union were challenged by visitors to a cricket-match, and came off conquerors by four runs ; an onlooker said, observing how the very children, who listened quietly to religious instruction, worked away on the hot sands, building castles and churches like busy engineers, "I do like this—it does not look as if religion now-a-days was left to old women." Sometimes beautiful texts are inscribed in the sands to teach and comfort, till effaced by the waves ; surely "more than one will remember in heaven" the message the sand-texts bore before their work was done.

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."

The hearts even of Christians are at times disposed to think with foreboding of the possible trials and temptations which may befall them, forgetful that with every shadow God may send there is also His gift of light. "Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" was the question lately put to Mr. Moody, who answered in the negative. "Do you not wish that you had?" "No, sir, for I do not need it. What I need just now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a convention." This daily strength, this abundant help for present necessity the Lord has promised to bestow ; nor should we be concerned as to extraordinary seasons of distress, seeing the promise includes the supply of *all* our need. How many a poor creature, bereft of everything that at first sight seems requisite to happiness, has proved to those around that though all else be taken, the comfort of Divine grace is still sufficient. Mrs. Wall (of the Medical Mission, Rome) tells of an aged Italian woman who for six francs a month had just sufficient space to put her bag of straw, and who at last was obliged to enter the hospital. Her poor feeble memory could not recall the words of many of the verses learnt at Mrs. Wall's meetings, but their echoes were lingering in her soul, and this was her cheer in the darkness, even when it seemed as if her earthly friends had forgotten her. "I pray many times during the day ; and I say, 'Jesus, you have died on the cross for me.'" We heard recently of a touching incident that proves how God can glorify Himself through infirmity and apparent uselessness. A minister had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation. "Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister. "No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, 'Do you love

my blessed Saviour?' Her look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realise as never before that He Who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad, must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."



(From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Tufnell Park, N.)

EARL CAIRNS.*

LIKE some great river rushing through the plain—

A nation's highway, and a nation's pride—
That, midst its nobler work, can flow aside
To turn the mill and grind the village grain,
So is the giant mind—the fertile brain
That, God-directed, makes a country's laws,
Or guides the helm, yet loves awhile to pause
For humbler labours 'mongst its fellow-men.

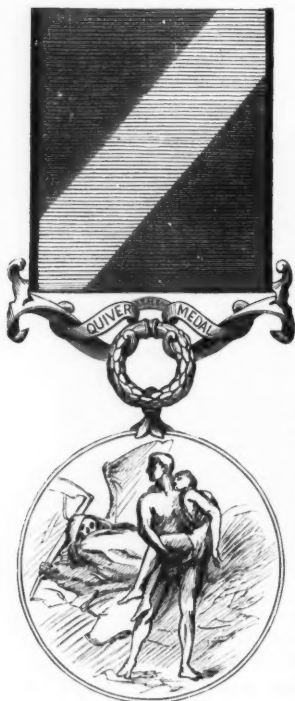
Of such was he whom God has bid to rest :

A wise and upright judge ; a man to fill
All posts with honour at his country's call ;
Yet, as a faithful servant, loving best
To help his fellow-men and work the will
Of the Great Judge and Saviour of us all.

* Died April 2, 1885. G. W.

"THE QUIVER" MEDALS.

The accompanying engravings give an exact representation of THE QUIVER Medals—obverse and reverse. The medals are of three kinds—gold, silver, and bronze—the clasp in each case being constructed of corresponding metal, attached to a silk ribbon, dark blue in colour, with a diagonal stripe of white. As stated in "The Roll-Call of the Heroes" in our July number, three silver and two bronze medals have already been awarded, and it is sincerely hoped that the liberality of our readers will enable us to stamp with the nation's approval *every truly heroic deed*. And few more heroic actions could well be recorded



"THE QUIVER" MEDAL.—OBSERVE.

than that of brave Alice Ayres, who, alas! has not survived to receive the medal which would surely have been accorded to her. Aroused in the very height of a terrific fire at an oil and colour shop in London, this brave girl thought not of her own safety—which might readily have been secured—but devoted all her energies to saving her sister's helpless little ones. She was two storeys above the street, and escape was practicable only by the window. Placing the children on the floor—so that they might not be suffocated by the smoke—she first tried to make a rope of the sheets. But time was very precious, so she altered her intention, and

dropped a bed into the street, telling those below to hold it. Then, one by one, she threw the children out—the first two to be caught in safety, but the last to meet the same fate which befell herself! For, blinded and stifled by the smoke, her aim of the third child was not true, and she herself jumped unsteadily, so that both child and heroine struck against a projection on their descent, and were mortally injured. The story will be well known to most of our readers, but it bears re-telling, since such heroism and presence of mind combined are exactly typical of the deeds to reward which THE QUIVER medals have been instituted.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

A favourite resort for some time past in London has been the Japanese Village (unfortunately stopped for a time by fire), where the manners and habits of these strangers in our midst have excited general interest, and where their ingenuity has aroused wonder and admiration. Japanese infancy has been the complacent centre of an admiring throng, and the customs and progress of Japan have become a very frequent theme of conversation. For a long time Japan was remarkably exclusive, looking on anything in the nature of change or

innovation with decided distrust, but of late years it has shown ever-increasing friendliness to the civilised world, and its advancement has been marvellously rapid. Japanese ladies are now coming forward to help those who bore to them the wonderful words of life, by engaging in the religious efforts put forth by Christian Churches. We read lately of a large congregation of women, representing sixteen different Churches, gathered together at Kobe, when the meeting was presided over by a Japanese lady, all the business was conducted by native women, and everything went forward with order and peace. "It is simply wonderful," says a Christian lady, writing from Japan—"it pays to work for this generation." When we consider the home-influence of those womanly hearts that have yielded to the truth, the future of Japan seems hopeful indeed, and we feel the time has come for Christians to give thanks that where Buddhism has cast its clouds, the Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in His wings.

"OLD APPLE-SEED."

Such was the nickname of an old man who travelled about the State of Ohio long ago, causing much amusement by his persistency in gathering up seeds when in the neighbourhood of an orchard, filling his little bag therewith, and planting them in barren corners by the wayside, or in a field if the owner agreed. The old man passed away, but many a ruddy orchard has risen where those seeds were dropped, and some of those who ridiculed him have thankfully stored the fruit.



"THE QUIVER" MEDAL.—REVERSE.

"THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH."

Two striking instances of the mercy and power of the Saviour have recently come to our knowledge, proving indeed that with the God of love there is nothing impossible. In the first of these cases, two ladies were driving over a country road in Derbyshire, when the elder spoke lovingly to her friend, a young Christian, of working for the Lord. "How can I—a girl of eighteen—serve Him?" asked the other. "Begin now," was the reply. "Let us give some tracts to those Irish reapers we see yonder." The girl took the tracts, and offered them to the labourers

as they neared the carriage. Years rolled by, and she became a school-teacher near Ottawa, Canada. One Saturday she was returning to Ottawa from the outlying school, and as she drew near the river she saw a man rushing forward in evident excitement and despair: seeing him in such trouble, she went to him, and attempted to open a conversation by offering him a tract. He took it silently, but presently rushed after her, talking most wildly and incoherently. "Calm yourself," she said; "tell me your trouble, and I will try to help you. When I gave you the tract I was praying for you."—"Years ago," he said, "when the potato famine drove me to seek work in England, a lady gave me this very same tract in Derbyshire, 'Did you ever read a Tract?'" The title took my fancy, and I sat down under a hedge and read it through. I had never known the Gospel before, but that little book led me—ay, and my old mother too—to the Redeemer. I got good work in Liverpool, but after my mother had passed peacefully away, I had to come out here and work on the railway, for the Liverpool firm failed. I am ashamed to say I got a taste for the drink, ma'am, and the drink made me a backslider. My master gave me many a trial, but turned me off at last for not keeping sober: I had given up all hope, and just as you passed by I was waiting for a chance to drown myself. You came up to me and gave me a tract with the title I have never forgotten. Oh! ma'am, what does it all mean?" The teacher persuaded him to accompany her to the neighbouring house of a minister, where they tenderly relieved his starvation, and told him that the thoughts of God were indeed those of loving-kindness towards him, for in far-distant countries the same messenger had been sent to bid him hope.

"HOW SHALL I GIVE THEE UP?"

The second of these striking cases is that of a young shopman, once a Sunday-school lad, but in his youth a Sabbath-breaker. "Every Sunday," he said, "I used to make some sort of excursion; a regular band of us went out together. At last I got to a very good place in Canterbury, where the only thing I disliked was the daily family worship. My master took it for granted that I should join them in their pew on Sunday, and I did not like to refuse at first, so I accompanied the family for some time, feeling very uncomfortable. At last I was earnestly asked to teach in the Sunday-school. There seemed no way of escape, so I called to mind the Bible teaching I had heard in my old school, and I took a class of little boys, whom I grew to love, though to religion my heart remained cold and hard. One day the superintendent asked me to visit a sick scholar, and I walked in that direction, resolving to say I had been unable to find the house, for I did not know what to say in case of illness. A door opened, and a woman called, 'Come in, sir; it is my little boy you are looking after.' A pretty little fellow lay there, very ill—the last left of a large family—

and he cried out to me, 'Oh, teacher! I am not afraid to die. I knew nothing about Jesus Christ till you told me, but now I am going to be with Him.' I found this child was the son of a notoriously wicked man, whom he had coaxed at last to let him come to the Sunday-school on the very day I began my teaching. 'Here comes my husband!' said the poor mother. 'Do, sir, read and pray with us.' My mind was dazed and confused; the man came in with a softened look, and I, as bad as he, or worse, read the 14th of John, and then uttered a few broken rambling words of prayer. My little scholar went to Jesus full of trust; the father, to the surprise of all, gave proof of an evident change of heart, and said that my earnest prayer that day had turned him to God. This double testimony completely overcame me—I bowed down all my pride before the Saviour Whom as a child I had worshipped, and since then I have tried in sincerity and truth to lead many footsteps to Calvary."



DR. BARNARDO.

(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

A GOODLY ARMY.

More than six thousand boys and girls have been rescued from privation or peril, educated, trained, and cared-for, since Dr. Barnardo's Homes were established in 1866. From hour to hour these Homes are supported by Christian friends, responding to the appeal, "Do not forget my bairns," that comes from Dr. Barnardo, the head and superintendent of the various institutions. No destitute child has to wait for

admission to these Homes. The sheltering arm of mercy is at once thrown around a case of visible need, and physical infirmity—a barrier that shuts out from many a refuge—is no hindrance here. There is a separate house for the elder ones, who are kept in sight when they go out into the world, and rewarded for retaining their situations with credit. The key-note of the future of many young ones is evidently *emigration*; multitudes of homes across the Atlantic are ready to cherish the children who have passed through the moral filter of the houses at Stepney or Ilford. "They come to us honest, truthful, and clean," say Canadian friends,

"THE RICH AND THE POOR MEET TOGETHER."

"How the poor live" has for some time been a topic of the day. Casual visitation has brought startling revelations to light, causing the heart of England to yearn for a brighter and better existence for her masses. It has been truly said that to know and understand people thoroughly one must *live* with them; and acting on this belief, thoughtful and earnest spirits in our Universities have established Toynbee Hall as their home and club among the hard-workers of Whitechapel. Here lectures are given to those less favoured by fortune and education, and social intercourse is opened up with



TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL.

"and we will find situations for as many as you can send us." A ragged Irish boy, belonging to a degraded home—a scantily clothed little fellow of nine—came to Dr. Barnardo one day, craving shelter; he was washed, fed, and clothed, but his friends stole him away for the sake of his new garments. Dr. Barnardo had to face rough and infuriated assailants ere he got the child back. He kept him for seven or eight years, till "Jim" became a master in one of the Homes, and, better still, a follower of the Saviour. He maintained his position with honour, and is now happily married; he has taken into his own house a poor little child from surroundings of peril, repaying thus the kindness that shielded him so long. Dr. Barnardo has had for many years to climb up the hill Difficulty, and toil with all his powers on behalf of his flock; but he puts his very *life-blood* into the work of feeding, with the help of the Church of God, the needy souls and bodies of these little ones of Christ.

the struggling classes, without patronage or intrusion, but simply as a result of living among them, and sharing the responsibilities, sanitary and otherwise, of householders in their district. The hall is a memorial of Mr. Toynbee, an Oxford student, earnest and anxious as to social reform. The chief aim is to reach life *by* life, and to waken noble thoughts and aspirations into practical action by the touch of interest and respect. Caste has long fixed a great gulf between the upper classes and the majority of Englishmen: those who have settled at Toynbee Hall mean to make friendships with their neighbours and scholars, and dispel, by the living Gospel of love, the suspicion with which "gentlefolk" are sometimes regarded. The intelligent are advised as to books; little children are cheered and brightened, Sunday-school classes are carried on, real spiritual work is done, and time, talents, money, and sympathy are held as by faithful stewards to be solemn trusts for the uplifting of God's poor.

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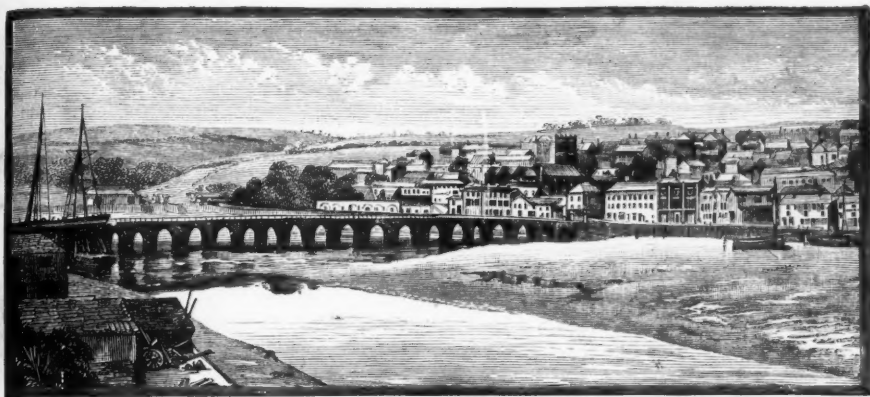


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(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND, R.L.)

. . . . "The Hand that brought me from out the maddened flame
Omnipotent abideth—through every change the same."



A HERO'S HELMET.

I'VE brought it here myself, sir; I'd trust no other hands
But those that held him dying, to fulfil his last commands.

'I'm going, lass,' he told me, 'where I'll lose this weary pain;

I thought to live and battle for some helpless one again,

But pastures fair and quiet are rising to my view—
Maybe there's work up yonder that the Lord will let me do.

Good-bye, good-bye, beloved! O God, my dear ones bless!

Deal gently with the widow, and guide the fatherless;
Yea, wife, the Hand that brought me from out the maddened flame

Omnipotent abideth—through every change the same.

Though I, struck down in vigour, at prime of manhood fall,

There's One still left to comfort—the strongest One of all!

And when His voice has called me to service blest afar,

Then take my broken helmet, crushed in with many a scar;

For down at our fire-station they hold such trophies dear

In memory of the firemen whose work is over here.
You've seen the room, my lassie, wherein the helmets bide,

Unpolished, scorched, and dented, and useless, side by side—

There's Jim's, who rushed so bravely through furnace fierce and wild,

And lost his life in saving a little crying child;

There's Jack's, who saved a mother, amid the crowd's despair,

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And brought her back, uninjured, unto her children's prayer;

And poor old Tom—he rescued a household one by one,

But a falling turret killed him when his work was done.

My dear old mates! our captain will grant me too a space

To lay my worn-out helmet within that quiet place:
Don't fret, dear heart! come closer, let's thank the Lord awhile

For those young lives He gave me from out that blazing pile!'

* * * * *

So I've brought his battered helmet; no, sir! I cannot weep—

Had you but seen my husband as he gently dropped asleep,

Had you but watched my hero as he neared the heavenly crown,

You would understand how grandly he laid his armour down!

Sometimes I hear his whistle and his step across the floor,

Sometimes I shuddering hunger for his hand upon the door,

But I think of those fair infants that he snatched from out the fire—

How *can* I grudge my darling to the conquerors' deathless choir?

Only—our boys are lonely, and the tears are in their eyes—

Sir, may the lads come sometimes where their father's helmet lies,

And read the blows and bruises and the fury of the flame?—

So shall his little children grow worthy of his name!"

A SCEPTICAL NOBLEMAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM-WITH-STRADSETT.



CEPTICISM is unhappily very general in our day, and will probably be more so as the end draws nearer; but it is as old as human nature itself. Some minds are more prone to it than others, and it assumes different forms. There is honest doubt, which earnestly gropes after light, and manfully grapples with intellectual difficulties; and there is the unbelief of those that wilfully shut their eyes to facts or doctrines which they dislike, and prefer to remain undecided.

As far back as nearly 3,000 years, there lived and died in Israel a sceptic of the latter kind. He was a distinguished nobleman in the court of Jehoram. As we read in 2 Kings vi. and vii., the siege of Samaria had been attended by a severe famine. The inhabitants were reduced to the utmost straits. Refuse, unfit for food, was sold at fabulous prices. Even tender and delicate women became so demented as, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Moses, to devour their own children. The king rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth, though he did not mourn for his own or his nation's sins. Following in his father Ahab's steps, he attributed the calamity to the prophet, and sought his life, while in a spirit of obstinate rebellion he cried, "This evil is from the Lord; why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" Well did both the monarch and his subjects merit severer chastisement.

Yet, in the midst of judgment, God remembered mercy. Without further delay, Elisha is commissioned to announce—"Thus saith the Lord; to-morrow, about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria." Such a message might well have astounded all that heard it; yet neither the idolatrous king nor his subjects seem to have questioned it. They were too much overwhelmed by the horrors of the siege not to welcome the faintest ray of hope.

But one stood near the throne—the king's personal attendant—on whom neither God's judgments nor His gracious promise made any impression. With cold, calculating indifference, he weighs the difficulties of the situation, but forgets to set against them the infinite resources of Jehovah. So he scoffingly answered the man of God, and said, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?"

Severe, though just, was the prophet's sentence—"Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but

shalt not eat thereof." In His wonder-working providence, the Lord effects the promised deliverance. A panic is struck into the Syrian host, the siege is raised at once, the four lepers discover and report the flight of the enemy, and abundant supplies are poured into the city, but the self-sufficient sceptic is trodden to death by the eager, famished crowd.

Such is the history of an unbeliever in those days long gone by. It is not difficult to draw the parallel in this nineteenth century, and trace here the *causes* of scepticism, its *remedy*, and its *consequences*.

I. The phases of infidelity are many and various. Its modes of working are as widely different now as are our circumstances, and yet we may observe in this instance the very same roots from which this upas tree has ever sprung. The words of the Israelitish courtier betray two prolific germs of error, which still bear much noxious fruit. There was first a disposition to question the truth of God's Word. He had heard the plain, authoritative announcement of Elisha. The Prophet had proved his Divine mission by many well-ascertained deeds of power. He had healed the Syrian leper, multiplied the widow's oil, raised the Shunamite's son to life, not to speak of other miracles. There was, therefore, no reasonable ground for doubt that he spoke in the Name of the Lord. The sceptic, from his high position, must have known all this; and yet, because he could not see how such a thing might be, he would not trust God to do His own work in His own way. Much less excusable is it for us, who have received the fuller revelation of God in Christ, attested by His perfect life, His heavenly teaching, His deeds of power and mercy, written as it were in His atoning blood, and ratified by His resurrection and ascension, to attempt to sit in judgment on the facts and doctrines of the Bible. Once we are satisfied that not only God may have spoken, but that He has spoken, it is surely our wisdom and duty to bow in reverent submission to His Word, however much it may soar above our reason or contradict our cherished notions. "Yea, hath God said?" was the subtle question by which the arch-fiend introduced his cloven foot into Paradise. An "if" was the first word wherewith he vainly sought to shake our Lord's confidence in His Heavenly Father's care. So, by insinuating doubts as to the truth or authority of Holy Scriptures, he still undermines the faith of thousands, and drags them down into the dark abyss of Atheism.

We notice, further, that the nobleman disputed

the power, as well as the truth, of God. "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" Such a sudden influx of plenty seemed to him impossible, unless the Almighty should rain corn out of the sky, as once He rained manna. In fact, he anticipates Hume's objection to miracles as incapable of proof because contrary to experience. But, like him, he reasoned in a circle. Because miracles are not matters of *general* experience, he concluded that they could not take place then. So many in our day that deny their possibility, forget that from their very nature and purpose they must be exceptional. He that made the world and ordained the laws of matter, must be able, if He see fit, to control those forces by the action of higher laws, in order to arrest men's attention to His own messages of mercy.

II. But this sceptic's own words suggest the best answer to all such objections, though it was not possible then. God has since made windows in heaven. Very beautiful was the thought of a little girl who, as she gazed with wonder at the myriad fires lighting up the sky, inquired if those bright stars were not tiny windows through which the glory of God shone forth. The more we know of the wonders of the heavens, the more true must we feel the child's remark. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Marvellously do they exhibit the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. One question, however, they fail to answer. They cannot tell us how the All-powerful, the All-wise, and the All-good is disposed towards us, His weak, sinful, erring creatures.

"Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This Book of stars leads to eternal bliss."

In the Bible we do find the heavens opened, and God manifested in Christ. Here we see Him reconciling the world unto Himself, and in the Cross justice and mercy met together, righteousness and peace kissing each other. Jesus, having overcome the sharpness of death, has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. Having ascended upon high, He has poured down the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. And, although the enemy of our souls may do his utmost to make men the victims of famine in the far-off land, our Father still pleads, with a deeper emphasis of meaning than in the days of Malachi, "Prove Me now, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it"

(Mal. iii. 10). How often is a secret consciousness of sin, a dull, aching void in the heart, deep dissatisfaction with an aimless life, the true cause of a sceptic's difficulties?

A remarkable instance of this kind is mentioned by the Bishop of Bedford in his "Pastoral Work." A very able and earnest clergyman gave an address to a body of operatives during a mission. At the close, one of them proposed that the preacher should never speak to them again, and the motion was carried. The man was an unbeliever. The clergyman invited him to come and see him. He came, primed with objections. Into those the minister did not enter, but simply asked him whether he believed in a supernatural power that could change a man's heart. The infidel repudiated the idea, but case after case was adduced with such effect that, after two or three interviews, the man yielded to that very Power which he had so strenuously denied. He became a true penitent, a humble believer, and a devout communicant. Truly the windows from on high are wide open in these days. Blessings are plentiful and rife, if men would only stoop down to receive them.

III. But there is a voice of warning in the story before us with which we may conclude. How mournful was the sceptic's end, doomed to witness the fulfilment of the slighted promises, and yet die in the midst of the blessing. Very awfully does it shadow forth the necessary result of all wilful, persistent unbelief. There is bread enough and to spare in our Father's House, but if we put it from us we must perish with hunger. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (St. John iii. 36). Unbelief robs even the Gospel of its saving power.

A young man in the seventeenth century, being in deep distress of mind, applied to Dr. Goodwin for advice and consolation. After he had laid before him the long, black catalogue of sins that troubled his conscience, the doctor reminded him that there was one blacker still which he had not named. "What can that be, sir?" he despondingly asked. "The sin," the Doctor replied, "I refer to is that of refusing to believe in Christ as a Saviour." The simple word banished his guilty fears. He soon found peace of mind, and became a happy and decided Christian. Happy they who, like him, solve their doubts and lose their burden at the Cross. There alone is the true Divine antidote for scepticism of every kind.



MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BURTHEN GROWS HEAVIER.



BY an almost superhuman effort Mrs. Balfour preserved her composure. Elfleda's eyes were upon her, as well as Lance's, and for their sakes she must still keep the secret that had eaten into her life, and filled it with bitterness.

Unconscious of the terrible struggle to be calm that was keeping her silent, her son began at once repeating all he had learned from the sisters. More and more feasible sounded the tale to his own ears. It was impossible, or so he averred, to doubt that Claire and Lucie were of good parentage, and he instanced their grace, their intelligence, and the air of refinement pervading all they said and did.

It was odd, very odd, he admitted, that they should have been, by their own showing, travelling through southern England on foot, and the death of Manon rendered it difficult to ascertain why it was. But the few and faint reminiscences of her charges made it tolerably certain that at the time the poor woman was stricken down and left to perish by the wayside spring, she was taking them to their father, or to relatives who had agreed to receive them in his absence.

So convinced was Lance by his own eloquence, that Elfleda's incredulous smile was very exasperating.

"I did not know you had so much romance in your disposition," she remarked. "But granted that you are correct in your surmises, what then?"

"What then?" her brother repeated. "Why, Claire and Lucie must be helped to find their relatives, or their father if he is in this country, which, for my own part, I consider doubtful."

"So do I," said Elfleda, in a tone that made Lance regard her sharply. "But it is no business of ours, is it?"

"Of yours? no. I was consulting my mother. It is her aid I count upon."

"What is it you want mamma to do for your rustic princesses? Introduce them into civilised society? Poor mamma! what a task for her!"

"It isn't easy to compare Claire and Lucie with your young lady friends," Lance retorted, "because you rarely seem to have any; or else I am sure that my princesses, as you so insultingly call them, would not be eclipsed by any girl of their age I have seen in my mother's drawing-room."

"Poor Lance!" sighed Elfleda mockingly. "You are rushing to extremes with a vengeance. Should you remain at hand to take care that the Misses Eldridge did nothing to disgrace their *chaperon*?"

"There would be no fear of that," was the confident reply.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Balfour contrived to query.

"Well, I think the best plan will be to try and find out where the old woman came from. She was French; of that I suppose there is no doubt."

"I thought the odd-looking creatures who infest our streets were either German or Tyrolese," remarked Elfleda; but taking no notice of the interruption, her brother went on—

"Lucie and Claire have told me all they can recollect of the home from which she brought them, but that is very little. You see, they were so young. They seem to have been reared by Manon in a village at some distance from the coast. As they know nothing of their mother, more than they can learn from the faded photographs they have always worn, and Manon's assertions that they would have to be very good if they would go to her in heaven, they must have been under the old woman's care from infancy. As to her being a gipsy or tramp, either suggestion is quashed by the fact that when she started for England her neighbours turned out to bid her adieu and *bon voyage*."

"Still I fail to see what mamma can do towards proving whether this tale is or is not a myth, invented since the girls have grown old enough to comprehend that a mystery makes them interesting."

"Why, this is tantamount to calling them impostors!" exclaimed Lance indignantly.

"And if I do, why should you resent it?" asked Elfleda, refusing to hear her mother's pitiful entreaty to her to be silent.

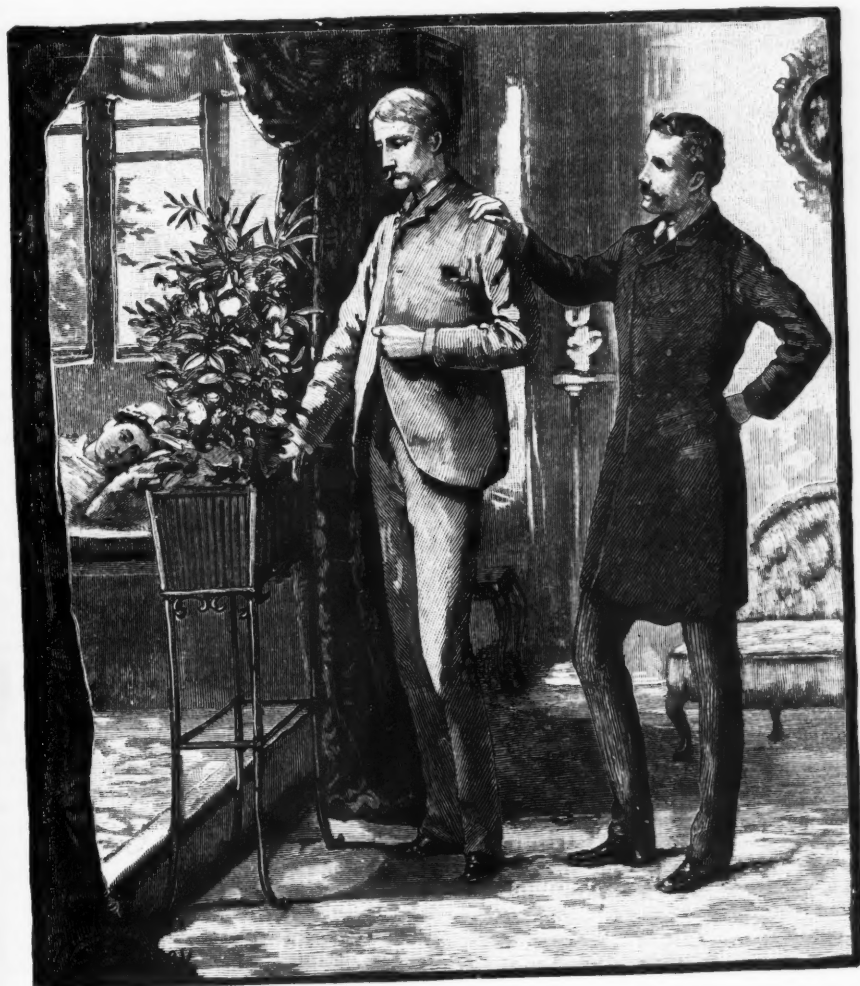
"I will tell you," and Lance, who had been holding Mrs. Balfour's hands, dropped them, and standing up withdrew himself a little from her, as if he scorned by caress or pleading look to win a hearing. "At least, I will tell my mother, and you can listen if you choose. Under any circumstances I should be interested in girls who under so many disadvantages have grown up both good and charming; but I have another reason for doing all I can to help them in their very natural desire to find out whether there is any one in the world with whom they can claim kinship. I love Lucie; some day I shall bring her to

you, mother dearest, and ask you to try and love her too, because she will be my wife."

"No, no! you would not offer such an insult as this to papa!" cried Elfleda, clenching her hands

"A girl whose sister is not only an ingrate, but a thief——"

"Does Elfleda know what she is saying?" her brother demanded; and now he spoke with such



"Lance was too much in earnest to be easily repulsed."—p. 647.

and swelling with what she would have called righteous indignation. "Has he not endured enough from your unfilial conduct, that you stand there coolly talking of bestowing the name to which he has given honour and renown on a girl who——"

Something in Lance's crimson face and flashing eyes warned her to cast no slur on Lucie, so she ended her speech by saying hysterically—

sternness that Mrs. Balfour nerved herself to interfere.

"It is hard upon me," she said, "that my children can never meet without wrangling. Why do you provoke your brother, Fleda, by your interference? If you will go away, I shall be able to listen to what he has to say. As to Lance ever bringing discredit on the name of Allan Balfour," she added proudly,

"that is impossible. Your father is too widely esteemed and honoured to be injured by the unworthiness of his children or his wife."

"Of course I shall leave you, if you wish it," Elfleda murmured, now turning her back on Lance altogether; "but please to remember, mamma, that you can vouch for the truth of what I said respecting Claire Eldridge. I was but repeating what even you must have often thought—that she was the most ungrateful of thieves when she robbed Aunt Milly!"

Having flung this parting shaft, Elfleda gathered up her books and left the room; but her words had made no impression on Lance, beyond a little surprise that she should be so unkindly ready to accuse a warm-hearted girl, who had never done her any harm. As to the accusation, he characterised it as "Bosh!" and dismissed it from his thoughts.

He availed himself of her departure to enter more eagerly on the subject that was uppermost in his mind, repeating what he had gleaned from the sisters, and dwelling on the deductions he drew from it, till, looking up to win his mother's assent to something he was saying, he saw that her face was colourless, and drawn with suffering.

"What a selfish idiot I am to tire you so!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "Why did you not check me sooner? Let me take you to your room. Ah! mother mine, when shall we see you more like your old self? Are the doctors treating you rightly?"

He insisted on being allowed to raise her in his strong young arms, and thus carried her up-stairs, hanging over her even then in his affectionate anxiety, till, with a passionate embrace, she sent him away.

But he was recalled ere he reached the door.

"I will not forget your Lucie, nor what you have asked me to do," she faltered.

"Then you do not object?" he cried delightedly.

"I! By what right should I come between you? Are the innocent always to be sacrificed to the guilty? Make Lucie happy; take care of her sister, and do not think of me. When retribution overtakes us, what can we do but bow our heads and acknowledge that it is just? I shall have a fiery ordeal to pass through, but it must be borne." And Mrs. Balfour thought of her husband more widely estranged from his son by such a marriage, and Elfleda deliberately ranging herself against her brother, and knew that domestic peace had fled from her hearth, perhaps for ever.

"What did she mean?" asked her wondering hearer, chilled with a fear that her long nervous illness was beginning to affect her brain.

But on this point her sorrowful smile reassured him.

"You think I talk strangely. You do not know what it is to be haunted with the memory of a terrible mistake, and to trace its influence in every after event of one's life."

"A mistake! but not made by you, dearest mother! Oh, no!" responded Lance, whose faith in her goodness and cleverness was as unbounded as in

the days of his boyhood, when he had gone to her in every difficulty, never doubting her ability to pull him through.

Her reply gave a shock to that faith, though not a lasting one.

"Alas!" she sighed, "am I not human, and therefore as faulty and as sinful as the rest of my kind?"

"Why, then we will reverse the old state of affairs," cried her son cheerfully, "and you shall let me help you. If there really is any mistake to be retrieved, lay the burden of it on my shoulders, and it shall not trouble you much longer. Only tell me its nature, and I shall thank you heartily for placing such confidence in me."

And Lance, as he spoke, mentally congratulated himself on having carefully laid aside the larger portion of the cheque he had received from his father. He was imbued with the idea that this trouble weighing so heavily on his mother was only one that money could remove. He knew that in the largeness of her sympathy with her poorer neighbours she had on more than one occasion seriously displeased Dr. Balfour by making loans to poor and struggling tradesmen, or taking upon herself responsibilities that trench on the sum given her for the household expenses, and compelled appeals to him which he rebelled against.

What could it be but some such impulsive act on her part that she was now rueing?

Again her son invited her to speak freely, and she was strongly tempted to do so. What a relief it would be to lay her head on his shoulder, and unburthen her soul of the secret oppressing it!

But then there were the consequences to others. How could she ignore these?

After long wavering she gently put the disappointed Lance from her.

"You should not take so much notice of the silly speeches pain wrings from me. I shall be myself again in the morning. Make your peace with Elfleda, if you love me, and let us have a pleasant social drive to Mincester. It will do me good to have another peep at your Aunt Milly before I go home. I shall take up my own long-laid-aside duties all the better for her example."

And thus Lance was dismissed, although the burthen he would have shared seemed to press upon her with such added force that she would have fallen on her knees and prayed wildly to be released, if—But that miserable *if* still held her back, and the prayer remained unspoken.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WITH PERCY.

ELFLEDA came down to breakfast in a tolerably gracious mood, and though her serenity was that of a superior being who loftily surveyed Lance from heights he could never reach, he allowed himself to be patronised without murmuring. To keep the peace he corded trunks, wrote addresses, went on

errands, and even kicked his heels on the beach while his sister took her last dip in the sea, and held her last argument on some pet theory with a learned German professor, who had come to St. Leonards with letters of introduction to Dr. Balfour, to be completely dazzled by the beauty and erudition of the Doctor's daughter.

Mrs. Balfour did not come down-stairs till the fly was at the door to convey them to the station. She was, or seemed to be, in unusually good spirits, and instead of sitting in her corner opposing languid monosyllables to every effort to draw her into conversation, she talked brightly on every subject that arose.

Elfreda concluded that mamma was rejoicing over the thought of going back to Mincester, while Lance, if a little puzzled to reconcile the scene of last night with the gaiety of this morning, was too pleased with the change to be very critical.

Neither of her companions suspected that Mrs. Balfour was feverishly excited, and secretly wrestling with an irritability that was probably the result of a sleepless night. It was positive torture to sit still and listen to Elfreda's deliberate observations on a lecture she had attended a few evenings previously; or her brother's merry suggestions that the return of the chief ruler to the school-house would be followed by reforms innumerable.

She longed to jump from the carriage and hurry away—away down to the shore they were leaving, there to walk on and on beside the sea till she could find some desolate spot, where no one would approach her till she had wrestled herself into the dead, dull calm which was all she could hope to attain.

But she dare not do this; the alarm such an act would create, the questions it would evoke, were not to be risked. She had endured so much that surely she was not going to break down now. She must send her boy away happy in the belief that she was convalescent; and so she smiled and chatted, and if she could not conquer that frightful irritability—far worse to contend with than positive pain—she almost succeeded in concealing it.

Elfreda thought her mamma strangely fidgety, and Lance detected a sharpened tone in her voice that it never used to have, but that was all.

Mrs. Glenwood had not expected her visitors till later in the day, and had gone to pay her bi-weekly visit to the schools. No one knew where Percy was, unless he had walked down to the river where his brothers spent half their time, building a hut on a tiny island that had become their favourite resort.

Elfreda announced her intention of walking towards the village to meet her aunt. As for Lance, after a little hesitation, he decided to go in quest of Percy, leaving his mother in the care of Miss Asdon, who had returned to the Lodge looking paler and thinner than ever, in her deep mourning; yet with a far more peaceful look on her melancholy face, as if her grief for the relative she had lost was already tempered with resignation.

She would have been assiduous in her attentions to Mrs. Balfour, but the latter soon contrived to let her see that what she most desired was to be left alone.

So Miss Asdon retreated to the housekeeper's room, to arrange for a more elaborate luncheon than the simple repast that satisfied Mrs. Glenwood and her boys, leaving Mrs. Balfour to pace the room till fatigue drove her to the cushioned seat of an oriel window, commanding a glorious view over a wide expanse of country.

On this, however, she gazed with unheeding eyes. In her weariness she threw herself at full length on the cushions, and permitted the air from the half-open sash to play on her hot head, till its refreshing coolness, and the recumbent position, lulled her into a brief slumber.

Too brief, for scarcely had it commenced when the unclosing of a door and the sound of eager voices aroused her.

Concealed from the speakers by the curtains and a well-filled stand of flowers, she continued to lie still, trying to gather strength for the remainder of the day, and took no heed of what the speakers were saying, till the name of Claire, spoken in accents that were startling in themselves, awoke her attention.

Lance had joined his cousin as he entered the house, and though not very cordially greeted, had insisted on a hearing.

"I can't afford to let you quarrel with me, Percy. There are too many reasons why we should stick to each other. Perhaps the most important are the relations in which we stand to Elfreda."

Percy's response to this was inaudible, and accompanied by an effort to shake off the hand laid on his shoulder; but Lance was too much in earnest to be so easily repulsed, and he only went on a little faster, lest they should be interrupted before he could say all he wanted.

"Another reason is, that I want your help, and before asking that I must try and convince you that you did me injustice when you accused me of behaving badly to Claire Eldridge. I never spoke to her, except in the presence of others, but on one occasion, and that was when I was thoroughly provoked at the persecution to which her sister was being subjected. Lucie is very dear to me; as soon as I can make her such a home as she deserves I shall ask her to be my wife."

"Lucie!"

Percy could not understand how any one could fall in love with that quiet little creature while Claire was near; indeed, he was too much astonished to do more than utter her name and stare at Lance, who bore it with composure.

"Well, now we understand each other, just give me a patient hearing. You are a man with plenty of leisure, whilst I must work for my daily bread and my future. Will you devote some of that leisure time of yours to the interest of my dear little girl and

her sister? They have convinced me that they have always been regarded as outcasts simply because no steps have been taken to prove them what they undoubtedly are—the daughters of some person in a fairly good position, who had placed them on the death of their mother with the elderly Frenchwoman whose strange decease left them in such a sorry plight.”

“Go on; I am listening. I would do anything in the world for—for *you*, Lance, if only for auld sake’s sake.”

Percy’s hand received a hearty grip, and then his cousin proceeded to expound his scheme for ascertaining whence Manon brought the sisters. By writing to the mayors and curés of such villages as lay within a day’s journey of the coast—Claire was sure they had not spent more than that on the rail; and even Lucie had been vividly impressed with that portion of their journey through her terrors of the smoking, shrieking engine—surely some information would be elicited.

But presently Lance, who had purchased a small map of France at St. Leonards, and was pointing out places at which the inquiries might commence, raised his eyes to those of Percy Glenwood and stopped short.

“What’s up? You look—but I don’t know how you look! Are you like Elfreda—more inclined to ridicule than assist?”

Percy shook his head, but he did not speak, and the vexed Lance rolled up his map.

“Anyhow, you decline to give me your assistance. This is the second time I have counted on you and been disappointed. I cannot understand it. If it is Elfreda’s influence that is working against me, I suppose I must say no more; but nothing should make you positively inhumane.”

“Not that, Lance! I am not that!”

But his cousin was angry, and answered tartly—

“What else can you call yourself? It is in your power to prosecute this search. You lose nothing by undertaking it; your greatest expense will be a few sheets of paper, stamps and envelopes; your only exertion, to write a couple of dozen or so of letters, and in this my mother would take part. You know that by so doing you might be able to rescue a couple of good girls from poverty and dependence, and yet you will not! You are greatly changed from the generous fellow I used to know.”

“Now it is you who are unjust,” cried Percy, following him as he strode away. “I would lay my life down to serve Claire Eldridge, if I dared!”

“What!” exclaimed his hearer, beginning to have a dim conception of the truth.

“I repeat it; I would die to serve her, and yet I am bound to your sister. I love the one even while I am about to marry the other. Despise me, call me mean and dishonourable if you like; you cannot think worse of me than I think of myself—but don’t put temptation in my way and then reproach me because I try to avoid it.”

“How long has this been going on?” asked Lance, after a pause, during which his mother raised herself on her elbow and with dilated eyes was regarding the young men, who were too much absorbed to discover her proximity.

“How shall I answer you?” said his cousin with a sigh. “Ever since I came to England I have regarded myself as your sister’s affianced husband. My mother wished it; and I knew that in every respect I ought to regard myself as a fortunate man if Elfreda consented to be mine.”

“You knew this, and yet you——”

But Percy broke in with a hoarse entreaty.

“Spare me! What arguments can you employ that I have not repeated to myself again and again? What can you say of me that I have not already said with bitter shame and self-reproach?”

“If Aunt Milly were to suspect the state of your feelings, or my mother——”

“They shall never have cause to do so; never!” responded Percy firmly. “I am not going to break my troth. I have a sufficiently strong sense of right to do all in my power to make Elfreda happy. Only don’t—don’t ask me to assist you in anything that will bring me in contact with Claire, for I could not bear it. Am I not unhappy enough? If you knew how often I have envied you your freedom of action, your——”

“Bah!” said Lance. “‘Do ye right and fear not.’ ‘There’s a way out of every trouble, if you wait for it.’ If you had taken either of those old proverbs for your motto, you wouldn’t be in this mess. Will you never learn to say no when it’s against your conscience to say yes?”

“I have taken courage to say it now. I will—nay, I have—avoided Claire even when my mother has thought me churlish for it.”

“But what are you going to do? Marry Elfreda while, by your own showing, some one else is nearer to your heart than she is? If this is your idea of righting a wrong, it is not mine.”

“Is there any other way out of my dilemma?” Percy asked—so eagerly that loyalty to his sister made Lance grow angry, and answer more curtly than kindly that he was not the keeper of his kinsman’s conscience; if that did not dictate what he ought to do, it must be seared indeed.

“You forget that it is not of myself alone I am thinking,” urged Percy. “There is your mother—ill able to bear the shock of knowing that I have played the traitor. Think, again, of mine—so happy in the prospect of calling Elfreda her daughter, so certain that all my affection is hers; how will she look at me if I deceive her? My uncle, too; would not his anger be terrible? I would bear any amount of suffering rather than bring so much sorrow on those I love. You surprised my secret, Lance. I never meant to breathe it to living soul. Keep it as strictly as I shall, and trust me to do my duty. Your sister shall never repent our union.”

"But this is asking me to rely on a man who would go through the marriage rite with a lie on his lips! No, Percy, I cannot connive at your doing that. It is a wretched piece of business, and I don't see

girl your mother hopes to see you marry, 'I admire you, I esteem you, but in spite of our social inequality, Claire Eldridge is dearer, far dearer to me than you can ever be! But it is



"Holding up to view a glittering circlet."—p. 653.

my way—or rather, yours—out of it. Elleda slighted for a girl who does not possess a third of her beauty or talents! You may well dread my father's wrath. Why have you let things go on till you can neither advance nor retreat with honour?"

"Why indeed?" groaned Percy, dropping into the nearest chair. "Is it so easy to say to the

no use defending myself; you have no pity for me; in your eyes I have sinned deliberately; you cannot conceive the desperate struggles I have made to conquer self and keep my troth to your sister. No, you have no pity for, no sympathy with me!"

He dropped his head on the arms he had flung on the table, and Lance stood gazing at him and

gnawing his lip savagely. Percy judged him wrongly; he did feel very sorry for him, but then there was Fleda to be considered. She was not a very affectionate sister, but he was proud of her, and would not permit her to be unfairly treated.

The longer he meditated, the angrier he grew, and as is too frequently the case, his spleen vented itself on an innocent person.

"What part has Claire taken in this affair? He demanded. "If she has encouraged your addresses, knowing as she must have done that we all looked upon you as affianced to Fleda, I will never rest till I have separated her from Lucie. Her pure mind shall not be contaminated by association with a girl who could act so basely. I could not credit the tale when it was reported that she had robbed Aunt Milly, but I must believe it now."

There was a rush up the gravel walk, and a dash into the room of three hot, muddy, noisy boys. A gardener had apprised them of the arrival of "old Lance," and they had raced home to pounce upon him.

During the clatter Percy walked away, longing to defend Claire, yet compelled to defer it, and just as the lads had succeeded in coaxing their cousin to go and see their hut, Mrs. Glenwood reached home with Elfreda, and flew to find her sister.

But Mrs. Balfour had contrived to make her escape unheard, unseen; and leaving word with Miss Asdon that she was going to lie down for an hour or two, and begging that she might not be disturbed, had locked her door even against Milly. How could she meet her just as she had learned that the pet scheme of two fond, foolish mothers was wrecked, and by the bright eyes of one of Mollie's maidens? Was this, too, the retribution that was coming upon her in defiance of her feeble efforts to ward it off?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

As Lance insisted that he must be in London that night, an early dinner was arranged, and partaken of with an amount of cheerful chat and laughter that would have led an indifferent observer to think there was not a care lurking behind the smiling faces gathered around Mrs. Glenwood's dinner-table.

Elfreda, by some strange freak, was unusually amiable to her younger cousins, and between them they kept the ball of conversation rolling; her aunt Milly, flattered by her gracious responses to Tom's attempts to be witty, laughing with and applauding both.

Never had the unconscious *demoiselle* been such an object of interest to her relatives. Her mother and Lance, unknown to each other, watched her furtively; and though conceding in their hearts that she was not as feminine and gentle as they could have wished her to be, were astonished as well as indignant at Percy's indifference.

Percy himself, filled with remorse for his inability to love her more ardently, could not help intruding

into his manner a mournful tenderness and an anxiety to please her he had rarely evinced before; while his mother, pleased to see him so attentive to his bride-elect, beamed on the young couple, and was so happy in the prospect of their speedy union that she almost drove Lance to desperation by her confidential whispers.

As he sat at her right hand she took every opportunity of expounding to him the plans she had been forming.

At first she had resolved that when she left the Lodge she would take a villa at Mincester, so as to be near her boys, but on second thoughts she had determined to occupy a cottage *ornée* at Glenwood, that its owners had just vacated. It was a charming residence, just the size for her, with a couple of spare rooms for occasional guests, and so situated that she should be within reach of the young people at the Lodge, and still able to superintend her little family of convalescents at the Red House.

"What is this I hear about your being robbed by Claire Eldridge?" asked Lance abruptly.

Mrs. Glenwood put up her finger and looked pained.

"Hush! I would not have any one overhear you! They should not have named this. I have promised to suspend my judgment, and you must do the same. If she erred, I am quite sure I may believe her assurance that she did not know the ring was mine."

Lance asked no more; his time was up, and he was glad to get away. But when, in the course of saying his adieux, he came to Percy, he made a dead stop in front of the agitated young man, and regarded him fixedly.

"Am I to lay this matter before my father, or will you? Make up your mind quickly."

"My mind is made up," and Percy spoke with a firmness he did not always display. "I shall accompany my aunt to Mincester to-morrow, and place myself in my uncle's hands. No matter what he desires me to do, I shall obey him implicitly."

"Well said," was the response, and it was with the old friendly feeling that Lance gripped his hand and wished him farewell.

"Did I hear you say you will go home with us to-morrow?" cried Elfreda, who caught part of Percy's speech and smiled approval. "Ah! now I am really pleased with you. I shall warn Aunt Milly that when she sees you here again you will be a changed man."

"My dear, you will not teach him to despise our quiet country life?" said Mrs. Glenwood, faintly smiling.

"It is not life here," Elfreda scornfully protested; "it is simply vegetation, and Percy's abilities are rusting."

But Lance was putting his arm round the fair speaker to give her a kiss that conveyed more regret and affection than she dreamed of, and the whole family, except Percy, trooped into the hall to see the last of their departing guest.

Mrs. Glenwood had some letters to write, after which she promised herself and her sister one of those old gossiping talks of which the principal topic was to be the approaching changes; but ere she returned, Mrs. Balfour, driven out of the house by the nervous irritability that had not been lessened by the events of the day, wrapped her shawl around her and went into the garden.

Avoiding the lawn on which the boys were instructing a young acquaintance in tennis, and giving an inward shiver as she passed the library window, and saw her daughter bending over a huge encyclopædia to find an article she had promised to copy for Herr Ernst, the German professor, Mrs. Balfour struck into the most sequestered path she could find.

It led her along the side of the kitchen garden and into the belt of larch firs lying between the grounds of the Lodge and the orchard of the Red House. Here all was so still, so solemn, that she could rest or muse without fear of being disturbed.

She was in a terrible state of mental excitement, all the greater for having been pent in so long. Elfreda and her mother had drifted apart since the former had grown to womanhood, but the maternal affection had been only quiescent, and now revived in full force.

Mary Balfour felt even more keenly than her son was doing the slight cast upon the—as yet—unconscious maiden, and like him she sought about for some one on whom to lay the blame, and that some one was Claire.

Percy would have loved his cousin as he ought to have done but for this girl. By what cunning wiles had she lured him from his allegiance?

Then Mrs. Balfour tried to recall every incident of the few occasions when they had met in her apartment during her enforced stay at the Red House.

An unprejudiced person would have found in them proofs of Claire's innocence of all vile manœuvring; but she only grew more angry, more unjust.

It was that accident of hers that had done the mischief. Alas! what opportunities it had given to both sisters for devising schemes for their own aggrandisement.

She no longer thought it possible to reconcile herself to the prospect of Lance's wedding Lucie at some future period, but decided that she must be as crafty an angler as her sister, and Lance the victim on whom she had fastened for lack of higher prey.

As for Claire—but ere she could devise terms in which to speak of one whom she now regarded as the deliberate cause of her nephew's fickleness, the loose pale in the fence was pushed aside, and Claire herself appeared at it.

Mrs. Balfour saw her start and colour—were not these signs of her guilt?—and imperiously signed to her to approach; but the young girl did not stir. Had she not told Percy Glenwood she would never trespass on his ground again?

Then why was she here?

Simply because they were in a little difficulty at

the Red House. One of the children recommended to Mrs. Glenwood's care had arrived that afternoon. A groom from the Lodge had been sent to the station with Percy's dog-cart, and faithfully delivered his charge to Mrs. Barnes and Lucie, who was always in requisition at such times: for what could reconcile a timid invalid to a new home so well as her sweet smiles and gentle words?

In petting and comforting the child, whose weariness extorted pitiful cries to be allowed to go back to mother, her small trunk was forgotten; the groom drove off with it, and it was not remembered till wanted.

It was a long walk round the road to the Lodge, and no one could be spared to undertake it; yet the trunk must be had, for it contained a bottle of medicine and certain directions for the management of the child that were of importance.

It was while Mrs. Barnes was chiding Mollie for not being sufficiently forward with her work to be spared, that Claire remembered to have heard the gardeners at work in the larch grove, thinning out some of the trees.

If they were still there, one or other of them would, for no better guerdon than her thanks, cheerfully bring the trunk to the Red House as he went from his work to the village.

It was in this hope she had run down the orchard, and slipped aside the loose pale, to find herself confronted by Mrs. Balfour.

When such sternly reproachful glances were levelled at her, she blushed and trembled without knowing why, till she thought of Lance's avowed love for her sister, and instantly resolved to keep the latter out of the way. If Mrs. Balfour frowned so wrathfully at her, she might treat still more unkindly the innocent girl whose only crime was the winning of her son's heart.

But Claire was soon to be undeceived. It was she who had offended the angry mother. Her naturally good disposition and strong sense of justice warped by her love for her daughter, Mrs. Balfour was pitiless.

The girl, who shrank from her aghast at her violence, heard herself called a hypocrite, as well as a thief, and denounced as heartless and treacherous, before she learned the nature of her offence.

"Not content with wronging Mrs. Glenwood, you have made her son false to his promises; ay, and to his honour! You have beguiled him so cunningly that none knew what you were about! If, by my silence, I have done you any wrong, you have revenged yourselves a hundredfold. Miserable creature that you are! is this how you reward your benefactress? My sister little thinks, as yet, that while she was commiserating your unprotected state, or refusing to believe you had sold her ring, you were deliberately and basely duping her!"

"Oh, no, no!" Claire protested, with all the energy she could muster. But Mrs. Balfour went on as if she had not heard her—

"Did she deserve such treatment from you? Oh, that I could punish you as you deserve! Oh, that I had been more clear-sighted; but you were so young, and apparently so innocent. It is horrible to think that, in nursing me with such apparent kindness, and flying hither and thither to oblige Mrs. Glenwood, you were acting a part, and such a base one!"

"What have I done?" demanded Claire, now growing angry too. "Of what am I accused?"

"What have you not done? Ruined the peace of a whole family. Nay, of two families; but I cannot speak of my daughter to you. Why are you here? Is my wretched nephew weak enough to hold meetings with you, and blazon his weakness and wickedness to his own people? Take care! for if you dare, either of you, insult my sister, by coming in her way while she remains at the Lodge——"

But the threat remained unfinished, for Claire let the pale slip back in its place, and fled.

Not to return to the house, but to roam the orchard wildly, or lie on the grass sobbing out her shame and terror, till Lucie, surprised at the length of her absence, came and found her there.

When Mrs. Balfour was left alone she soon became calmer, and was inclined to rue her burst of rage. That Claire deserved all she had said she did not doubt, but should those keen rebukes have come from her? Was she so clear of conscience that she could justify herself in denouncing the errors of others? Alas! how often had she not dissimulated and practised the most pitiful evasions during the weary years that had elapsed since she knelt down beside Manon and listened for the faltering words that were to change the whole current of her life!

But she would not put these thoughts into words. All she said was—

"I have done no good; I have only put her on her guard, and she may give her lover such a version of our interview that he may consider himself bound to proclaim himself her champion."

Mrs. Balfour remembered Milly, waiting in-doors to discuss with her what should be their wedding gifts to Elfreda and Percy.

Poor Milly! with her adoring love for her firstborn, her unbounded faith in his candour and integrity, those good qualities that redeemed the defects of his character! Who should be the first to hint that the Lodge was no home for her now her son was wooing under its very walls a girl his marriage with whom would be the talk of the country-side?

When Mrs. Balfour did re-enter the house, it was to approach her sister, who was making sails for a yacht under the direction of its youthful owner, and put her hands on her shoulders.

"Milly, I must go back to Mincester in the morning, and you must go with me."

With an amused smile, Mrs. Glenwood leaned back to look in her face and marvel at its gravity.

"My best of Marys, any one would think I am a soldier's wife, accustomed to pack up and be off at a moment's notice; just look at my *impedimenta*!"

And she nodded her head at the lads clustering round her.

"The boys can accompany us. Don't raise unnecessary obstacles."

"And leave poor Miss Asdon in solitude? She would be moped to death."

"Miss Asdon will hold herself in readiness to join you as soon as—as she hears from you."

"What an overpowering party we shall be! What will the Doctor say? I can fancy I hear him explaining to some learned friend, that a bevy of his wife's relations from the country have descended upon him and taken possession of his house; and how that friend will pity him!"

Mrs. Glenwood laughed as she finished speaking, and Elfreda, not at all pleased with the arrangement, put a query to her mother.

"If you think Aunt Milly is in need of a holiday, would it not be much nicer for her to go to London? There would be so much there to interest the boys, while Mincester is only a cathedral city. Besides, with Herr Ernst in the house—you knew papa had invited him, didn't you?—and Percy in Lancee's room, where could we put any one else?"

"You must consent to go with me, Milly," said Mrs. Balfour, taking no notice of her daughter's interference. "I have weighty reasons for urging it, so do not refuse."

"Of course it would be very pleasant," hesitated Milly, trying to catch the eye of her eldest son, but failing; for not being aware that his aunt had overheard his confession, he was perplexed by the stern determination with which she was urging her wish. "I should enjoy it if you would agree to let me go to an hotel. Yes, you must do that, Mary. You are not well enough to be troubled with many guests, and some of them such noisy ones."

"You will contrive to be ready to start by the early train?" was the only reply. "No, don't talk of packing. Miss Asdon will kindly send after you anything you may require."

Again Mrs. Glenwood laughed merrily.

"This is being whisked off like a princess in a fairy tale. I shall sleep at the Lodge to-night, and *hey, presto!* I shall open my eyes and find myself eating my lunch opposite a window through which I see the jackdaws flying round the tall towers of a cathedral. But you must not keep me many days. The shopping I want to do will not take up more than two or three mornings, and I must not give Mrs. Barnes cause to accuse me of running away before we have got our plans into working order."

The boys were delighted at the idea of having their mother with them at Mincester, although they would have been more gratified still had she acted on Fleda's suggestion and taken them to London. As for Percy, he was glad for her sake that she would have the consolation of his aunt's society and sympathy, if Dr. Balfour's indignation proved so overmastering that he refused to accept his nephew's proffered atonement, and bade Elfreda forget him,

Mrs. Glenwood did not come down to breakfast on the morrow till every one else had assembled in the pretty morning-room.

She was hot and flurried, having had so much to arrange, and so many directions to give, that she was inclined to regret consenting to such a hurried flitting. Even while pouring out coffee, and trying to accept her sister's assurance that she had slept as well as usual, she was thinking of other things, and set down her cup with a start as soon as it was at her lips.

"Oh, Miss Asdon, I had almost forgotten to give you the key of the drawer in the store-room, where there is the roll of old linen I promised Goody Brown, and yet I put it into my pocket on purpose."

She plunged her hand into the said pocket, and withdrew it with a scream, holding up to view a glittering circlet.

"The ring! Poor John's ring that Tom was to have had, and that Claire has been accused of stealing. I remember, ah! yes, I remember now that I wore this dress the last time I had it in my hand. How wicked I was to let such an accusation be brought against an innocent girl!"

"Do not be too sure of her innocence!" said the high, clear voice of Elfreda. "You know as well as I do, Aunt Milly, that she did sell your ring at Enson's.

If it has been redeemed and placed where you have just found it—"

"Stay!" and Miss Asdon came forward, looking eagerly from one to another. "You are all labouring under a strange mistake. It was my ring Claire Eldridge sold, and though it was a cameo as well as the one Mrs. Glenwood has in her hand, it was much more valuable on account of its antiquity. The female head on it was a Medusa; this is a Diana."

"Then it was you who were robbed?" said Elfreda.

"I beg your pardon. It was at my earnest request Claire sold the ring; why I asked her to do so involves a story which, with Mrs. Glenwood's permission, I will reserve for her ears alone."

"Is it possible that Claire can be innocent?"

"Who in their senses has ever doubted it?" demanded Percy, in such passionate tones that Elfreda was startled into retreating a pace or two and surveying him with haughty surprise.


But ere she could make any reply, the door was pushed open, and Mrs. Barnes stalked in unannounced.

"Is Lucie here? No! Nor her sister? Haven't you seen either of them? Then they are gone, Mollie and her maidens too!"

(To be concluded.)

NORTHERN METHODISM.

BY A NORTH COUNTRY NONCONFORMIST.



THE holding of the great conference of the Wesleyan Methodists in Newcastle recalls to remembrance some of the causes of the growth of the various forms of Methodism in the North of England, and is a reminder of some of those who have built up and consolidated the structures of these forms of one faith. Methodism grew in the North because it supplied a want, because it could adapt itself to the growth of the population, and because there was in its heartiness something that met the needs and the natures of a people whose characteristics were "rough but kindly." And in the change that has come over the North in the hundred and forty-two years since the first visit of John Wesley to Newcastle, the body which he founded has had much to do. His record of that visit in his journal is as follows—

"Friday, May 28th, 1742. We came to Newcastle about six, and, after a short refreshment, went into the town. I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) do I never remem-

ber to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." He goes on to say, however, that on the following Sunday "at five, the hill on which I designed to preach (the bank rising from Sandgate) was covered from the top to the bottom. *I never saw so large a number of people together either in Moorfields or at Kennington Common.*

"After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press."

At that date, the condition of the North, in regard to religious matters, was depressing. Newcastle had its four "old churches," Durham concentrated something of the religious zeal and learning, but deadness generally covered the land; and the picture given in the "Collier's Wedding," of miners who lived "happy, honest, drunken lives," is one that was not uncommon. The county was increasing its population, but both Church and Dissent were comparatively idle, and in scores of the lead-mining dales and the coal-mining villages, churches, chapels, and schools

were alike absent ; and the results were, a rude, rough, hearty, homely people, amongst whom drunkenness often had sway, and in whom religion was so little cared for that, in the classic of Pitland to which we have referred, the expression occurs that there were many who had not more than once or twice in their lives visited a church.

John Wesley was joined in the work in the North by his brother Charles, and speedily after that first visit land was obtained from an ancestor of the present Mayor of Newcastle, on which it was intended to build a centre for evangelistic effort in the North ; a place of rest for the tired worker, and an Orphan Home for the children of the poor. In the building, in March, 1743, the first meeting was held ; and it is noticeable that this was the second of the "preaching houses" of Wesley in Great Britain.

Over the Orphan Home Grace Murray became the matron, a lady whose name would have become Wesley had John had his way. His followers (they formed not a denomination then) were not treated with much kindness either by churchmen or dissenters, but they increased in number. There were frequent visits from the Wesleys and the chief of their followers, and successive passages in John Wesley's "Journal" tell a different story of the reception he met with, and of the impressions he formed of the Tyne and the North. There is, however, a story told which seems authentic, and which may be quoted from Dr. Bruce's "Old Newcastle."

Wesley spoke on one occasion from one of the landings of an external staircase leading to the main floor of the Town Hall of that day. "The preacher was assaulted by some riotous persons, when a fishwoman of the name of Bailes rushed to his assistance. Putting one hand round his waist, she extended the other, with clenched fist, towards his assailants, and exclaimed, 'Now touch the little man if you dare !' Her appeal was irresistible, and the preacher proceeded in peace." This was the Newcastle where women were bricklayers' labourers, where the town's receipts were stored in a huge wooden chest, and where noble families lived in mansions where now are warehouses, by the river-side.

John Wesley, on another visit, in 1745, records that the "mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms," and that "Pilgrim Street Gate was ordered to be walled up," the Pretender

threatening the town ! And when, in 1759, that untiring preacher again visited the Tyne metropolis, he says, "After preaching I rode on to Newcastle. Certainly, if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness. But I seek another country, and therefore am content to be a wanderer upon earth." How far the difference in the two pictures he draws of the place and the people is due to the fact that the keelmen were those amongst whom he was mixing on the first visit, or how far love threw a glamour over the Tyne from the Orphan Home, we need not ask.

We need not enter into the long records we have of the visits of Wesley to the Tyne, the Wear, the dales, to Hartlepool, and to the largest part of the North. His work was done, and done well ; since then the Orphan Home has passed away, the keelmen, "a mutinous race," are passing away. Sandgate, where "a lassie" sang "Weel may the keel row," is no longer the Wapping of the Tyne ; the Stephensons have changed the land of the North, and the aspect of the sea and the river is altered by steam navigation. Could the Wesleys revisit the scenes of the past, they would, in Macaulay's words, scarcely recognise "one landscape in a thousand," and possibly the Tyne district would not be that one. And great as is the physical change, the moral one is greater.

As early as 1746, Newcastle was made one of seven circuits of the Society ; it grew influential, and though it has been severely tested by divisions, both in the Kilham and the "Fly Sheet" controversies, the northern districts have increased in numbers, in strength, and in the appliances that lead to growth. In 1767 the first missionary collection was there made by Wesley. So long ago as 1812, the first "swarming" from the old chapel near Pilgrim Street Gate took place, an East-end chapel being formed. Next, in 1820, the chief Wesleyan chapel, "Brunswick," was built. Then, in 1833 we have the record of the division of the town into two circuits ; and now Wesleyan Methodism is one of the chief of the forms of faith that the northern metropolis holds, and when its Conference is held there this year for the fourth time, a Wesleyan mayor is found to bid his fellow-worshippers welcome.

J. W. S.



"O Lord, how Noble are Thy Works."

Words and Music by the REV. W. H. BLISS, M.A., Mus. B., Oxon.
(Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.)

mf

1. O Lord, how no - ble are Thy works, In heav'n, and sea, and sky!
2. The moun-tains tow - ring up to heav'n, Their sum - mits crown'd with snow,

They speak Thy wis - dom, pow'r, and love, Thy glo - rious ma - jes - ty:
Such vast - ness strikes our minds with awe, And bends our spi - rits low;

p *cres.*

The moun-tains, val - leys, snow and streams, All tell our hearts of Thee—
Yet more tre - men - dous is Thy pow'r, Sub - lim - er far Thy might;

f *pp*

Thy might, Thy gen - tle - ness and love, Thine aw - ful pu - ri - ty.
Thy judg - ments soar trans - cend - ent - ly, Yea, far a - bove our sight.

3. The valleys rich with corn and fruit,
And carpeted with flowers,
Bespeak Thy tender, loving care,
Thine all-sustaining powers:
Yet richer still Thy bounty shows
In grace's higher sphere,
Thou giv'st Thy children living Bread,
And food from heaven here.

4. Thus, Lord, Who madest all so fair
In this most beauteous land,
Grant us in all we here enjoy
To trace a Father's hand;
Let mountains, valleys, snow and flood,
All lift our hearts to Thee,
Thy wisdom, might, and tend'rest love,
Thine awful purity.

WITH THE HOP PICKERS.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "WITH THE SLEEPERS-OUT," "WITH THE DOCK LABOURERS," ETC.

A FEW strips of old sackcloth stretched over half a dozen bent poles and pegged to the ground, and for flooring an armful of straw—such is frequently a hop-picker's hut. A row of these little tents seen in the pale gold sunshine of a September day, nestling under the shelter of a high hedge or thick copse, or with the blue smoke of the evening fire rising before them at nightfall, affords a sufficiently picturesque sight. And wretched though the accommodation is, the hop-pickers' life is not accounted altogether unpleasant, if the season be fine, for most of them are London poor who welcome a few weeks in the country combining business and pleasure.

From the sweltering courts and alleys of Whitechapel to the healthy hop-gardens of Kent and Surrey and Hampshire is a change indeed, and one that is looked forward to almost all the summer long by many a poor family in the dull

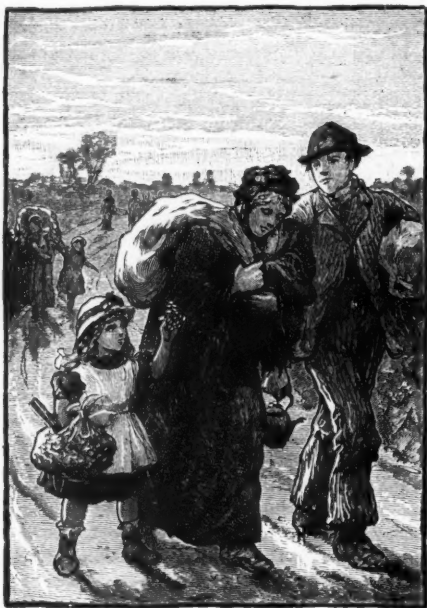
and lay by a store of health for the coming winter by "goin' 'oppin'."

"Goin' 'oppin'" is the expressive phrase for harvesting the fragrant hops by picking them from the bines into sackcloth bins at so much (generally threepence or fourpence) the bushel. And so healthy is this employment, owing doubtless to the tonic properties of the hop and the breezy outdoor life, that many even of the country people look to a three weeks' "oppin'" to brace their vigour, enervated by the summer heat, and "set them up" for the trying weather of winter.

The exodus of the hop-pickers from London is quite an event in the dull round of their life. Some families journey down in a dignified manner by donkey cart. Others (very few) harness their rickety vehicle to a bony horse; while the large majority tramp along the roads and lanes with their bundles, no doubt enjoying the fresh air, the golden corn-fields, and pleasant country sights and sounds. Of late years, however, the railway companies have run special cheap hop-pickers' trains, which mode of conveyance is being more and more patronised by the poor hoppers who journey down to some centre—say Farnham in the Farnham and Alton district, or Maidstone or Ashford in Kent—and from thence find their way to the grounds of the hop-grower from whom they hope to obtain employment. It is a touching sight to see the pickers start from the station in the early morning. Women and children mainly make up the crowd. There are a few men slouching about with their hands in their pockets and occasionally with a short dirty pipe in their mouths, but for the most part the men of these families have tramped off along the roads to save the expense of the journey.

The luggage of the poor travellers is pitiable indeed. This good lady with the anxious, excited red face, a baby in her arms and others dragging at her skirts, has an old sack through the holes of which peep the handle of a saucepan, the spout of a kettle, and the crust of a hard-looking loaf; another has a clothes-basket filled with pots and pans and bundles. Some take bedding, others potatoes, and altogether the railway platform on the starting of a typical hoppers' train presents about as curious a collection of household articles as the reader can well imagine. A hoppers' "special" affords a striking contrast indeed to the holiday trains of richer folk.

How the poor people manage to trudge along the country lanes from the railway station, with all the luggage, is a difficult question to answer, except that they do accomplish it. Some of the



ON THE WAY FROM THE STATION.

city of the East End. Whilst their richer neighbours hasten away to breathe sea or mountain air, these others seek to increase their scanty purse

large growers send their waggons to the station, but the majority have to bear their burden unaided.

In the same way the lodging for these poor people is sometimes provided by the hop-grower, who frequently places an empty barn at their disposal if he have one; but empty barns are not numerous in September, so that the largest employers of hop-pickers frequently erect what are known as "hoppers' houses," which are in fact spacious sheds, having an open fireplace, plenty of clean straw, and a few rough-and-ready arrangements for the use and benefit of their temporary inhabitants. There is one of these hoppers' houses for the women and children, and another for the men; and, uncomfortable though they may appear, they are in reality a vast improvement upon the squalid, filthy rookeries from which too many of the hop-pickers come. At least, there is here the fresh, sweet air of the country, the healthy scent of the hop-grounds near, and a much nearer approach to decency and decorum of life than that which they have left.

But when no barn is available, or the hop-grower has provided no "hoppers' houses," then the corner of a meadow is generally allotted to the hop-pickers, where they can pitch their humble tents as in the manner described. The Rev. Wyse Stratten, of Ditton, Maidstone, is the secretary of the "Society for the Employment and Improved Lodging of Hop Pickers," which has done much to bring about a better state of things from that which used to prevail.

Work in the hop-gardens begins early, and the pickers leave their huts while yet the sun is low in the east, and while the heavy dew is still thick on the meadow grass, and glistening on the gossamer webs on the bushes. A walk like this in the early morning through copses and fields shining with dew, and silent save for the feathered songsters around, must be a novel experience for these poor people, whose bleared eyes are more familiar with the purlieus of Whitechapel and Wapping.

Nor is the hop-ground itself less interesting. It is always picturesque; in the spring, when the poles are being placed and the tender plants are being trained to twine around them; in the summer, when the leaves are broad and large, and the tiny hops are beginning to appear; in the autumn, when the clusters are full and hang in rich profusion from their poles; most of all when the gatherers with their sackcloth bins are ranged in lines in the field, the poles are being pulled and their aromatic flowers being plucked, while winding through the field comes the waggon to carry off the filled and measured bags of hops to be dried in the kilns; picturesque also when the poles have all been pulled and the pickers have finished their labour, when the hop-gathering is over and the fields are left to the autumn wind and rain;

yes, even now, though they are desolate, they are picturesque in their desolation. And when this has come to pass we know that winter is nigh.

There are two ways of training the hop-plant, both beautiful. In the first method the poles



IN THE HOP GARDEN.

are placed singly, a few feet apart, and a string is stretched from the top of each one to the other, so that the visitor walks beneath a lovely network of greenery and hanging branches of hop-flowers; the second is the old-fashioned and far more general method, in which the poles are higher, and are placed in groups of three, the plants twining up them and frequently interlacing with one another, so that each group forms quite a little bower of beauty.

The mode of picking is much the same in either case. The pickers are divided into parties or sets, those from the immediate neighbourhood being generally in one set, and those from London (or, as they are locally termed, "foreigners") in another.

These are again subdivided into smaller parties, generally comprising six, eight, or ten bins, to which a "pole-puller" is appointed. His duty it is to cut the hop vine a foot or so from the ground, so that it will not "bleed" too much, to pull up the poles and supply the pickers, who forthwith lay the pole over their bin and proceed to pluck

off the hops. In some cases where the stringed method is in use the strings are let down over the bins and picked into them. The strings are liable to "tangle," however, and the poles which remain standing obscure the view, so that on the whole the pickers themselves much prefer the old method.

As for the bins, they are large sackcloth bags pegged, or rather "skewered," to a light wooden frame, which we suppose a strong woman could carry with comparative ease. At noon and at evening the hops are "measured." Bushel baskets of wood or wicker are given out, and the pickers, under the eye of the overseer, who has to be sharp as a needle to prevent fraud on the part of some of his motley crowd, measures out the contents of their frames into a set of empty bins, receiving from him a metal "token" for each bushel or peck. These little tokens are as carefully preserved as money, and each poor woman hides and hoards her tickets in the safest receptacle she can find. When a certain number of bushel tickets have been obtained, they are exchanged for a token of higher value. Payment is not given, as a rule, until the end of the harvest, which generally lasts three weeks.

The sums earned vary considerably. If the hops are large and fine and the weather dry the number of bushels picked will be much larger; if, on the contrary, the hops are small and bad, and the weather damp so that they "lie close" in the frames and measures, the number of bushels will be much less. In this case the grower generally gives a penny or even twopence more per bushel, as much as sixpence per bushel having, we believe, been paid in very bad seasons. The average earnings of a family, however, appear to vary from fifteen to eighteen shillings and even twenty shillings per week, so that if thrift and economy are practised the expenses of hop-picking life are so slight that the poor hoppers may easily take back a couple of sovereigns to Southwark or Whitechapel or to their village home, besides profiting by the exhilaration and health of their holiday in the hop-grounds.

Unfortunately they do not leave their vices behind, and drink is the curse of the hoppers as of others. Not in the grounds themselves, while picking is going on; there, the proceedings are usually orderly enough, doubtless in many cases because the men and women cannot buy drink; but sometimes in the evening, and most of all when the poor people are paid off, then they are tempted to exchange their hardly-earned bright gold for the treacherous drink, and the streets of the usually quiet little country towns and villages re-echo with ribald revelry and angry shouts, and the sunny highways and byways show many a disgusting sight of drunkenness and strife. Brutal fights are by no means uncommon, and a few days in the police-cell often end a hopper's holiday.

Indeed, when we remember what many of these poor people are, their lack of training, their mode of life, and the vile dens from which they have come, it is not surprising that petty crime is frequent in the hop-picking districts during September, and that many of the peaceable inhabitants dread the approach of the "hopping" season, and never care to venture forth on country roads after dusk. The Fairleigh district (a few miles from Maidstone) might perhaps be called the headquarters of the hop harvesters. At all events, vast numbers of pickers, chiefly from London, are attracted here; and the scene on Sunday morning, in the neighbourhood of the church, rivals the New Cut at Lambeth, or Watney Street, Shadwell. Here are costers' barrows with fish and bread, dark-red scraps of meat, and, in fact, all the commodities which the poor purchasers have been accustomed to buy in the street-markets at home. Thus the coster has his holiday as well as other folk. This strange scene is known as "Fairleigh Fair," and many people come from the surrounding district to witness it. It is almost like a bit of low London life dropped down suddenly in the midst of the fair and pleasant country.

Of recent years much has been done to bring these poor hop-pickers under Christian influences, and to send them back to their homes, if such their usual dwelling-places can be called, spiritually as well as bodily benefited by their sojourn in the country. There is no general society for Christian work among the hop-pickers, no doubt because of the short space of time which such mission would be specifically needed; but in most, we might almost say in all, districts the hearts of individual Christians have been touched to do something for the moral and religious welfare of the poor hoppers. Indeed, in some neighbourhoods the efforts are so organised as almost to be called a local "Mission to the Hop-pickers." Funds have been collected, and City Missionaries brought from London to engage in three weeks' labour among them.

This is perhaps one of the best methods of reaching the hoppers, for the City Missionary knows the class with which he has to deal. In many places open-air preaching or services in barns near the hoppers' houses or encampments are regularly held, and have been attended with good results. The testimony of one gentleman, a hop-grower in a certain village, is very satisfactory on this point. At first he had been adverse to the Mission, and refused to subscribe to its funds; but after some experience he gladly supported it, saying that whereas, before its work began, drunkenness, foul language, fighting, and immorality of all kinds prevailed, the people now were at least quiet, orderly, and well-behaved. But, indeed, in many hearts a greater change has been wrought, and upon the darkened soul the

Divine Light has beamed, and the poor hop-picker has gone back to his loathsome London surroundings, cheered by the Christian hope and strengthened by the Christian faith.

Perhaps the unfamiliar and pleasant scenes in which they have temporarily lived have made their minds more than usually receptive. Without doubt the open-air services are calculated to impress the heart. The deep stillness of the Sabbath evening, the calm, mild light of the setting sun, the silent hedgerows and hop-fields around, the broad expanse of sky, all tend to heighten the impressiveness of the preacher's message; and the still small voice is heard and the stubborn will subdued. The work among the

hop-pickers has opened up a new and happier life to many a poor wanderer from the paths of rectitude and peace, and they have returned home better men and women than when they set forth.

But one word in conclusion. We recommend those who are anxious to assist in such work, either by gifts of money or personal service, to apply to the clergymen or Nonconformist ministers in such towns as Maidstone, Ashford, Farningham, Fairleigh, Farnham, or Alton, or to the secretaries of the London City Mission, Bridewell Place, E.C., and these gentlemen will no doubt be able to advise them of the best channel in which to direct their efforts.

THE TRUE STORY OF LOTTIE: TOLD FOR THE CHILDREN.

PART I.

LOTTIE only lived six years of this sad life of ours.

Where did Lottie come from, and where is she gone? She had such a tiny body—a body that looked as if you might have crushed it with a rough touch. That was all you could see of her, and it would have made you feel very sorry had you seen her, with her small, pale face, and her arms and legs as thin as a baby's; and you would have looked at your own sturdy legs and wished that she could run about like you, instead of lying there so straight and still, with such a quiet, wistful smile. But then that poor little body was not all there was of her; there was something strong within it, that you could not see—the strongest thing in all the world, a brave, patient spirit, that could master pain and weakness and fretfulness and temper. The body belonged to her only for six years, while she lived here on this earth. She has done with that now, poor little maiden! and the beautiful spirit that was shut up in it is gone away from us. Where did Lottie come from, and where is she gone? Ah! we don't know that, do we? That is a question that would puzzle the very wisest of us. All we know is that she came from God, and that she has gone back again to Him. And why she was sent here to struggle through that little life we do not know.

She did not seem to belong to any one but God. She seemed to have come down straight from Him. No one knew anything about Lottie's father, or even who he was, but he could not have been a good man. She had a mother, it is true; but if you had seen her you would have said, "There must be some mistake; *she* cannot be Lottie's mother." For she was a dark-complexioned, hard-featured, coarse-looking woman, who helped with the workhouse scrubbing, and spoke in a hard, common voice, while Lottie's was like the clear piping of a

sweet-throated bird; and she had a fair, blue-eyed face, and dignified, refined little ways, that made her seem like a lady's child.

Workhouse! Yes; you will have guessed now that Lottie was a workhouse child. She never knew any home but that till the last two years of her life.

Do you know what a workhouse is like? Perhaps you have only seen the outside, and you have not wished to pass through the great doors and within the straight brick walls, with their long rows of windows—the place looked to you so dreary and ugly. If you had gone inside the workhouse where Lottie lived you would have found it very clean and tidy; the floors with no carpets on them, but as white as milk, and you would very likely have seen Lottie's mother on her knees scrubbing away to make them still whiter. She would have moved her pail for you to pass, and given a bobbing curtsey, and so would every one else you met on your way upstairs to the women's infirmary. It was a long way—past the kitchen where you might see great stacks of bread cut for tea, and through great bare rooms filled with beds all with the same coarse clean counterpanes. And at last you came to a door on which was written, "Women's Convalescent Ward," and when you opened it there you would find Lottie. At least, you would have done so had you been with us the first time we paid a visit there.

You may imagine how surprised we were when we went forward to the fire, to see on the floor sitting on a pillow in the midst of the group of forlorn, dreary-looking old women, a little baby-girl! And what do you think she was playing with? Nothing but her little shoe, which she had taken off and was making a dolly of! She had a nice little baby face, with blue eyes; but it was, oh! so serious.

"It's Lottie, ma'am," said one of the old women, in answer to our question. "She's got a bad hip,

Her mother's in the house, down-stairs. You see, she can't stand on her legs," and the woman set the child on her feet for a moment to show us how she had to fall back on to her cushion again.

"Poor little thing!" said one of us; "but it is nice for you to have a child up here to brighten you up a little."

A blank silence followed this remark, until one very sour-looking old soul observed, "Deary me, ma'am! us as have brought up families of our own have had enough of children. We want a bit of quiet at our time o' life."

Certainly Lottie did not seem as though she would be likely to disturb anybody's quiet, for there she sat, looking as solemn as a judge, and evidently taking it all in and understanding everything. But when we began to talk to her and make a little play with her shoe-dolly, we found her eyes could twinkle, and then she began to laugh; such a merry, sweet little laugh it was!

Some weeks after, we set off to see Lottie again, carrying with us a charming doll with red cheeks, bright black eyes and a gay blue frock. But when we opened the door and came into the midst of the old women again, there was no Lottie sitting on the floor.

"She's worse, ma'am," said the nurse; "her hip's bad again, and she's in bed in the next room."

While she was speaking, an old woman, very much bent, with a wrinkled face, slowly got up from her chair, and hobbled forward. She opened a door and motioned us to follow. We found ourselves in a smaller room, with four beds in it. In one of them lay an old woman, groaning dreadfully, and in another a younger woman lay quite still and white, with shut eyes. The third was empty, and in the fourth was Lottie. There was one window in the room, too high for the child to see out of, and not much light came through it, for it looked on to a blank wall. And there was not a picture on the staring bare walls, or anything to look at beside the beds and the sick women. And there was Lottie, sitting up in her bed with a pale, pinched little face; and even when she saw the doll she gave us only a smile that very soon faded away.

Lottie was a small philosopher, as we found out afterwards, and knew that crying was of no use. She was used to bearing pain, only four years old as she was, and she just shut her lips together tight; and sometimes, when it was very bad indeed, sighed under her breath, "Oh dear me! Oh dear me!"

And so Lottie was not crying, and when we went up to her bedside we saw she had a picture in her hand. It was such an odd one, an old picture of the fashions, with a lady in a very grand dress and a little girl who was just a copy of her fashionable mother. And the funny little child put her mite of a finger on the picture-lady and informed us very gravely—

"Dat's a dinner-dress."

It was such an unexpected, old-fashioned speech,

that we looked at each other and laughed; but we found we had made a mistake. Lottie understood very well that it was not polite in one lady to laugh at another lady's remark, and after a serious glance into our faces she withdrew into herself, and would not talk or smile. The old woman who had brought us into the room had stood looking on at the other side of the bed, and now she came to our help.

"The matron give her the picture this morning, mum," she said, "and told her it was a dinner-dress as the lady was wearing. The child's so fond of pretty things—ain't you, ducky? Do you want a drink of broth?"

"Yes, please, Fowler," said Lottie; and she drank feverishly from the mug that was held to her lips.

"Ah," said "Fowler," turning to us, "if it weren't for me she wouldn't be near so well off. I comes in and sits by her, and gives her a drink many a time in the day. She's very bad, mum. She won't get over it, I don't think, this time, though she has the doctor's medicine and everything she can want, as you may fancy when I tell you she takes no less than a couple of pints of milk and as much broth in the twenty-four hours. And for all that she's but skin and bone."

Lottie listened to this account of herself, and seemed to understand it just as if she were a grown-up person.

"Surely she should not be sitting up if she has hip-disease?" said we; and as we spoke, the nurse came in and heard us.

"No, that she ought not," she said; "but I can't keep my eye on her all the time. Lie down, Lottie, and don't sit up again."

The child sighed as she lay down.

"She gets tired o' laying," said Fowler; they never call women Mrs. in the workhouse, you know.

The nurse gave her a look which seemed to say, "I can't have you interfering;" and then she went over to the bedside of the groaning old woman and gave her something to drink. Lottie watched her, and then turned to us and pointed out the empty bed, saying in her childish voice—

"Jones is gone away; she's dead."

"She means the person as lay in that bed," explained Fowler; "and a mercy it was, too, when she was taken, for she lay a-dying three weeks or more, and a-calling out dreadful at the last."

"And was this child here then?"

"Yes, mum; she's been in this room since a day or two after you come last."

Poor little Lottie! Does it not make your heart ache to picture her lying in that dreary room, with all that pain to bear, and nothing to look at but the bare walls and the dying women, and nothing to hear but their groans? You wish you could have done something to cheer and comfort her, and you would, any one of you, have given up your favourite plaything to please her had you seen her as we did that day, sitting up in her bed, with her grave white face. But we can none of us do anything for her

now; she has gone back where she came from; and though we don't know where that is, we are sure it must be a more beautiful place than any we have ever seen. But though we can do nothing for her, there is many another Lottie in the world just as

see how everybody, the old women included, seemed to be so fond of her when she was going away, though generally they seemed to care for nothing but their own comfort. But Fowler, you know, had always been kind to Lottie, and she was quite upset



"A lady in a nurse's dress took her in her arms."—p. 662.

much in need of our help, only we shut our eyes, and don't look about to find them.

And now I think it is time I gave you a little comfort, for I am sure you are anxious to hear what happened to our poor little Lottie, and whether she ever came out of that dismal room. So I must ask you to fancy yourself paying another visit to the workhouse on a very joyful occasion. For there is Lottie, no longer in her little night-dress, but dressed up from head to foot in a way that she thinks very grand indeed. There she sits on her bed like a little queen, telling everybody that she is going away to London. Do you know, it was quite surprising to

by the thought of losing her. The tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks as she hugged her and bade her good-bye, and she felt it hard that the child should be so glad to go.

"No, Fowler, I ain't glad to leave you, and I'm sorry to leave my muvver, too. My muvver gave me dese," and Lottie pointed out to us some coarse red woollen cuffs that had been drawn on to her tiny wrists.

"Pretty little soul! she thinks a lot of her mother," whispered Fowler aside to us, "and it's my opinion the mother don't care a fig for her. She's only a burden on her, you see, and but for the child she'd

keep herself out of the union, I daresay. She come up to see her now and again, but she'd be bad off if there was none cared for her more than her mother do."

And now a very ugly straw hat, with a ribbon round it, and a round cape of coarse grey cloth, were put on to the child, and then the stout, good-humoured-looking matron came up to the ward to see that Lottie had all her clothes right before she left. She patted her on the head, and bade her be a good girl, and sent for her mother to say good-bye. Lottie clung to the hard and forbidding-looking woman, her mother, as she had not done to any one else; but soon she was being carried in the nurse's arms to the fly that was in waiting. She was quite self-possessed, and not at all frightened at leaving every one she knew, and going away with strangers, though she had never been out of the workhouse before.

You will perhaps have guessed that it was to a hospital she was being taken, but it was not to one of the large hospitals which are like cities of the sick, but to a small cosy one, more like a home than a hospital, where sick women and children who can never get any better are not refused admittance, as they have to be in most hospitals. It was here that Lottie was brought that day and carried into a bright, cheerful-looking room, or "ward" as it is called, where, besides some women, there were several little children like herself. A lady in a nurse's dress took her in her arms and smiled at her in a way that no child could resist. And she was laid down on a pretty cot just large enough for herself, and told that it was to be hers. On the walls of the ward, which were painted a pretty colour, hung pictures; the floor was stained a rich brown, and on the mantleshef and tables there were beautiful chrysanthemums in vases. Altogether, it was a very different-looking place from Lottie's old workhouse home. In her quiet way she looked charmed, and through her little brain many bewildered ideas floated concerning the new world in which she found herself. There was a jolly-looking, red-faced little boy lying in the crib next to hers, who gave her the most friendly glances, and a little girl playing on the floor who came up to stare at her, and shyly presented to her notice a large, grey, forlorn-looking elephant, which, though its trunk and one of its legs were missing, seemed a most desirable plaything in little Lottie's eyes, who did not even know that elephants ought to have a trunk and four legs. Then she had her tea, and was able to eat an egg with her milk and bread-and-butter, for the change had made her hungry.

All this was very delightful; but, alas! nothing in this world can be perfect, and a terrible moment was at hand for Lottie. She had to be put to bed; and though you may not think that very dreadful, that is because you do not remember that to that end

she had to have her new clothes taken off. Even the full tragedy of that you will hardly understand, as the nurse did not at first. First she untied the hat-strings, and then the cape, Lottie's face growing darker moment by moment; but when the frock followed, and even the red woollen cuffs, the cup of anguish overflowed, and bitter sobs escaped from her little bosom. It was long before she could be prevailed on to say what was the matter, but at last she sobbed out piteously, "My fock, and my hat, and the cuffs what my muvver gave me!"

Poor little maiden! never had she worn a hat before in all her life, and never had she been dressed thus from head to foot, in what were to her charming new clothes, though you would have thought it quite a punishment to put on such ugly things; and when they were taken off, and she thought they would belong to her never any more, her heart almost broke. All the pride and the glory were gone from the day. It was long before she could be comforted; but she was allowed to put on the red cuffs over her little night-gown, and she went to sleep at last quite happily, gazing at the hat and frock which the kind nurse had hung over the foot of the crib as a token that they were not taken away from her for ever.

But what I have to tell you about the next day I am afraid will disappoint you. You have been expecting to hear that poor little Lottie was now made amends to for her sad past by being made a great pet, and being allowed to do just what she liked, all day long. Loved and cared for she was, as much as ever you could wish, but things could not be made altogether smooth for her.

If you remember that we constantly have to do painful things to save worse pain in the end, you will not be vexed to hear that the poor little girl was now for a time strapped down to that pretty crib I told you of, to keep her always lying, and that she had a heavy weight hung by cords to her foot in order to keep her from bending her leg. This was very uncomfortable, and even painful, till she got accustomed to it. But it was necessary if she was ever to get better, as it was hoped she would; the only chance for her hip to get right was to keep it perfectly still, and even if that did not cure it, it would prevent her suffering such bad pain in it. The nurse explained this to her, and asked her if she would be a good little girl and bear it bravely and patiently. Lottie listened in her usual still way that made one suppose she was thinking very hard, and said yes, she would. And so a sort of waistcoat was put on her that strapped her down to the crib, and the weight was hung to her little foot, and she bore it very well all through the first day, for the children played with her, and she had a great deal that was new to look at, and listen to, and make up her mind about.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

HIS APOCALYPSE.—IN TWO PAPERS.—I.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

THE Book of Revelation is in many respects possessed of a peculiar interest. Its contents are of so sublime and mysterious a character; its construction is so orderly and artistic; and its interpretation is so difficult and doubtful, that many master-minds

have, from age to age, been attracted to its study, and have found in it a kind of fascination which hardly belongs to any other part of Scripture.

Yet there can be no doubt that a feeling of discouragement, amounting almost to despair, is apt to arise in the heart of one who enters upon an earnest consideration of this book at the present day. The number and variety of those expositions which have been given of it may well surprise and startle us; while they naturally excite the suspicion that all the labour which may be expended upon it will prove in vain. A recent German commentator has mentioned no fewer than *eighty* separate and systematic explanations of the Apocalypse as being worthy of serious attention, and he adds that the less important writings on this portion of Scripture are altogether innumerable.

It must be admitted that much learned and loving effort has been wasted in connection with this book. The most fanciful notions have been adopted regarding it, while ingenuity has been employed, to no purpose, in striving to establish them. It may even be granted that not a little evil has resulted from the manner in which this Book of Revelation has been treated. Too many writers have indulged in a positiveness of assertion, and a minuteness of detail, in their expositions of it, which are altogether unwarrantable. The caution given by the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, when he reminds interpreters that God never designed by this book "to make *them* prophets," has been forgotten. As an example, it must be said that even the spiritually minded and excellent commentator Bengel cannot be quite exempted from the charge of rash and baseless speculation. He ventured, in the middle of last century, to fix on the year 1836 as that which was to witness unprecedented changes in the condition of the world and the Church; but the period fixed upon passed away without anything remarkable having occurred. And so has it been, again and again, with schemes of the future hastily formed from this book. Some transient phenomena are caught at, and made the key of interpretation, according to the

favourite views of the expositor; but the lapse of time speedily discredits his predictions; and then others like him proceed to the foolish and presumptuous task of producing new but equally baseless speculations.

We must beware, however, lest the repugnance which all judicious minds must feel to such procedure, should attach itself, in any measure, to the study of the book itself. There can be no doubt that a right and profitable use may be made of its inspired contents. A special blessing even is pronounced upon those who carefully ponder it, for we read (chap. i. 3):—"Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand." It is not, of course, our intention in these brief papers to attempt to trace, even in outline, the principles of interpretation which should be applied to the Apocalypse. Our object is literary, not expository; and, keeping this in view, the first question which meets us has respect to—

The Author of the Book.

On this subject the earliest statements of antiquity, and the latest conclusions of criticism, are at one. Both attribute this Book of Revelation to St. John the Apostle. No serious doubt appears to have been breathed upon this point, until about the middle of the third century. Some Gnostic sects had, indeed, assailed the book at an earlier date; but, as they were led by the principles of their system to oppose *all* the writings of St. John, their rejection of the Apocalypse is scarcely worthy of notice. Nothing, in short, could be more satisfactory than the consent of the early Church to the apostolicity and canonicity of this book. In the first two centuries, beginning with the very earliest writings of the followers of the Apostles, we find it unambiguously and universally ascribed to St. John. Nor have those critics in our own day, who have most keenly assailed the other books of Scripture, ventured to dispute the accuracy of this conclusion. While many of them, on grounds formerly alluded to, have denied the apostolic origin of the Fourth Gospel, they have generally been most ready to acknowledge that of the Apocalypse. Its authority is too firmly based in Christian antiquity to be successfully impugned. And though some excellent writers have been willing to ascribe it to another John than the Apostle—the so-called John the Presbyter—as the only means in their judgment (utterly mistaken, as we believe) of saving the Gospel which

bears his name, this has been done in the face of the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence.

But while the apostolic origin of the book is thus generally admitted, there is much diversity of opinion as to the *Date* at which it was written.

That it was composed during a period of persecution is evident, since the writer speaks of himself (chap. i. 9) as having been exiled to Patmos "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ." But Biblical scholars are divided in opinion as to whether the persecution under Nero, or that under Domitian, is referred to in these words. If the former, then the date of the book would be about the year of our Lord 67: if the latter, its composition must be fixed about A.D. 96. The statements of some very early writers, such as Irenæus, clearly support the Domitianic date, but these are contradicted by others. And the contents of the book itself fit in much more naturally with the belief that it was written in the reign of Nero. Jerusalem is spoken of in such a way as almost necessarily implies that it was not yet destroyed (chap. xi. 1, etc.). The style of the book, too, suggests, as was formerly noticed, that it must have been composed a considerable time before St. John's Gospel. Moreover, the comparatively early date of the Apocalypse is confirmed by the fact that it is referred to St. John in primitive Christian literature long before the Fourth Gospel is quoted or associated with his name.

We may now proceed to give a brief analysis of the *Contents* of the Book of Revelation.

The writing obviously falls into three parts—*first*, the Prologue; *secondly*, the body of the Revelation; and *thirdly*, the Epilogue, which brings the book to a solemn conclusion.

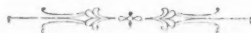
The Prologue embraces the first three chapters. Its opening section (chap. i. 1–9) details the circumstances in which the Revelation was received, and the authority with which it was presented to the world. In the next paragraph, the Seven Churches more immediately addressed are introduced, and a most impressive description (chap. i. 10–20) prepares them for listening with the deepest reverence to the messages about to be addressed to them. We then have (chaps. ii., iii.) the Seven Epistles themselves, each one specialising the particular circumstances of the Church named, and all containing the weightiest matter, in the way both of admonition and encouragement.

There is a remarkable symmetry, no less than individuality, about these Epistles. They all begin with the emphatic words, "I know," indicating the omniscience of the Divine Speaker. They are all introduced by a solemn description of Christ, taken, for the most part, from the

sublime language in which He is depicted in the preceding chapter. And they all end with a special promise of manifold but invariably most precious import. Although different views have been held as to the character of these Epistles, some regarding them as simply historical, and others as wholly or partly prophetic, all must agree as to the eminently practical use to which they may be turned. They do, in fact, constitute one of the most searching, impressive, and edifying parts of Scripture.

The Revelation, strictly so called, extends from chap. iv. 1 to chap. xxii. 5. We can here only pass very lightly over the stately succession of prophecies contained in this portion of the book. The whole may be regarded as comprehending seven principal visions. Of these, the first is comprised in chaps. iv., v., and forms the lofty portal, so to speak, through which we enter to a contemplation of those which are to follow. The second vision is that of the Seven Seals, and extends from chap. vi. 1 to chap. viii. 1. Under the seventh seal is included the third vision, which is that of the Seven Trumpets, and is described from chap. viii. 2 to chap. xi. 19. The fourth vision is that of the Woman and her Enemies—the Dragon, the Beast from the Sea, and the Beast from the Earth, or the "False Prophet." This vision extends from chap. xii. 1 to chap. xiii. 18. The fifth vision consists of the following group:—That of the Lamb and His elect on Mount Zion; that of the three Angels proclaiming judgments; and that of the Harvest and Vintage: it is comprised in chap. xiv. The sixth vision consists of the Seven Vials, and is described in the two very striking chapters, xv. 1–xvi. 21. The seventh vision is that of the Final Victory of the Lamb over all opposing powers, and extends from chap. xvii. 1 to chap. xxii. 5, ending with these triumphant words, descriptive of the better Paradise than Eden to which the Lamb has brought His followers—"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

The Epilogue of the Book extends from chap. xxii. 6 to the end. It passes from the language of symbols into that of direct narrative, similar to what is made use of in the opening chapter. The whole ends with mingled warnings and encouragements, and with this solemn attestation on the part of the Divine Speaker—"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly;" words which elicit from the breast of His faithful Apostle and servant the fervent exclamation of acquiescence and entreaty. "Amen: even so, come, Lord Jesus."





A Song of a Lily



HER fine array was wrought in looms
of air,

And woven by the shuttles of the sun,
In noiseless warp and woof of tissue
fair,

And kindly juices from the warm earth won,
And all of wandering odours that were sweet,
Were caught within her silken web of light,
And perfumed rains that wept around her feet,
Their fragrance yielded in the summer night,
The lily toiled not, span not, yet she grew
In loveliness supreme, from day to day,
A Hand Divine imparted every hue,
And clothed her in her beautiful array,
The boon of dews, and rain, and fragrant air,
As benedictions fell, and as a kiss,

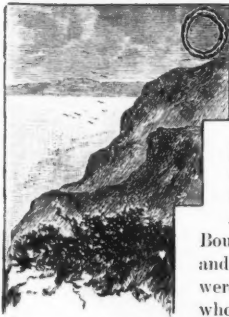
Her white and suppliant petals clasped in prayer,
Gave silent thanks amid created bliss.

Oh! if such issues spring from gifts of Thine,
If such unfoldings on Thy bounty wait,
The ambient airs which nurse the life divine
My soul shall steep, my spirit satiate,
It shall be mine with suppliant hands to claim
The utmost boon Thy treasures may hold;
Why should the lily's bloom my spirit shame,
When earth is rich and heaven is raining gold?

CLARA THWAITES

LEAL AND TRUE.

BY MARGARET SCOTT HAYCRAFT.



LD HARRY and his Wife —two conspicuous rocks in the vicinity of Studland Bay—were pillars of glory in the summer light, as the pleasure-boat *Mermaid* skimmed the waters in the direction of Swanage Pier. A merry party from Bournemouth filled the deck, and a little apart from the rest were seated sundry couples, who looked away from Old

Harry and the shining waves, and forgot the attractive luncheon-basket that the hostess had provided, seeing nothing but each other's eyes, and the tale therein revealed. To such couples the little Kinlochs proved exceedingly trying; the Kinloch family was large, and the olive branches appeared and reappeared till they grew numerically bewildering, and sharp thorns in the sides of these woovers of solitude. But it was "sister Jean's birthday," and Jean's brothers and sisters were in such jubilant spirits that frowns from strange gentlemen failed to annihilate them, and sweets from blushing ladies only attracted them back the more frequently to the sequestered nooks of the vessel.

A bearded gentleman by the side of "sister Jean" had taken the precaution to uplift a large white umbrella as a temporary protection to his companion, who appeared to be extremely interested just then in the distant outline of Swanage Pier.

"Yes, my leave is nearly over; I might be recalled at any time," he was saying, as he peeped from the side of the umbrella, and shook his head angrily at Robby Kinloch, who was nearing them in grievous plight, with a collapsed india-rubber ball; "how would you like to live in India, Miss Jean?"

The crimson sprang to the girl's face, and a composed reply was beyond her power; she murmured something about "mamma" liking chutnee, and studied the ocean anew.

Douglas Redruth laughed, and drew a little nearer to her behind the white umbrella.

"Your mother has asked me to visit Oakbrae before my leave expires," he said, fixing his brown eyes relentlessly on her blushes; "I shall be so glad to see the home of which you speak so fondly."

"And the children! You know, the twins and the very little ones are still at Oakbrae; you would find them such pets.—I'm so sorry, Robby dear—run and ask Alick to lend you his air-balloon."

"He did, and I've bursted it," said the mourning child, burying his face in her sleeve. "I cut it up to show little Tom its inside, sister Jean."

"Well, be off and get your top or something," said Redruth, his natural good-nature conquering his annoyance. "When I was a boy, Robby, I could manage a top in first-rate style."

"Not better than brother Alick," said Robby, loyally, but he gradually disappeared, and Redruth resumed the conversation. "Yes, it will be very pleasant to see the rest of your brothers and sisters, and that fine St. Bernard that is your special attendant in your country walks."

"What! Tike? Oh, he is such a beauty; he waits at the garden-gate every morning, and the postman puts our letters and papers into his mouth and into a little bag he carries round his neck. Visitors are so much amused when Tike brings our morning delivery into the breakfast-room."

"I must certainly make the acquaintance of Mr. Tike," replied Douglas Redruth, smiling. "Many people have told me what a pleasant home yours is; you would grieve to leave it, would you not?"

"Oh, I don't think I could," faltered the girl. "I don't see how the children could do without me. Papa is such a student, and poor mamma's health is so bad. You see, I am the eldest sister——"

"India is dreadfully far away from Oakbrae, I know," said Redruth, getting possession of one of her hands, "but in a year or two I hope to come home and buy an English residence; Jean, do you think you could——"

"Here's Alick," cried a triumphant voice, in front of the umbrella. "You just see Alick spin his top; there isn't anybody can beat Alick, though you *was* so clever when you were a boy."

"Speak grammar, young gentleman," said Redruth sternly, much disconcerted to behold a group of proud and tiny kindred awaiting the prowess of Alick. "Yes, you're a clever fellow, Alick. Run away and have a scramble, now."

"Perhaps I seem too old for you—you prefer some one younger and more attractive."

"No," came faintly from the averted rosebud face.

"My darling, I thought that the love of which the poets sing had no power to touch me; but this summer, when I first saw your face, and understood your tender, unselfish life——"

"Dotty's drowned!" came piteously from the neighbourhood of the helm, and Jean started up with a cry, to behold the man at the wheel indignantly rebuking the noise of her small brethren, who pointed weeping to Dotty's white sun-bonnet floating afar on the waves.

"Oh, my precious little Dotty—my youngest girl!" cried Mrs. Kinloch, rising feebly from the lounge which had been provided for her use.

Redruth, though but a poor swimmer, was ready

to throw himself into the water after the youngest Miss Kinloch at the bidding of "sister Jean," but the latter was ferreting out from under a bench the pale and prostrate form of six-year-old Doty, who tearfully explained that "the boat went see-saw," and made her head ache, and she untied her bonnet, and while she was just looking over the side of the ship, her sun-bonnet bade farewell to her little downy curls for ever.

As far as the landing-stage, and during the drive to Corfe Castle, Jean was engaged in soothing the bonnetless damsel. Redruth hoped for a *tête-à-tête* during the exploration, but Mrs. Kinloch was taken faint, and had to rest, tended by her daughter.

Going home, Jean was fain to quiet the young ones, for her mother's sake, and thus her time was fully occupied. Jean took rather longer than usual to dress for dinner that evening, and her hostess and aunt, Mrs. Stewart, told her she looked decidedly better for the many water-trips she had enjoyed of late.

"You are getting quite bonnie, my dear," said her aunt, lifting her eyeglass to scan the pretty, bright face; "by the way, is it not tiresome that Mr. Redruth should have been summoned to London?"

Jean's face paled a little, but she only looked questioningly at her aunt.

"Yes, dear; a telegram was waiting for him in the hall on our return, and it asked him imperatively to see the head of the department to which he belongs this evening. I fear public business may demand his immediate return to India. He left a message for you, Jean; he said, 'If I cannot come back, ask Miss Kinloch to take care of Jock for me, and tell her I will write!' It is evident, my dear, he is very much impressed——"

But Jean had gone back to her room, there to wonder why her fair horizon was so darkly overclouded, and perhaps to murmur a little at her loneliness, till Doty and Tom called to her to hear them say their prayers; and their trustful pleading, "*Oh, supply my every want,*" calmed and uplifted her shadowed spirit.

The Kinlochs went back to Oakbrae, taking with them Mr. Redruth's black-nosed pug, little Jock, for he was obliged to take his return passage suddenly, and Bournemouth saw him no more. Jean was for awhile fully occupied in protecting her new charge from the attentions of the juveniles, but in a week or two Tike, the huge St. Bernard, became the complacent patron of Jock, and from that time no youthful Kinloch was unwise enough to molest the pug. The promised letter never came, and Mr. Redruth was forgotten at Oakbrae save by "sister Jean."

At first she seemed inclined to droop and despond, broken-lily fashion; but the children had one ailment after another, and her nursing and story-telling were in such requisition that she really had no time for brooding disconsolately upon her silent heart, and thereby losing her appetite. And when the children were well there were lessons to be

given, and games to be arranged, and tears to be dried, from morn till dewy eve; and when they were tucked away, Jean often, with quiet Christian kindness, busied herself over socks and pinafores, to help the somewhat over-weighted nurse.

Nearly twelve months came and went, finding Jean still busy with the daily round of self-denying cares, finding her father still absorbed in scientific research, and, to the joy of all, leaving Mrs. Kinloch stronger and better. One sunset-tide, when "mamma" was employing her renewed health in providing sails for a fleet of boats, and Jean had rummaged out some newspapers to do duty as ships for the younger ones, she came across an album in the book-cupboard that recalled the Bournemouth trip very vividly to her mind. She clasped the album tenderly, turning its pages till she found a sketch he had made in water-colours of Studland Bay, with its variegated rocks and verdure-clad cliffs, near which, in one of their excursions, she had roamed at his side. She seemed to feel again his helping hand, and to watch his pencil and brush as he had finished the sketch for her benefit; how his fingers had seemed to linger round hers that day, and how beautiful Studland Bay had been!

"Please, Miss Jean, here's a gentleman asking if he can see Jock; there's a many dogs been stolen lately, miss, and I don't like the looks of him."

Jean woke from her reverie, and hastened from the window-seat to assist the housemaid, who was uttering a decided negative to the stranger's request.

"I hear Mr. Kinloch is out," said he, raising his hat, "and I know Mrs. Kinloch is an invalid; but, being in England, I could not refrain from calling. Could I just see Jock a few minutes, Miss Kinloch, for the sake of auld lang syne?"

"Certainly," said Jean, her little hands trembling, and her voice breaking, as she recognised Douglas Redruth; "pray come in, Mr. Redruth; I will call Jock—I will tell mamma."

But Mr. Redruth was in the window-seat, and somehow—she never knew exactly how the result was brought about—she was there also.

"Jean, what are you blushing and trembling for? You are either a finished coquette, or else you care about seeing me more than I dared to hope."

The fluttering hands had found their way to his, and the sunset sky looked like a mirror of heaven.

"Have you learnt to love me since you lost sight of me, Jean?"

"I—I think it was *before*!"

"Then why did you not answer my letter, and spare me many a month of mortified pride? I could scarcely bring myself to call at Oakbrae this evening, only I had been parted from Jock so long—so long. Tell me, love, why has there been silence between us?"

"I received no letter; did you write to me from India?"

"No; from Port Said, and away in Burmah I have been sick with hope deferred for your answer. *Yes!* My letter ought to have reached you last August."



"She seemed to feel again his helping hand."—p. 667.

"Oh, Douglas, I know!" cried Jean, forgetting she had given utterance to the name by which she had long called him in her heart; "I expect Jock ate the letter."

"Ate the letter!"

"Yes; you know how steady and reliable Tike has been as our letter-carrier up the avenue: he continued so till Jock came, and then it was accidentally discovered that he daily allowed Jock to have one or two letters to play with and tear to pieces and partially swallow. Tike is very fond of Jock, and surrendered the letters as a great favour, but several notes became missing last year, and the gardener saw the pastime going on. Tike has not yet re-

covered from the shock he received to his dignity when the postman, at our request, first began to ignore his bag and to bring the letters up to our letter-box. But I was not expecting a letter from you so soon as that; it never struck me you would write till you reached India."

"Well, there will have to be a general round of pardon," said Douglas Redruth, stroking her wavy hair; "I will forgive your silence if you will forgive Tike and Jock, and if your parents and the bairnies will forgive *me* for stealing you very soon; I have come home for good, and you must help me to choose a house near Oakbrae. How soon will my bonnie Jean become——"

Frantic screaming arose from the garden as boat after boat capsized and sustained collision and shipwreck in the pond; but, for once, Jean was deaf to the shoutings of boyhood, for the story, begun amid the music of the summer waves, was continued

somewhat lengthily very close to her lips, till the stars came out and shed upon her happiness their holy light, like "forget-me-nots of the angels" blossoming for those whom God had joined together.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To read—*St. Matt. vi. 5-9.*

INTRODUCTION. Have been having lessons on the children mentioned in the Bible. Who is the Father of all children? So Christ taught us to call God "our Father," *i.e.*, Father of us all. When do children call upon their father? We all want many things every day—so call upon God. What is this called? Prayer, then, must be made as often as have needs. Who taught us this prayer? Therefore called the Lord's Prayer. Can notice how it is divided, *viz.*—I. *The address*, or calling upon God. II. *Three prayers for God's glory*, *viz.*, His name, kingdom, will. III. *Four prayers for our needs*: food, forgiveness, protection, deliverance. IV. *Praise*—usually called *The doxology*.

I. GOD OUR FATHER. Repeat the first sentence. How is God a Father to us? (1) *By creation*. On which day was man made? (Gen. i. 27-31.) Last, because best of all, made in God's own image, to be like God. Cared for by being placed in Garden of Eden—all wants supplied. So God still our Father. All life from Him. In Him all have their being. (Acts xvii. 28.) When He takes away our breath we die. (Ps. civ. 29.) (2) *By preservation*. How are we fed day by day? What makes corn grow? Sun, rain, air, all God's good gifts, promised while life lasts. (Gen. viii. 22.) Also His daily care shown in preserving from danger, giving quiet sleep, recovery from illness, etc. (3) *By redemption*. Man fell from God—no longer like God—sinned. But God sent His Son to save. (John iii. 16.) Sent His Spirit to fill hearts with goodness—made them again like God. All led by His Spirit are His sons, adopted into His family. (Rom. viii. 14, 15.)

What does all this teach about God? (1) *His power*. Making, preserving, keeping us. He is indeed a Father Almighty. (2) *His wisdom*. In ordering all things, guiding His children, etc. (3) *His love* in taking us back into His family—forgiving sins, blessing us. What feelings should this incite in us? (1) *Love*. A child loves those who feed, care for, protect it. We love Him too because He first loved us. How shall this love be shown? By (2) *Obedience*. As Abraham obeyed God's call and left his home (Gen. xii. 1): as Moses chose to serve God rather than the world (Heb. xi. 25), so must all show their love by keeping His commandments. (John xiv. 15.)

II. GOD IN HEAVEN. (Read John xiv. 1-3.) A father implies a home. Where is God our Father? Everywhere—in heaven and earth. But His presence specially in heaven, where His face is seen. His house has many mansions or rooms, some above, some below. We now in lower rooms—one day loving children will hear call, "Come up higher." See God face to face.

TEXT. *I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to Me a son.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. No. 2. "HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

To read—*St. Matt. xxi. 12, 13.*

I. GOD'S NAME. Repeat second sentence of Lord's Prayer, also Third Commandment. Both teach same thing—the honour belonging to God's name. Take some of God's names. Tell how Jews used to pause before saying God's name. FATHER. Who would like to hear a father's name spoken of lightly or slightly? Very name connected with all love and kindness and tenderness. So, too, with God's name, only far more. JEHOVAH (see Exod. vi. 3) means the one God from all eternity. How infinitely great! JESUS or Saviour. (Matt. i. 21.) Show how each name connected with some idea of God—His fatherhood, eternity, salvation of world, etc. As we think of God, so shall we honour Him.

II. GOD'S NAME HALLOWED. What does hallowed mean? Made holy, or kept holy. When do we use His name? In prayer. Then prayer must be said reverently—remembering what we are doing—to Whom we are speaking. Where is public prayer offered up? Where did the Jews pray? (Read Matt. xxi. 12, 13.) What did Christ find the people doing? How did He reprove them? What did He do? All places set apart for God's worship must be honoured. Remind of Jacob pouring oil over the stone where God appeared to him. (Gen. xxviii. 18, 19.) Moses taking off his shoes. (Exod. iii. 5.) Solomon dedicating the Temple. These houses of prayer still built. What do we do in them? Worship—pray—hold communion with God. What does God do to us? Speaks to us by His Word, His ministers. So we must use them carefully, reverently.

On which day is God specially worshipped? How is the Sabbath to be kept? It, too, must be hallowed and honoured. So also God's book. What is that? All that has to do with God is holy—His

name, His Word, His house, His day—all must be hallowed.

III. GOD'S NAME UNHALLOWED. How could this be done? By using it lightly—bringing it into common talk without thinking. By taking a false oath, as when the men swore falsely against Naboth. (1 Kings xxi. 13.) By praying with the lips, and not the heart. (Matt. xv. 7, 8.) By irreverence in God's house.

Therefore must honour God in our hearts (1 Peter iii. 15), and in our lives. (Matt. vii. 21.)

TEXT. *The name of the Lord is holy.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. No. 3. "THY KINGDOM COME."

To read—*St. Matt. xiii. 31—33; Ps. civ. (part).*

I. GOD'S KINGDOM. All know what a king is. Ruler over people in one or more lands. Sometimes receives kingdom handed down from father to son—sometimes chosen by the people themselves. Called by different names, as czar, emperor, prince, chief, etc., but the thing much the same everywhere. How is God a King? (1) *Over the world.* (Read Ps. civ. 2—14.) He made it—the earth and sea alike are full of His power (verse 24). He controls it. He makes the storm, tempest, earthquake—all obey His Word. He appoints the sun, moon, and seasons—all ordered by Him. He gives man his life and takes it away at His will. (2) *Over the Church, i.e., over His people.* Remind how often Christ speaks of the Church as a kingdom. (Matt. xiii. 24, 31, 33.) In it in this life are mixed the bad and good, but at end of the world will be the great separation. (Matt. xiii. 49.) (3) *Over heaven.* This especially God's Kingdom. There angels give endless worship (Isa. vi. 1, 3; Rev. iv. 8); act as His messengers—do His will. There will be gathered hereafter all His subjects, to spend eternity with God.

II. THE PRAYER. Thy Kingdom come. What does it mean? Has not God's Kingdom come? Is not God a King? Yes, but all do not receive Him as King. The Jews rejected Christ—God's Son. (Matt. xxi. 42.) The heathen know not God. Therefore, the prayer is that God's Kingdom may come (1) *In the world.* (Read Matt. xiii. 31, 32.) To what is the Kingdom compared here? A small yellow seed, but in the East grows into large tree—branches spread—birds' shelter. Christ's Church is spreading. How many disciples at first? And now? Estimated at 300,000,000 call themselves Christians. But still 800,000,000 never yet heard Saviour's name. God's Kingdom must also come (2) *In our hearts.* (Read Matt. xiii. 33.) Where does the heaven work? Invisibly in the flour. So God's grace works in the heart. At first small—grows more and more till the whole man—body, soul, and spirit, full of God's presence and blessing.

LESSONS. Do we really want God's Kingdom to come? Then we must (1) *Pray* earnestly day by day for it. Not merely repeat these words, but pray

daily for missions, for those who are trying to spread God's Kingdom in the world. What promise is given to those who so pray? (Ps. ii. 8.) We must also (2) *Work.* Can help the spread of the Gospel by money, time, influence. Can read about missions, tell others, collect money—can all find something to do. First seek God's grace for ourselves in our hearts, then for others.

TEXT. *The Lord is King for ever and ever.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER. No. 4. "THY WILL BE DONE."

To read—*St. Matt. xxvi. 36—44.*

I. GOD'S WILL. 1. *What do the words mean?* God's will is His wish—or what He wills to be done. Who have to do other people's will? *Children* have to obey parents (Eph. vi. 1), *scholars* must obey their teachers, *servants* their masters (Eph. vi. 5), *subjects* their king. (1 Peter ii. 17.) God is to us Father, Teacher, Master, King—therefore must do His will, not ours.

2. *How is God's will known?* Remind of wise men coming to Jerusalem to seek Christ. (Matt. ii. 3—6.) How was it found out where He should be born? So we, too, must search the Scriptures (John v. 39) to know God's will.

3. *How is God's will to be done?* In earth as in heaven. Who are doing His will in heaven? (a) *Jesus.* What is He doing? Making intercession for us—pleading His death. (Heb. vii. 25.) Also preparing a place for us, and preparing us for that place by sending His Holy Spirit. (b) *The angels.* What do they do? Praise God, as saw in last lesson. Work for God. Remind of some visits of angels. Taking a message to Zacharias (Luke i. 11), giving food to Christ after His long fast (Matt. iv. 11), delivering St. Peter from prison (Acts xii. 9, 10), comforting St. Paul in the storm (Acts xxvii. 33). Is there no work like theirs that we can do?

4. *How is God's will done in heaven?* (a) *Readily.* Do not hear of any hesitation like Jonah's when sent to Nineveh. (b) *Cheerfully.* Angels' highest delight to work for God. (c) *Submissively.* (Read St. Matt. xxvi. 36—44.) A story of Christ's life on earth. Day before His crucifixion. Where was He? What was He doing? What words did He use? The same as in the Lord's Prayer. How often did He say these words? He came to do God's will on earth. Had done it always in heaven, now does it on earth—to show us how to do it also.

II. GOD'S WILL FOR US. *To be holy.* (Read 1 Pet. i. 14—16.) God is holy—all in heaven are holy—we must be holy too. In order to be so must cease from sin and learn to do well. (Isa. i. 16, 17.) Must seek God's Holy Spirit, who alone can make holy.

God's will for all. That they may be saved and come to know Him.

LESSONS. Two things specially taught. (1) *Obedience.* To learn God's will and try to do it perfectly, as Christ and the angels do. (2) *Submission.* To be willing to know no will but God's.

TEXT. *Not my will but Thine be done.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY THE REV. J. STOUGHTON, D.D.

VI.—THE CITY OF BASLE.

"Beautiful for situation."



MORE pleasant and appropriate place for a Sunday rest can scarcely be found than this grand old city. Girdled by various scenery, rich in historical memories, and full of the conveniences of life for

the traveller, it affords special advantages at the outset or the termination of a summer holiday.

It is a fine Alpine gateway. Passing through its hospitable

doors, we enter upon scenes of surpassing loveliness and grandeur. Now more than ever it is an entrance into Switzerland; and those who have never visited it before, soon find themselves on the way to Lucerne, surrounded by landscapes which evoke exclamations of surprise and delight as the train rushes onward amidst meadows and rocks, opening valleys, and rising hills—the picturesque melting into the sublime, the majestic covering the beautiful. We can never forget how, long years ago, before any iron rails cut through the country, emotions of wonder and joy rose within us and asked for utterance, as mile after mile was traversed along the old-fashioned carriage road.

The tourist will do wisely to pause at Basle and rest awhile, and walk round about it and tell the towers thereof; and then sit down beside the swift-flowing Rhine, near the venerable bridge, opposite the line of tall trees on the right bank, and muse on what he has already seen on the way thither, and on what, with abundant provision, is on the point of opening, day after day, upon his eager, hopeful eyes. We remember the evenings spent on the balcony of the Three Kings, overhanging the brown waters of the rushing flood stream, and our pondering over points of interest passed on the way from Cologne. What a type is that river, from its source to its end, of human life in its successive stages from birth to the moment when time is lost in eternity! The early struggles of the growing waters down the Via Mala, how they image forth the wrestlings of many an earnest boy and young man with difficulties of all sorts! The lordly sweep of the deep stream as it passes Basle and goes on through chequered scenery to the gorge of the Rhinegan, what an emblem it is of life, as it gets calm and thoughtful in the midday of its career! The passage over beds of rock, bordered by vineyards, and varied by fitful shadows,

how it reminds us of the autumntide of mortal existence; and then, the last reaches on the Netherland border, between tame, flat, insipid banks! Do they tell of the period when life loses much of its old zest, and we feel we are nearing the great ocean of Eternity?

If, instead of entering Switzerland by Basle, we quit it there, full of memories of what we have seen during our pilgrimage amongst the Alps, many a spiritual thought is suggested in minds accustomed to religious meditation. An Alpine pilgrimage has frequently reminded us of that pilgrimage which is of a nobler kind. Reminiscences of John Bunyan have often crossed our minds in Switzerland. We do not think the grand dreamer had as distinct ideas of his pilgrimage *scenery* as he had of his pilgrimage *experience*. He used Bible and other words full of suggestiveness to each reader, who can take and mould them into imagery according to his own knowledge, taste, and mental habits. For our part, we have found the overhanging rock he describes at an early stage of the holy walk, over and over again in Alpine passes. Is not the Gemmi Pass, indeed, a Hill Difficulty; the gorge of the Tamina at Pfäfers a Valley of the Shadow of Death; the Wengern Alp a Delectable Mountain; and Lauterbrunnen a land of Beulah?

But let us return to Basle. It abounds in religious histories. A grand Council was held here in 1431. A crisis had come in the history of the Church. The Middle Ages had been getting worse and worse, morally and spiritually. Breakers were ahead, which men possessed of some power of prevision plainly saw. Ecclesiastical reform was urgent. The first session opened on the 14th of December, 1431. On that winter's day there was mass in the red sandstone cathedral on the top of the hill; and the fathers, in pontifical habits, sat face to face in the choir. A sermon was preached, dealing with superficial trivialities, never touching the heart of the controversy. A depuration of Bohemian Hussites came. As Procopius Razius, surnamed the Great, entered the city, Roman Catholics cried, "There he goes, who has so often put to flight the armies of the faithful, who has taken so many towns, and slain so many thousands." "We have scorned neither Council nor Church, nor the authority of fathers," answered the Hussites to the charges brought against them, "but we have been condemned at Constance without a hearing; therefore we are come to prove our innocence." The debate waxed warm;

strong things were said on both sides, and little good came of the encounter. Nothing beyond a few partial reforms was accomplished. The main point in agitation was, Is supreme authority lodged with the Pope alone, or with the Pope and a general council? The bottom of the question was never reached—"Is not the Word of God the final authority in all religious matters?"

The grand struggle could not be staved off very long. In the sixteenth century the Swiss Reformation began. It opened amidst a tempest of excitement, for which previous controversies prepared. A small council of a municipal character sat at Basle in 1525, and a civil war seemed imminent; for citizens passed the night before in arms. The City Senate endeavoured to reconcile Papists and Reformers by half measures—all in vain. The latter denounced the mass, the former demanded its continuance. Twelve hundred people, who sympathised with Lutherism, insisted that there should be no more delay, and that old superstitions should be abolished. They met one evening by torchlight, and told the faltering Senate, "What you have not been able to do in three years we will do in a single hour." Away they went to work, breaking images, and committing other acts of violence. Erasmus, then living at Basle, cynically looked on, and cleverly remarked, "I am much surprised that they performed no miracles to save themselves; formerly the saints worked frequent prodigies for much smaller offences." The man who had more zeal than earnestness, but who helped on the true Reformation by his Biblical scholarship, and his edition of the New Testament, lies buried beneath the cathedral pavement.

Æcolampadius was invited to Basle by the then bishop of the diocese. He set himself to study the Scriptures, and at length was committed to the cause of the Reformation. "As soon as the trumpets are sounded," he said, "the walls of Jericho will fall." He himself blew a loud blast. He preached in St. Martin's church; it was crowded, and, according to Erasmus, the converted monk carried all before him. He lies buried in the minster cloisters.

Basle became the head-quarters of the Swiss Reformation. Gryneus was a fellow-worker with Æcolampadius; so was Oswald Myconius. The Basle Confession, known as the first Helvetic Confession, is dated 1536. No graphic description of the protest and conference at that period has been preserved. Chiefly we know that submission to Papal supremacy came to an end in Northern Switzerland. There is a marked conciliatory tone in the Confession of 1536. The leaders wished to make it a healing measure. They disliked separation amongst those who were heartily agreed on fundamental questions. They longed for peace and concord.

Basle is of great interest to Englishmen. The connection between it and our own country was very close. The history of this connection may be divided into two parts, the first belonging to the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; the second, to that of the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Our Bishop Hooper belongs to the first period, and during its progress Edward VI. told the Senate of Zurich—"There is a mutual agreement between us concerning the Christian religion and true godliness, which ought to render this friendship of ours by God's blessing yet more intimate." Hooper married a foreigner, "a discrete woman of the Low Countries," and during the persecution of 1539, when the Statute of Six Articles came out, he spent some time in Switzerland. One night, March 27th, 1549, he reached Basle about ten o'clock in a carriage from Zurich, on his way home to England—sending back to his host in the latter city a sheet and a blanket, a pillow and a flask, lent to his wife for the comfort of herself and her little girl Rachel, who was fretful cutting teeth. Then the family went down the Rhine to Strasburg, and on to Cologne, and arrived at Antwerp safe and sound. Hooper, as everybody knows, was burnt at Gloucester in 1555. Soon after, Anne Hooper, his wife, wrote from Frankfurt a touching letter about her husband. It runs as follows:—

When I received, most loving gossip, the book of my dear husband, I desired, as he bade me by his letter, that it should be published before this fair. For which reason I sent it to Master Peter Martyr, that he might get it done at Strasburg. He excused himself on account of the doctrine of the eucharist, which is not received there. It might be printed here by permission of the Senate; but it is better that you should first of all revise the book, and procure it to be printed yonder. But as I am well aware that his memory is most precious to you, I do not doubt but that you will be equally ready to oblige him in this matter as if he were now alive; indeed, he is alive, with all the holy martyrs and with his Christ, the Head of the martyrs; and I am dead here till God shall again unite me to him. I thank you for your most godly letter. I certainly stand much in need of such consolations, and of your prayers. I pray you, therefore, by the holy friendship of the most holy martyr, my husband, of whom being now deprived, I consider this life to be death, do not forsake me. I am not one who is able to return kindness; but you will do an acceptable service to God, Who especially commends widows to your protection. I and my Rachel return our thanks for the elegant New Year's gifts you sent us. Salute your excellent wife, my very dear gossip, and all friends. Farewell.—Your very loving gossip and sister in Christ, ANNE HOOPER.

Several Englishmen cross our path at Basle in those troublous times. Here comes Thomas Lever, who figures in the English Reformation. "After our wanderings," he says, "over almost all Germany, we have suffered a repulse at Basle, and are at length compelled to have recourse to the hospitality of the people at Bern. For the Councillors of King Ferdinand are at Emsen, and will not allow any Englishmen, who are exiles for the sake of religious liberty, a

passage through that territory of Ferdinand which lies between Strasburg and Basle." The obstruction in the exile's path did not arise from want of sympathy on the part of the Basle people, but from the interference of Ferdinand I., then Emperor of Germany.

John Foxe is better known than Thomas Lever. He tarried some time in Basle during his exile. Printing was going on there with much prosperity, and thither went the martyr-

they guide us through pleasant by-paths in the religious history of the sixteenth century, where we get out of the noise and bustle of political conflicts. It is to the volumes under that title that we are indebted for most of our illustrations.

Basle became, in the year 1815, a source of missionary illumination for foreign lands. The occasion was remarkable. During war time, Basle was bombarded; shot and shell were hurled into the peaceful streets. But a violent



BASLE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.)

ologist to get some books of his through the press. Tears mixed with his toils, poverty and persecution troubled him, and we fancy we see him walking to and fro on the cathedral heights, or in sheltered nooks by the river-side, thinking over the fires of Smithfield then blazing, and sympathising with earlier exiles, who said, "We sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." In Basle he brought out his first instalment of the "Book of Martyrs;" and from his correspondence we learn how the good man was afflicted by missing his letters, and, having to go in search of them, called upon a carrier at the sign of "The Wild Man;" and how at length he found the lost epistles, to his great joy—a course of experience from which tourists are not entirely delivered even in these days of postal civilisation. The "Zurich Letters"—published in the Parker Society's series—contain many allusions to Basle and the English exiles there and at Zurich. Altogether

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storm burst out, and aided deliverance out of the hands of enemies. Pious citizens did not commemorate the Divine goodness in the way many would have done, but determined to express their gratitude by educating young men for the ministry of the Gospel in heathen lands. It was a small effort at first; only £50 came in. Afterwards a missionary college was built, and the income rose to £5,000. In twenty years 175 missionaries were sent forth into different lands. In 1821 a new effort was made. Besides a mission in North Africa, sixteen missionaries went to Western Africa, twenty-eight to India, and three to China.

There is a charming hamlet at S'chrischona, about four miles from Basle. We drove there a few years since to visit a mission school established in a beautiful situation on a breezy height, commanding a wide panoramic view of rare extent, variety, and loveliness. The arrangements in the building are very primitive.

In a work on missionary societies, published more than twenty years ago, we find the following:—"It were unjust to the Swiss, however, not to state that they attempted fully three centuries previously to establish a mission in Brazil. They conducted the first Protestant mission among the heathen; and although it was soon abandoned, because of the perfidious patronage under which it started, the great example rose to the eye of Europe, just opening from a long, deep slumber, and must have exerted a powerful influence upon the entire future of Christian missions."

The Basle Missionary Society has now 51 missionaries, 18 assistants, 69 labourers, 1,212 Church members, 2,342 pupils in their schools, and an income of over £13,000.

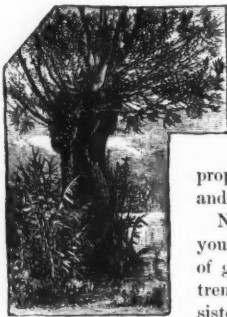
In September, 1879, a remarkable conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held at Basle. It was deemed of so much general importance that the *Times* newspaper gave a daily account of its proceedings. Delegates and friends came from all parts of the world: from France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Greece, Africa, and the East. Sixty-three visitors arrived from America. No one who was present can ever forget the meetings—in particular, those on the two Sundays—one at the beginning, the other at the end of the Conference. On the opening occasion, in a spacious

hall, crowded to excess on the Sunday night, addresses were delivered to an enthusiastic audience, and a very hallowed impression seemed to rest on most minds. Party distinctions were forgotten, denominational standards were dropped, and the assembled multitude in the service of song, the offering of prayer, and the listening to fervid exhortation, expressed the spirit of the Alliance—"one in Christ Jesus." The next day, in St. Martin's Church, where Ecolampadius used to preach, a meeting was held, under the presidency of a distinguished citizen, Herr Karl Sarasin, said to be of Saracenic descent. The crowd was immense, and the interest was sustained hour after hour. Through successive days, religious topics were discussed—the state of Christianity in different lands—the unchangeableness of the Apostolic Gospel—evangelistic work in France, Belgium, and Italy, Spain and Portugal, the training of missionaries, Christian schools, missions to the heathen and the Jews, the state of the European press, and, of course, the means of promoting Christian union. Reunions occurred in houses, gardens, and parks; especially one afternoon and evening, when trees and flowers, and bright happy faces, made the guests feel themselves in fairyland. The whole closed on the second Sunday in the grand cathedral, with the Communion of the Lord's Supper.

THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY. BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER XXV.—CHAOS.



DAY after day passed, and there was no trace or clue whatever of the lost girl, and the owner of Duncuft found himself, for the first time in his life, with his own property thrown on his hands, and left to himself to manage.

Never did a more ignorant young man assume the reins of government. He was extremely unhappy about his sister, and he had not the most remote idea how to fill his sister's place.

He had been very hard on Bride, and where in the world had she hidden herself! He would have given a great deal to hear again her pleasant cheerful tones; to receive a kind glance from her bright blue eyes, and to watch her capable management of what he bungled so terribly.

He began to share the general opinion that Bride

was hiding somewhere, but while every one else was wildly guessing her possible reason for such a course of conduct, Hugh had a shrewd suspicion that he knew something about it—he had been unkind to Bride, and she was punishing him. Meanwhile, he took every step in his power to find out her whereabouts. He advertised; he wrote touching letters in every local paper—but in vain. His comfort at this time consisted in the voluminous correspondence he carried on with Agatha.

Agatha gave him unbounded sympathy. She also supplied him with a long list of works on farming and agriculture, not one of which he could bring himself, even for her sake, to peruse.

"How many fresh hands must we get in for this year's harvest, Mr. Hugh?" said old Simon.

"I don't know from Adam," replied the ignorant young man.

"The brindled cow is took very bad, sir. What sort of mash ought we to give her?" Pat, the stable-boy, would inquire.

"How in the wide world can I tell? Is there not a single soul in the whole place who understands the management of sick cows?"

"Well, sir, Miss Bridget did."

Hugh heard the brindled cow moaning all night. The next day she died.

It was the same with everything; the consumption of food became enormous; the avenue was overgrown with weeds; the house was untidy. Hugh really thought his brain would give way.

One day, a fortnight after his own return, he was standing by the open drawing-room window, inwardly wondering what was going to happen to them all, when he heard the sound of wheels on the gravel sweep outside.

"Some more of the good folks around come to ask me a question which I cannot answer," inwardly commented the young man. He strolled across the verandah and found himself at the open door in time to greet the occupant of a travelling carriage.

A shrill, high-pitched voice was sounding in his ears, and the next moment his mother, Lady Florence, had folded him in her embrace.

"My dear mother, what have you come here for?" was the somewhat unaffectionate greeting.

"Ah! Hugh, you little know a mother's anxieties; and you would scarcely write, you naughty one; so my dear, brave, noble girl is lost!—lost! Hugh, take me into the house; I am frightfully shaken with the journey; it was an immense exertion for a person in my weak health. Now, Dawson, do be careful of my bonnet-box. See! Good gracious! she has turned it upside down. Are there no servants about? Hugh, you unnatural! Won't you see to your mother? Dear, dear, dear! what a dusty, dismal, ugly place Duncuft is! Your poor father, Hugh, knew that I never could abide it; he used to say, 'The loneliness is too much for your sensitive nerves, Florence;' he was right. And so, Hugh, my poor dear child can't be found; it is most extraordinary. Now let me rest; I am terribly shaken."

Lady Florence threw herself down on a hard mahogany bench in the hall, clasping her hands, and pushing her bonnet far back from her flushed face.

By this time the report of her arrival had reached the servants' hall, and Simon and Mrs. Mahoney were both coming forward, with eager outward expressions of welcome and much internal trepidation, for even in Miss Bride's most orderly days Lady Florence had always turned the house topsy-turvy.

"Oh! dear me, Mahoney! yes, I'm glad to see you. How old you are looking! Now tell me, have you anything very light and dainty to tempt my faded appetite? I could fancy a lamb sweetbread—or—or Dawson will tell you what I require. I am very delicate, Mahoney; I want constant and light refreshment. Yes, I repeat you look very old, but you are the same good-natured soul as ever. Now, don't stand staring, my good woman, but go and get the sweetbreads ready; I believe I could manage two. Don't you think I ought to *force* myself to eat two sweetbreads, Dawson?"

"Certainly, my lady," said Dawson, dropping a prim curtsy, and looking daggers at Mrs. Mahoney.

The excitable Irish cook clasped her fat hands in despair.

"Oh! worra, worra!" she said, "but there ain't never a swatebread here, at all, at all; there ain't none nearer than Ballycerana, and only there when they are bespoken on a Friday. I could fry a chop, now, or maybe a tender bit of steak."

Lady Florence uttered a little scream. "A chop!" she exclaimed in a note of unutterable disdain. "Dawson, will you go down with the cook, and see what there is fit for me to eat in the larder?"

Dawson and Mrs. Mahoney vanished, exchanging high words all the way. And Lady Florence turned her attention to Simon.

"Well, Simon, so you are still living; you must be a good bit past your seventy now. Let me see—let me see—how old were you when your dear late lamented master and I were first married, Simon—how old were you, when you first came to Duncuft? I am always interested in questions of age."

"Why, then, my lady, I don't rightly remember. And now, which room would your ladyship like to occupy?"

"Oh! dear, dear! where is Dawson? how can I decide? I won't sleep in the room I used to occupy with Mr. Duncuft; memory would throng upon me there; my nerves would not stand the association."

"There's Miss Bride's room all clean and ready, your ladyship."

"My lost child! how unfeeling; no, I am not quite hardened enough for that. Hugh, why do you stand there looking as sulky as a bear? why don't you advise your poor mother, who has come over sea and land, at the risk of her very life, on purpose to be near you in our mutual hour of trial?"

Here Lady Florence applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and Hugh, softened by the sight, came up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Dear mother, you shall have my room for to-night; there is a dressing-room beyond, which Dawson can occupy—and now come into the drawing-room and let me place you comfortably. Simon, will you bring up some tea?"

"With plenty of cream, and *one* wafer of thin bread and butter," half-sobbed Lady Florence behind her handkerchief. "Hugh, my dear boy, you can be a real comfort to me when you please! and now let us sit on the sofa, and discuss the whole question of our Bride's mysterious disappearance."

CHAPTER XXVI.—"MY BROTHER'S RIGHTFUL WORK."

RATHER late one evening, Mrs. Stanhope was sitting alone in her little cottage; no human being kept her company, but the blind woman possessed a sweet and peaceful disposition which a few hours' loneliness had no power to move.

Kitty and Hester had both gone to attend an evening lecture at Ballycerana, and Mrs. Stanhope was sitting quietly knitting, in the twilight.

She sat quite still, her fingers alone moving rapidly, when her ear, already grown sensitive to all sound, heard the click of the little garden gate.

"Mrs. Stanhope, do you know that Bridget Duncuft is lost?"

Mrs. Stanhope began to tremble, and started forward.



" 'A desired haven,' I said."—p. 679.

The latch was softly lifted, and the footsteps that came up the grass path were quiet ones.

"Is that you, Kitty?" she called out, "and please," she added, "if it is any stranger, don't come in, for I am a blind woman, and am quite alone."

The footsteps on the grass plot were arrested for an instant by these words, then a voice said, in a clear and gentle tone—

"Who are you?" she asked eagerly.

"I am Bridget Duncuft. I knew you would be alone to-night, and I have come to—to burden you with a secret, and to talk to you."

"Oh! my dear, how glad I am you are alive! how glad and thankful I am that you are alive! We have thought of nothing else, my girls and me, for these last few terrible weeks. Bridget, sit down by me;

tell me—tell me, my dear child—what has befallen you?"

"How long will you be alone?" asked Bridget. "How soon do you expect Kitty and Hester back?"

"Not for quite an hour, my dear."

"That is right—I can tell you much in an hour; and first of all will you—will you be good to one like me?"

Mrs. Stanhope had the tenderest and most sympathising manner in the world. She now took the girl's cold hand between her own.

"I don't understand you, my poor child, but for many reasons you appeal to my strongest compassion. Tell me anything you please, trust me as much as you will—I will be a mother to you for the time being."

"Ah! if I had ever had a mother like you!" whispered Bride in a broken voice. She seated herself at the blind lady's feet, and the setting sun shone on both their faces.

There was a great change in Bridget Duncuft; the colour and roundness had left her cheeks, and her blue eyes looked bright, feverish, and anxious. Her expression hitherto had been more or less remarkable; the firm resolve of a high purpose had animated her eyes, and curved the lines round her lips. Now there was a sad and tired droop about the mouth, and the blue eyes expressed a sorrowful resolve.

"I have come to tell you my story," she said. "I've been unhappy lately. I will tell you why."

"Yes, dear, tell me all," said Mrs. Stanhope, softly patting her hand.

"Ah! it is nice to be able to tell my story my own way," continued Bride. "I did right to come to you, though I have a thing to say which will pain you more than anybody else. Did I ever tell you, Mrs. Stanhope, why I worked so hard?"

"I do not exactly remember, Bridget; but Agatha once told me your motive. I honoured you for your desire, my child. Yours was a brave and praiseworthy wish."

"I used to think that myself," said Bridget. "I was very proud of myself. When I saw my mother and Hugh allowing all the work to fall on my shoulders, I thought well of the Bridget who worked, and I had an undefined feeling of contempt and almost scorn for the mother and brother who let her work so hard. You will scarcely understand me, when I tell you, that with this feeling I had a love for Hugh which was almost idolatry. He was the object of my life; he was the centre round which I placed all my longings. For Hugh's sake I did not think of being married, or falling in love, or having a separate home of my own some day. My desire was to make his future—to give to him, and to his children after him, the home of their fathers free and unencumbered. And Hugh, idle boy! knew the dream of my life, and let me work on, and frittered away his own existence. I was wrong—I see now

I was wrong. I should never have taken my brother's rightful work out of his hands."

Bridget sat silent for a minute, then she continued—

"Mrs. Stanhope, the awaking was very terrible to me. You must bear with me, for I've to speak of your Agatha. I was silly enough to suppose that while Hugh was first with me, I, also, was first with him. I felt a great stab of jealousy when he told me he loved Agatha. I also knew that his marriage would frustrate my day-dream. I—I—hated Agatha; can you bear me to tell you the rest?"

"I must hear it, Bridget, and your coming to Agatha's mother is surely a sign that you do not hate her now."

"Ah! you're right there—I hate myself too much to dislike anybody else just now. Well, there is no use in going into details: Hugh was telegraphed for to go suddenly to our mother. He wrote a letter to Agatha, which he entrusted to me to safely deliver to her. I—I—hurried Hugh away; I was so glad to have him out of Agatha's reach; and then, I think, Satan came to me; anyhow, I had a horrible temptation—I burned Hugh's letter. The moment it was in ashes, I repented of what I had done, but what did that avail me? I could not bring back the lost writing, nor could I restore to Agatha what was her own. Your daughter, Mrs. Stanhope, was inspired with a motive which, compared to mine, was indeed noble. I knew that, and I detested her all the more for being better than me. I was truly glad when the news reached me that she had left Ballycrana. Now I hoped that Agatha and Hugh were really separated, and that Duncuft would be saved. But, well as I thought I knew my own brother's character, I found I was mistaken. Agatha had awakened within him a depth of feeling, and an earnestness of purpose, which not all my life's devotion had called forth. One morning—one terrible morning—he came back, and he, no matter how, learned what I had done. I saw hatred to me shining out of the eyes I loved best in the world; and then, without a word, or even a second glance, he went away. Hugh left Duncuft without telling me where he was going; day after day passed, and he never wrote. I watched the post; I hoped, I longed, I even tried to pray, but he neither wrote nor came. I had strange feelings during those days. I slept badly, I was all alone; and I began to find my life curiously empty. The farm work grew wearisome; I found I did not care for the profits which came in daily; I did not much care whether the work was done or not. I used to say to myself, that even if I did save Duncuft for Hugh, the fact would bring no happiness to him. I felt sure Hugh would never love me again, and he and Agatha would reap the fruit of my toil, and I should go empty away. I began to wish for a friend, and to think myself a very lonely and unhappy girl. This queer state of mind increased, and grew worse and worse every day; I could not make it out. I did not know, what proved to be

the case, that I was on the verge of a severe and dangerous illness.

"One very hot day, about three weeks ago, a restlessness, which had possessed me ever since I had awoke in the morning, became so strong that I yielded to it. I tied on my hat, took the largest and most shady parasol I could find, and went out for a walk. It was about noon when I started, and the day was, I think, the hottest we have had this season. I met Dan, the postboy, in the avenue, and made some remark to him, but I felt queer even as I spoke; there was a strange, dreamy, unreal feeling over me, but I thought the look and the sound of the sea would soothe it, and I scrambled down at once on to the shore and avoided the high road. There was no shelter whatever from the blazing sun on the sands, but I walked on recklessly. Soon the unreal and dreamy feeling in my brain gave place to a horrible headache; the glare of the sands became more than I could bear; I must find shelter. I knew of a cave, half a mile away, where the sun never penetrated, and which was cool and delicious on the hottest day. I made this cave my goal, and reached it half fainting. Soon I fell asleep, and awoke after a couple of hours to find that I had deliberately planned my own destruction. The tide had shut away the means of return; unless a boat came to my succour, I had about two hours to live. Nobody knows," said Bridget, pausing here and passing her hand across her brow, "nobody will ever know, what I suffered when this fact became quite apparent to me. I was looking death in the face, and I felt so young to die; it seemed so dreadful to have come here deliberately, and now to find that I had cut myself off from all hope. I paced up and down the little strip of narrow sand, growing smaller with each incoming wave, and thought of Hugh, of Agatha, of all the life which would go on just the same when I was cold and still. I had always considered myself a most important person—useful and valuable—but now it seemed to me that I was not of so much account; the world would go on—even Duncuft would get on, after a fashion, without me. There would be a hue and cry and a fuss for a few days, and then I should be forgotten; there was no one who loved me best, to mourn for me. Hugh would have Agatha, and my mother—ah! well, I thought bitterly, she would have her fashions, and Plymouth society. I was not physically afraid of death, though I did shrink a trifle from the idea of the cold waves creeping up and up my body until they took away my breath, and I did shrink mightily from the idea of giving up my life. I did not wish to meet my father with my great work incomplete, and I was terribly afraid of seeing God. I fell down on my knees on the sand, and clasped my hands and cried aloud, 'Oh! God—I am a miserable girl who has tried hard and failed utterly; oh! don't take me away now in the prime of my days; spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence and am no more seen.' When I rose from my knees I uttered a joyful cry; an old fisherman

was lazily paddling a boat within a hundred yards of me—I beckoned to him, and he came to the shore at once. I asked him to row me back to Duncuft. He knew very little English, and he shook his head at my request. No, no—he was a stranger in these parts; he belonged to a fishing-smack out at the entrance of the harbour. The smack was a French boat, and they were going to sail away within an hour, and he would be at his best to get back in time as it was; he would take me on board the French fishing-smack, and nowhere else. I was so glad at being saved that I lost no time arguing with the old fellow—I jumped into the boat and took an oar, and helped to pull with a will. I would offer a sovereign to the people on board the fishing-smack, and they would soon take me back to Duncuft. My courage and determination kept up for about half a dozen strokes, then the headache and giddiness, and strange, unreal feeling which I had experienced all the morning, and which had been temporarily overcome while I faced death on the lonely yellow sands, now came back more overpowering than ever; the oar fell from my nerveless fingers, and I lay back in the boat indifferent to everything but that terrible sense of approaching illness. When I reached the fishing-smack I was almost speechless; I remembered some rough but not unkindly faces looking at me; I heard some words muttered in a jargon which I could not understand, and then I remembered no more.

"When I awoke, after what seemed like a very long and bad nightmare, I found myself in a charming room, daintily furnished in a picturesque and half-foreign way. I was lying on a small white bed, and white draperies surrounded me. There was a tiny and bright fire in a grate, and by the fire sat an old lady with silver hair, and very bright soft dark eyes. I made a little movement, and she came up at once to my bedside.

"'Where am I, and who are you?' I asked.

"'You have been very ill, dear, but you are better now—you are much better now,' she said; 'but you must not talk; you shall have some beef-tea, and then you can take another nice long sleep.'

"'But who are you, and how did I get here?' I continued. 'I don't know your face a bit; I never saw you before!' I added in a fretful and anxious key.

"'No, my dear; but that is not of the slightest consequence. I am just Mary Robertson, if you *will* have my name; a lone body who has had the pleasure of nursing you through a long and bad illness—but you are out of danger now, my love—you are quite out of danger now.'

"'And you don't know who I am?' I continued. 'You have no idea who I am?'

"'No, my child, except that you were a poor weak and straying lamb, brought to my door by the good Lord for me to tend—and now you really must not speak any more.'

"I felt quite comforted that this strange old lady, with the beautiful face, and soft, kind voice should not know anything about me; I was just a stray

lamb brought to her door by the Lord. I fell asleep feeling happy in her care. From that hour I began to get better."

CHAPTER XXVII.—"YOU SPOILED A LIFE."

"You must have a cup of tea, Bridget, before you tell me any more," here interrupted Mrs. Stanhope. "Do you mind waiting on yourself, dear? The kettle is boiling, and Kitty has left everything quite convenient, in that cupboard in the wall."

"But I have so much more to tell you before Kitty and Hester come back."

"Even so, you must have your cup of tea, and if there is a secret, Bridget, my girls can keep it as honourably as any people in the world."

Bridget laughed a little.

"I see you will have your way," she said, rising; "and I do like making tea for myself."

She tripped about the cottage with the light and dainty step which was always one of her characteristics; it was quite impossible for Bridget to do anything awkwardly. Soon she and Mrs. Stanhope were enjoying a very sociable little meal together, and even laughing merrily over it.

"And now I have a great deal more to tell you," said the young girl, when at last she had finished.

"I got better—every day I got better. I used to lie in my little white bed, and watch Mary Robertson moving so quietly about my chamber. No one else ever came near it; she cleaned it herself; she kept the small, bright fire always going; she dusted, she arranged. There were some pretty little pink vases, and they were always full of fresh roses. I never saw a withered flower in those little vases; I never saw a speck of dust or disorder anywhere, and all was done without noise, or fuss, or commotion. I thought Mary Robertson the very personification of peace; I think her so still. At last I was well enough to come down-stairs; then, for the first time, I induced her to tell me how I got into her care.

"Well, my dear," she said, 'I live, as you may perceive, by the sea. I have had a good deal of trouble in my day. It is all over now, but I don't care for society so called, though I love my fellow-creatures. I have always made friends with the fisherfolk, and though the rich people all around scarcely know of my existence, I think the poor are acquainted with my name. One evening I was sitting at my tea, when there came a knock at my front door, and the next moment four rough men just brought you right in, and laid you on the sofa. Two of them were natives of the village close by, two of them were French. The Frenchmen told a curious tale: you had been brought on board their little fishing-boat by their pilot, who had found you surrounded by the waves and in great distress on some yellow sands about a mile away. The moment you were brought on board you became unconscious, and the fishermen resolved, instead of sailing right away to France as

they intended, to put into the first port they could reach. That port was within a few minutes' walk of my cottage, and my own people, who knew me so well, brought you here.'

"A desired haven," I said, getting up, and putting my arms round her neck and kissing her.

"But your friends must be very anxious about you, my love," said Mary Robertson. 'I have not troubled you with questions hitherto; but now I should like to know who you are, dear.'

"Then I sat down at her feet, and looked into her face, and told her my whole story. Not even to you, Mrs. Stanhope, did I speak as I spoke then to Mary. She always made me call her Mary. I told her all. I confided in her, as I never confided in mortal. She was my best friend. When I had finished I waited for the counsel which I knew would drop from those wise lips.

"I have had some experience, dear, and—and—I should like to think over this. In the morning I will tell you what may have come to me."

"In the morning Mary Robertson had a long talk with me.

"Your brother must know that you are alive. Beyond that, I think—I think—I would let him do his own work. Your plan was brave, but defective. You saved a house and some land, but you spoiled a life. The life is greater than the property; let that go, if it must, but give Mr. Duncuft a chance. Will you be my child for a year, Bridget, and live with me? I am lonely, and you bring me sunshine. You cannot be at all great here, but you can be happy."

"Then she said a great deal more; we had many consultations together, and I yielded to her advice. The little house where I had taken shelter—I must not tell you its name, but it is at the other side of Castletown Harbour, about twenty miles from here. I came here to-day by sea, and in some trepidation and dread of discovery. I have partly disguised myself, however, and I don't think anybody has recognised me; and now, will you help me?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A LETTER FROM MRS. STANHOPE.

THERE never was a more perplexed and altogether confused young man than Hugh Duncuft at this time. In stature, in years, he was a man, but with regard to the true knowledge of the life which he was called to lead, he was a baby. All the affairs of a well-managed and compact little estate had been suddenly thrown on his hands; he had not an idea what to do, or how to manage. His uncertain orders were received with slight smiles of derision, and were attended to or not, as his people pleased. In the house all was in a state of absolute confusion, and since the arrival of Lady Florence on the scene this confusion was rapidly approaching to anarchy.

Dawson, the fine English lady's-maid, and Mrs. Mahoney, the round-faced, indolent Irish cook, were at daggers drawn from the first. Old Simon was severely neutral, but had privately made matters

worse by mimicking Dawson's fine airs, when, alas! he only supposed her back was turned.

Dawson had given her mistress notice; her mistress was in tears and lamentations from morning till night.

Poor Hugh felt almost off his head; all kinds of wild schemes occurred to him—he would rush off and marry Agatha on the spot—he would force her to give up every other scheme for his sake, and come and act as head to this unruly household; or he would engage a housekeeper—he would answer the advertisements of some of those nice middle-aged widows, who were always offering to make things comfortable for poor distracted young men like himself; then, for the estate, he must secure the services of a competent steward. Dear, dear! it would all be extremely expensive, and he had not an idea where the money was to come from. It was really most unreasonable of Bride to disappear in this mysterious fashion. Poor Bride—he never thought of her without a sigh, and a pang of something more than regret; still, he could not help considering her unreasonable.

One morning he was sitting trying to answer a pile of letters, and endeavouring at the same time not only to compose advertisements for intended steward and housekeeper, but to answer his mother's running commentary of regrets and lamentations, when there came a welcome interruption, and Kitty Stanhope's bright face appeared on the scene.

"How do you do, Lady Florence? Oh! Hugh, here's a letter from mother. Mother would be so glad if you would come down and see her for an hour this evening."

"Really, my dear," interrupted Lady Florence, "my son has no time—no time to attend to anything but the estate. Poor dear Bridget—poor child, she ruined the people with over management, and now that she has been so mysteriously withdrawn—ah! I cannot speak of it—my mother's feelings—you understand, love. Hugh, put a little scent on that pocket-handkerchief. Well, my dear, as I was saying, we are all in hopeless confusion. I do all that my weak health will permit; but my nerves!—ah! young creatures don't know what tyrants nerves can be. Dawson, too—you have not seen Dawson—capital dressmaker, and a sweet touch with a bonnet—well, my dear, she's going—won't stand Mahoney; I say Mahoney should go, but Hugh puts down his foot. Was there ever a woman so tyrannised over? but sit down, Miss Stanhope—do sit down. Hugh, you might offer Miss Stanhope a chair."

"I will, mother, when you give me leave to get in a word. There, Kitty, make yourself at home. I will read your mother's letter, and send her an answer."

"And really, my dear, you look so nice," said Lady Florence patronisingly. "I forget if Agatha is like you—oh, no! of course, Agatha is dark—a brunette—no, you have my skin, my love. Well, I congratulate you; these fair skins wear so delicately, and they are by no means difficult to dress. Do you know, Kitty

—I really must call you Kitty, for you will be a sort of connection by-and-bye, a sort of—no, no, not a daughter-in-law, but a sort of niece-in-law, is it, Hugh? However, no matter. As I was saying, Kitty" (here Lady Florence's voice became quite slow and impressive), "it is the greatest possible mistake to suppose crimson doesn't suit fair people. At one time there was an idea that only brunettes could wear them, but that is absolutely exploded, my love. Fair complexions, such as yours and mine, look exquisite in crimson. I should like to show you my plush. I wonder, now, would Dawson be good-natured? It is at the bottom of my fourth trunk, and she has been in such a temper lately; but still, she's proud of that dress, because she put on the waterfall lace down the front herself, and Captain Beverley of the *Ajax* said the whole costume was wonderfully effective. I think I might venture. Hugh, dear boy, will you ring the bell?"

"Oh! let me, please," said Kitty, jumping up; but before Dawson's severe and prim face answered the summons, Hugh had written his note, and Kitty had no time to linger.

"You know I'm the maid-of-all-work," she said, laughing merrily.

This remark, made with the gaiety of a brave young spirit, determined to be ashamed of nothing in the cause of her love for her mother, fairly appalled Lady Florence's slight nature. She no longer cared to consider her complexion and Kitty's the same, and ceased to show any keen desire to exhibit that crimson plush in which Captain Beverley of the *Ajax* had admired her.

"It is of no consequence, Dawson," she said coldly, when the prim handmaiden chose to put in an appearance. "Miss Stanhope cannot remain, so I shall not require your services at present, so you may withdraw. Oh! and, Dawson," as a sudden thought occurred to her, "pray alter the feather ruching round my maize dress. It is a little heavy, and I thought of substituting cream lace. It occurred to me in the middle of the night to change the trimming to cream lace. You will see to it at once, Dawson, there's a good creature."

"As soon as I can make it convenient, my lady, the dress shall be attended to," replied Dawson, slamming the door after her.

Lady Florence clasped her hands in despair.

"I knew how it would be, Hugh. I knew perfectly how it would be—that wretched, miserable Mahoney has not given Dawson fish rissoles for her breakfast. Poor Dawson always suffers from indigestion unless she has fish rissoles."

CHAPTER XXIX.—OPENING HIS EYES.

MRS. STANHOPE had made many discoveries during these weeks of her blindness. In the first place, a cross which she had dreaded and shrunk from, had fallen lightly. She was forced to own that this cross had come so surrounded by blessings, so

enveloped in the sweet flowers of love, and faith, and hope, that she had scarcely felt it. The children had rallied round the mother, and the widowed mother had reaped the reward of many patient and

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.



"Kitty had no time to linger."—p. 680.

sorrowful years in which she had worked and toiled for them.

"I am proud of my girls," said Mrs. Stanhope to herself. "I am proud of my three dear, bright girls. Even my little Hettie is coming to the front bravely now. There is no doubt that God's ways are best;" and then the words of a dear old-fashioned hymn came to her—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

When Bridget came to Mrs. Stanhope, and poured out her story, she found not only a sympathising ear and a kind heart to listen, but also a very wise head to advise. Mrs. Stanhope's mind was stored

with all kinds of unexpected knowledge, and she was not only willing, but also able, to carry out the clue Bridget gave her. She entered into Bridget's plans with much enthusiasm, and promised to be a worthy coadjutor. When Hugh came down to the little cottage at the entrance to the wood, he found the blind lady alone.

"Now, Hugh, Kitty tells me that you are in all kinds of troubles and difficulties up at Duncuft."

"Oh! awful, Mrs. Stanhope. I assure you they are perfectly overwhelming. It is a literal fact—I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels; and if it were not for the letters I get from that darling, sweet girl of yours, I don't know how I could bear things—I really don't."

"Oh, yes, Hugh—that's all very well, but men have got to bear things, and so have women too. Now, my dear boy, some day I hope to call you my son, and so I think—I mean, I hope—that you will confide in me: will you tell me why you are so dreadfully unhappy just now?"

"Why am I so unhappy? Good gracious! is not Bride lost—my only sister, my dear, bonnie, clever girl? I never knew how I missed her, until she went away; and, besides" (here the young man lowered his voice) "I don't like to think of it a bit—in fact, I hate to think of it—but I don't fancy I was just exactly kind to Bride lately."

"You are right, Hugh—you were not kind to Bride, and she was unhappy. I am glad she went away."

"But, I say, how strange you look! and you speak as if you knew something. Do you know anything? Is my sister—have you heard of my sister? is she alive?"

"She is alive."

"And where is she? What a load you have taken off me! Where is she, Mrs. Stanhope? Let me go to my poor Bride at once."

"You cannot do that, Hugh. Bride does not wish it, and she has a right to have her wishes respected; at any rate, they shall not be violated by me. Your sister is alive and well, and I believe happy; more than that I cannot tell you."

"Oh! but, I say, what a shame! You don't mean really to keep me in the dark! You can't, you know, it's too absurd. Bride has no right to go and hide herself like that, and we wanting her so dreadfully at Duncuft. Why, the whole place is going to rack and ruin without her. I assure you it's a fact, Mrs. Stanhope; we'll soon be beggared if something is not done. You ought to be interested, you know,

for you are Agatha's mother. For Agatha's sake, you might let me know where Bride is. I can soon persuade her to come back."

"For Agatha's sake I will not tell you, Hugh. I'll tell you nothing more about Bride. You have leant on your sister too long; you must do without her now."

"Leant on my sister! What do you mean?"

"Well, my dear boy, you say you are in great perplexity at Duncuft. Now that you know Bridget is alive and well, you need no longer be miserable on her account; therefore, of course, your perplexities will end."

"Oh! but they won't; how slow women are to take in a thing! Didn't I tell you the place was going to rack and ruin?"

"Why so?"

"Because Bridget isn't there to see to it."

"Why can't you see to it?"

"I?"

"Yes—it is your place, is it not?"

"I should think it was my place—jolly old place too. Bridget made it as snug and tight as possible. But then, you see, I don't know anything about farming."

"Indeed! and yet you meant to live there with Agatha by-and-bye!"

"*Meant* to live there! Good gracious, Mrs. Stanhope! I *do* mean to live there; it's a certain positive fact. There's no manner of doubt about it."

"Yes, Hugh, it is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world; and, please God, it will come to pass. Now, don't you think it would be a good plan if you were to learn something of the life you have got to lead? You have an estate on your hands; would it not be well to know how to manage it?"

"Oh! I say, I never thought of that."

"Well, think of it now."

Hugh was silent.

"Would Agatha wish it?" he asked suddenly.

"Agatha would like her husband in all respects to be a man."

"And you don't think me one? That speech of yours cuts me, Mrs. Stanhope."

"Dear Hugh, I am sorry, but I—I——"

"You meant it, didn't you? Oh, yes! I quite understand; I know exactly what you mean. You have let in the light on me, and it has flashed brightly, and I am a little stunned. I'll go away now, and come back again to-morrow night, if you will let me."

(To be concluded.)



RESTFUL TALKS IN THE RUSH OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.—NO. IV.



"**HIS** is the Rest!" True, indeed!

But it remains yet for us to consider the reproach of Jeremiah: "They have forgotten their resting-place," and how true, alas! this is of many of us!

Forgotten! But that word, so easily spoken, is no light thing.

There may be much baseness, coldness, hardness in simple forgetting. We read, "They have forgotten God their Maker," "They have forgotten their resting-place." Perhaps we have forgotten Him in seasons when we have not so much felt to need God—seasons of enterprise, success, good spirits, and congenial companionship. Anyway or anyhow, we have forgotten Him! It has been summer-time perhaps in life, and we have not felt so much to need the nestling wing as in the winter cold and darkness. But now, perhaps, life is merging into other experiences, and we begin to ask, "Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" It may be that it is Millais' Chill October with us; the summer birds may have taken their flight, and we shiver by the river-side now that the sunshine is shadowed by leaden clouds! Anyway, we are not so near our Saviour as we once were. We do not feel His love so much; we have not so much of His mind in us; and we are more afraid of change and death. It may be that there are some who would at once confess that their spiritual life was once richer, keener, deeper in the years gone by. But the Blessed Saviour cannot have changed. His promise cannot fail. His arm is not weakened by the long course of years. No; it is all ourselves. We have forgotten our resting-place.

Let us then, in our Restful Talks, remember that we all need a resting-place! And God has given us Sabbaths, sacraments, solitudes, and special seasons to quicken this remembrance. These, however, are only pathways to the rest. We want God Himself—the living God. A universal human weariness testifies to that—a weariness which may relieve itself by excitements and human interests, till the exhausted heart falls back upon itself. Yes!

We need a resting-place for thought. If we know we have a home, we can bear journeys, solitudes, and meanwhile separations; for home is there all the while, latent in our consciousness! a quiet comfort: a living reality. I do not say we are always conscious of God, but our thought is always resting there. Christ has shown us the Father, and that suffices us. In scenes of natural beauty we are moved by the mind

behind the order and the loveliness. Where in human history we cannot see the sceptre, we say, "The Lord reigneth!" Get away from Him, and even Nature loses her truest anodyne. We think of Him then! When the mind becomes either uncertain about Him, or unconscious of Him, then rest is gone! It is a sense of the Divine mind that affects us in and through all. Nature then becomes a parable of God, and a prophecy of good things to come. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what God hath prepared for them that love Him."

We need a resting-place for worship.

Man cannot destroy the worshipping needs of his own soul. He must bow before some object. The Roman Emperors, who elevated themselves to the rank of God, knew that! And when the fabled deities were quitting the heights of Olympus, the Caesars took care to provide the object in themselves! Let any man, any man, endeavour to crush that instinct, and it will as surely rise again as the down-trodden grass re-lifts its head when the pressure is removed! Man must worship. Even Comte seeks to provide for this in his "Positive Philosophy." That worship is an instinct can be understood by any who have watched even the youngest child bend its little head in prayer. It is an instinct, we admit, as history abundantly shows, that may be debased—an instinct that, finding no heavenly pillar by which it can ascend, may cast its feelers around earthly support. Worship we must. There are elements of love and reverence which must find expression. But we have turned to other gods. The Father's presence-chamber is empty of His child. The old walks are deserted! The dear old days are past and gone, with their memories of fellowship and favour! "Who is blind as my servant?" To see no beauty in the Saviour now! Oh! strange perversity of affection. Oh! sad glamour of sin. For all this the worship will come when we are weary and lonely. The heart, like a tired traveller, will want some place of rest. Voices in the soul will whisper, "Return, return. Come back, O man, to the deserted shrine. Thou hast forgotten thy resting-place."

We need a resting-place for desire.

We are unsatisfied, though we confess it not. Unsatisfied cravings fill our hearts. The genius of art may adorn our walls, the genius of song may gratify our ears, the genius of philosophy may interest our powers of speculation, love may find us more or less thoughtful and unselfish, as, pure and good, it is responsive to affection. But our nature is not to be measured by the universe

of earth. The soul is more than a book, or a picture, or a song, or a barn; and love! who can estimate that? It evades all analysis, it outreaches all measurement, it grows on all it feeds upon, and still cries Give, give. And what is the true explanation of its desire? It is old as David. "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God." It ought not to be difficult for us to come to Him, to touch Him, to trust Him, to love Him now. He has tabernacled amongst us, He has opened His heart for us to live in. "Abide in Me, and I in you." Every approach to satisfaction is in nearness to Him. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

We need a resting-place for our family affections. They, too, rest in God as their author and satisfier, and have their end in immortality. It cannot be that all these million-fold experiences of care, and kindness, and sacrifice for others, are to fall through into the tomb at last. To me more mysterious and wondrous than the spangled heavens in the firmament above is the inward firmament of human hopes, and struggles, and joys. God made Mont Blanc out of nothing, but man He made out of Himself! Yes; and here we are in companies, in families! Are these then fortuitous combinations, with nothing deep, divine, abiding, real beneath them? Not so, says a true philosophy, a Christian philosophy. No; underneath all are roots that shoot out into the soil of eternity. Home has its real resting-place in eternal life and God. We, too, sometimes forget this. We are to be led through home to God: through the child to the Giver of the child. Nothing short of this; for when the separation which we call death comes, do we not say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away'? I see often amongst us all, and in myself, this danger—"They have forgotten their resting-place," for "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" Nobody either in heaven or earth! In union with God all is beautiful and good! So long as love does not displace God; so long as these earthly affections are aids to meeten us for Christ's presence and Christ's eternal home. Say, is it true of us that a reed has taken the place of the rock? "They have trusted in Egypt," means they have forgotten God! Let there be then a restoration of confidence; let our desire be to the remembrance of Christ's name! No doubt there are mornings of new life and seasons of spiritual elevation. That there are occasions of special remembrance we all know; we like to be remembered. If the Egyptians embalm the body, we at all events wish some to embalm the spirit. We are never dead till we are forgotten! And it is right and beautiful for any of us to reverence and to perpetuate the memory of the dead. Of many it can be said in a wonderfully real sense, "A little child shall lead them;" yes, lead them away from selfish-

ness and pride, and love of the world and dread of death. We can, we do awaken remembrance in a human sense; why not in a divine sense? These, then, are some of the counsels that our talk together suggests. Let us heed them. *There are mistakes discovered and confessed.*

Our cry must be, We have sinned and wandered from God, and have since then found in all our earthly fruit ashes at the centre. It is good to make honest confession, good to clear the soul of hypocrisies and falsehoods. No human ear need listen to that confession. Let us speak to God; He does not prolong the pain of penitence; He adds no mortification or penance. It is this pity of His which breaks us down. He is the "Lord God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great mercy." That Eye looking into ours says, "I have not forgotten you," and we feel how tender He is in His forbearing and forgiving mercy. *Let there be the acting out of the confession.*

Remembrance is more than a sentiment. We think little of those who can merely utter eloquent sentiments about it. Remembrance toils, endures, suffers, and if need be bears bravely its burden of contumely and shame. This acted confession will decide the reality of a renewed religious life! A true resting-place is not a couch or a bower of ease. Even in earthly things our remembrance shows its sincerity of sorrow by repairing its laches, and by redeeming its promises fourfold. Like Jacob, it restores its ill-gotten gains. We must not indulge in mere sentimental regrets. It is he that confesseth and forsaketh the sin that findeth mercy. Let there be manifest the immediate influence of such remembrance.

Show that you feel it now. For the world is very restless, and beneath the folds of its garments its heart is beating nervously and anxiously. I plead for the power that lies in being as well as doing. The holy calm within the breast is as influential in its sphere as the calm of nature. We know what this is, how it steals over us—how it tranquillises, how away from busy mart and city Nature takes her child back into her arms, fans his brow, steadies his pulse, and fills him with the quiet joy of her delights. Oh! when the Saviour shows us "His very heart, with all our names engraven there," when He brings us within sight of the very gate of heaven, when the eye which cannot glance at the unclouded sun sees God in the face of Jesus Christ, and can say, "My Lord and my God!" then in the deepest, truest sense we can say, "This is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have desired it!" And from the soul thus influenced there spreads a power which makes other hearts feel, "I too have forgotten my resting-place. Oh! give me that blessed Saviour—give me also rest!"

Let us then re-enter the blessed home we once had in God, for He can welcome and forgive as

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tenderly to-day as when we first bowed our heart before the Cross. And then, when we come to what is called the resting-place of the grave—when, leaving the throng of busy life, we tread the hushed pathway of the valley of shadows, men will be false to our memory if they do not write over our graves an inscription that

breathes as the catacomb tombs did of peace and rest. The word death, indeed, never occurs in all these hopeful epitaphs, for when faith lived death itself was dead. Meantime, let us seek so to live that wherever toil may take us, or solitude leave us, we may have evermore our life hid with Christ in God.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

A MODERN PARABLE.—BY LADY LAURA HAMPTON.



"In the foreground sat an ancient dame with distaff and spindle."—p. 686.

SOMEHOW or other everything seemed to have gone wrong with Sibyl of late, and being a young lady used to her own way, she did not take kindly to cross-purposes. The friend who was to have spent the summer holidays with her had changed her mind, and gone to Switzerland instead; her youngest brother had "chosen" to fall ill with scarlet fever at school, and her mother had had to post off at a few hours' notice to nurse him, leaving the whole care of the household on Sibyl's shoulders; tiresome old Dobbin had fallen lame yesterday, of all days in the year, and she had, consequently, been unable to attend the picnic she had been

looking forward to for weeks; and to-day, just when she had wanted to finish her sketch for the drawing club of which she was a member, her father had bidden her take old Sally Brown some soup, and a bottle of liniment for her rheumatism! Such a hot day as it was, too! What could any one mean by having rheumatism in the dog-days? Surely to-morrow would have done as well for her visit, and then her drawing would have been finished and sent off; whereas now, if she missed again, how small her chance of the prize!

With such a list of grievances, and an aptitude for making the most of them, no wonder that at the end of the two-mile walk, though Sally Brown got her

soup and the liniment, the bright smile and cheering word which would have helped and comforted her were wanting, and left her wondering why her young lady was in such a desperate hurry to be off, and what could make her look so down-hearted, who, in poor Sally's estimation, had all the happiness this world could afford.

Grumbling at things in particular is apt to degenerate into discontent with things in general, and by the time Sibyl was half-way home she had worked herself into the belief that she of all girls was the most ill-used, her lot the most monotonous, her pleasures the fewest, and her life altogether hardly worth living. A sudden bend in the road changed the current of her thoughts, and for a moment she stood entranced at the beauty of the scene before her, watching the varying purple shadows on the distant hills, the waving lines of woodland crossing and recrossing each other, the harvest fields with their golden sheaves, all framed in the overhanging boughs of a magnificent oak; and as if to complete the picture, in the foreground sat an ancient dame with distaff and spindle.

"Eh! Miss Sibyl dearie, and you are 'a sight for sair een,' as the saying is," were the words that greeted her as she advanced listlessly towards the speaker, who added anxiously, "But what is the matter, dearie? Are they all well at home? No ill tidings of the young master, I hope?"

"No, Goody, we are all well; but I am hot and tired, that is all."

"And a wee bit vexed as well. Is it not so?" said the old woman, as she peered anxiously and lovingly into the girlish face. "Sit you down a bit,

and let us see if we cannot unravel the tangle between us. Eh, my bairn! it seems but a few years since your mother used to come and pour out her troubles to her old Nanny, though it is nigh on thirty years ago. And surely the nearer the borderland is reached, the better we should be able to help those whose feet are but just commencing the journey towards it." And Sibyl, who liked nothing so well as a talk with "Goody," as she fondly called her, was soon sitting by the old woman's side, and pouring out all the cross-purposes and annoyances which had been rankling in her mind for many days past.

The old woman listened, twirling the thread rapidly through her fingers, and when Sibyl had ended her recital it was some moments before she broke the silence with these words—

"Eh, my bairn! must not each fibre of the flax plant be separated, and cleansed, and macerated, before it can be used? and where would the thread be if there was only one strand on the distaff head? Must they not blend, and unite, and be smoothed by the spinner's fingers ere the spindle be full, and the thread fit for weaving? So is it with us; circumstances, disappointments, annoyances, accidents, cross-purposes as we blindly call them, are but strands to be spun into the thread of life. Let us only remember Whose Hand holds the distaff, Whose Fingers guide the spindle as it turns, and give up ourselves unresistingly to Him, and the rough places will become smooth, the knotted parts untwist, and the thread, bright and even, cleansed from the defilements of earth, be at length woven by Him into the marriage garment of the Lamb."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

II.—ITS PRIVILEGES.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN,
AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

"Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—1 COR. iii. 23.



HE account of the Christian in his conflicts brought before us in a former paper, as taken from the seventh chapter of the Romans, is one for which we cannot be too thankful. It furnishes a clue to an experience which would have otherwise seemed inexplicable, and solves some of the deepest problems of our inner life. It is a Divine recognition of the saint's spiritual struggles, as a necessary process of discipline;—an exhibition of the way in which God is glorified in the infirmities of His people, and gets to Himself honour out of their contests with the powers of evil. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me

from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Still the assumption is made in that seventh chapter, that, as an experience of a real Christian life, sin is never wholly extirpated from the heart. It is there, though it does not reign. It is an active power, though not a dominant power. It does not bring back condemnation, and must not be allowed to reinstate us in our old condition of fear and bondage; but it does stir up an inner strife, which the peace of justification cannot hinder, and no growth in sanctification can entirely set at rest. "I know that in me," says the Apostle, "that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." As long as I am in it, I am as

one occupying an infected tenement. My whole body is charged and saturated with a moral virus, extending to everything I have to do, for my own soul or for the Divine service—the will to choose, the heart to desire, the strength to accomplish, the grace to resist evil, or the patience to bear a cross. Where is my security that I shall obtain the mastery over this indwelling principle of evil? Manifestly in nothing in myself. My safety must be from without and from above. I must be able to feel that my salvation is bound up with certain great issues, affecting the honour “of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.” In a word, I must be assured that my soul’s life is part of a Divine property, and that all things belonging to that life—the ordering of its conflicts as well as the issue of the strife—all is under Divine control. “Ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

“YE ARE CHRIST’S.”

As a further aspect of the Christian life, therefore, it seems well to take the soul’s safety under all its conflicts and trials; and that especially in view of its being a possession or property belonging to Christ; something which He regards as peculiarly His own, and which, therefore, He will watch over and preserve unto the end. “*Ye are Christ’s.*”

Christ’s, in what sense? First, as the redemption purchase; as something for which He has already paid a great price, that it might be His, inalienably and for ever. Hence, in the sixth chapter of this Epistle, we have the Apostle saying, “Ye are not your own: for ye are bought with a price.” Man, in his natural state, is in bondage under the power of the strong man armed, who is able to use, as his ally, a man’s own evil passions, the chain of sin being bound and riveted upon his soul, until the god of this world is able to lead him captive at his will. But Christ has redeemed us from the power of this enemy, in that He hath “redeemed us from the curse of the Law,” the only warrant under which Satan could detain us in bondage. Hence we are Christ’s bought men, and that from which we are bought is sin; its guilt, its penalty, its tyrannising and enslaving power. By nature, the Apostle speaks of us rightly, as “sold under sin;” that is, doomed to a participation in its curse, as well as to subjection to its oppressive yoke. Hence, to redeem us from this twofold evil—the past curse of sin, and its present slavery—a certain price was to be paid; a price of such vast and illimitable worth, that, whilst it should avail as a propitiation for sins that are past, it should also, in the sanctifying influences by which it should be accompanied, enable Him that bought us to redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. And

the redemption thus purchased is an eternal redemption. It is the price of the soul’s liberation for all time. All the saints that *are* in heaven—all that ever *will* be there—must bear witness that it is to this price of blood they owe their salvation. It is not that we, more than others, they will acknowledge, were free from infirmities; not that in any way we fought, or strove, or overcame more. Our safety stood in the fact that Christ had a property interest in us; the ransom price of His most precious blood had been paid for us. All the powers of all worlds saw that emancipation seal graven upon our foreheads—“We are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

Again, believers are reckoned to be among Christ’s personal possessions, in virtue of their *covenant relation* to Him; that is, in virtue of that compact of mediation, which, from the eternal ages, God was pleased to enter into with the Son of His love, on behalf of such as should be saved. See how distinctly the existence of this covenant is recognised in Christ’s own intercessory prayer, in the seventeenth chapter of St. John—“Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.” And again, “As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.” “Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me.” These, with many similar passages, form the basis of the teaching of our reformers, that “before the foundations of the world were laid, God had decreed, by His counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and condemnation those whom He had chosen in Christ; and who, as being so chosen, would, with the full concurrence of their voluntary powers, yield to the various beneficent agencies which God had set on foot for their sanctification; that is, they would obey the calling of the Spirit, they would be justified freely by His grace, they would be made the sons of God by adoption, they would walk religiously in all good works, and at length by His mercy attain to everlasting life.

The view here put before us is important, in setting forth the true ground of our acceptance with God, as referable to our being, in and through the mediation of Christ, brought into a state of covenant relation with the Father and the Son. Good works are pleasing to God, not for their own sake, but only as they are the fruit or evidence of our being received into the spiritual covenant. We are accepted, not because we are devout in spirit, meek in temper, holy in heart, righteous in life, but because we belong to Christ—that and nothing else. The point is well brought out in the words which go before our text. The Apostle is there giving us an inventory of the Christian’s properties. “All things are yours,” he declares—the ministry with its helps, the world with its rewards, life with its blessings, death with its hopes;

all that is worth possessing in things present, all that is glorious in things to come—but why? For this one reason only:—that Christ may make sure of them that are His. “Ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

“CHRIST IS GOD’S.”

And this leads me to notice the further ground of the Christian’s safety under any trials and temptations; namely, that the honour of the everlasting Father is pledged to his salvation. The covenant is with Christ; but “Christ is God’s.” Such as is the glory of the one, such is the glory of the other also. See how explicitly our Lord delivers Himself on this subject, in that seventeenth chapter of St. John:—“And all Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine: and I am glorified in them.”

This brings to the support of our confidence all the immutable perfections of the Divine nature. The unchangeableness of God is a strong tower. Believers flee into it, and they are safe. “I am the Lord, I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” The sons of Jacob are the sons of the covenant; all who, by faith in Christ, have laid hold of it. The work is out of their hands after that. It may proceed slowly. It may languish for a time. It may appear to stand still for a season. But a good work of the Spirit begun in a man’s heart, is certain to be “performed until the day of Jesus Christ.” Oh! yes; all the perfections of the Infinite and Blessed God are bound up and concerned in the final victory and salvation of believers. His mercy, which reacheth unto the clouds; His truth, which endureth to all generations; His compassions, which are an unfathomed deep; His goodness, which, as a zone of love, encircles the universe; His wisdom, which takes in all the contingencies of all time. Yet would all these be compromised, if Christ could not say, “Of them which Thou hast given Me I have lost none;” or if one of those sheep could ever perish, concerning whom it has been said, “Ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

I note, lastly, as an element of the believer’s safety under all the trials and temptations of the Christian life, the joint-proprietorship, as well as the joint-glory, in his salvation, of both the Father and the Son. “Ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”

Most comforting are those Scriptures which assure us that, as in all things, so especially in the deliverance and salvation of mankind, the will of the Father and of Christ is all one; their

love equal, their glory co-ordinate, their tender compassions for the children of a sunk and sorrowing world, co-infinite and co-eternal. See how this blessed fact of our theology is made to appear in our Lord’s intercessory prayer, where we find the Holy Saviour urging their common interest in the success of redemption, as a strong plea with the Almighty Father, why He should take care of those whom, in the flesh, Christ could take care of no more. “I am no more in the world. But these are in the world. Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me.” As if He would say, Thy glory, as much as Mine, is concerned in their salvation. There is a double seal of ownership in the soul of every true believer—the covenant right of the Son, and the plighted faithfulness of the Father. Every doubt and every fear in us ought to be set at rest, when it is whispered to us by the Spirit, “Ye are Christ’s.” But, as if to make assurance doubly sure—to give to those who have fled for refuge to the hope that is set before them the benefit of two immutable things, the words are added, “And Christ is God’s.”

And then, together with the joint-ownership of the Father and the Son, there is the further security of their joint glory in our salvation. The words already quoted from the seventeenth chapter of St. John may be used of the first two Persons of the Blessed Trinity, interchangeably—the Father to the Son, even as the Son to the Father, saying, “All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine: and I am glorified in them.” Oh! yes, the Father’s honour is great in our salvation, because it glorifies Christ, in Whose work He is well pleased. He that honoureth the Son honoureth the Father also—so that every heart converted by His grace, every soul redeemed by His blood, every sinner drawn to His cross, every spirit regenerated, renewed, sanctified, and made meet for heaven, not only puts a new crown on the head of the Redeemer, but is a fulfilment to the Everlasting Father of His own assured promise, “Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong: He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.” And all this following as by a law of sequence on that initial blessing, “Ye are Christ’s;” for being Christ’s by purchase, His by covenant, His by deed of gift from the Eternal Father, the right to salvation is one nothing can gainsay or annul. It stands in the joint honour, joint glory, joint proprietorship of the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent. “For ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.”



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"Linnæus fell on his knees, and with tears uttered his thankfulness for so glorious a sight."

"HISTORICAL FLOWERS."—P. 6, 2.

HISTORICAL FLOWERS.—II.

BY F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

THE THISTLE.



THE Thistle is called *Carduus* in botany; there are about thirty varieties of it in Europe, but none are found indigenous in the New World. The Carline Thistle obtains its name from a tradition that the root of the common Carline was shown by an angel to Charlemagne as a remedy for the plague which prevailed in his army.

Carduus Benedictus, the Blessed Thistle, was long held in extravagant estimation on account of its supposed virtues. It is a native of the Levant; and though its qualities were most highly appreciated in the middle ages, yet it is still cultivated in some places for its medicinal properties.

The origin of the Order of the Thistle is obscure; the stemless variety is recognised as the emblem of Scotland; the Order of the Thistle is the highest of Scottish chivalry; and the flower is one of the three which compose the wreath of Great Britain and Ireland. When James IV. of Scotland and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, were united in marriage, the Scottish poet, William Dunbar, sang of the "Union of the Thistle and the Rose." A hundred years later the two flowers were more closely bound together, when the great-grandson of those royal persons became James I. of England, being already James VI. of Scotland.

Not much of romance hangs about the thistle; it is not unsuitable as a type of the rugged country and of the honest character of the people whom it represents. Yet nowhere grow more beautiful and profuse flowers than in the Highlands; and nowhere are the working men and women more gentle than in Scotland. There is an amount of intelligence and of courtesy amongst the country-people there, which we do not find on this side of the Tweed.

Nor does the thistle appear to be more dominant in Scotland than in the north of England, where its stalk will often attain to a height of six or eight feet, and its bloom to that of five or six inches. The smaller thistles are so perfect in shape and so bright in colour that they can be worn or use in decoration, and not merely reserved for the proverbial donkey.

The Scottish Order of the Thistle was not the

only one; in 1370 Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, instituted another of the *Chevaliers du Chardon*, on the occasion of his marriage with Anne, daughter of the Dauphin of Auvergne. This order lasted but a short time.

THE SHAMROCK.

The Shamrock, which is the emblem of Ireland, is not known by its flower, but by its leaves; it is a little trefoil, as is clover, but is very rare in England, and not common in Ireland. Bentham, in his "British Flora," says that *Oxalis acetosella*, or wood sorrel, is the original shamrock; it has a pale pink, almost white, flower, which is said to be very plentiful in woods in April. He also states that the purple Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*), which we all know so well, is now accepted as the shamrock. The tradition runs that St. Patrick, when preaching in Erin, gathered a shamrock, and used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. From this circumstance, the trefoil has become accepted as the national emblem of the Emerald Isle, and on the 17th of March every Irishman who can obtain a few leaves thereof wears them in his buttonhole, and many little boxes, containing a tiny root, arrive by post, addressed to Irishwomen living in England.

THE BROOM PLANT.

In the history of the Wars of the Roses we find the name of the Plantagenet family occurring constantly. The word is derived from *Planta genista*, the Broom Plant, a sprig of which was worn by Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, in his helmet or cap; from this yellow blossom, which streaks with gold almost every English common, a surname was given to a dynasty of great sovereigns.

A different origin is sometimes assigned to it. A prince of the House of Anjou having killed his brother in order to enjoy his principality, afterwards repented, and to expiate his crime made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he every night scourged himself with a rod made of the Broom. From this circumstance the surname, or nickname, *Plantagenet* was conferred on him. Either tale will fit in well enough with authentic history.

Geoffrey V. of Anjou married Matilda (or Maud) daughter of Henry I., King of England. She was her father's heiress, and had previously married Henry V., Emperor of Germany. She is thence commonly called the Empress Matilda. But on the death of Henry I. his daughter was not allowed to take peaceable possession of her throne; the late king's nephew, Stephen, Earl of

Boulogne, contested it with her, declaring that although Maud was named in Henry's will as his successor, yet the king had afterwards changed his mind and promised the crown to Stephen. Thereupon arose a war. Henry's queen, Edith Matilda, was sister to King David I. of Scotland (called the *Sore Saint*, because his liberality to Churchmen impoverished the crown), who marched into Northumberland, which he cruelly ravaged, and gave battle to the English at Northallerton, in Yorkshire, in order to support the cause of his niece Matilda.

The broom has had another mention in history. St. Louis of France, ninth of that name, at the time of his marriage, in 1234, adopted it as the badge of a new order of knighthood, of which the members wore a chain of alternate flowers of the broom and golden lilies, from which hung a gold cross with the motto, *Exaltat humiles* ("He exalteth the humble"). This order existed until the reign of Charles VI., who ascended the throne in 1380.

There are three varieties of broom—white, purple, and yellow. The latter is far the most common, and is generally found growing near the yellow furze or gorse. The greater number of wild spring flowers are yellow; as the furze, broom,

crocus, primrose, cowslip, berberis, etc. It is told of Linnaeus that when he first saw a common near London, covered with furze-bushes in full bloom, he fell on his knees, and with tears uttered his thankfulness for so glorious a sight. When he returned to Sweden he took with him some plants of furze, but they could not live through the northern winter.

A few years ago, in the month of September, a barrister of high standing, now Q.C. and M.P., was taking an unwonted holiday, and travelling through North Wales. He happened, on the top of a coach, to meet a London friend, to whom he confessed that hardly since his boyhood had he been in the country. When the coach stopped in some quiet place to take up or set down a passenger, the legal gentleman's eye fell on a bush covered with yellow flowers. He forthwith began to inquire what was the name of that splendid, beautiful thing, and to express his wonder and admiration in such extravagant terms, that his fellow-travellers could not refrain from smiling, as they told him it was a furze-bush. Familiarity had begotten contempt in their minds; but, indeed, a furze-bush, or a bush of broom, in full flower, is a splendid sight.

WHAT IS THE DRIFT OF EVOLUTION?

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GUEST, F.G.S.



IT is not the intention of this paper to discuss the above question in a controversial manner. Evolutionism commands a real and widespread interest. During the last winter it has occupied the attention of literary circles in every part of the United Kingdom. Among timid persons it has awakened a mistrustful disquietude, as though the foundations of revealed religion were giving way, while others have adopted a boastful tone, which has had no justification. Without aiming, then, at a scientific discussion, the following paper will attempt no more than to offer a few reasons for caution and calmness.

We ought to respect the present work of the great students of science. They are diligently watching the processes of nature; tabulating details; patient, wary, and self-possessed, they are treading their wondrous backward way towards the origin of the material universe. They are very properly pursuing their investigations unimpeded by extraneous opinions. Their reading of Nature's marvellous pages is not, and ought not to be, controlled by foregone conclusions. They are entitled to the deepest gratitude of humanity. The ignorant monitions sometimes heard in relation to physical science

are a grave mistake. They have, alas! often proceeded from the Christian pulpit, and hundreds of promising young men have been driven off from Christianity by these uninformed warnings. On the other side, however, scientific inquiries have been occasionally far from wise or just. They have rashly taken for granted that a merely scientific speculation was an established theory. That which was valuable as a hypothesis has been thrown abroad as a conclusion, and not unfrequently in deplorable unconcern as to moral consequences. Notions, moreover, which were those of unlettered men only, have been held up to ridicule as the beliefs of all religious men. The present writer has heard this done on two public occasions, and done by distinguished scientists. Hence it is that between Christianity and science there has come a superficial jealousy. This, nevertheless, has had its origin not in the irreconcilable, but in that which on both sides was premature and incautious.

If asked, then, for an explanation of the prevailing distrust in relation to evolutionism, the reply would be that the objection is not so much to the theory itself as to the assumptions that have surrounded it. Had no more been asserted than that evolution was a mode in which the great Creator fashioned the material universe, it

is probable that misgiving would not have been entertained. Nine men out of ten have no settled opinion in reference to the method whereby the vegetable and animal kingdoms have taken their present form. This they have held: that there was designing and creative force. But a doctrine of evolution has been countenanced which has been purely mechanical. Development has been falsely and most mischievously conceived of as a process independent of Design. The hostile terms have come in of creationism and evolutionism. When the latter theory has, through the unguarded and unqualified language of its advocates, eliminated the Creator from nature, religious men have been thrown into an attitude of antagonism. This state of conflict is less owing to the author of the theory than to his disciples. Mr. Darwin was doubtless too much absorbed in noting the mechanism of nature, but he says (I copy his own words as I write, "Descent of Man," p. 65), "The question whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived." He admitted, we are told, that it often came over him with "overwhelming force" that the contrivances of nature were the expression of Mind. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the apostle of evolutionism, speaks in his later language of an "infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed," and of an "ultimate reality transcending all human thought."

Against a perverted evolutionism that denies a creative and designing mind there must—there ought to be—opposition. The soul of a true man cannot accept Atheism. Atheism is an after-thought, and follows conceit or evil-doing. If a man should come to say "There is no God," his life is a ceaseless warfare against the negation. The more he walks with open eye through the earth the more will misgiving pursue him. Man never has acquiesced in a self-originated universe. The belief in a Personal and even Immanent First Cause has been held by the wisest teachers in all nations and in all times, and it is as deeply seated in man's nature as is that of the distinction between right and wrong. Any speculation which divorces God from His works and from humanity, must inevitably be met by the suspicion and persuasion that it is a hasty and mistaken generalisation.

While, therefore, evolutionism leaves no room for God, and regards the universe as the outgrowth of a blind necessity, there is little prospect of a reconciliation between it and Christianity. Among the most precious teachings of Christ was the nearness of the All-Father to His creatures, even the feeblest. The more what are termed instincts are watched the more will the truth of this teaching come home to human hearts. Those, moreover, who have had close relations with men have seen irrefutable proofs of a retributive or

compensating Providence, and of the presence of God not only in history, but in the human soul. Such persons are not likely to admit that during inconceivably vast geologic periods there was nothing more than a pitiless iron mill of necessity, where an all-mastering and undirected law had its uncontrolled dominion. With such a view it might reverently be asked, of what use would such a Creator and Ruler of the universe be, the belief in whom, according to the admission of Mr. Darwin, has been that of the highest intellects that have ever lived?

When we consult the Bible record of existence, the emphatic testimony meets us of the presence and work of God. It must indeed be held that when God is said to create we are to conceive that He brings forth that which is other than Himself. Nevertheless, we may not limit, nor attribute finality to the Divine. We must conceive of it as a progression. We may even attribute to it a natural self-development. But it is a Divine method of working. We cannot, with the Bible in our hands, ascribe independence to the process. Development does not arise out of itself. A merely materialistic view is everywhere denied. That which is apparent is not the true origin (Heb. xi. 3); but in all there is a Divine purpose. The beast of the field, and fowl of the air, as well as man, are represented as formed out of the ground (Gen. ii.), but it is God whose design is in this manner accomplished.

It may be said that such an inception owes its adoption to the exigencies of modern theology. Be it, however, observed that thirty-six years ago, before Darwinism was heard of—so far back as 1849—Dr. Martensen thus wrote of the various *momenta* of existence that determined time: "Time is the form in which the various momenta enter on progressive existence." "The inmost kernel of the Christian dogma of the creation of the world is a Development." In reference to the early chapters of Genesis, he wrote: "Creation is represented as taking place progressively; as rising from the imperfect to the perfect: by which we are to understand that the progress made by creation depends on the progress made by the creatures themselves in the course of their natural self-development." "The world," he wrote further, in words that offer the true theory of evolution, "at every moment of its existence, must be regarded both as *natura*, or an organism developing itself, and as *creatura*, a continuous revelation of the Divine will; and it is *one* solely because it is the *other*." *

This remarkable elucidation of the cosmogony of Moses was even held earlier by thoughtful men. Now, the science of this great century does not violate this cosmogony, except when it is Atheistic;

* "Christian Dogmatics." By Dr. H. Martensen, Bishop of Seeland, Denmark. Pp. 116-127. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.)

it establishes it. Under a pictorial dress, which has adapted the Biblical history to non-scientific ages, lies the transcendent truth that in the modifications and development of species there was no independent potency of matter, but the closest relationship between the Creator and His works.

Should it be thought that this development of species sets aside miraculous agency, that would be in analogy with Scripture. Miracles are never the profuse and purposeless play of Omnipotence; they are signs to men, which they could not have been in the ages that moved towards the goal of man's appearance. The Scriptural view of miracles is that they are given to corroborate what would not otherwise be believed. They have a moral import, and bear witness on behalf of divine revelations.

Confessedly, the *crux* of a materialistic evolution is the origin of man. Beautiful and priceless is the Bible record. "I disbelieve," said a distinguished scientist, "that we shall ever come to know by science anything more than we now know of the origin of man. I believe we shall always have substantially to rest in that magnificent and sublime account which has been given us by the great prophet and lawgiver of the Jews." (The Duke of Argyll, in an essay on "Geology and the Deluge.") Illustrious as are Mr. Darwin's investigations as a naturalist, his "Descent of Man," if it does not sustain Carlyle's reflection that he was "a good sort of man, but with very little intellect," will not, it may be, in future times maintain his reputation. Who can admit his assertion that there is a much wider interval in mental power between a lamprey and one of the higher apes than between an ape and man?—that is, between an ape and Paul, Shakespeare, and Newton. True it may be that "man and all other vertebrate animals have been constructed on the same general model," and that "man and the higher animals have the same instincts in common;" but how utterly inadequate are such arguments for the great conclusion which has been built upon them!

One statement may certainly be accepted as proof, not of man's greatness, but of his fall. An American monkey, an Ateles, after getting drunk on brandy, could by no means be induced to do it a second time! In such a case there were not aptitudes in common, but aptitudes altogether different.

Professor Stokes, a high authority on such a question, said, lately, at a Diocesan Conference held at Westminster, that the "recent conclusions of science were not opposed to revelation, and that much which passes for science rests on very slight foundations." Certainly when evolutionism in relation to man seeks to discredit the supernatural, it should, as other scientific theories, be strong in unassailable proofs. It is probably because of its weakness

here that Sir William Dawson, F.R.S., F.G.S., Principal of McGill University, Montreal, speaks, in the seventh edition (1882) of the "Story of the Earth and Man," of the evolutionist doctrine as "the strangest doctrine of humanity, and supported by vague analogies and figures of speech which indicate that the accumulated facts of our age have gone altogether beyond its capacity for generalisation."

Dr. G. Matheson, in his recent able book—although the title is not without objection*—has pointed out (page 208), and quotes in proof an address of Sir John Lubbock, that "since the opening of the human period we have no evidence whatever in the world of physical life of any operation of the evolution principle"—an admission suggesting very much. In his magnificent volume, "Text Book of Geology," the Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland says (page 626): "The most strenuous upholder of the doctrine of evolution must admit that it is attended with palæontological difficulties which no skill or research has yet been able to remove." The theory, so far as it relates to man, gives no explanation of that freedom of the will, knowledge of moral law, and of the responsibility for action which all civilised nations acknowledge; and in an able obituary notice of Mr. Darwin in *The Times*, April 21, 1882, these significant words are used:—"Darwin himself did not latterly seek to maintain his great theory in all its original integrity. As has been suggested, *some greater law may yet be found which will cover Darwinism, and take a wider sweep.*"

The grave error of these last years is that which in 1872 was pointed to by Dr. W. B. Carpenter in an inaugural address to the members of the British Association. He spoke of science passing beyond its own limits, taking the place of theology, and invading a province of thought to which it has no claim. Assuredly scientists who are patiently tracing the processes of nature, and theologians who see in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation the manifestation of One who bore again that "image of God" from which man had fallen, and Who thus was the glory and completion of humanity, ought to be the firmest of friends. Our age is not without signs that such a union is approaching, and that a late deplorable hostility is passing away. There is no one result more desirable than such a reconciliation. When it shall have come, the law will be found which covers Darwinism, and takes a wider sweep, and a new era of highest promise will have dawned. On this question of the hour, then, there is room for neither boasting nor fear; and to indicate this has been the object for which the present paper has been written.

* "Can the Old Faith Live with the New?" By the Rev. G. Matheson, D.D. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

IN THE PINE WOODS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITNESS MY HAND," "FOR CECIL'S SAKE," ETC. ETC.



A STRETCH of yellow sands, with low-lying pine woods behind them, and before them the "many-twinkling smile of ocean." The pine woods are honeycombed with villas, and the shore given up to health-seekers, and the "ocean" of poetic licence is only the English Channel, for the place is Bournemouth, and the story one of the dramas of real life that now and then unfold themselves in the most commonplace surroundings.

Perhaps sea-side places have more of these romances than towns where the population is less fluctuating, and where each man knows his neighbour's history from his cradle; but no one would have suspected a hero of romance in the middle-aged man sitting quietly under the pines, and taking no notice of the various passers-by. He had taken off his hat, and placed it on the seat, as if to claim exclusive possession of the bench on which he sat, and though many tired eyes looked wistfully at it, no one ventured to disturb the surly-looking occupant.

He was apparently about fifty years of age, with a lined and rugged face, hands that seemed as if they had known the strain of toil, and clothes that were of good material, but badly cut and ill-fitting—defects of which he was obviously much less conscious than the man advancing towards him, a man at whose coming he looked up with a smile, whose sweetness seemed suddenly to transfigure his face.

Hubert Bevan, curate at one of the many churches, was at the age when men are hypercritical in matters of dress, and was himself clad in the correctest clerical costume. He nodded and smiled pleasantly enough, but his inward reflection was—

"What does the fellow get himself up such a guy for? And who and what is he, I wonder?" For though in the six months in which they had met daily in the pine-walk, and faced each other at church, there had come to be a nodding acquaintance between them, it had gone no further, and Mr. Bevan was ignorant even of the other's name. The one fact he knew was, that whenever he took the road through the pine woods that led to the pretty cottage where Mrs. Hilyar and her daughter lived—and Mr. Bevan took that road very frequently indeed—he was sure to meet the sad and sombre-looking man, and to be greeted by the sudden sunshine of that transforming smile. Hubert felt quite sure that he knew all about his errand, and understood the

attraction that drew his steps to the tiny cottage, and he could not help smiling at the sympathy of so unlikely a person. What had this rough-looking stranger to do with love or love-making, and why should he smile on him so benignantly, as if he would fain have bidden him God-speed?

Well, he needed it, the young man felt. For besides the natural diffidence of a lover, he had the dispiriting conviction that whatever her daughter's opinions might be, Mrs. Hilyar decidedly disapproved of his attentions. And now he was going to put his fate to the touch, and he was glad of sympathy and encouragement, even from this man of whom he knew nothing. If he had not been so completely under the glamour of first love, he might have reflected that he knew very little more of the Hilyars themselves. They had come to Bournemouth many years ago, but had lived so retired a life that it was with the greatest difficulty he had procured an introduction, and even when he had established himself on a tolerably intimate footing, he was as ignorant of their antecedents as he had been the first day they met. Mrs. Hilyar never alluded to the days before her widowhood, and Amabel herself knew nothing. She had no remembrance of her father, and no recollection of any home but her present one.

"Poor mamma! she cannot bear to speak of anything that reminds her of papa," Amabel said one day, and then Hubert remembered that there was no portrait of Mr. Hilyar in the house, not even so much as a photograph in the scantily furnished album, in which, indeed, the *cartes* seemed all of Amabel's young contemporaries, with one of her mother that was singularly like herself. He felt a good deal of sympathy and compassion for the widow whose grief was so reticent and deep, but he made no way with her; and now that he was going to ask for her daughter's hand, he felt that he could count on no support from her.

And indeed, though Mrs. Hilyar did not refuse the consent for which Amabel's looks pleaded as eloquently as Hubert's words, she gave it with manifest reluctance.

"I know that I am not worthy of her," said the young man humbly, "that I cannot offer her rank or wealth."

"It is not that," said Mrs. Hilyar with dignity, but—

She checked herself, and then went on with a look that was almost hope in her eyes—

"Do you understand, Mr. Bevan, that we too are poor? Amabel will have nothing during my life, and very little after my death."

"I do not wish for money—it is Amy I want,"

said Mr. Bevan simply, and Mrs. Hilyar did not know how to answer him. If she had followed the impulse of her heart, she would have blessed him for the pure affection laid at her daughter's feet, but such happy expansion was not possible for the woman who was Amabel Hilyar's mother.

"Amabel, will you leave us?" she said, in a voice of restrained emotion; "I wish to speak to Mr. Bevan alone."

He got up to open the door, and to whisper courage to the startled girl, but when he turned again to Mrs. Hilyar, his own almost forsook him. In the moments in which he had looked away from her, she seemed to have aged as many years.

"There is something you ought to know," she began, and then she stopped and looked at him as if she would have searched his very soul. "You say you can bear poverty—for Amabel's sake," she said, with whitening lips, "but can you bear disgrace?"

CHAPTER II.

THE story that Mrs. Hilyar had to tell her daughter's lover was a very painful one, but when she had done, the young man lifted his head, and looked at her with a smile of relief.

"Do you call that disgrace?" he said. "Disgrace is in the sin, not in the punishment. And at least your husband was innocent of that."

"Yes, but he could not prove it, and no one—not even I, who ought to have known that he would not lie, even in a strait like that—no one believed in his innocence. And when that wretched man confessed, it was too late. Five years—think of it! Bearing another man's shame all the time—he, all innocent as he was, shut up with thieves and felons! No wonder he could not bear it—what could he do but die?" She broke into passionate weeping, all the more violent for the stern self-repression of her life, but when he would have called her daughter, she forced herself to calm. "No, no," she gasped; "she does not know—she does not dream—I have kept it all from her, but I felt you ought to know." And then by degrees she told him the whole pitiful tale. Clement Haldane was the junior partner in a firm of shipbrokers, in which a man named Mark Isaacs was confidential clerk. An extensive forgery was committed on the firm, and suspicion fell on Mr. Haldane, who was known to be living expensively and to be heavily in debt. The circumstantial evidence was strong against him, the chief witness being the confidential clerk, and Mr. Haldane was arrested for the crime. His wife had seen him stand in the felon's dock, and heard him sentenced to transportation; but the iron had entered her soul—and his—before ever the sentence was pronounced. It was true that he protested his innocence, but he could bring no proof of it, and the evidence against him was overwhelmingly conclusive. The jury convicted without leaving the box, and the judge told them they could have returned no other verdict.

Even Clement Haldane himself felt that with the evidence before them they could have done no less. "But my wife!" said the broken-hearted man, "surely *she* might have believed." It was the only complaint he made. He had seen the gathering doubt in the face he loved so well, had seen his wife's senseless form carried out from the court, and knew that it was not the sentence but the conviction of his guilt that had stricken her into merciful oblivion.

They only met once more, and then with that terrible barrier between them.

"Do not teach Amabel to think me guilty," was the one request he made. "I shall never trouble you again; be merciful, and let her think me dead."

And so it had been. Mrs. Haldane had left London and come to Bournemouth, where she had taken the name of Hilyar, and had lived a retired life, calling herself a widow, and bringing up Amabel in entire ignorance of her father's existence. That was all fifteen years ago, and there had been no news of the convict; perhaps he had come to think that his wife wished for none, and perhaps he felt, as she did, that for their child's sake it was best. Mrs. Hilyar was practically the widow she called herself, and five years after her husband's transportation she had reason to think that her widowhood was a literal truth. Five years after an innocent man had suffered in his stead, Mark Isaacs confessed on his death-bed that he was guilty of the crime for which Clement Haldane had lost wife, and child, and country, and home. Freedom he could scarcely be said to have lost, for in those days a well-behaved convict was soon sent out with a ticket-of-leave. Haldane had been drafted to a settler in a distant part of the country, and on this man's death all trace of him had been lost. Efforts had been made to trace him, and make known to him the remission of his sentence consequent on Isaacs' confession, but nothing had been heard of him, and Mrs. Hilyar felt convinced that he was dead.

"If he were alive, he would have come home," she said confidently. "Do you think he would not come when his innocence was proved?"

"But if he did not know?"

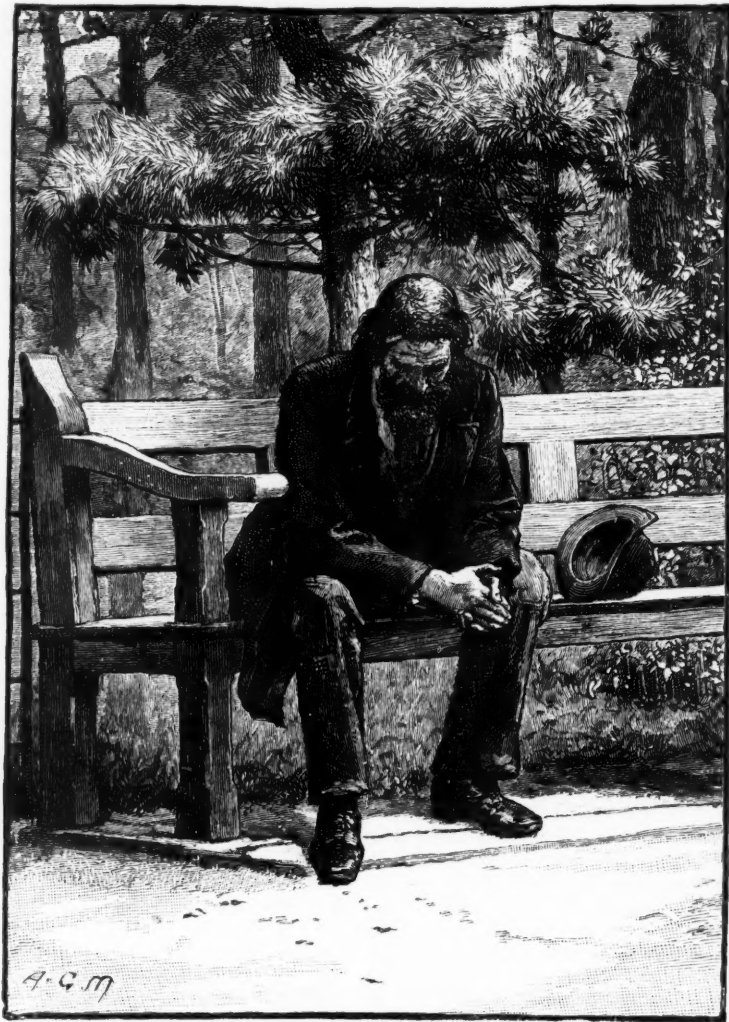
"He must have known. It was in all the papers at the time. Do you think he could have failed to hear of it in all these fifteen years?"

"And you never told Amabel!" said Mr. Bevan, in a tone of wonder. How had she borne the burden of her solitary life, when a word would have unlocked the lips of so sweet a comforter? But Mrs. Hilyar could not have told Amabel of her father's innocence without telling her also of the stain that had lain so long upon their name. There was no reason she should ever know of it, Mrs. Hilyar thought, unless, indeed, as the girl grew up, a suitor should appear. She would not let any man wed with Clement Haldane's daughter without confessing who she was, but till that time came she would lock her miserable secret in her own breast.

"For all the world knew when he was branded as

a felon and a thief," she said to Hubert now, "and how many would know or care that his innocence was proved? If he were alive it would be different, —if he were alive——"

Manifestly she expected a denial. It seemed incredible, to the woman who had suffered so severely under the lash of scornful tongues, that he should still wish to make Amabel his wife, and when she



"The middle-aged man sitting quietly under the pines."—p. 694.

Her voice died in a sob, and Hubert said gently—"You would see him, you would take his name again then?"

"Ah, yes!" she cried passionately; "but he is not alive, he is dead—dead—dead! Mr. Bevan, do you wish to marry Amabel *now*?"

understood that her story had not changed his purpose, she was full of a grateful wonder he found embarrassing.

"Don't thank me; it is I who ought to be grateful, not you," said the young man earnestly. "To give me Amabel, and to talk of thanks!"

He was scornful enough now, carried away by a whirlwind of joyful amaze, against which Mrs. Hilyar's feeble protests were as chaff before the wind. She could not withhold the consent he prayed for, for her story was told, and this was how he had taken it.

CHAPTER III.

BUT though Hubert Bevan had prevailed on Mrs. Hilyar to sanction his betrothal, he could not prevail on her to allow him to disclose to Amabel the story she had confided to him. The young man tried to convince her that no stain could rest on the name of Haldane now, and that to resume it was the best way to make her husband's innocence known, while for himself he would infinitely rather woo and wed Amabel under her true name than under a false one. But here Mrs. Hilyar had all the obstinacy of weakness. Amabel should never know that she was a convict's child, the poor lady said, and a faint, sad smile curved her lip as she saw that Hubert winced at the word.

"Even for your sake it is best," she said. "Let the past die."

The two lovers scarcely noticed, in the dual selfishness which lovers call self-devotion, that Mrs. Hilyar's health was failing from day to day, any more than they noticed the interest the solitary man they so often encountered seemed to feel in their proceedings. It was the same carelessly dressed and rather uncouth-looking stranger who had smiled so benignantly on Mr. Bevan on the day of their betrothal, and if they had been a little less taken up with each other they must have noticed how he watched for their coming, and haunted the benches in the pine woods where they walked. The sombre face always brightened as they came in sight, and the stranger returned Hubert's half-mechanical greeting, by raising his hat, and smiling on both with impartial friendliness. Impartial? Absorbed as Mr. Bevan was, he was not so sure of that. If the man had not been so old and grim as to make any thought of jealousy absurd, Hubert could have fancied that the eyes that were only friendly when they looked on him were lit with absolute tenderness when they rested on Amabel. And when the day came—which it did with quite a tragical surprise to the lovers—when Mrs. Hilyar was too ill for Amabel to leave her, and Hubert had to come back through the pine-walk alone, the hitherto silent stranger accosted him as he passed.

"She—the young lady—is not ill, I trust?" he said, looking into the young man's anxious face with sympathetic anxiety.

"No," said Hubert, "it is Mrs. Hilyar—her mother," he added, as the other regarded him with evident want of comprehension.

"Hilyar? Is that her name?" said the stranger.

There was a note of irony in the surprised voice, but it was neither the irony nor the surprise that

arrested Hubert's ear—it was the refinement, so incongruous with the brown, rugged face and toil-worn hands.

"He is a gentleman, then," thought the puzzled curate, as he answered gravely, "I fear so. The doctor gives us very little hope." And then he had to leave critical speculations for active assistance, for the stalwart and incomprehensible stranger had fainted quietly into his arms.

The few passers-by hurried to Mr. Bevan's aid, and amongst them they soon revived the unconscious man.

"You had better come to my rooms; they are close at hand," said Hubert, with an uncomfortable sense of mystification. Who and what could this man be, he asked himself again, that he should be thus moved by Mrs. Hilyar's danger? And the stranger answered as if he had read his thoughts.

"I will come, for I should like to speak to you. My name is Haldane."

Mr. Bevan was almost too startled to speak. He led the way to his modest lodgings, and turning into the meagre sitting-room, pointed to a chair, and looked at his guest with silent questioning. Was this the Haldane of Mrs. Hilyar's story—was this Amabel's father?

It did not need many words to show that it was even so. Clement Haldane had remained in Australia long after his sentence had expired, had amassed a considerable fortune at the gold-diggings, and had at last returned to England, and traced out his wife and child. He had not revealed himself to them, not knowing how the wife who had believed him guilty might receive him, and fearing to cast the shadow of his blighted name on the child who no longer bore it. The shock of his wife's illness had caused him to betray himself, and he now besought Mr. Bevan to induce her to see him before she died.

"She will do so gladly, I know," said the young man confidently. And then he told the astonished Haldane of Mark's confession and of his wife's repentance.

"I believe it is grief for the wrong she did you that has preyed upon her," he declared; and, indeed, it seemed as if it were true, for from the hour when Amabel's mother held her husband's hand, and wept out her sorrow on his faithful breast, the doctor's bulletins grew brighter, till all talk of danger ceased. Mrs. Haldane—she never called herself "Hilyar" again—lived to cheer her husband's declining days, and to hold, not only her daughter's children in her arms, but their children too.

And Amabel? Amabel became Amabel Bevan before she had well learned to sign herself by the unfamiliar title of Amabel Haldane. The gold-digger's daughter was quite a different person from the Amabel Hilyar for whom her lover had professed himself ready to wait indefinitely, and Hubert Bevan found that he had won by no means a portionless bride.

THE MOUNT OF THE LORD.

SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS.—THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM.
PART III.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

*SURELY* He shall deliver thee.

Now follows a description of the safety of our Home. When we dwell in the secret place of the Most High, the hospitality of our Host, the honour of our King, the tender care of our Father, the glory of our God are alike involved in our safety. Harm might come to us from the thoughts of the enemy; or through the weakness of our defence; or through the carelessness of our guardian. It is good to lie in our stronghold, and to call up possibilities of evil only to see them become impossibilities the moment we turn to our God. When Omnipotence protects, what foe can prevail? Carelessness! nay, indeed; never was love so watchful, so eager, so constant as that which encompasseth us. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

But there is another source of peril. It is not in Him, but in ourselves—in our foolish wanderings, in our presumption, our unwatchfulness. Then comes at once an illustration of His care and a suggestion of our danger. *He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.* That is, from the little things, the hidden traps and nets that are set for us. This first, as if this deliverance were most needful. Great sins frighten where little snares entangle. It is easier to escape the huntsman's arrow than the crafty lure. And where are they not set? Riches and poverty, sickness and strength, prosperity and adversity, friendship and loneliness, the work and the want of it—each has its snare, wherein not only are the unwary caught, but the wise and the watchful sometimes fall a prey. Little things, mere threads, hardly worth guarding against—yet are they strong enough to hold us and hinder us, and may be the beginning of our destruction.

See, here is the lark caught in the net—its foot is tangled in the cord. Twist and struggle and flutter as it may, it cannot rise, its very efforts only make it more hopelessly fixed. There far above it stretches the fair blue heaven, and it spreads its wings and longs to soar. From the grove there is the music of the happy birds that delight in their freedom; but it can only utter a dreary note of fear. Now there comes one who sees it, and with tender pity hastens to its rescue. He folds the bird gently within his hand, and then with skilful fingers disentangles

and untwists the net, and the poor captive is loosed from the snare. "Foolish bird," saith he, "thou shouldst be more watchful." And then he opens his hand. At once it flies far into the heavens, and now, sure of its safety, it sings as it soars, and soars as it sings, as if its passionate gladness and gratitude can find no sufficient outlet.

How often is it so with us! We, too, are caught in the snare of the fowler. Little things that tie and hold us to the earth. The desires go out after God, but we linger far below. We hear the joy of others who dwell in the light of His countenance; but we are threatened with evil and filled with fear. Some foolish over-eagerness, some depression of mind or body, some neglect, some unwatchfulness, some ill-will has caught us and holds us down. Oh, blessed be that gracious Lord whose quick eye seeth our need; who stoopeth so low to loose us from the snare; whose tender patience and ready skill do set us free once more, so that we soar and sing again far up in the light at heaven's very gate. He restoreth my soul. He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.

He shall deliver thee . . . from the noisome pestilence. The vast; the invisible; that which wraps itself about a nation, enfolding it with death; coming noiseless as the night; lurking in the air; which no skill can detect, which no care can avoid; finding its prey alike in him who hurries on his duty, and in him who is the slave of sin. Here, too, fear not—go bravely on—wealth, wisdom, strength, can avail us nothing amidst such peril; yet need we fear no evil. With a trustful heart and a glad confidence look up to thy God—He knows, He watches, He leads, He protects. He shall deliver thee.

He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. Our gracious God would wrap us round with His love. He would have us rest, not only in safety, but in such snugness and cosiness of shelter—*under His feathers.* I went once over one of our principal fortifications: past terraces of artillery, up guarded heights, here and there looking out on the blue waters where lay the monster ironclads asleep; past troops of soldiers with roll of drum and bugle-call. "Here," I thought, "is safety—these heights that no enemy could scale, and thus securely protected; and yet, who would care to lie here—amidst these cannons, where trees and flowers are out of place, and the only sound is of military music and the orders of the officers?" Then, suddenly, I came upon a little cottage,

almost hidden amidst luxurious growth of flowers; rose, and jessamine, and honeysuckle clustered about the door, and hung around the windows; the narrow beds were full of gayer colours; the canary, hung in the deep porch, rang out its merriest music; and from within the house there came the happy laughter of the children. This just took hold of the whole scene and transformed it. It turned the grim hardness of the fortifications into a blessed safety. It was just a warm, living heart in the midst of the defences. I recall it as a poor earthly suggestion of what is set forth here. Here is the Omnipotence that girds us round about with perfect safety. But here is not power only. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wing shalt thou trust. Ah! such a home is there in the heart of this Power; such a tender Love. This is where God would have us—in where we can ever feel the pulsing of His love towards us. Compassed about with favour as with a shield.

His Truth shall be thy shield and buckler. As if all this power and this wondrous love were not enough, the whole is yet further guarded by His truth. Thy hiding place is within the warmth and snugness of His Love; about thee, is Almighty Power as thy defence; and then, as if to make assurance doubly sure, He gives thee the pledge of His own Truth. Our gracious God seems to hand over to us the title-deeds that convey this glorious freehold to us, and duly signs and seals it. His honour binds Him evermore to us, and binds us evermore to Him.

Oh, soul, be still and meditate upon this. Slowly count up what great store of blessedness thou hast in thy God. We trip lightly over the words—even words sublime as these may come to be but familiar sounds—or we linger over the beauty, the majesty, the sublimity of the sentiment as if these truths, like the shining stars, were to be admired only, not possessed. We need to make these words our own, our very own, in soberest prose and living fact just true to the letter for us. All this is what God, even thy God, would be to thee. All this is what thou mayest know. This is where thou mayest dwell. Of this loftiest height and of this innermost blessedness may it be spoken, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out.”

Thou shalt not be afraid. Very wonderful, too, is this note of the song, and very blessed. God not only saves us from our foes, but *He saves us from our fears*. We sometimes laugh at the silly fears of our little ones, who magnify their fancies into dreadful evils. Think then what our silly fears must be in the sight of our God. And how dishonouring, since He has given us such assurances to encourage our trust. And yet our God stoops to soothe away our fears. He laughs at the threats of His enemies, and hath them in derision; but never at the fears of His children.

Do you remember when God had pledged to Gideon the destruction of the Midian host, how tender a word he spake to the brave captain? “If thou fear, go thou with Phurah, thy servant, down to the host, and thou shalt hear what they say.” Then away, under cover of the darkness, crept Gideon and his companion. And as they moved about amongst the sleeping soldiers it came to pass that one lifted himself from his uneasy slumbers and told his fellow of his dream. “Such a strange dream,” said he: “I dreamt that a cake of barley bread tumbled into the midst of Midian, and it came unto a tent and smote it that it fell.” Then he, to whom the dreamer told his dream, answered with troubled voice: “This is nothing else but the sword of Gideon; for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all his hosts.” Then Gideon’s heart leapt up to God with a great thanksgiving. He came back girt with a new strength—“Arise,” said he, “for the Lord hath delivered Midian into your hands!”

Surely here is the very completeness of all tender love, that does not only guard us thus from our foes, but stoops to quiet thus our foolish fears. Fear not then, soul, to take thy fears to Him, who knows well how to cure them. If He have borne thy sins, He will bear with thy fears; and His tender love is glad to give us this deliverance.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. By night, He is ever watchful; by day, He is swift to deliver. For the night, the Lord is a Sun: for the arrow, He is a Shield. Fear not, then, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

The vastness of the evil brings no peril to the man who is in God. Under His shadow, that which threatens must strike through the Most High before it can reach us. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.

How grand a thing is this simple, untroubled trust in God! How powerless in its presence is every foe! When Omnipotence is our defence, with what a majestic confidence may we come and go. The destroyer is spellbound. Rage is harmless, like winds that sweep and howl amongst the rocks; fierce purposes are turned aside, “like lightning deadened by the sea.” Has earth a sublimer heroism than that of David; of Daniel; of the three Hebrew children; of St. Paul? Thank God, this is the miracle for all time: this calm triumph of faith. It is the glorious gift held out to each one of us. The only wonder is, that with such promises, these victories of faith are so uncommon. Yet none can have moved much amongst earnest religious people, or have read the records of Christians during times of persecution, without being familiar with blessed instances of this heroism of trust.

Here, again (v. 9), the blessedness is his, and only his, who finds his Home in God. *The Most High thy Habitation.* Where do we live? Where the heart is. And where is the heart? For the heart ever draws with it all else. The thoughts loosed from other things do surely gravitate to the home of the heart. Where then is thy heart? for there is thy home. Is it in the business? do the thoughts go of their own accord, and because they are free, away to the planning, and purchasing, and counting up of profit? Is it in the life of pleasure that is being arranged for? Is it away with the children, and amidst home cares? Of course the thoughts must visit these things, and spend whole days with them, exactly as a man goes away to work; but then, when the work is over, he goes home. Do we find our home in these things, sending our thoughts on errands up to God for blessing, and guidance, and care, and then coming back to those again as the home of the heart?

Or do we visit these things only, and then take them with us to find our home in God—to lie down in His care; and to draw all about us and ours the glorious safety of His presence?

We go home without arrangement: we plan our visits and then go home because they are over. Duty, want, a host of things, lead us forth elsewhere; but the heart takes us home. Blessed, most blessed, is he whose thoughts pass up to God not because they are driven like a fisherman's craft swept by the fierceness of the storm: not because they are forced by want or fear: not because they are led by the hand of duty, but because God is his Habitation and his Home. Loosed from other things, the thoughts go home for rest. In God the blessed man finds the love that welcomes. There is the sunny place, there care is loosed and toil forgotten, there is the joyous freedom, the happy calm, the rest, and renewing of our strength—at home with God.

SHORT ARROWS.



DR. CAMPBELL.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. R. Faulkner and Co.)

SHADOWS UPLIFTED.

IT has been said that Dr. Campbell's power of management of the blind amounts almost to genius, and certainly if genius be truly defined as *hard work*, his claim to the attribute would appear undeniable. America gave to Upper Norwood the Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, who also acts as musical director and trains the choir. Speaking of the sympathy felt by the audience when a blind student came forward to play Beethoven's

Concerto in E flat, a musical critic says, "Fear for him was groundless; in the realm of sound all is clear to his mental vision." It is this faith in what the blind can do that inspires Dr. Campbell's plans; his idea is to make even the smallest as useful as possible, thus removing that consciousness of dependence which is the sorest trial of the afflicted. The pupils may be seen walking as if with the confidence of sight, reading, writing, learning geography from raised maps, modelling, repairing pianofortes, etc. Dr. Campbell lays great stress on physical development and training. Professor Fawcett mentioned before the Court of Chancery the case of a little neglected girl, who appeared to lack intelligence, but who was taken in at the College, and whose appearance underwent a change that was simply transformation. Formerly, "Pity the poor blind" was a plaint which reminded us how scant was the support derived from making brushes and mats, but now there are many who wholly keep themselves and others, the demand being great for efficient organists, music-teachers, and tuners of various instruments. Dr. Campbell may well be proud of his success, and thankful to know that in widely scattered districts his pupils are elevating humanity by the power of music, and thus, like Milton, making of their blindness an instrument whence to draw "soul-animating strains."

IMMORTAL SEED.

"That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower."

So sings Dr. Bonar; and, as often before, it is proved again in the case of the hero of Khartoum,



THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND, UPPER NORWOOD.

that the memory of the just has given rise to tender and sacred ministries, blessing many a soul for this world and the world to come. In the large garrison town of Devonport an institute for working lads has been carried on in an old furniture store; classes for reading, ciphering, drawing, etc., have been held, and the Boys' Temperance Brigade numbers more than eleven hundred members. There are also classes for Bible study and hymn-singing, and a Scripture class of military boys is held twice a week. Employment, education, and recreation are cared for by the friends; but the chief object is to lead the young to know Christ as their Saviour. The Rev. M. R. Moore, 11, Tamar Terrace, Devonport, is hon. secretary of this enterprise, now known as the "Gordon Institute for Working Lads and Young Men;" the friends urgently desire to purchase this year suitable premises which they have in view, and Miss Gordon and Sir Henry Gordon write sympathetically concerning the union of their brother's name with a scheme which would have commended itself so cordially to his heart. The institute is daily exerting a quiet, refining Christian influence over hundreds of boys, some of whom will in time to come be found in our army and among our seamen. May the hands of the committee be strengthened by cordial help, for the sake of him who cared so lovingly for the poor at Gravesend, and, above all, for the sake of General Gordon's Master, Who worked as the son of a carpenter, and Who has need of this throng of ardent, impressible boyhood.

AT FOURSORE.

The venerable man whose "Thoughts at Fourscore" we have just perused (Hodder and Stoughton) has already published the record of his long and

eventful life; but these "thoughts" of Mr. Thomas Cooper's have also very much of a personal interest about them, and are none the less acceptable on that account. There is much wisdom and valuable counsel of the right sort stored up in this little volume.

TO NO ONE BUT THE LORD.

The readers of *THE QUIVER* will remember that some six or seven years ago they generously helped on an Infant Mission to Theatrical Employees. Brief as the interval has been, the Mission has now grown up so rapidly that it is crowded out of its old home at 21, King Street, Covent Garden, and is obliged to seek a new one in Henrietta Street, close by. The foundation stones were laid on the 16th of May, and laid in faith, for the building will cost £4,000. About £1,000 has been subscribed almost miraculously, for, as Mr. Todd, founder and director of the work, assures us, "he has advertised it to no one but the Lord." And He who is sufficient for all things knows that this truly evangelistic work redounds to His glory and the temporal and spiritual good of the members of a profession too long neglected, and too often looked upon as outcasts from the so-called Christian world. Some eight or ten thousand of these have been welcomed during the past year at the rooms in King Street, resting there between rehearsal and performance, but it is estimated that there are 28,000 in London, and the new Institute, being within easy reach of a score of theatres, will doubtless be still more numerous attended. Free teas, reading-rooms, lending library, Bible classes, evangelistic services, restaurant, and what not, are already in daily requisition on the old and small premises. We augur great things from the new and enlarged sphere. This will be apportioned

with due justice to both sexes, the male having complained of the preference given to the female, which was but polite and proper. A chorus of members of the Mission were on the platform on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stones, and they sang joyous hymns to their God and Saviour, whilst hundreds of others were longing to be present; but space forbade, for would they not have "crowded out" the friends assembled to help on their Institute, and who gave then and there between three and

for the preservation and restoration of the church. At present the venerable pile beside "the softly flowing Avon" is grey and hoary with mossed antiquity, the ivy clings lovingly to the buttresses, and the wall-flowers bloom boldly in the cracks and crevices; and all this is not to be disturbed. In the words of their appeal, the committee desire "to discharge their trust reverently, to preserve the building, with its priceless monuments, from the destroying hand of time, to remove where necessary what is



STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

four hundred pounds towards it? Any one who would do likewise may communicate with Mr. and Mrs. Courthope Todd, at their old quarters aforementioned.

"TO THE HONOUR AND GLORY OF GOD."

The parish church at Stratford-upon-Avon is a monument dear to all English-speaking people, since it shelters the dust of him "who was not for an age, but for all time," William Shakespeare, the prince of English writers, the man whose noble thoughts have done so much to elevate the human race. Well indeed is it that all places of public worship should be fitly maintained to the honour and glory of God, but in such a case as this of the church at Stratford-on-Avon the duty seems to devolve upon the two great English peoples rather than upon the individual worshippers in the sacred edifice, and we are therefore glad to hear that an influential committee has been formed with a view to raising about £12,000

unsightly, and to place the fabric in as far as possible the same condition as it was in Shakespeare's time; to do this conscientiously and carefully, not in the spirit of wholesale restoration, which has damaged so many of our ancient churches, but *simply to preserve and repair*." A sum of more than £3,000 has already been promised, and further subscriptions will be thankfully received by either of the Honorary Secretaries—Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, South Kensington Museum, London; the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon; Arthur Hodgson, Esq., Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon; or Charles E. Flower, Esq., Avonbank, Stratford-on-Avon.

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

Speaking of a Highland Communion Service at which she was present, Her Majesty says, in "More Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands":—"At the end of the sermon began the service of the Communion, which is most touching

and beautiful, and impressed and moved me more than I can express. It would indeed be impossible to say how deeply we were impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest, and no description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage." It was at such services as this—in Scotch country parishes, where the Communion was observed but once a year or in city churches—that the sermons which form the main portion of the Rev. Dr. J. R. Macduff's "Communion Memories" (London: James Nisbet and Co.) were preached. Earnest addresses they are, and well adapted to the occasion on which they were delivered, and fitted for their hearers. In addition to the sermons, this volume contains some admirable "After Addresses" to communicants, to the young, to the aged, and to the mourner.

"ROPE-HOLDERS."

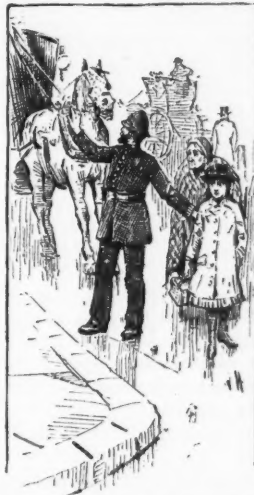
"I will go down," said Carey, "but remember that you must hold the rope." The boys and youths across the Atlantic are now uniting into a society of "Rope-holders," for the furtherance of missionary work, and there is room for many more to share their efforts. Every Sunday-school should be "holding the rope," every family should have part in this privilege of working out the answer to the daily prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." There are schools where the children have no personal knowledge of what is being done by the soldiers of the Cross, and if they drop a reluctant penny into a missionary-box they inwardly conclude that the coin is lost to them, and that the cavity in the box is the end of it. Perhaps they are told "This is for the heathen," and they may have a vague notion that their gift has been virtuous; but bring them into contact with real missionary work, and you will have willing rope-holders indeed. An inquiry in a class of very moderate means elicited the fact that one boy had spent sixpence that week in sweets, another fivepence, etc. Now, if little fellows like these were made directly to share in maintaining a missionary-ship, a native teacher, an orphan child, a preaching-station, and definite information were given them frequently and clearly as to what *their* ship was doing, and how *their* orphan charge was faring, it might be worse for the toffee-dealer, but it would be a good deal better for their digestion, and the plea of a "headache" during the Sunday lesson would not so often move the teacher's compassion; and, above all, our missionaries would feel that the rope was being grasped by strong and ready hands; for wherever the plan has been adopted of giving young lives—and older ones, too, for that matter—an active interest in Christian work, there has been growth in that work, and growth in the *workers* likewise.

"GOOD FOR THE HEART."

Missionary information need not necessarily be of the statistical kind, nor need it be absolutely humor-

ous, to reach juvenile hearts. The funny ways of their heathen brethren have excited amusement again and again; but there are earnest listeners among them who want to be told how the Gospel of Jesus is being spread. Show the children the poor Arabs begging for tracts in the Moorish shops, for the news, they say, is "good for the heart;" tell them of such cases as a native woman carrying her little fevered son to the Mohammedan doctor, who, as the child raises his dim eyes, writes some verses from the Koran on paper and applies the paper to the little brow, to cure the fever. Tell of the Christian missionary meeting the mother and child, tending the sufferer and giving him the medicine suited to his case, and the thankfulness that cried out from these hearts, opened by Christian love, "God will repay you for what you have done." And tell of children like little "Sukin," of whom we read in a recent missionary report—her name means in English "peaceful," but her childhood has been storm-tossed indeed; fatherless and motherless, she wandered through the jungle starving, and threatened with clubs, as bringing bad luck to the neighbourhood. Thus she came to the mission-station, asking if Jesus lived there; His followers took her in, fed and clothed her, and now she has learned to love Him, and there is good reason to believe she is one of His lambs. The records of Christian work are more beautiful than any visioned story, and if brought home to the hearts of our English children, eyes will kindle and spirits thrill, and our favoured little ones will be asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?"

A CHRISTIAN REGIMENT



"Who can tell the power for good which lies in the hands of a Christian policeman?" asks a little pamphlet in connection with the Christian Policemen's Association (hon. secretary, Miss C. Gurney, 11, Ladbrooke Terrace, W.). When we think of the dangers to which the guardians of our peace and property are exposed—dangers to body in the performance of perilous duty, and dangers of temptation in receiving frequent

offers of "treating" and bribes; and, above all, when we remember how they are constantly brought into contact with the erring and degraded, we almost marvel that as lately as two years ago no effort was carried on among policemen as a body.

Now two thousand are banded together, agreeing to pray for each other, and to work for Christ as they have opportunity. Membership is granted to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and are willing to confess Him openly, and anxious to live to His glory. Many tract distributors and temperance workers are now found in the force, and Toronto has followed the example of the mother country by starting a Bible-class for the police; sacred music is also successfully practised, and over a thousand men have arranged for the regular study of the Word of God.

"HOLIDAY COTTAGE."

Holiday Cottage—supported by the North-East London Gospel Mission—is a pleasant retreat at Enfield, where feeble little ones (gathered from the connected Sunday and ragged schools, numbering more than 1,000 children) are sent for a week or more to wander among the woods, and return home with rosy faces, and bunches of flowers, or stores of blackberries and nuts. The cottage "mother" has had encouraging letters from some of her charges, showing that the family prayers at Enfield, and the texts learnt there, are memories likely to result in real blessing. There are mission-stations at Kingsland, Cubitt Town, Old Ford, Stoke Newington, and Millwall, and there is also a Sailors' Rest, where men

who have worked hard at the docks (or, more wearying still, have been *waiting* for work) are cheered by wholesome reading, quiet calm, and the warm chimney corner. At Kingsland evening school there are over a hundred big, rough lads, who, though poor and little cared for, are not taught in vain; we hear of one who is now a bright, decided Christian, and employed at one of Messrs. W. H. Smith's railway bookstalls, and of another who is doing good work at open-air services.

HELPFUL BOOKS.

Both ministers and Sunday-school teachers will gladly welcome Mr. Spurgeon's new volume of "Sermon Notes" (Passmore and Alabaster), full, as usual, of pith and originality. Some telling anecdotes are given here and there, and the whole makes us long for the second volume, which is promised. Much of the quaintness of the "Quaint Sermons of Samuel Rutherford" (Hodder and Stoughton) consists in the retention by the transcriber of numerous Scotticisms which are calculated to try the patience of English readers. Apart from this, however, there are many passages in these sermons which for force and originality strongly recall the daring discourses of Bishop Latimer; and there are many present-day lessons to be drawn from these old-world addresses by the brave old Presbyterian divine.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

107. On what occasion do we find the Jews first seeking to kill Jesus?
108. At what place did David slay the giant Goliath?
109. Why was it that Saul had David to play before him upon the harp?
110. What great victory of Saul confirmed him in his authority over Israel?
111. Quote a passage in which our Lord seems to show that love of the praise of man is very destructive of faith in God.
112. From what passage do we gather that it was customary for King Saul to give a feast, lasting two or three days, to his officers at every new moon?
113. In what way did Saul's conduct prevent the Israelites obtaining a complete victory over the Philistines at Michmash?
114. Why was it that the Amalekites were to be utterly destroyed?
115. From what circumstance should we conclude that Saul spared the sheep and oxen after his victory over the Amalekites in order to give glory to himself?
116. In what way did the people of Samaria show greater faith in our blessed Lord than did the Jews?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 633.

97. He says, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." (John i. 14.)
98. "They made both herds and flocks to fast, that so their cries might ascend to God with the prayers of man." (Jonah iii. 7, 8.)
99. To Mount Gerizim, upon which the Samaritans had built a rival temple to that at Jerusalem. (John iv. 20.)
100. He was a Pharisee, and a member of the Sanhedrim or Great Council. (John iii. 1; vii. 50.)
101. He seems to have looked upon it as a personal insult, and a rejection of his own authority. (1 Sam. viii. 6, 7; xii. 1—5.)
102. Ekron and Gath. (1 Sam. vii. 14.)
103. John i. 15.
104. The prophet Hosea, who says, "Jacob fled into the country of Syria, and Israel served for a wife, and for a wife he kept sheep." (Hos. xii. 12.)
105. It means that these people would not acknowledge him as king, for the bringing a present by the subject to the sovereign was the token of homage. (1 Sam. x. 27.)
106. The unjust dealings of the sons of Samuel as Judges in the land, and the invasion of the country by the Ammonites. (1 Sam. viii. 5, and xii. 12.)



HAND IN HAND.

THE boats go sailing, sailing
Over a silver sea ;
The wind has hushed its wailing
Through bush and tree.

Hand in hand, let us fare together,
Through the sunny and windy weather.

The birds have hushed their chorus ;
Stars, through the twilight soft,
Will soon be glimmering o'er us ;—
The moon's aloft.
Hand in hand, let us hold together,
Through the dark and the starlit weather.

1017

With dewy drops of healing,
The thirsty grass is pearled ;
A Sabbath calm is stealing
About the world.
Hand in hand, let us fare together,
Through working days, and Sabbath weather.

The little flowers are sleeping ;
The sun is out of sight.
God have us in His keeping
All through the night !
To-morrow let us fare together,
Still onward through the changing weather.

A. M.

SIN AND HUMANITY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



IN the previous papers on "The World and Christ" we have had to deal with three personages, namely, Christ, the devil, and man; and we have been concerned to understand the relations which these three bear to one another. We have still to consider one relationship—that of sin to man; and it is of this I propose to write now.

Various attempts have been made at many times to banish the word *sin* from our vocabulary. It has been asserted that man is only imperfect; that our race is yet in its infancy, and that the petulance and impatience, the mischief and ignorance of a child, are all with which it can be charged. In this light Heaven has been the worst of prodigals. The richest treasures of the universe have been squandered. The fairest beauty of grace, and virtue, and nobleness has been trampled heedlessly; Jesus and His Cross and His Atonement have been a blunder and a lie!

But there is no need to appeal to consequences in order to show that the theory is baseless. There are two witnesses of universal acceptance, whose evidence shatters every fragment of it. The first witness is ourselves; for, act as we will, and place before us what noble and spotless motives we can, there lies deep down within our being a consciousness and conviction of wrongdoing. We feel sin, not because we have been taught to lisp the abhorred name at mothers' knees, but because we have felt it from the earliest days, whether in the rudest tribe-life, or under the purest heathendom.

A consequence of this conviction acts as a further witness. It is the universal desire to get rid of and to cut adrift some portion of our being. In old dungeons they used to tie corpses to the prisoners that they might aggravate their torture: and in our earth-dungeon, where we are gasping for free breath, and straining every eye of our being for the light of heaven, we are tied to a corpse—the corpse of a dead past, which we know to have been wrong, and which we would bury many a fathom under ground if we could.

There is a further consequence to offer its evidence, too, although it be only in whispers. We cannot contemplate the *future* without fear. How is man different—so far as we can judge—from other animals in this respect? The very lions that lack and suffer hunger show no symptoms of anxious questioning as to the fate of the next year, or the condition of the hereafter.

No; but here—at this meeting-point of the extremes of life, upon the verge of this thought of the afterwards—we touch alike the evidence of sin and the proud promise and proof of man's immortal greatness. He sins, and feels he has sinned, because he is so great.

The second witness for the existence of sin is external, but it is all around us. There is a still, sad music of humanity, which now and then swells into paroxysms of sorrow. The murmurs of the crowds of cities carry a melancholy on their wings. There is pain—in some cases constant, as keen as a razor's edge—in all, deep-seated within the soul and body and mind. There are huge and glaring inequalities of right and of wrong; there is gross injustice, do what the good and righteous will; there are petty tyrannies innumerable, as well as stupendous tyrannies which history records; there are thefts, and lies, and jealousies and murders. These are not mere imperfections, nor undeveloped faculties, nor the mere mischief of childhood. They are rank, and smell to Heaven, and Heaven knows them by one name, the name that makes the angels blush, the name of that fact which made the Redeemer bleed—the ghastly name of *sin*.

Man has sinned, and he knows it, both from objective evidence and from the evidence of conviction.

Upon the other side of human reasoning there lies a different, but also a perilous error. It is this—that man is nothing but sin—that within him, whether "in the flesh," as St. Paul says, or elsewhere, there is nothing good. This theory has been accepted, and I am sure believed, in many a rigorous heart, however one may point to the beauty of a child's affection, to the upward rising of the shoals of the entire race, although a hundred of them have not been washed by the consciously-present ocean of the Spirit of God. But, laying aside all thought of the heathen, let us look at our own land. It is bootless, as it would be false, to say that every good act, done and accepted by man and God, is done only by the *consciously* religious. Nor could we say that such acts are all done from evil motives; for many of them are undertaken with the sincerest desire to promote the teaching of the Kingdom of Jesus. It is the difference between the man and his action which causes all the confusion of thought. The act may be good as begotten of some enlightened portion of the man's nature, while the man himself remains in darkness. He offers the act, but keeps back himself. God accepts the act as He accepted the prayers and alms of Cornelius, although He has not accepted the man. It is, in

fact, the failure to remember that there is a Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and that, somehow and in some measure (however varied), the whole earth is sown of the good seed of the Kingdom.

Sin is in every man; and there is to every one an impossibility by his own help of blotting out sin and of attaining to salvation. Jesus Christ has begotten new possibilities of both, and the good that man doeth comes from Him alone.

Let us now see what the result of a sinful career is to a man who confederates with the devil. The story tells us all.

1. *He becomes an outcast.* The poor wretch of the miracle of the casting out of the legion of devils was welcome in no society, and was admitted to no home. Sin is plethoric of falsehood. It has battened on it from Eden downwards. Lying will pay a man often. One barefaced, downright, unblinking falsehood, may put into his pocket a thousand pounds, and it may remain there until some other member of the craft is cleverer and deceives the deceiver. Drink—as its prevalent sin has made the word for us—may give sudden buoyancy to life, a fresh store of strength, and an unwonted courage, until the reaction arrives, and the shame and the sense of moral loss. Pass through the hideous catalogue of human vice and you will find the same. Not all at once is man dragged down and cast out, but by slow degrees; with many flowings of the tide of manhood back again, but with the full force of the wicked one always drawing him tide-like to the ebb.

For he finds by-and-by that the friends he honoured have separated themselves, and that even the companions (whom he could not call friends) of every passion and excess have begun to look askant, and to discover that nothing more is to be gained from him, and to let him go.

Yes, sin is the strong disintegrator. Up above the lovely Rhine stand a hundred ruins of proud fortresses—images now of the wrecked fortresses of man's nature. Some were dismantled by the assault of war, like a man suddenly seized and thrown and trampled on; some have yielded turret and keep to the slow wasting wash of the river, as gentle vices fritter away the soul; and some have simply crumbled under the influence of rain and sun, because there was no hand to rescue and restore, just as men and women in easy and quiet ways of life decay, and are cast out because they are nothing worth.

2. *He becomes a slave.* "He that doeth sin is the servant of sin," said the greatest Teacher; and the truth is applicable all round to the actions of men. But when passion comes uppermost, and when it remains uppermost, man is a very serf. We sometimes think that passion is strong. There are strong passions, indeed, but passion means in itself weakness. If a man is in a passion or under a passion, he is not a master. He bends as the tree bends before the blast, as the clouds whirl before the tempest. Look at the melancholy spectacle of a man who has yielded habitually to evil temper or sinful lust. There is no self-control, no power over circumstance or over man; he is a tool, a victim, a sacrifice.

3. *Unrest.* Is it any wonder that this follows? When can a slave command repose? Not, at any rate, while the despot wakes; and our ghostly enemy knows nothing of weary eyelids. When will he let us alone? Never. Day and night the poor maniac was in the tombs crying and cutting himself—seeking a helper, mourning over the past, impotent, restless. Be this understood, then—that there is no peace, and can be none, to the wicked.


Christ's remedy is the only one—that is, His own presence; and His command is the only safety—"Come out of the man."

MOLLIE'S MAIDENS.

BY LOUISA CROW, AUTHOR OF "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE," "WHITHER DRIFTING?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOST!

UCH an announcement as this could not but be heard with astonishment. Mrs. Balfour, coming into the room just then, found every one but Elfreda gathered round Mrs. Barnes, and either questioning her eagerly, or listening to her replies with looks of perplexity.

She had little to tell. She retained a vague impression that on the previous evening the sisters had been in trouble.

"Now what will become of them?" concluded the old lady, ruefully.

"They must be followed and entreated to return," said Percy, touching the bell, that his horse might be saddled immediately.

"Entreated!" echoed Elfreda. "Oh, Percy, you cannot mean it!"

"Not mean it! Do you forget that they have been wronged, insulted, driven away by a most disgraceful accusation, perhaps threatened with imprisonment for a theft such a high-minded girl as Claire was incapable of committing!"

And for the first time in his life Percival Glenwood cast so reproachful a glance at his mother that she hurried to him in dismay.

"Oh, no, no, Percy! Indeed there were no threats

held out—indeed there were not! I spoke to Claire about the loss of my ring, but when she assured me of her innocence I was not harsh or incredulous. I agreed to wait patiently till she gave me proofs of it, as I suppose she could easily have done as soon as she saw Miss Asdon."

"She was a brave girl to keep my secret when she found it was costing her so dearly," said Miss Asdon, with considerable emotion. "I shall always regret bitterly that by stooping to deceive you, madam, I caused Claire Eldridge to be unjustly suspected."

"It has been a very strange affair," said Elfreda, with uplifted brows. "Does any one understand it?"

"Ah! Miss Balfour! you, who have the happiest of homes and the best of parents, have no right to sit in judgment on less fortunate women," she was warmly told by Helena Asdon. "You cannot understand what I suffered when I found myself in London last year, friendless and penniless, deserted by the husband who had married me at the age of seventeen—not because he loved me, but because I was possessed of a few thousands, which he coveted. I hid from you, madam," and now the speaker addressed herself to Mrs. Glenwood, "I hid from you the fact that I was married and living apart from my husband, lest it should prevent your engaging me; nor had I courage to reveal it to you when he tracked me here, and threatened to create a disturbance unless I gave him the money he demanded."

"How could he be so cruel!" cried Mrs. Glenwood indignantly.

Helena Asdon sobbed as she responded—

"He is dead. I have forgiven him. I would not have spoken of what I endured at his hands if it were not to exonerate Claire."

"I still fail to see what she could have had to do with your affairs," observed Elfreda, so drily that Percy clenched his hands, and could have hated her for her readiness to doubt and sneer.

"I am very glad that I can explain," was the reply. "After making some inquiries at the village, my husband dogged me to the Red House, where I had gone to get some carnation cuttings for Mrs. Glenwood. I was in the garden with Claire when he pounced upon me; it was her energetic remonstrances that shamed him into leaving me at peace. But as he insisted that he must have money for his travelling expenses, and I had none to give him, I parted with one of my few relics of better days, the cameo ring that had been my mother's, and Claire sold it for me at the jeweller's in the market-place. It was honestly my own, or I would not have sent her on such an errand."

"We believe you," said Percy, taking her hand kindly, "and we feel for you. Is it not so, mother? Miss Asdon made a great mistake in not telling you the whole of her sad story, as I believe she herself is now thinking. But can this accusation—made, it appears to me, some time since—have driven Claire and Lucie away from us?"

"Of course it has," said Mrs. Barnes, frowning at

Elfreda, with whom she was always at war; "who would care to stay where they were looked upon as dishonest?"

"No," said Helena Asdon, with equal decision, "for Claire must have been well aware that as soon as I came back I should attest her innocence, even if it cost me my situation."

Mrs. Glenwood looked from one to the other, not knowing with which to agree; while Mrs. Balfour retreated to a distant window and sat there, a prey to feelings more easily imagined than described. The flight of the sisters might have gratified her had she been able to forget that beyond Glenwood they had not a friend from whom to ask even a temporary asylum.

It was her bitter speeches that had driven them away. Too proud and too pure-minded to lie under the stigma of having sought to lure Percy Glenwood from his allegiance, Claire had taken the only way of proving that this charge, like the other, was false, by quitting the neighbourhood and leaving no clue by which she could be followed.

Where could the sisters have gone? and what would become of them, burdened as they were with Mollie, who was more inexperienced in the ways of the world than themselves?

"If they come to any harm I shall regard myself as the cause of it," Mrs. Balfour moaned. "Step by step I am sinking deeper and deeper in guilt. If I could but retrieve the past! But while it is only to be done by degrading myself before my husband—poor, poor Allan!—and my children, how can I summon courage to make confession?"

Elfreda followed Percy to the hall, and stood looking at him with displeasure while he snatched from the rack his whip and riding gloves.

"Why are you going to play the knight errant and gallop away in pursuit of these wandering maidens?"

"Who else should do it?" he demanded. "If it is through our injustice they have fled, is it not our duty to follow and beg of them to return?"

"Poor Aunt Milly! It is a shame to cast any blame on her. She missed her ring, and when I told her Claire had sold one at Ensom's that morning, what could she think but that it was hers?"

"I am not blaming my mother. I am only going to try and atone for her mistake."

"Better stay where you are. Mollie's maidens will come back as soon as they have discovered that London streets are not paved with gold. To make such an unnecessary fuss over their escapade is very absurd—don't you think so?"

"Do you forget of whom you are talking?" asked Percy, his eyes gleaming with ill-suppressed indignation. "Not of rough lads running away to sea, or even of country lasses quitting their homes to better themselves, but of two delicate young creatures far less able to cope with difficulties than you, who are so hard and unwomanly, and who do not dream of the dangers to which they are exposing themselves."

"You are rude, Mr. Glenwood!" the offended beauty told him.

"And you are ungenerous, Elfleda, or you would have been the first to bid me go and use every effort

researches there with no better results, he rode home weary and discouraged.

Mrs. Glenwood met her son timidly, but was reassured by his affectionate embrace.



"Why are you going to play the knight errant?"—p. 703.

to discover whither Mollie and her maidens have gone."

Percy did not stay to say more, but rode off at headlong speed to question the officials at the railway station. However, they had no information to give him; no persons answering to the description of the sisters had taken tickets for the early train; and after making a *détour* to the village and prosecuting his

"Ah, little mother!" he said fondly, "what should I do without *you*! I can always be sure of your sympathy!"

"And Fleda's," she added, in rather doubtful accents.

"Fleda! She gives me none; but I do not deserve it, so why should I complain? Have you had any tidings of the runaways? I am

sorry to be obliged to say that I have not gained any."

"Miss Susan Balfour left her packing to hurry here and tell us of a sudden thought that came into her mind; and Mrs. Barnes walked with her to advise inserting notices in the local papers, to the effect that they will be forgiven if they return to their friends without delay."

Percy shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Does Mrs. Barnes think we are as mad as herself? Forgiven, indeed! what have we to forgive? It would be a fresh insult to advertise for them in that strain. Was Susan Balfour as silly as her companion?"

Mrs. Glenwood saw that he was out of temper, and hesitated.

"I did not think her idea improbable, but you shall hear it. A girl who was in Claire's class at the Sunday-school left the village a few months since to reside with an aunt, who is a dressmaker at Mincester; and Susan thought it possible that the sisters have gone to her in hopes that she may be able to procure them work."

"Give me the girl's name and address, and I will go to Mincester at once."

"Not quite so fast, dear boy! Do you forget that your aunt and Ellfeda are expecting you to escort them, or that it was arranged last evening that I should go too?"

Percy stood silently regarding her till her look of surprise recalled him to himself. Yes, he had forgotten his own position: the avowal he had pledged himself to make to his uncle, and the mortification he was about to inflict on Ellfeda if her father positively refused to accept his offer to make atonement by wedding the young lady at once.

"What is it that troubles you, my son?" his mother inquired at last.

He stooped and kissed her.

"The consciousness that I am not the candid, upright fellow your boy ought to be; but don't question me now; my uncle will tell you why I say this."

"I think I have the first claim to your confidence," she gently reminded him.

"I know it; but I shrink from paining you. Spare me a little longer; I am miserable enough."

Mrs. Glenwood returned his kiss, and went away to hasten the preparations for their journey to Mincester. Her sister was moving from room to room, rarely speaking, a prey to the nervous irritability that had taken possession of her, and Ellfeda, unable to forgive her cousin for his reproaches, was sulky and snappish.

Altogether the four that set forth an hour or two later were as miserable as such close relations could be. Ellfeda, considering herself ill-used, never looked up from her book; her mother was equally silent, if for very different reasons, and Mrs. Glenwood, after two or three efforts to draw her companions into cheerful conversation, was reduced to gazing at her son, who sat opposite, his eyes shaded by his hand, reproaching herself the while for not having

noticed till now the sorrowful lines around his mouth, or sought to ascertain their cause.

While Mrs. Balfour and her daughter went straight home, his mother elected to accompany Percy to the house of the dressmaker. She longed to see Claire and make her peace with the girl she had suffered herself to suspect so unjustly, and her disappointment was almost as keen as her son's when they found that the sisters had not been seen at Mincester.

What was to be done next?

"I will go to London to Lance. He will help me to find them," Percy decided.

"But not till you have had some dinner, and seen your uncle. Better stop and hear what he advises."

Percy's reply was inarticulate, but he turned in the direction of the school. Not even for Claire's sake could he honourably quit Mincester till he had had the dreaded interview with Dr. Balfour; and his mother, little dreaming what might be the result of it, pressed his arm and thanked him softly for his readiness to yield to her wishes.

The Doctor had already heard his daughter's version of the affair, and after observing that Claire and Lucie must be very rash, misguided young women, and that they had better be left to themselves till they awoke to a sense of their folly, he declined to discuss them any further.

The German professor had turned up that morning, and accepted an invitation to dinner, engaging his host and his host's daughter in such long disquisitions on some play of Sophocles, that the rest of the party were condemned to listen in silence.

No one but themselves regretted it when Herr Ernst took his departure. Mrs. Balfour, ill and exhausted, had gone to her room an hour earlier, her sister accompanying her; and now Ellfeda, with a loving embrace to her father, and the most chilling of good-nights to her cousin, went up-stairs too.

At last Percy found himself alone with the Doctor, who, pleased to have his wife at home, and gratified by a little victory obtained over such a profound scholar as the Professor, was in one of his pleasantest moods.

Drawing his seat closer to the fire the chilly autumn evening rendered so acceptable, he invited his nephew to follow his example; and with his elbows on the cushioned arms of his chair and the tips of his fingers pressed lightly together, he sat repeating to himself with a smile the disputed passage of which he claimed to have discovered the true reading.

But Percival Glenwood could not sit at his ease while he made so important an avowal as the one now trembling on his lips. He rose, walked across the room, pausing awhile beside the pretty davenport at which Ellfeda was accustomed to write, and finally came back to take his stand on the opposite side of the hearth, where his face was partly in the shadow.

"I have something to say to you, sir."

He paused, for the door was opening. His mother had returned, and came gently towards him to lay a trembling hand on his shoulder.

"There is something amiss, and why should I be kept in ignorance of it? Yes, Percy, I know you told me that I should hear it from your uncle, but I would much rather hear it from you. Surely my boy does not fear that his mother would judge him too severely?"

"It was to spare you pain," Percy murmured with a heavy sigh.

"Nothing can pain me so deeply as to be shut out of my son's troubles," was the loving answer, accompanied by a pleading look that was irresistible. Percy seated his mother on a couch close by, and stood by her side with her hand clasped in his while, slowly, reluctantly, he admitted to Elfreda's father that it was not she who held possession of his affections.

He knew by his mother's hurried breathing, by her sobs and averted face, how bitterly he had disappointed her. She had woven her little romance many long years ago, and had brought it so near to the happy ending, that it was not easy to reconcile herself to its utter destruction. But if for a few minutes she thought only of her own surprise and regrets, ere long she was crying, in tones of the deepest distress—

"Poor, poor Fleda! how will she bear it?"

The Doctor spoke then. Not by word or sign had he either helped or checked Percy while he made his damaging confession, but now, with the haughty decision of tone and manner employed to crush some refractory pupil, he interposed.

"My good Milly, Elfreda will neither disgrace me nor herself by making a trouble of Percy's inability to know his own mind. You are aware that I have never looked favourably on the suggested union of your son and my daughter. As far as I am concerned—personally—I cannot be sorry that the treaty is at an end. But for your sake, and because it is his duty to be an example for good to his brothers, I hope he will not add to the grief he is already inflicting on you by marrying beneath him."

"Only Elfreda herself could set me free to marry another," said Percy firmly. "I did not come here to sneak out of my responsibilities, but to express my shame and sorrow that I have not acted up to them. You, sir, stand to me in the place of the father I have lost; whatever atonement you bid me make I will make. If you cannot resolve to trust me with my cousin, or believe my assurance that I will try to make her happy, I will go abroad until both you and she are able to forgive me."

Mrs. Glenwood glanced through her tears from Percy to the Doctor, whose contracted brows and coldly attentive attitude denoted that he was in no forgiving mood. But ere either could speak the door was pushed open again, and Mrs. Balfour, in her night-gear, a shawl thrown about her shoulders, came forward with extended hands and uncertain step.

Mrs. Glenwood, startled by her appearance, would have run to meet her, but the Doctor and Percy interfered simultaneously to prevent it; they had already discerned that Mrs. Balfour was walking in her sleep, and they knew it would be dangerous to awaken her too suddenly.

She moved towards the couch her sister had vacated, talking to herself as she went.

"It was too bad to disturb us," she said, drawing her shawl over her head. "Milly and I were talking of this happy change in her circumstances, and it is such a dreary night for walking across fields. A tramp, did you say? Ah, and dying; yes, I can see that she is. We have come too late to do anything but pity her!"

Drawing nearer to the couch, she pointed at the imaginary forms of a couple of children.

"They are not hers; she cannot be related to those pretty little creatures! What do you bid me ask her? Who she is and from whence she came? What do you say? that I must—yes, I must do it, because you have forgotten what little French you knew."

Then, making a sign to her companions to be silent, Mrs. Balfour went on one knee beside the couch, to start up with a faint scream, and her pale features working convulsively.

"Oh, hush! hush! I'll not believe it! It can't be true! I did not hear aright. She could not have said that! These children the little daughters of a Monsieur Glenwood, who bade her meet him with them at West Hall! Why, that's the name they used to call the Lodge before he altered it! Can it be James Glenwood she means? are these his children? Oh, no, no, no! He is dead, and his property has come to John and Milly! Must I—I—tell them that there are other claimants to it? that their newly born happiness is threatened already? I can't! I can't! No one must know what I have heard! Ah! let me go away and hide it; hide it from every one."

She turned as if to fly—struck her bare foot against a chair—awoke—and saw Milly weeping in her son's arms, and Dr. Balfour stricken dumb with consternation.

Some vague reminiscence of the dream that brought her from her bed must have prompted the question she faltered—

"What have I said?"

The only answer was the groan with which Allan Balfour turned from her and hid his face in his hands.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BABY LOO.

WHEN Claire, throwing herself into Lucie's arms, protested with a breaking heart that she could not stay at Glenwood, her sister neither demurred nor expostulated, for while with sobs and tears and many pauses Mrs. Balfour's cruel charges were repeated, Claire unconsciously betrayed the reason why they pained her so deeply.

She had espoused the cause of Miss Eldridge

against her fancied oppressor; she had averred that she did not like Percival Glenwood; but as soon as she discovered that she had done him injustice, she went to the opposite extreme, and learned to look upon him as the best of men.

He would never be allowed to know this; who could have kept more careful watch over her eyes and words than Claire had always done in his presence? Often had she consoled herself with the assurance that if ever he thought of her it would always be with the esteem she was conscious of deserving; and to be held up to him and his friends as a low-minded, crafty creature who had been plotting to wile him away from his betrothed was the worst blow Mrs. Balfour could inflict. Shocked, outraged, dreading lest she should see on every side looks of mockery or disgust, she was in agony till she could hide herself from all who knew her.

But where could the sisters go?

This difficulty seemed insurmountable till one or other of them remembered how the surgeon who had come from London twice or thrice to see Mrs. Balfour had been assisted in bandaging her ankle by these young girls, and struck by the intelligence with which they heard his directions and carried them out, had said, partly in jest, partly in earnest, "How I could do with a dozen such nurses as you! When you want work, come to me."

They would take him at his word. London was not so very far off, after all. They knew his address, and they would go to him.

But the money for their journey? Alas! when the sisters counted their slender store, it only amounted to a couple of shillings; and where could they obtain more?

Mollie, who had crept into the room long since—for had she not seen Claire run up-stairs, with burning eyes and cheeks aflame, and hung about her with dog-like fidelity, longing to comfort her, yet not knowing how—now looked up from where she sat on the floor, her hands clasped round her knees.

"You mun have my money. I have left it to ye in my will. Yes, I've got a will. Granny Saunders had schoolmaster to make her one when she was going to die, and I asked him please make me one too. He laugh, but he did it."

"But, Mollie, you haven't any money."

"Who's a-been an' took it, then? It was in the hole in the bank when I put the new shillin' to it Muster Balfour gi' me. Ah! if he were here he'd put us all to rights, wouldn't he?"

Mollie having frequently heard of money being banked, had hidden the coins occasionally bestowed on her under the high hedge in the garden, and on unearthing her treasure proved to be in possession of a sum amounting to a little more than half a sovereign.

But the sisters hesitated to make use of this, although it was pressed upon them with an urgency that would brook no refusal.

"You see, dear Mollie, you may want this money yourself."

"Only for you, my pretties; only for you."

"And when we are gone—"

"Ay, but I am going too. Why, you couldn't go without me. Who'd there be to take care of ye?"

Lucie looked at Claire, who made an effort to induce Mollie to remain at the Red House till they could send for her; but she talked in vain. Mollie was not to be convinced. Where they went she must follow; she could work for them, watch over them, and—reverting to an old scheme of hers—she could sing along the streets and earn "no end of ha'pennies and pennies for 'em."

Her logic might not have been convincing, but who could withstand the faithful love that was ready to brave every peril, every privation, for their dear sakes?

When the sisters turned their backs on the Red House, soon after midnight, Mollie trudged along behind them, weeping when she saw them weeping, but chattering and smiling as soon as they began to recover their spirits.

The contents of the little purse into which they had poured their united savings would have been swallowed up by a railway journey from the market town to the metropolis, so they walked steadily on till the morning broke, then made their way to the nearest station; and soon after ten o'clock were knocking at the door of Sir Walter Denner in Downshire Square.

The skilful surgeon rarely forgot faces once seen. He recognised those now turned expectantly upon him, but threw up his hands in dismay when Claire briefly stated their errand.

"Bless me! how careful a man ought to be in what he says! I never meant you to take my rash speech so literally. Where could I recommend young, untried girls as nurses? My patients would think me mad."

"There are hospitals where our help might be useful," he was timidly reminded.

"Oh, you think I should have less compunction in sending you there; but you would require training, and careful training. Of course you have friends in London?"

"We had but one friend in the world—Miss Eldridge—and she is dead."

"Then where are you going? Because if you will leave me your address I will bear you in mind."

"Where shall we go?" asked Claire. "We know no one here. Is there no asylum, no refuge in which we could stay till work could be found for us?"

Sir Walter rubbed his chin in his perplexity, and was on the point of counselling them to return to Glenwood, when he checked himself, wheeled round, and selecting a letter from a small heap on his mantle-piece, read it carefully, and then eyed the sisters and Mollie, who was breathing heavily, and see-sawing from one foot to the other in sympathy with the anxiety of her companions.

At last the surgeon spoke.

"Afraid of fever, eh?"

"We should not be afraid to nurse any person who is ill with it."

"Sure? Then here's work for you if you choose to undertake it. The matron of a large orphan school a few miles from town is in great need of help, for the scarlet-fever has attacked the children, and there

She nodded. "And make gruel, an' wash clothes, an' do anything my pretties tell me. I bean't so stupid as I look; so try me, master, do 'ee now!"

With a good-natured laugh at her rusticity, he led



"Sir Walter read the letter carefully, and then eyed the sisters and Mollie."—p. 712.

are so many down with it that she and her assistants are quite over-tasked. Are you willing to run all risks and go there?"

Lucie threw her arm about her sister's neck, saying softly, "I told you we should not be forsaken!"

"And you?" queried Sir Walter, turning sharply to Mollie. "What's to be done with you? Can you nurse?"

the trio into another room, and placed them under the care of his housekeeper. Before night they were established at the orphan school, Claire and Lucie soon proving their capabilities by the noiseless alacrity with which they went from bed to bed soothing and waiting on the sick children, while to Mollie was delegated the care of about twenty of the tiniest of the little creatures, who had been removed to a

separate building, and had hitherto escaped the epidemic.

If the sisters often sighed for the Red House—they had known no other home—it was in secret. They were too busy to be unhappy; too warm-hearted to grieve each other by vain repinings, and they went to bed each night too thoroughly fatigued with the work of the day to indulge in secret fretting.

Besides, they were already making new friends. At first the matron had regarded them dubiously. They were too young to be of any use; too—well, too superior—they would give themselves airs and want to be waited on. But when she saw how truly and unselfishly they came to her aid in any emergency, and how cheerfully they accepted their share of the hardest toils, she thanked Sir Walter heartily for sending them to her.

Days, nay, weeks passed by, and still the fever was not conquered. The cases became fewer, and presently no fresh ones were reported. A little longer, and school work was resumed, the half-dozen or so still tenanted the infirmary being left to Lucie and Claire, while a couple of the matron's assistants went to the sea-side with others for whom the change was considered necessary.

One little girl, a sickly, stunted mite, so diminutive that she was always known as Baby Loo, had been one of the first to sicken, and was amongst the last to regain her strength. She was a patient little thing, with large, wistful eyes, that sparkled with gladness when Claire or Lucie would come to her bed-side in the twilight, and taking her in their arms sit and tell her the simple stories or sing her the hymns she loved to hear.

The matron came in one evening when Baby Loo had fallen asleep as she sat in Lucie's lap, and stopped to touch the child's thin cheek, and smile approval of the improvement she was making.

"She has cost us a good many anxious hours," the good woman observed. "When she was brought to us she was the frailest specimen of humanity I ever beheld."

"And she has no mother!" said Claire pityingly.

"No, and the father—a costermonger—has married again. Neither he nor any of the family evince any interest in this poor child, with the exception of one of her brothers, and he is sadly afflicted as well as disfigured, having been fearfully burned in rescuing her from a burning room set on fire by some of his younger brothers during the absence of their parents. He will be here to-morrow to see little Loo. Tell her so when she wakes; she will be delighted, for she loves him dearly."

It was pleasant to note how eagerly the child listened for the footsteps of the only member of the family who cared for her, and how she exerted all her newly gained strength to run a few steps to meet him, and cover with kisses the scarred face which to Claire was almost repulsive.

He was allowed to take her into the garden, for the day was warm and bright, and the sisters, as they

went to and fro, caught an occasional glimpse of the two figures seated in a rustic chair under a tree. It seemed a pity to disturb them when the visitors' hour was at an end, and Lucie was hesitating to do so when Baby Loo's brother came towards her with the child in his arms.

And now she also shrank from him, for that seamed and scarred face was a familiar one, and Claire, hearing her faint exclamation, ran up to inquire the cause.

"This man—he frightens me! He is the same whom I saw at Glenwood; who startled me in the lane when Mr. Balfour drove him away."

"Do speak to him, please; he's such a good brother!" Baby Loo was whispering, as she was transferred from the arms that held her to Claire's, but Claire did not seem to hear the loving entreaty; she was gazing wonderingly at the young man, who had by this time caught sight of the trembling Lucie, and was evincing his satisfaction not by words, but by signs and uncouth gestures.

"He can't say anything to you, Lukie can't," explained the little sister. "But he can talk with his eyes and his fingers."

"I know you now!" cried Claire, addressing herself to Baby Loo's brother. "You are the deaf and dumb boy with whom we travelled when we were with Manon!"

Her speech was inaudible to Luke Reynolds, but he saw recognition in her glance, and testified his delight to the best of his ability. He contrived to make the sisters understand how he had remembered Lucie's features when he encountered her near the Red House, and had lingered in the neighbourhood after those he accompanied there on a job of road-making had gone away, solely for the purpose of making himself known to her. That he failed was owing to her timidity and Lance Balfour's threatening interference, and it appeared to have vexed him so much that Claire was surprised. She failed to comprehend why he should have taken so strong an interest in persons whom he had only known for two or three days.

Luke read her thoughts in her expressive features, and with the assistance of Baby Loo, who was an excellent interpreter, he proceeded to explain himself.

He made the attentive sisters comprehend that on the night after Manon and her nurslings bade adieu to Joe Reynolds and his family, the latter were suddenly joined again by the foreign men who had the dancing bear.

They were hot and dusty, as if with rapid travelling, and elected to sit apart, alleging that the bear was spiteful that night, an assertion that made Mrs. Reynolds careful to keep her offspring at a safe distance from the animal.

But Luke's eagerness to watch Bruin proved stronger than the fears his mother strove to inculcate. He crept through the grass to a thicket from behind which he could see the bear lying quietly

enough at the feet of his masters, who were examining a little wallet Luke identified directly as the one from which Manon took the paper she showed to his parents.

The men were scolding and swearing viciously, for they were disappointed at finding nothing more valuable in it than a few silver coins. Having assured themselves that there were no bank-notes wrapped in the letters Manon had treasured, they tossed the wallet away contemptuously, and left its contents where they had flung them on the ground, laughing away to carouse with some acquaintance, and thus forget, not the crime they had committed, but the little they had gained by it.

When the more cautious of the twain reminded his comrade that it might be prudent to collect the scattered papers and conceal the wallet, both had disappeared. Luke, indignant that the kind old woman who had come to his mother's aid when she was in trouble should have been robbed, secured her property, carefully refolding and replacing its contents.

They had been in his possession ever since, not because he attached any value to a few old letters written in a foreign language, but because he divined that they were very precious to Manon, and pleased himself with thinking that some day or other she and her nurslings might cross his path again, and he should have the pleasure of restoring her wallet.

With Baby Loo's help the story of Manon's death was told to him. That those men had dogged her to the spring and struck the blow from which she never recovered, who could doubt?

Deeply impressed by her fate, Luke Reynolds went away, promising that the sisters should hear from him shortly.

He kept his word. On the morrow a basket of pretty if not very choice flowers were handed to the gate-porter for Baby Loo, and underneath the blossoms lay the long-lost wallet.

Not till later in the day, when all their charges were sleeping soundly, were Claire and Lucie able to examine it. And first they seized upon the paper of directions by which Manon had guided herself on her journey.

It was brief and comprehensive.

The writer was on the point, he said, of returning to England and settling down there. He would therefore now charge himself with the care of his little daughters, and commence their education. For this purpose he desired their good nurse to bring them to him at his house in Sussex, the West Hall or Lodge as it was indiscriminately called, two miles beyond the town of —. As he had not yet made public his marriage and the birth of the children, he requested Manon to answer no questions concerning them, but simply to fulfil his orders; and he would be at his house to meet her on her arrival there.

That Manon might not be provided with funds for so long and expensive a journey could not have entered the writer's head, for there was no mention

of any enclosure, and when the eyes of the sisters rested on his signature, they knew why his promise to be first at the Lodge had not been kept. Their father's name was James Glenwood. He was the reserved, eccentric man on whose sudden decease at Paris, Milly's husband, all unconscious of the existence of the co-heiresses, had succeeded to his kinsman's wealth.

Further inspection of the contents of the wallet enabled Claire and Lucie to comprehend the short, sad history of their parents' wedded lives. James Glenwood, though no longer young, no longer romantic, must have fallen desperately in love with a young Italian girl, the daughter of a small farmer. Dazzled by his eloquence or his gifts, she had consented to wed him, but pining for the home from which he hurried her—unable to share his pursuits—and losing his affection with her beauty, which soon faded, she had not long survived the birth of her twin daughters.

Her husband was absent when she died, and aware that the children were being tenderly cared for by Manon, whom the prospect of good pay had tempted to the city to nurse the rich Englishman's young wife, he had willingly agreed to let her carry them to her country cottage, there to remain till he wearied of his wanderings, and remembered the claim they had upon him.

Besides a few letters from him to the mother of his children, and some copies of her laboured replies, there were certificates of the baptism of Claire and Lucie by a Protestant clergyman, and of the marriage of their parents.

"We are the daughters of James Glenwood of Glenwood Lodge, and Anita his wife," said Claire. "Do you understand all that these words signify to us, my sister? We are no longer the waifs who owed the bread we ate to charity, but as well born as those who slighted and condemned us."

"And we are Mr. Glenwood's cousins; is not this delightful!" smiled Lucie, thinking not of him so much as of some one else, and wondering with a blush whether she could claim kinship in some remote degree with Lance Balfour.

She was roused from her pleasant meditations by Claire's sharp cry.

"Ah! how could we forget that this discovery must give us a prior right to the property left by our father! Prove that we are his daughters, and what becomes of Percival Glenwood's claim to the estate?"

"It would be a terrible blow for his mother," Lucie admitted.

"Terrible! It would kill her!" was the agitated reply; "and she so good, so generous, so compassionate to the poor, so ready to make allowances for every one! How can we thrust her out of her home and deprive her son of his? It might prevent his marriage. Alas! it would ruin his prospects, and I—we—should hate ourselves for bringing such sorrow upon him. Lucie, how can we do it?"

"I must confess that I should dearly like to be

rich," sighed Lucie, "yet not for my own sake, nor to the injury of others."

"We are of one mind on this point; is it not so? We have learned that we are not outcasts any longer; shall we not be content with this knowledge, and keep it to ourselves?"

"Always to ourselves, Claire? It shall be as you think best, only—only—I should have dearly liked to tell Mr. Balfour."

Lucie ended her speech in a burst of tears, and Mollie, who had stolen into the room to know why her maidens were not in bed, had to be pacified and assured that these tears were not extorted by any unkindness on the part of the matron.

The wallet was put away, and the all-important subject of their birthright shunned by both sisters. But Claire was so seriously troubled in her mind that she could not sleep, and lost her appetite and her colour so rapidly, that Sir Walter, coming to the school to visit a little patient, prescribed for her too.

But his tonic would not reach the grave perplexities that were harassing her. To make public the contents of Manon's wallet would be to wrest his inheritance from Percy Glenwood. How could she do that? On the other hand, there was Lucie to be considered. Once put in possession of her share of the Glenwood estates, there was nothing to prevent her marriage with Lancelot Balfour. Had Claire any right to condemn her to a life of isolation and drudgery? No matter how good her reasons might appear for sacrificing herself, did they apply to Lucie also?

She was debating this continually, and seeing no way out of her difficulty, when one morning Lucie threw her arms about her neck, and between crying and laughing, her pretty face glowing as if sunshine irradiated it, cried, "He is here! Oh, don't be angry, Claire! It was not my doing."

"He! Do you mean Mr. Glenwood?"

"No, no; it is his cousin. Mollie heard me say she wished I could tell Mr. Balfour, and seeing that something was troubling us, she sent for him."

"And you will tell him all!" gasped Claire, thinking not of herself, but of the disrowned king of her affections.

Lucie laid her rosy cheek against the one of her sister.

"Darling, he knew it before he came to us."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS.

MOLLIE had never performed a wiser action than when, after as much cogitation as her brain was capable of, she prevailed on one of the nurses to write the note that revealed where her maidens had hidden themselves, and brought Lance to their assistance.

"He could always put everything that was wrong to rights," she wrote; "couldn't he come and 'vise her

pretties? Lucie had cried and wished for him; wouldn't he come to once?"

Where to direct her epistle she knew not, but at the suggestion of her amanuensis it was sent to Mincester to be forwarded; and so with but little delay it reached the hands of the person for whom it was intended.

Despite her overwhelming shame and remorse, Mary Balfour's heart was lightened of an intolerable load when, as she crouched at the feet of her husband, she confessed that the admissions made in her sleep were but too true.

The worst pang she suffered was when she saw her sister wring her hands piteously, and look through blinding tears at Percy; no longer the owner of a fine estate, but as poor a man as his father had been at Bradford. But no one uttered a reproach, and Dr. Balfour, after he had recovered from the shock of his wife's revelations, set himself to work to put everything on a proper footing.

"I know I express your feelings," he observed to his sister-in-law, "when I say that justice must be done to James Glenwood's children, if they can be proved to be his. But how are these proofs to be obtained? Not here, apparently."

"We must act on Lance's suggestion," replied Percy, "and seek them in France."

"Oh! did Lance suggest this? On what occasion? Has he had reason to suspect who these young girls are?"

"No," replied Milly, "but he hopes to bring one of them to you as a daughter some day."

"The plot thickens," murmured the Doctor, holding out his hand to Percy.

"Go across the Channel, lad, and do your best to learn the truth; and remember that if by so doing you lose yourself a house and land, there is still a home for you here. Moreover, if you sincerely regret your foolish flirtation, Elfedra shall still be yours, and help you to make yourself a better name than you would owe to the distinction of possessing so many thousands per annum."

But Elfedra refused to endorse this.

"I have never felt quite satisfied with my cousin, as you are aware," she told her father; "he lacks energy and perseverance. How could his career be a brilliant one if he refuses to press forward? As Mrs. Glenwood of the Lodge I should have endured life with him because his wealth and position would have enabled me to gather about me such a circle of friends as I could appreciate; but if he resigns everything without a struggle, what would there be for me?"

"He is brave and sensible; he would make you the best of husbands. He has won my respect and esteem by his straightforward conduct."

"But he will have to work his way upwards, and my life with you has quite unfitted me for the arduous part a poor man's wife has to play. If he is as prudent as you seem to think him, he will try to win the hand of one of these fair usurpers, and so regain part of his inheritance."

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"A mother sits and sings
Her first-born babe to sleep."

"Would any right-minded man adopt such a course?"

"It would be the most politic Percy could pursue."

Dr. Balfour regarded his daughter doubtfully. These were not the sentiments her mother would have expressed. His Mary had grieved and disappointed him, but her heart was in the right place. He began to query whether Elfreda had one at all, and to think Percy might be excused for preferring a girl who, if less beautiful and talented, was decidedly more sympathetic.

When the young lady suddenly announced her intention of wedding Herr Ernst and accompanying him on a scientific expedition to the Himalayas, her father found the pain of parting much less severe than he could have anticipated.

Ere long Lance brought the sisters to Mincester, and Mrs. Glenwood took them to her heart at once. She was too just to look coldly upon them as interlopers, but rather dwelt on the fact that for years they had been deprived of what her sons had been enjoying. She had rejoiced in her riches for the sake of her delicate husband; she could endure a return to comparative poverty as long as her boys did not make a trouble of it.

The clinging tenderness of Lucie did more towards reconciling Mrs. Balfour to herself than all the forbearance of her own family. She would always be subdued and pensive, but she was a happier and a better woman. She knew that her want of faith had brought about the great error into which she had fallen. Could she have trusted her dear ones to their Father in heaven, she would neither have committed this grave fault nor persisted in it so long.

With the assistance of his solicitor, Percy Glenwood soon put his affairs in order. With all proper forms, the legality of the sisters' superior claim to the Glenwood property was proved, and Mrs. Glenwood very sensibly accepted the post of guardian to them till they came of age.

And now there was nothing to prevent their going with her to reside at the Lodge but Claire's reluctance. Her agitation whenever it was proposed, and her eagerness to catch at any excuse for remain-

ing at Mincester a little longer, puzzled Mrs. Glenwood till she discovered, or fancied she had discovered, the reason.

"My dear," she said, with a sigh, "you have hesitated to go to the Lodge because you think it will pain Percy to see himself superseded. But that thought need not deter you any longer. He leaves England to-night, and you and Lucie must comfort me for his loss."

"Leaves England!"

The mother wiped away a tear.

"Yes; in the old German town where he was educated we made many friends, one of whom has offered my boy an appointment in his counting-house; and here he comes to bid us farewell."

With a sob and a blush Claire put her hands in Percy's. She knew—for did not Lance tell Lucie everything?—why the half-formed engagement with Elfreda had been broken off; she knew that this touch of adversity had strengthened the young man's character, and proved him more capable of great things than any one had hitherto imagined, and she was proud of him for his unselfish readiness to expatriate himself that he might labour for his young brothers.

And so she gave him the reward he merited, and no longer avoiding his eyes, no longer disguising her affection, bade him stay in England, not only for his mother's sake, but for hers.

Mrs. Glenwood has taken up her abode at the Red House, which Mrs. Barnes continues to share with her, and where, each after her own fashion, they spend their lives in doing good to their kind.

For Luke Reynolds employment has been found in the gardens at the Lodge, and his young sister is being trained to wait upon Miss Morris, who is still a member of the little family at the Red House.

There, too, Mollie once more presides in the kitchen. Claire and Lucie are happy wives, and she does not consider them in need of her protection any longer, but she goes in great state to pay them periodical visits, and comes back beaming with pleasure and pride, quite satisfied that only by their own little daughters can her maidens ever be eclipsed.

THE END.

BABY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

WHEN the sun sets and trails
His red robes through the west,
When o'er the sea the daylight pales,
And twilight speaks of rest,
A mother sits and sings
Her first-born babe to sleep,
While every breeze in whispers brings
Good wishes o'er the deep:
"O mother in whose life
This new pure joy has come,

'Mid far-off cities' toil and strife
Our hearts are nowise dumb:
We thank God for the gift
That He has sent to you,
We pray that He may will to lift
All clouds that hide the blue,
And that His love may bless
You and your babe to-day
With that true perfect happiness
Which never fades away!"

G. WEATHERLY.

"Jesus Lives!"

Words by C. F. GELLERT (1715—1769).

Translated by FRANCES E. COX.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.D.

(Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Temple.)

1. Je - sus lives! No long - er now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap -

- pal us; Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en -

- thral us. *f* Al - - le - - lu - - ia! A - men.

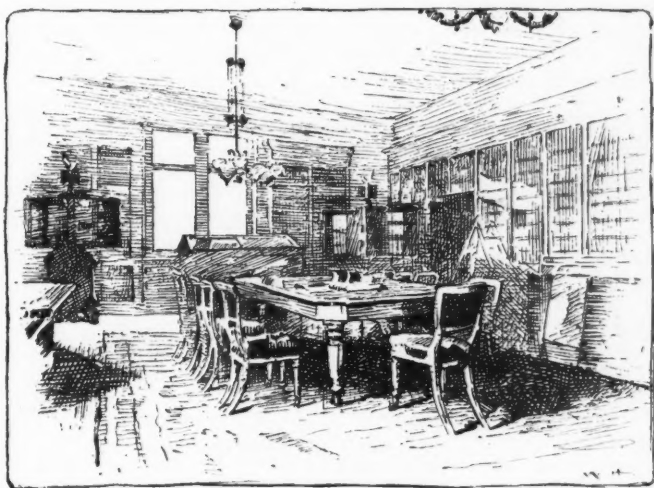
2. Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3. Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4. Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5. Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

* Breath may be taken here.



LIBRARY IN THE BIBLE HOUSE.

A PEEP INTO THE BIBLE HOUSE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESHAM-WITH-STRADSETT.



VISITORS to our metropolis account it a favour to be allowed to inspect our national arsenals. They feel a painful interest in seeing the latest improvements in guns, armour-plating, and other *matériel* of warfare. But a Christian mind will derive a pleasure unalloyed by pain from a visit to the Central Dépôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, one of the chief arsenals of the Church Militant, designed to promote peace with God and good-will toward men. The offices of a religious society might not be supposed to be very attractive, except to those whom duty calls there. The Bible House, however, is a museum of valuable curiosities, as well as a centre of religious work. So the writer found it at a recent visit, and is anxious to communicate his pleasure to others.

The exterior of the building is familiar to all who pass through Queen Victoria Street, with its fine stone frontage, its five lofty storeys, and its basement window, in which Bibles in various languages are exhibited. The interior will be found far more imposing, and not unworthy of its grand and sacred uses. On entering the massive doorway one is first struck with the large black

marble slabs, bearing the names of the founders and early friends of the Society. Those of Zachary Macaulay, William Wilberforce, and Lord Teignmouth cannot fail to be noticed. Little did these good and great men, met in a little back parlour in a house of business to establish this noble institution, dream in their most sanguine moments of this almost palatial edifice, or of the extent of the operations now carried on in it. Three years was this temple of truth in building. The first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on June 11th, 1866, and the House was set apart with prayer on May 4th, 1869, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. Its cost was raised by a special subscription, £1,300 being contributed by young people of Yorkshire, and nearly £1,000 by those of Wales. But we are more concerned with the precious jewels it contains than with the elegant casket itself. Passing the various commodious offices on the first floor, and ascending another flight of the handsome stone staircase, we reach the committee-room and library. On the way, the eye is arrested by a very striking painting of Luther reading the Bible in the monastery at Erfurt, the work of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.

Following our guide, we enter the two committee-rooms. Their walls are hung with portraits of many of the earliest pioneers or patrons of Bible circulation. William Tyndale is there, the author of the first printed translation of the New

Testament, and of part of the Old into English. How his heart must rejoice, if he is now permitted to watch the progress of that Gospel for which he laid down his life, and to witness the fulfilment of his own prophecy, that even plough-boys should read the Word of God. Not far off is Dr. Morrison, the eminent translator of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese. He has just risen from his study table, at which are seated his two native helpers. The persistent energy and intellectual power that compassed so stupendous a task, are visible in his every feature. Carey, once an obscure cobbler, afterwards the honoured missionary to India, has his rightful place of dignity, as one of the first to go down into the dark pit of heathenism, trusting to the few friends above to hold the rope. Very pleasing is it to see alongside of these and other humbler labourers in the wide harvest field, the portraits of men of the highest rank, who consecrated their commanding influence to the service of the great King. Of these we noted the good Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, who did so much to spread the Bible through his vast dominions; Lord Teignmouth, the first President of the Society; Lord Bexley, the second President; William Wilberforce, the eminent Christian philanthropist; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., ever foremost in every good work, and happily still spared to preside in its council chamber.

And now our courteous cicerone invites us

to the library, the chief centre of interest. Here the first thing which claims attention is the venerable Malagasy Bible, one of those buried out of sight during the cruel persecution under Queen Ranavalona, which began in 1835, when the profession of Christianity and the possession of Christian books were made punishable with imprisonment, slavery, or even death. It is indeed a precious relic, highly prized by its owner, probably a native teacher, whose marks, still visible on the margin, were evidently intended to guide his eye to texts which he meant to preach from or refer to. The original copy must have been so worn by frequent use that several portions of different sizes were stitched together with it. It may have belonged to one of that noble army of martyrs who with such unflinching courage endured torture and death rather than abandon their faith in Christ.

Close by this is another Bible, with a more peaceful, but no less important, history. It is the very book that Mary Jones, the Welsh girl, after she had trudged so many miles to obtain one, purchased from Mr. Charles, of Bala. The circumstance suggested to him and others the necessity for a Bible Society, and led to its formation. Truly God hangs heavy weights on slender wires. This one copy of the Holy Scriptures was the tiny mustard-seed whence there has sprung this noble institution, now like a great tree, under whose branches so many nations have found shelter and refreshment. There is something deeply touching in the simple record roughly inscribed on the blank leaf—

"Born 16th December, 1781.

"I bought this in the 16th year of my age. I am daughter of John Jones and Mary Jones his wife. The Lord may give me grace. Amen."

Very appropriately are the portrait of Mr. Charles and a view of his house and shop placed beside it. Such was the beginning of this work, eighty-one years ago; and on the movable bookstands, with glazed wings, we see its marvellous progress illustrated by specimens of Bibles in about 260 different languages or dialects, so that we are ready to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

But other precious treasures lie spread out before us. We can glance only at a few. That Jewish roll of the Law has a history of its own. It was found in a cave near Damascus, and is thought to be from 300 to 400 years old, and is composed of some sixty sheep-skins.

That Spanish New Testament might pass unnoticed were we not told its pathetic origin. It is one of 3,000 copies produced by a Protestant printer, who worked by lamplight in a cellar at Malaga



THE BOUND-STOCK ROOM.

during the reign of the persecuting Isabella, at the risk of liberty or life. The confinement and his solitary, unaided labours so undermined his health, that he died early of consumption. Very

tiful specimen of penmanship is that Pentateuch, purchased by Dr. Wolff at Bokhara, in 1833. It is written in Hebrew and Persian interlined, the Hebrew being in Arabic characters,



STAND CONTAINING BIBLES IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES, IN THE BIBLE-HOUSE LIBRARY.

precious must the Gospel have been to his own heart. Such self-sacrificing efforts to make it known to others can hardly have been without fruit. Still more remarkable and valuable as a literary curiosity is that very old book. It is a palimpsest, and consists of two books, written the one over the other on the same vellum, an instance of economy not unusual in early times. When first found, it appeared to be only a work of the twelfth century, containing lessons on the Gospels by various writers; but close investigation proved it to have been originally part of St. Luke's Gospel, transcribed about 500 A.D., in uncial Greek, and as being found in the island of Zante, it is known as the Codex Zacynthius. How strikingly it illustrates the way in which the Word of God, though for a time obscured by human glosses and traditions, reasserts itself as the only infallible authority!

Our limits do not admit of more than a cursory mention of other books. What a beau-

tiful specimen of penmanship is that Pentateuch, purchased by Dr. Wolff at Bokhara, in 1833. It is written in Hebrew and Persian interlined, the Hebrew being in Arabic characters, written in black ink, and the Persian in red. The whole is splendidly illuminated. That copy of St. John's Gospel, transcribed with equal care in Tahitian, was the work of King Pomare II. The Complutensian Polyglot, Tyndale's Bible, Coverdale's, the Bishops', the Vinegar, and the Breeches Bibles are all more or less interesting and valuable. It is impossible, however, to give these and many others the attention that they so well deserve, for our courteous guide urges us to retrace our steps to the basement of the House, and there see something of the work of the Society in this busy nineteenth century. It is a very hive of industry, and everything is carried on in the most systematic and business-like manner. No printing is done on the premises, except that in raised type for the blind. The wise rule is to print and bind where the work can be done best and most cheaply. So the Bibles in foreign languages are generally printed in the countries for which they are intended. On the

first floor is the bound-stock department, connected by lifts with the packing-room below, where Bibles for all parts of the world are carefully packed in tin-lined, substantial cases, according as orders come in. There is also a large lift running from the top to the basement, used for conveying stock from the printers and binders to the floors above, and for filling the binder's wagon from the vast store of Scriptures warehoused on these floors. The scene at Babel seems to be here reversed.

God is using the Society as a means to restore harmony between earth's discordant tongues, and to promote inward and enduring peace amongst the nations. It is a surprising and most cheering fact that during the eighty-one years of its existence the Society has put into circulation upwards of 100 millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures, in about 260 languages or dialects. At the present time 30,000 copies of the Scriptures are sent out each week, or about 5,000 every day!

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

HIS APOCALYPSE.—IN TWO PAPERS.—II.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.



HAVING in the preceding paper glanced over the contents of the Book of Revelation, we have next to advert to the principal *Systems of Interpretation* which have been proposed. Of these there are three—that of the Preterists,

that of the Futurists, and that of the continuous Historical Interpreters.

To the first school, that of the *Preterists*, belong those expositors who hold that the predictions of the Book of Revelation have already been almost, or altogether, fulfilled. Their view is, that it referred all but exclusively to the times immediately succeeding those in which it was written, and that the visions which it contains were meant to indicate the coming triumph of Christianity over its Jewish and Pagan adversaries. With the doubtful exception of the two or three concluding chapters, the whole Book is thus supposed to have been long ago fulfilled. The successes of the Church which it depicts are regarded as having been achieved in the victories gained during the first five or six centuries over the enemies of the faith. Some countenance to such a view is derived from the opinions of the early Christians. As long as the followers of Christ were weak and persecuted, they were naturally inclined to regard the glorious predictions of this book as promising them temporal power and prosperity. But, after the Gospel became established as the religion of the Empire, this view disappeared, and seems to have had no supporters in the Church, till revised and completed by a Jesuit writer in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It has since then met with large acceptance, and is still in high favour among Romish and rationalistic expositors.

The second school of interpreters—that of the *Futurists*—stands at the opposite pole to the Preterists. Their theory is, that no part of the

Book, with the exception, perhaps, of the letters to the Seven Churches, has as yet had any historical fulfilment. They throw its predictions forward to the time of the end, and especially to the circumstances attending the second Advent. This scheme of interpretation seems to have been first suggested by a Roman Catholic writer about the end of the sixteenth century. It has been revived, under some modifications, by several able writers in our own day, and is very ingeniously explained and advocated in some of their works.

But the third, or *Historical* school of interpretation, has been by far the most prevalent in modern times. It cannot, of course, appeal for much support to the views of Christian antiquity, since the materials for illustrating and upholding it had not then been provided. It was first set forth with any fulness in an exposition of the Apocalypse written about the beginning of the thirteenth century. From that date it never wanted supporters, and was eagerly adopted by Wycliffe and other precursors of the Reformation. Since then, it has been the favourite system of most Protestant interpreters. Its leading principle is that of regarding the Apocalypse as containing a symbolic representation of the principal events in the history of the Church from the time of St. John down to the great final consummation. But, under this general principle, there is a great variety of opinion as to details. Whether the "year-day" theory is to be admitted, or days and months and years are to be taken in their literal significance: whether the "two witnesses" spoken of (chap. xi. 3, etc.) have yet been slain, and, if so, what or whom they are to be held to typify: whether the equivalent periods of "forty and two months" (chap. xi. 2; xiii. 5), of "a thousand, two hundred, and threescore days" (chap. xi. 3; xii. 6), and of "a time, times, and half a time" (chap. xii. 14), have had their proper dates assigned

them in the history of the Church : whether the number of the Beast has yet been discovered, and, if so, which of the many diverse explanations is to be accepted : whether the Church of Rome is to be regarded as symbolised by Babylon, or what other application of that symbol is to be preferred : whether the Millennial period is to precede or follow the second advent of Christ : whether the "first resurrection" is to be understood literally or spiritually : and whether the book is to be viewed as one successive prophecy, which ought to be subjected to unbroken historical interpretation, or is to be regarded as in some parts episodic, and in others as returning upon itself—these are some of the points which still divide the opinions of the most learned and judicious expositors of the Apocalypse at the present day.

As has been already said, we do not in these papers enter on any attempt at interpretation. But one remark may be made. The literal and the symbolical should surely not be mixed up together in any exposition which is given. Yet that has not unfrequently been done. Thus the words (chap. xxi. 1), "And there was no more sea," have been understood to imply that *no sea*, in the literal sense, would exist in the future world ; while the words which immediately follow about "the holy city coming down from God out of heaven" are necessarily explained as being figurative. Some writers have been eloquent as to the advantages which will flow from there thus being no sea hereafter, while others have been inclined pathetically to bewail its loss. But, in the symbolical language of Scripture, the term "sea" is to be viewed as denoting *society in a state of tumult* ; so that the declaration in question simply brings before us the beautiful thought of that unbroken serenity which shall exist in the dwelling-place of God's people in the world to come.

It may further be observed that some have been perplexed and misled by the expression used (chap. i. 1), "things which must *shortly* come to pass." They have imagined from this that it was necessary to limit the events predicted within a very brief space of time. But it is sufficient to remark that the Book afterwards (chap. xx. 2) clearly refers to a period of a thousand years as embraced within its scope, to see that such limitation is untenable. The "*shortly*" which is spoken of is to be regarded as comparative. Viewed from the standpoint to which the seer was elevated, all the coming events of time might have been described as "at hand." He was surrounded by the great realities of eternity. The little concerns of earth, with their contracted range, vanished from his view, and his conceptions of time, with its sequences, became assimilated to those of the inhabitants of heaven ; so that the Book may well be regarded as dealing with

no ephemeral interests, but as comprehending, in its sublime and majestic scope, the whole destinies of the Church of Christ on earth, from the time when it was written even to the end of the world.

We ought not to leave unnoticed the fact that both the great Apocalypses of Scripture were made to men who stood peculiarly high in the favour of the Almighty. These were Daniel the Prophet, and St. John the Apostle. We read in the Book of Daniel (chap. ix. 22, 23) that when Gabriel came on his heavenly mission to the prophet, he said to him, "O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee ; *for thou art greatly beloved* : therefore understand the matter, and consider the vision." In striking analogy with this, the grand New Testament Apocalypse was made to one who was known, not merely as an Apostle, but as being pre-eminently "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

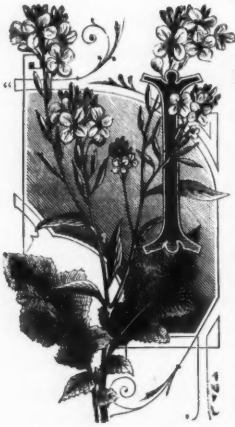
How wonderful, let it be noted in conclusion, are the links of the chain which is seen connecting us with the Divine Author of this Book, when it is described (chap. i. 1) as "the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him, to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass ; and He sent and signified it by His angel unto His servant John." The Church receives it from the hand of St. John : he has it conveyed to him through the instrumentality of an angel : the *angel* is commissioned to deliver it by the Lord Jesus Christ : and He obtains it in His Mediatorial capacity from the Father. According to the teaching of Scripture, it seems to be a peculiar prerogative of the First Person in the Trinity, as representing the Godhead, to *know* the date at which future events are to happen. Hence these remarkable words of Christ with regard to His own second coming (St. Mark xiii. 32), "Of that day, and that hour, knoweth no man—no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son, but the Father.*" Hence also these other words of the Saviour to His disciples (Acts i. 7), when they sought an acquaintance with the future : "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." But the Revelation contained in this writing of St. John was graciously communicated by the Father, as God, to the Son as Mediator, that through Him it might be conveyed to His Church, with the view of cheering and strengthening her during her period of conflict upon earth ; so that His servants may feel, from age to age, the force of these words of another Apostle (2 Peter i. 19) : "We have also a more sure word of prophecy ; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

DAISY'S LIFE-LONG LESSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR JAMES LAURENNE'S WARNING."

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



DON'T see what I've got to do with it!" said Daisy Vane; "I can't help people being poor and miserable. I suppose if I had been born so I should have had to endure it, and I should never have dreamed of blaming anybody else for it. What's the good of my making myself miserable too?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" in fact!" said gentle Aunt Ella, to whom Daisy was speaking. "You

think you are not, Daisy; but don't you know that each one of us has a duty to his neighbour to perform? Our neighbours are all around us, if we care to look for them; not only the friends we love, whom we visit and whom we receive at our homes, but all our dependents, and the poor whom God expects us to help, the sick and sad whom He expects us to comfort. Have you no such neighbours, Daisy dear?"

"I'm sure I am kind to servants and people," murmured Daisy, feeling rather aggrieved and rather uncomfortable. "I gave Manton an old party-dress the other day; to be sure it was pretty well used up, but it would do for something or other. Then I let her talk to me when she is brushing my hair, and Margaret Maurice never allows her maid to speak unless spoken to!"

"Do you ever try to do her, or any one else, any real good?"

"Oh, I can't sermonise, if you mean that! Besides, our people are not like heathens; they can read, they can go to church if they like."

"Well, look further, look outside your own home—the poor, the sick, the dying, struggling for bare existence, their cheerless, sunless lives unbrightened by the knowledge of Christ's love, and 'the life of the world to come:' do you do anything for them, darling?"

"I always give to the offertory, when I have any money to spare, and if I am short father gives me something for it. Then if anybody asks me to subscribe to a charity, I generally do. I have no time for more!"

"No time, Daisy? Time to dress, for every kind of amusement, time for calls, for dinner-parties, garden-parties, rides and drives, time and money for all this, but no time for Christ, who calls to you to feed, to clothe, to visit Him? No time to help Him who died for you, no money except the little

you can spare from your own superfluous wants and luxuries?"

"Oh, Aunt Ella!" cried Daisy in a shocked voice, "how can you talk like that? It sounds so dreadful; I am sure I would do anything I could, but it always makes me ill to go into close, stuffy places! Besides," more boldly, "there are plenty of people who like that sort of thing; there are clergymen, and old maids who have nothing else to do, without my making a martyr of myself. I must enjoy myself while I am young, and I'm sure God meant me to be happy and not miserable. I have heard you say religion is meant to make us happy."

"So it is, dear—it gives a happiness the world cannot give; the world may give pleasure, but happiness is a higher thing. Now, dear Daisy, I will say no more; only I want you to remember what we are told will be the final condemnation of selfish, careless souls: '*Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me.*'"

"Aunt Ella is very good and sweet, but she really does worry one!" Daisy said to herself, when she was alone in the large, cool drawing-room, shaded by sunblinds from the July glare, and fragrant with the perfume of hot-house flowers. "It isn't as if I did nothing at all; I do what I can, and nobody can do more. I wish she would leave me alone!"

Then Daisy resettled herself in her luxuriously cushioned chair, admired the bangles on her wrists, and the dainty embroidered shoe peeping beneath the skirt of her pale blue dress, and took up her book, a new story from the library.

She read for five minutes, then threw it down impatiently; somehow it failed to interest her. "Oh dear! I wonder if I ought to do any of those horrid things!" she thought, unable to shake off the discomfort Aunt Ella's words had produced. "If it is really—Christ—who is poor, and sick—if He will really say to me, '*You did it not unto Me!*' Perhaps, at any rate, I might give more money to the collection next Sunday; I might give a shilling instead of a threepenny piece; and I'm sure that will be something, for I have very little of my allowance left, and I must have that pearl brooch I saw at Osmund's yesterday. Or—or—could I do without the brooch, and give more money at church? Oh, I don't think I need do that! I really want the brooch; but if I ever come across any poor people in need of help, I will help them—yes, I will!" and, with a sense of virtue that tried to overpower the voice of conscience still speaking within, Daisy shook the fair hair from her forehead, and plunged into her book again.

When Daisy went to dress for a dinner-party to

which she was to accompany her parents, and which was to be followed by a party at the house of another friend, she was informed by her maid that "a young person from Madame Fenette's was waiting to see her."

Manton, you must dress my hair as quickly as you can; it is rather late."

It was a beautiful vision indeed that burst on the "young person's" sight, lighting up the sombre



"' Yes, it's dreadful,' agreed Daisy placidly."—p. 727.

"She can wait until I am dressed," declared Daisy, glancing critically at the filmy white dress which lay on the bed. "Where is she, Manton?"

"In the libery, mem. She have been waiting a long time, for Palmer said you had give orders you were not to be disturbed, and—pore thing!—she looks fit to drop, as thin and——"

"Well, then, she will be glad of the rest. Now,

library with its dingy rows of volumes and dark oaken furniture, as if some sudden sunbeam had entered its dull precincts, when Miss Daisy Vane floated into the room. The rich yet simple robe of white lace set off the rounded neck and arms, almost as fair and smooth as the pearls that adorned them. A wreath of lilies rested on the elaborately plaited hair, and Daisy carried a huge bouquet of

the same flowers in her hand. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks rosy with health, her graceful figure upright as a palm. No wonder poor pallid Ellen Lee, with her wasted face and stooping figure, her trembling limbs and threadbare garments, was dazzled and confused by a sight so splendid. The scent of the lilies, too, was so strong and sweet that it almost made the girl giddy. She put her hand on the chair by which she stood, to steady herself; her eyes, dull and weak as if with long-continued work and little sleep, fixed in breathless admiration on the other girl, who was just about her own age, but in all other respects how different!

"Sit down," said Daisy kindly; "are you ill?"

"I—I—am not very well, miss!" faltered Ellen Lee, the ready tears of weakness rising to her eyes; "I have had a long walk."

"You should have taken an omnibus," said Daisy with decision; "the idea of walking so far on such a hot day!—You have brought a message from Madame Fenette, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss. Madame says could you give her two days longer in which to finish your satin dress? The weather is so close, and some of the hands are ill, and," with pathos, "we have been up every night this week already!"

"It is very annoying!" replied Daisy, frowning a little; "would not one day longer be sufficient?"

"We could try, miss, if you cannot let us have the two days!"

"Are you an apprentice?" asked Daisy, with a certain pity. The girl before her was more wan and white than she had thought it possible for any one to be who was not on a sick-bed; and Daisy was by no means unkindly—only selfish.

"Yes, miss. Madame took me in as an extra, and as so many girls have been ill, she kept me on."

"But you look very ill yourself!"

"Yes, miss; but I can keep up; and—and—I've a blind mother to support, miss; I'm glad of the work."

"I'm sure you're not fit to sit up at nights!" said Daisy impulsively, more and more sorry for the young dressmaker; "you are like a ghost!"

"But then you see, miss, we get extra pay, and it's that I look at. I don't mind it, miss, indeed, so long as I've strength."

"Well, you don't look as if you would have strength much longer! It is very foolish to work so hard; what will your mother do when you cannot work at all?"

Ellen Lee clasped her hands as if in agony, and the tears that were in her eyes ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, miss, God help us!" she exclaimed passionately; "we should both starve if I couldn't work—I *must* work! I *must*!"

"There! never mind! I'm sorry I said it; I did not really mean it, you know," said Daisy hurriedly, her own eyes growing dim. "Don't cry! Tell Madame I will give her the two more days; and"—with a sudden remembrance of Aunt Ella's words

and her late resolution—"what is your name? Where do you live?"

"My name is Ellen Lee, miss, and I live at Number 20, Richmond Court, in Richmond Street, near Regent Street, miss," watching Daisy wonderingly as she wrote down the address on her jewelled tablets.

"Then, Ellen Lee, I shall come and see you, and bring your blind mother something. I promise you, you shall not starve, so cheer up, and don't look so miserable. You shall have some wine, and I'll speak to Madame about you—"

"Oh, miss! dear lady! God bless you!" sobbed poor Ellen, almost ready to fall down on her knees before the lovely young lady, who was like an angel of mercy to her.

"It certainly *does* make one feel happy to have done something for a poor person!" Daisy thought to herself as she passed down the crimson-carpeted steps into the carriage a few minutes later.

CHAPTER II.

In a small sun-baked room at the very top of Number 20, Richmond Court, on an old mattress spread on the floor, lay Ellen Lee, the young dressmaker, dying. All the furniture, with the exception of a rickety table and the chair wherein the blind mother sat, had been pawned for food. The walls were bare, the floor uncarpeted, the broken window seemed only to admit heat, not air, the sunshine streaming in as if to show the desolation more clearly. One long sunbeam slanted across Ellen's feet, and she gazed at it wistfully; it was so bright and beautiful, like an angel in the wretched attic. The girl's life had been one long struggle with poverty and ill-health, and now she could struggle no longer, for death was at hand.

During the first part of her illness, Ellen had craved for food; visions of impossible things—fruit, cooling drinks, nay, even tea with sugar and milk in it—had haunted her; but now all that was over. She no longer felt any inclination to eat, she only wanted rest, for she was very, very tired; but for leaving her blind old mother, how glad she would have been to die!

She turned away from the piece of stale bread dipped in water her mother offered her with a weary sigh. "No, mother dear, I can't eat," she said, moving her parched tongue with difficulty; "but it would do me good to see you eat something!"

For many a time, in the hot close night, when her mother thought her asleep, Ellen had heard her moaning, and knew too well the poor old woman was hungry as well as weighed down with grief.

"Oh, what will become of mother? how can I leave her? Oh, God, do help us!" was her heart's cry at such times.

Just now, somehow, the golden sunbeam which at first made Ellen sad brought her hope and comfort; it reminded her of the beautiful young lady who spoke to her so kindly, two or three weeks ago, in the grand

house in Merriion Square, which had seemed like a palace to the young dressmaker. Once more she saw the fair face, the shining golden hair, the white cloud-like robes; once more she heard the sweet voice promise her she should not starve, bidding her cheer up, for help should come.

"Maybe she'll come yet!" she muttered aloud, smiling faintly at the sunbeam. "Oh, yes, I'm sure she'll come—she said she would."

"Nay, not she, Ellen, child!" said Mrs. Lee, answering the girl's thought with bitterness—and who could wonder at her bitterness? "She'd have come afore now if she'd meant to come at all. I know them grand ladies; soft-spoken and smooth enough some of 'em are, but they'll not soil their dainty fingers for the likes of us; they'll not trail their silk dresses up places like this. No, child, you may starve and I may starve, but they won't trouble their heads! We're only common folks. Ay, but we shall be up and they'll be down some day, I reckon!"

"Never mind, mother darling," said Ellen soothingly; "even if—if—the lady don't come, we've got one Friend, mother—we've got Jesus!"

"Well, He don't seem to help us!" cried Mrs. Lee, tears running down her furrowed cheeks. "He seems to let us starve, same as the others, for all I can see!"

"Oh, mother! don't you remember He *died*? He was poor and hungry, and forsaken! Oh, mother! mother! don't let anything turn us against *Him*, the only Friend as'll never forsake—no, never forsake!" and the dying girl clasped her wasted hands on her breast, while a smile brighter than the sunbeam lit up her face, on which—unseen by the blind woman—the dewdrops of death were already gathering.

It was very cool and pleasant in the conservatory that filled one end of the large drawing-room in a stately mansion in Merriion Square, where Daisy Vane, in a charming toilette of pale blue silk, sat whiling away the long idle hours of Sunday afternoon with a book, and her dog's gambols. The round table by her side was heaped with fruit, many-coloured flowers filled the place with fragrance, while palms and ferns tempered the sunlight with their dewy greenness. Very pretty and very happy the girl looked in the midst of her luxurious surroundings.

So thought Aunt Ella as she came in, tired and hot, from visiting some sick people, and sat down opposite her niece, glad of this cool asylum from the heat and glare.

Presently the elder lady said, pausing in her occupation of paring a peach—

"How strange and sad it seems that there should be all this plenty and luxury for some, while others are starving for want of bread! It would be unbearably sad if there were no life beyond this!"

"Yes, it's dreadful!" agreed Daisy placidly.

"And, oh, Daisy, I saw just now a girl—about your own age, my dear, and who would have been as pretty, too, if she had been as well fed and cared for—lying on a bare mattress in a wretched attic, dead from starvation as much as from disease! And her poor blind mother, almost starving too, was crying over the dead girl—her only child."

"Her blind mother!" said Daisy, sitting up and turning pale; "what was the girl's name?"

"Ellen Lee! She had been working at dress-making, but was obliged to give it up because of illness. Poor thing! she was overworked and underfed! The old mother told me some young lady had promised Ellen to come and see her—had promised her she should not starve—and poor Ellen used to look for her every day, and cry sometimes because she never came. She was always declaring the lady *would* come, for she said she had promised, and she was so kind. However, it was not so, and Ellen died unhelped."

"You think—she would have lived—if—if she had had some food—or wine?" demanded Daisy, speaking as if with difficulty.

"No doubt, poor girl," replied Aunt Ella, pleased that her niece seemed so interested and moved. "I don't say her life would have been saved, though it might have been; but I say it would have been prolonged and infinitely brightened. I only wish I had found them out before. As for the lady who promised to go, I don't envy her feelings if ever she finds out the result of her neglect! Ah! I fear Christ called in vain there, and was left to starve and die—"

"Oh, Aunt Ella! oh, don't!" cried Daisy, falling on her knees at her aunt's feet and hiding a tearful face in her lap. "It was I! I! I promised Ellen Lee I would go and see her, and I never went! I bought that pearl brooch, and then I had no money; and then—I forgot all about it. Oh, I wish I had gone! I *wish* I had! but now, it is too late!"

"Yes, it is too late," said Aunt Ella, sorrowfully but very gently, "too late to fulfil that promise; but God is sending you another opportunity, darling. In Ellen's blind, helpless mother, Jesus calls you once more to help Him. Will you let Him call in vain *this* time, Daisy?"

"Never, never again!" said Daisy, lifting her wet eyes, full of repentance, to her aunt's gentle face; "darling auntie, you must help me to be good!"

And though Daisy found it was hard work learning "to be good," very hard work to conquer habits of self-love and self-indulgence, and though at first she shrank from the sight of poverty, disease, and death, yet by God's grace she persevered, and is now learning more and more the happiness of ministering to Christ, and realising more and more the blessedness which even here is the earnest of the joy to come, when He shall tell His faithful servants, "*Ye did it unto Me.*"

SHIRLEY WYNNE.



HISTORICAL FLOWERS.—III.

BY F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

THE LILY.

THE Lily, or Fleur-de-Lis, has long been regarded as the flower emblematic of France. From the time of the Merovingian dynasty it has been employed among signs of royalty. The great seals of Frederic Barbarossa, of Edward the Confessor, and of other monarchs, show the fleur-de-lis either on the point of the sceptre or on the crown; many noble families of France, Germany, and Italy bear it on their signet. Louis VII., *le Jeune*, appears to have been the first king of France who placed it in his arms, and from that time it became the hereditary

armorial bearing of the Capets. Innumerable fleurs-de-lis covered the royal vestments and the oriflamme or banner. Philippe III. reduced the number to three, to suit the triangular shape of his shield.

Guillim's *Display of Heraldry*, folio edition, date 1724, is a quaint old book, reprinted and revised from former editions. He has something to remark on every flower used in heraldry, but not always anything that is interesting save to students of that particular science. Of the Lily he has somewhat to say; the Rose and the Lily are the flowers most often borne in coats of arms. Guillim says: "Of all other the Fleur de Lis is of most esteem, having been from the first bearing the charge of a regal Escutcheon, originally borne by the Kings of France; though Tract of Time hath made the Bearing of them more vulgar; even as purple was in ancient Times a Wearing only for Princes, which now hath lost that Prerogative through Custom."

At the time of the first Restoration, that of Louis XVIII., in 1814, certain citizens of Paris were called the *Chevaliers du Lis*, and carried a small silver lily on a white ribbon, hanging from the buttonhole. This was not an order of knighthood, but a mark of fervent royalists. Every one holding any office under the restored monarchy was at first compelled to wear the lily, but when the early excitement wore off the sign of it disappeared, after an existence of only two years.

The name *Susan*, or *Shushan*, signifies in Hebrew, *Lily*.

In Longfellow's little poem called *Flower-de-Luce*, he addresses the "beautiful lily," the "Iris, fair among the fairest," as "dwelling by still rivers," as "born to the purple," and as "winged with the celestial azure." It is also called *asphodel*;

in his *Lotos-eaters* Tennyson says that the happy dead

"In Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

THE VIOLET.

The violet is one of the most beloved of flowers; its delicate scent greets us at a season of the year when other flowers have little or no perfume. We may perhaps suppose that it was Shakespeare's favourite flower, for he often alludes to it. He says he knows a bank whereon

"The oxlip and the nodding violet grow."

In another place he speaks of

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*—

"That strain again! it had a dying fall!
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

In the early part of the fourteenth century the *Jeux Floraux*, or *Académie des Jeux*, was founded at Toulouse. It was the very first literary institute, and in 1694 was raised by Louis XIV. to the rank of an academy, which it still holds. Each year a prize is awarded for a poem; a golden violet, or other flower, is bestowed on the successful competitor on the 3rd of May at a public meeting.

The *Violette Tricolore*, or *Pensée*, is what we call the pansy or heartsease; it is a variety of the violet, of greater beauty, but with no perfume. Ophelia includes this flower in her nosegay, and says of it, "There are pansies; that's for thoughts."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

107. In the first year of His ministry, just after the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. (John v. 16.)

108. In the valley of Elah. (1 Sam. xvii. 19.)

109. Because Saul was troubled with an evil spirit, or a spirit of melancholy. (1 Sam. xvi. 14—21.)

110. The great victory over the Ammonites at Jabesh-Gilead. (1 Sam. xi. 15.)

111. John v. 44.

112. 1 Sam. xx. 5, 34.

113. 1 Sam. xiv. 24, 28.

114. Because they had been guilty of great cruelty to the Israelites when they first came out of Egypt. (1 Sam. xv. 2, 3, and Exod. xvii. 8—16.)

115. On his return from the conquest of the Amalekites, Saul set up a monument of his victory at Carmel. (1 Sam. xv. 12.)

116. The Samaritans believed our blessed Lord, having His words only; the Jews would not believe, though they saw also the miracles which Jesus performed. (John iv. 41, 42.)

SOME OF THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY THE REV. J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

III.—DAVID.



AMONGST all the servants of our King, there is not one whose memory is sweeter than that of the sweet singer of Israel. From the first to the last his character shines forth with the reflected light of godliness, and though here and there the light is dim, and sometimes even seems to have gone out altogether, yet at the breath of God it blazes forth again, and glows with greater brightness for the contrast.

From the earliest period of his history we see strongly evidenced his pure and childlike faith in God. While watching his father's flocks near Bethlehem he withstood the lion and the bear; and the harp that he loved so well was at this time his faithful witness to his earnest and trustful spirit. Here, beneath the soft lights of the Eastern sky, he lifted up his soul in nightly communion with God, and thus attuned his harp to those more glorious melodies, which in after-years he sang with the authority of God's anointed.

Perhaps there is no part of his life which reveals more fully his dependence on Jehovah than his encounter with Goliath. That the champion of the Philistines should defy the army of Israel was bad enough; but that he should defy the army of the living God was more than David could bear. Youth as he was, untrained in the art of war, he took upon himself the task from which the warriors of Israel recoiled. Neither spear nor sword had he, nor bow, nor coat of mail; but he took the sling he had learned to use in Bethlehem's green pastures, and clad from head to foot with simple faith in God, he passed on to the battle with Goliath.

Again, we find this remarkable "faith" as strongly developed when he was a fugitive before Saul. Even now, when he carried his life in his hands, and was never (humanly speaking) safe for a single moment, he could sing, "As for me, I will sing of Thy power and will praise Thy mercy betimes in the morning, for Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble. Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing; for Thou, O God, art my refuge and my merciful God." (Ps. lix.)

The difficulties and dangers which daily beset him only served to draw forth from him a louder song of faith. There is plentiful evidence of this in his writings. Nevertheless, this man, so highly gifted, so upright, so noble, so loyal, so generous, could be moved by the breath of

passion, and in an unwary moment forget all his duty to God and to man.

Persecutions and troubles are over at last, and David is King of Israel. And with the change in his circumstances there has come a change in his character. He is not the same David we saw before. The ruddy face has lost its youthful brightness, the candid brow is clouded as with care, and the step, once fleet and light as the roe, is now depressed and slow. And, worse than all, the harp is silent. Ah! many of us remember, in the days gone by, when the voice of praise and thanksgiving was silent in our hearts, and we (and God) knew why. So David knows why, though as yet he will not own it. His conscience is blind to the fact of his sin, and needs to be awakened before he can see. One day Nathan the prophet sought an audience of David. There seems to have been no reluctance on the part of the king to meet the prophet—no fear of what might be coming. Nor need there be! Listen to the story the prophet has to tell—it clearly has no reference to David. This is what the prophet says:—"There were two men in one city: the one rich and the other poor." David listens indifferently. There are a good many cities where there are rich men and poor.

"The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and with his children: it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." David heaves a sigh of sympathy, for his mind goes back to the time when the thing he loved best was a little pet lamb in his father's flocks in the valley of Bethlehem.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; but he took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him."

Before the prophet has finished his story the generous heart of David is hot with anger against the selfish greed of the rich man, and, with flaming eyes, he exclaims to his informant, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die, and he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

The prophet stands before his king, and gives back no answering look of approval. There is a moment's solemn silence, and then, while the

earnestness of the king's wrath is yet trembling on his lips—the lips that have spoken his own judgment—the prophet cries, “*THOU art the man!*” Then conscience woke, and, with a bitter cry of self-accusation, David said, “*I have sinned against the Lord.*”

It is not, however, in this particular place that we find the full expression of David's repentance. In the fifty-first Psalm—that most beautiful of all the Psalms—the guilty king pours out his sorrow before God, and lays bare his soul, without any attempt to cover its nakedness, before that all-seeing eye. The eloquence of the language, derived from the need of the speaker, is in itself remarkable; the thoroughness of the repentance is even more remarkable still. There are other instances of godly sorrow given in holy Scripture, one of the most striking being the penitent tears of St. Peter, after his denial of Christ; but not this nor any other can for one moment compare with David's sorrow. If repentance and faith are the necessary preliminaries of the being born again, this was indeed a second birth to David. “*Have mercy upon me, O God [repentance], according to Thy lovingkindness [faith]: according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies [faith] blot out my transgressions [repentance].*”

Then the thought of that sin comes more potentially into his mind, and he cries, “*Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.*”

There should be no mistake about the reality of his sorrow, or of his knowledge of the need of sorrow. His confession is outspoken—“*For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.*”

Yet there comes the comforting assurance that God is able to put the sin away—“*Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*”

Still, before that can be done God must forgive, and out of that bleeding heart comes forth again the prayer for mercy, “*Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.*”

Possibly the thought occurs to him that he will make a trespass offering for the wrong he had done, and following that thought (a natural one for him “*under the Law*”) comes the higher and fuller intelligence of a newer dispensation: “*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*”

Let us now point a moral from this part of David's history.

We see how needful it is, even while we are basking in the full warmth of God's smile, to take care that we do not fall. Our dear Lord Himself, who knew the frailty of human nature, taught us to ask that we should not be led into tempta-

tion. The best and the wisest of us need all the grace that God bestows on men to keep them from the evil. What, then, shall I say of those who are neither the best nor the wisest? What can I say, but that they must ever watch and pray—pray without ceasing?

Again, we see how good men—that is, men who really have a true love of God in their hearts—may indignantly reprove sin in others, and yet all the while be guilty themselves of even greater sin.

Do I wish, then, to be understood to say, that men ought not to rebuke sin? Certainly not—all sin should be reproved; but I do wish to make it plain that it is of far less importance to reprove sin in others than to abstain from it oneself. To sit in judgment on our fellows is an occupation agreeable to our nature, for in doing it we are asserting by inference our own superiority, and thus ministering to our self-love. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that this is a very common fault.

In the next place, let us not put off, *till God forces us to see*, the consciousness of our guilt. The longer repentance is delayed, the greater will be the punishment. I do not use this term in any objectionable sense, nor even altogether in relation to the dealings of God with men. It is a natural law that the longer the remedy is delayed the greater will be the discomfort of our disease—the more pain and the slower recovery.

In the last place, let there be no mistake about the genuineness of our repentance. There are some who are in doubt whether their sorrow is real; was David in doubt? Can we, reading the eloquent language of conflicting emotions, of despair and hope, sorrow and joy—can we have any doubt about his repentance? There may be those who are not sure that they are sorry enough: no one is; but that is another thing to being in doubt whether they are sorry at all. To those who have this doubt I would say, do as God made David do—judge yourselves by the judgment you would pass on other men. Look at your own actions in the light of another person's doing them, and then you may, “*See the wickedness of your sin.*” Do you still want further help towards this knowledge of yourself? Then ask yourself this question—is your harp silent? Are those blessed songs you used to sing spontaneously, sung now only with an effort? Is the House of God no more the “*amiable dwelling*” to you it used to be in other and happier days? Are you content with a cold and formal worship of Him before Whose presence you should come with thanksgiving, and in Whom you should show yourself glad with psalms? Then, though your lips may say, “*I have sinned against the Lord,*” I make bold to reply, “*The Lord hath not put away your sin;*” for “*the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and contrite heart.*”

THE TRUE STORY OF LOTTIE: TOLD FOR THE CHILDREN.

PART II.

BUT Lottie's life was not always so smooth as on the first day. Sometimes her foot would become very painful, and then Nurse would take off the weight for a time, and gently rub the swollen foot. It was when she had to be called up at night to do this that Lottie—who was not an affectionate child till her love had been won—first put her arms round Nurse's neck, and said, "I do love you!"

So you see Lottie had suffering to bear even in her new home, and she had need of all her powers of self-control and patience. They were wonderfully great for a child of her age; she *never* cried for pain, but only when her sensitive feelings were hurt; unless, indeed, she cried out of naughtiness, and I am sorry to say that did often happen, at first, for I must tell you that our little friend had a temper, and a very violent one sometimes it was. So here was another reason why she could not be made altogether and at once happy. She had to be made good first. It needed a great deal of love and patience, for at first it would have been far pleasanter and easier for Nurse to let her have her own way; for when she went into a naughty fit, she would scream so loudly and so long that all that could be done with her was to put a screen round her crib, and leave her to scream till she was tired.

Very often the trouble would arise at meal-times. Poor child! she had little appetite, and often did not want her food; but she would soon have become very ill had she not eaten well, and so she had to be taught that she must force herself to eat. It was hard to teach her to understand this; and once, sad to relate, when her bread and milk was brought, her small face grew as dark as a thundercloud, and she seized the bason, and threw its contents right over on to the floor. She would not have done that had Nurse been there, and it was found quite sufficient punishment and disgrace to leave it there for Nurse to see when she came in. To be left with all that untidiness round her was in itself a very humiliating thing for the child, who delighted in order and neatness; but for Nurse to find her thus, and to see Nurse's face look grave and reproachful, was a punishment sufficient to prevent her in any after fit of passion from doing the same thing. But there remained the difficulty of getting her to eat, for sometimes she steadily and silently refused her food, and some one would have to sit patiently by her side until she would be weary of refusing it. Shall I tell you one way they had of getting her to eat it? They used to say very solemnly, "Lottie, I am afraid I shall have to give you the fork." She would look very frightened then, and generally begin to eat quite fast, although she did not know in the least what "the

fork" meant. And the funniest part of it was that nobody did know! Somebody had made it up, and because it was not understood it sounded very dreadful to the children.

There was another way of punishing her that was sometimes used, but only when she was very naughty, for it nearly broke her heart. A lady had made her a pretty pink flannel jacket to wear over her night-dress, and the punishment was to take off this and to put on her instead an old, faded, shabby one. Oh, what a dreadful punishment that was for the little lady who liked to look so neat and spruce! And what a disgrace to be found like that if a visitor happened to come into the ward! She, who generally liked so much to be taken notice of, would, under these circumstances, turn away her head and refuse to give a word or a smile to any one, in far too deep a gloom of disgrace and despair to bear being spoken to. You see, only gentle ways of punishment could be used, because Lottie was such a frail little thing; but, as I told you before, though her body was so frail, it was not a weak spirit that was within it, and Nurse soon saw that her efforts to teach her to be obedient and docile, and able to conquer her fits of pride and temper, would not be thrown away. The little girl soon began to understand that Nurse would never be provoked and would never give way to her, and that, in fact, it was of no use to struggle against Nurse's will. And then Lottie loved her with all the strength of her warm though reserved heart; and that was a great help, for she would do much to please her. And after a while there came another motive, of which I will tell you by-and-by.

But first you must hear about the pleasures Lottie had in her new home, because I have had to describe the unpleasant parts of her experience; and, also, I am afraid you will think the end of her story rather sad.

Even just at first, when she found it very irksome to lie quite flat all day, there was one great treat every morning, and it came always just after she had gone through the pain of having her hip dressed. That was very bad to bear, and though she did not cry out, she would shut her lips tight, and sometimes the tears would brim over her eyes and roll down her cheeks. But Nurse always held her in her arms, and comforted her all the time. That helped her to bear it, and so did the thought that as soon as it was over she would lie on Nurse's lap while her hair was brushed and she was made neat and tidy. That was so delightful that she looked forward to it from one day to another. Having to lie in her cot all the time, you see, made the little bit of change a pleasure, such as we who can move about as we please can hardly understand, and then

you can imagine how nice it was to have Nurse's arms around you, and to have her talking to you all by yourself!

Soon after Lottie came to the hospital, a poor little baby-boy was taken in, who was so wasted from want and neglect that no one thought he would

by-and-by, when the warm weather came, Lottie was carried out there every day, and laid upon a seat with a soft cushion under her, for long ere this she had become able to lie still without being fastened down. You can fancy what it was to the little girl, after having been shut up summer as well



"With the school-children she held a kind of court."—p. 734.

live. But he did live, and thrive too, under the good care he got there. He was a great source of interest and pleasure to the whole ward as he grew better, but particularly to Lottie. She did not give her love to every one, but she lavished a great deal upon Ronald, and she liked to have him put upon her crib for her to "take care of." She would sing to him, in her weak little voice, the hymns and rhymes the children were taught, and keep him quite contented and good.

Behind the hospital was a pleasant garden, and

as winter between those bare workhouse walls, to feel the breeze on her face, and to see the green trees and the flowers, and the blue sky over her head. Some little children belonging to a school played in this garden, and they soon, of course, made friends with her. These romping, noisy, healthy little sons seemed to look upon white, fragile Lottie with a kind of awe, and though she was such a tiny thing, and could not run about and play, it was quite funny to see how she queened it over them, for she had so much dignity, and made

such grown-up remarks, from having lived always with those old women.

"What is your name?" she was heard to ask a new-comer who was brought up to her to be introduced. It was Nelly Fowler. Lottie at once remembered old Fowler at the workhouse.

"Oh!" she said sedately, in her small silvery voice; "I've got a lady-friend of the name of Fowler."

But no one dreamed of laughing at her quaint speeches. If you wished to stand well with Lottie, you had to mind your p's and q's, I can assure you. A visitor who spoke of her as a "little white daisy" was taken greatly into favour, while she refused altogether to make acquaintance with another who had playfully called her a "little donkey." With the school-children she held a kind of court, lying in state on the garden seat, and they used to bring her flowers, and this pleased her wonderfully. She would hold them very carefully, and never plucked them to pieces as some children do. You see, she had never had any flowers given to her before, and she loved all pretty things intensely. And then, I must tell you how very orderly she was in everything. She never needed to be taught to take care of things: her little "pockynation," as her handkerchief was funnily styled, was always folded up neatly under her pillow, while the other children's were crumpled up into the grimy ball that you have often seen. And you should have seen her picking lint! She did it as well as any grown-up person—quickly and deftly her tiny fingers pulled the threads apart, her face all the time looking so serious and steady, and you could not get her to laugh or smile until she had finished her task. But if she did her own part in keeping herself neat, she expected others to do theirs. Once she had a present of a pretty new frock, finished off with a lace tucker in the neck and sleeves. One day, some time afterwards, some one was going to see the lady who had made it, and asked Lottie, "Shall I tell her you have got her pretty frock on?"

"Yes," replied Lottie with quick reproach, "and tell her they've never put the tuckers in again."

They had been taken out to be washed, and no one had thought of them again except poor little Lottie, who had grieved in silence over their loss.

The garden was a very delightful place to the child, and many enjoyments clustered round it, but the garden was quite tame compared to the beautiful park to which Lottie was now and then wheeled in a perambulator. First there were the streets to go through, with the gay shops and the prancing horses and the dashing carriages; and self-contained as Lottie was, you could see how excited she was, and how intensely she was enjoying it all, by the flush in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes. How weak and small she looked in the bustling, crowded streets, and how good it was to feel that she was in such a safe home where her little life would be

shielded from all that was unkind and rough! So many people, as they strode along about their business, would jostle the perambulator and give no glance or thought to the little maiden within. In the park it was different. There, it was so quiet and pleasant along the gravel paths, under the great spreading trees where the children came with their nurses to run about and play, and many kind and pitying glances were given to Lottie. Here she looked about her and watched the children, and was taken to the water to see the ducks swimming about, and there was no end to the pleasure of it all.

You will wonder why all this time you hear nothing about the mother Lottie loved so much; but, alas! it was true what Fowler had said—the mother seemed to care very little about her poor little girl. Nurse invited her to come over and see her, and she did so two or three times, much to Lottie's delight; but the visits soon ceased. The mother left the workhouse, and with that cared no more to pay the visits that had doubtless been a pleasant change from the monotony of the life there. But Lottie never forgot her or ceased to believe in her love, and she would often talk of her "muvver," and always with trust and love to the very end—the end which was so near at hand.

Yes, in spite of all the good nursing and feeding, Lottie grew more and more frail and shadowy, and when visitors came into the ward they would be quite distressed to see how thin she was; but Lottie was very much hurt if it was spoken of, and looked so pleased when Nurse said in joke, "See how fat her arms are!" that it grew to be an understood thing that she was to be spoken of as not thin at all, but quite a wonder for fatness. In the summer she was taken away to the country for some weeks with others of the patients, and all day long she lay out in a beautiful sunny garden in the sweet fresh air; but the little life could not be saved. When the end of two years came Nurse knew that the time must soon come when Lottie would have done with all the pain and the weakness she had to suffer from here. No one could be sorry for Lottie's sake; but she had grown to be loved very much, and no one liked to think of the parting.

For the best of all I have to tell you is yet to come, and that is that Lottie had become far more lovable by that time than she had been in the old days I told you of, when she would lie and scream at the top of her voice out of naughtiness. Yes, she was very much changed. The self-control she had been wont to show in bearing her pain now showed itself in conquering her temper too. What was going on inside that thoughtful little brain and loving little heart? Very little was said. She was so reserved that one could seldom guess what she was thinking and feeling. You will see what I mean if I tell you what happened one day. A clergyman, quite a stranger to the patients, came to visit the hospital. He sat down by the side of Lottie's crib and began to talk to her.

"And do you love the Lord Jesus?" he asked her. To his surprise there was no answer.

"Does not Nurse talk to you about Him?"

Lottie not only did not reply, but turned her face away in displeasure, and the clergyman had to give her up and talk to some one else instead.

When he was gone, one of the patients said—

"Why, Lottie, how could you behave so badly to that kind gentleman? You know Nurse does talk to you about the Lord Jesus, and why didn't you tell him so?"

Lottie turned round, and looked at her with a grave, indignant face.

"Do you think," she said, "that I was going to tell *him* what Nurse talks to me about?"

But though Lottie thought the matter too sacred to be spoken of to a stranger, she showed her feelings in other ways, for this is what Nurse wrote about her: "She had many a battle with herself and her temper; her love to our Lord was very real, and for His sake she would often force herself and conquer herself."

And so you see she, though only six years old, had learned the lesson which many of us take a long life to learn. The lesson learnt, it seemed as though there were no need for the life here to linger on for Lottie. The angel who was to open for her the door of a new, joyful, beautiful life, came down and touched her, and though we never see that angel, we know what his touch means. Nurse knew it well, and that the time was at hand when the child, who had grown paler and more fragile and wistful and still, would need her care no longer.

The angel was very gentle with Lottie. She was only worse for three days. Nurse says—

"She was very dear and sweet all those three days. The first night I was preparing to sit up with her in the ward, when she said, 'I can't lie still in

this bed; please take me into yours, and then I can get close up to you.' The night was a very restless one. She would say, 'Please turn me over; I think I shall sleep then;' or, 'I think another pillow would be better;' or again, 'Take me into your arms; I am sure I shall go to sleep then,' but never a murmur. And so the night passed, and the child grew weaker, in spite of nourishment constantly."

After that night the little girl slept better, because the doctor gave her medicine to ease the pain and make her sleepy. Once she said—

"Nurse, do you t'ink Jesus has got the ward ready for me up there?"

You see, Lottie thought heaven would be a beautiful ward, for she had never lived anywhere else, and she pictured herself still as little Lottie lying in a crib. The last day she seemed so much better that Nurse thought that perhaps Lottie would not leave her so soon as she had expected, and in the afternoon she was even carried out into the sunny garden. She enjoyed it very much, and had a word for every one.

But about eleven o'clock that night the wonderful angel came nearer still, and the little life passed away so quietly that Nurse could not tell at what moment it was that Lottie left the earthly and went up to the heavenly ward.

Next day she lay as if asleep on her crib, decked with flowers, and the other children came to see. Baby Ronald tried to get at her, and chirped kisses to her with his face thrust through the bars, and then looked at Nurse to know why she did not speak to him. But Lottie was gone. From the dreary workhouse to Nurse's care had been a happy change for the little maiden. We can picture that. But now there had come a happier change to the home for little children above the bright blue sky. We cannot picture that. We can go with Lottie only as far as the door.

E. E. BEIGHTON.

GOING TO REST.

IN solemn silence down the West,
The glorious sun hath sunk once more,
And to the honest toiling poor
Come with the gloaming peace and rest.

The butterfly hath ceased to roam,
The busy bee hath left the flower,
And high above the old church tower
The sable rooks go cawing home.

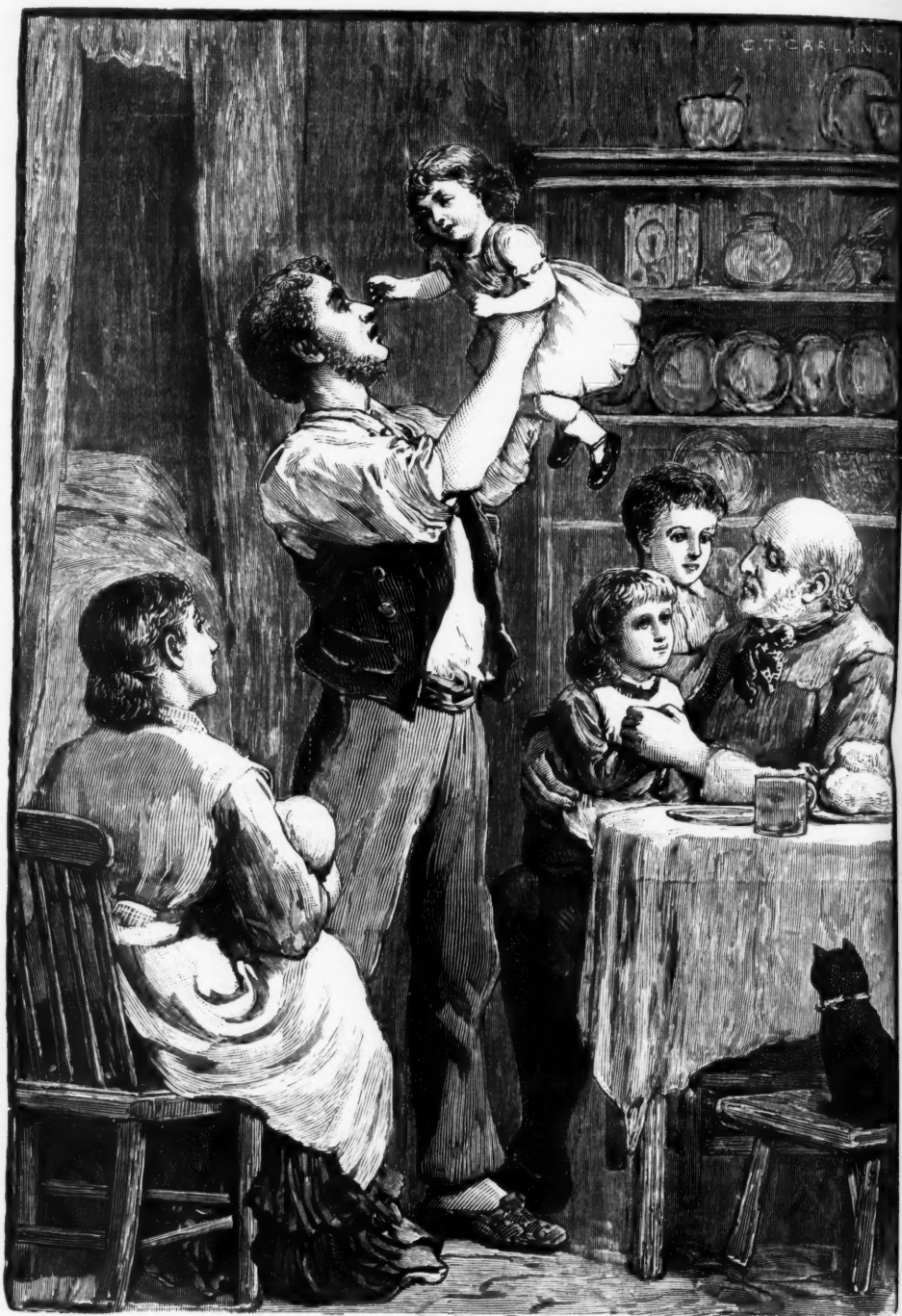
And age so grave, and youth so spry,
Turn from the task which brings the bread,
To where the evening meal is spread,
And all their household treasures lie.

The young wife greets her constant swain,
Fresh from the field, with gleeful eyes,
The lonesome widow softly sighs,
And calls to mind her youth again—

That time when one as fair and hale,
For love of her, with ready hand
Scattered the seed-corn o'er the land
Or swung the scythe or plied the flail.

To where he dwells, supremely blest,
The gentle breezes waft a prayer
That soon her hour of toil and care
May yield to an eternal rest.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.



"To the honest toiling poor
Come with the gloaming peace and rest."

"GOING TO REST."—A 738

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

LESSONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

NO. 5. DAILY BREAD.

To read—various.

HAVE had four lessons on the Lord's Prayer. What have we prayed for so far? That God's name may be hallowed—His Kingdom extended—His will be done—*i.e.*, prayers for God's glory. Now taught to pray for our own wants. What are they? Food, forgiveness, safety, deliverance.

I. DAILY BREAD FOR THE BODY.

Children to repeat "Give us . . . bread." (a) *Daily bread.* Why must we ask for food? Because are dependent on God. Remind of His making the world—the corn, herbs, fruit, etc., on the third day (Gen. i. 11, 12), of His promise to Noah after the flood that seed-time and harvest should not fail. (Gen. viii. 22.) What is required to make the corn grow? Sunshine, rain, air—all maintained by almighty power of God. Sometimes famine sent as punishment. Thus in reign of wicked Ahab no rain for three years. (1 Kings xvii. 1.) Sometimes now scarcity—not a plentiful harvest—to make us feel our dependence on God. (b) *Special bread.* Remind of Israelites in wilderness—mostly desert waste—no corn growing—so special food sent daily, viz., quails and manna. (Ps. cv. 40.) Elijah the prophet fed by ravens at brook Cherith (1 Kings xvii. 4), and by angels in the wilderness (1 Kings xix. 5). Moses kept alive on Mount Sinai without food for forty days. (c) *Daily.* Are to say this prayer day by day—that is, to leave the future in God's hands—not to be anxious about the morrow (Matt. vi. 25, 26); are to treat God as children do parents—trust in Him to supply wants. He has promised, and He will not fail. (d) *Bread.* Taught to pray for bread, not luxuries. Bread is necessary for life, therefore taught to ask for it. Includes all things needful for our bodies, such as clothes, protection, etc. God knows we have need—is willing to give—but wishes us to ask. Does He only give bread? Remind of flowers, fruits, music—all comforts and luxuries given so freely to increase our pleasure.

II. DAILY BREAD FOR THE SOUL. Our bodies live for few years—souls live for ever. Christ told the people to labour not for the meat that perishes, but for that which endures to everlasting life, which He would give (John vi. 27). He gave Himself on the Cross—still lives to give Himself—His strength—His Spirit—His grace to support our souls. Cannot live without Him. Are we as eager for this bread as for the other? What does bread do for us? Feeds, nourishes, satisfies; so does the Bread of Life; also suits all tastes, all ages; so does Christ satisfy all wants. Only we must go to Him, partake of Him, feed on Him, if would have life.

TEXT. *Lord, evermore give us this bread.*

1019

NO. 6. FORGIVENESS.

To read—St. Matt. xviii. 23—35.

I. GOD'S FORGIVENESS. Children to repeat the sentence, "Forgive us our trespasses." (In Matt. vi. 12 the word is "debts," and Luke xi. 4 "sins.") Take these three words. (a) *Trespasses.* What does this mean? Going out of the right way. In Sermon on Mount Christ speaks of two roads (Matt. vii. 13, 14), one narrow, leading to heaven; the other broad and easy, leading to hell. What is the narrow road? The path of God's commandments. Walk this road when do right—leave it when do wrong. David asks God to make him go in this path. (Ps. cxix. 35.) Have a perfect Guide Who never strayed from this path—who was He? Have the light of God's Word. (Ps. cxix. 105.) Have companions in all those who fear God. But, alas! sometimes stray—prefer path of evil. Such as David when slew Uriah and took his wife—St. Peter when, from fear, he denied Christ—children when do wrong in any way. What must we pray for? Forgiveness. But *can* God forgive? Yes, for Christ gave Himself for our sins—bore the punishment. (1 Peter ii. 24.) We must confess our sins, and God has promised then to forgive. (1 John i. 9.) And *will* God forgive? We have sinned *often*—so did the dying thief—yet at his repentance he was forgiven. (St. Luke xxiii. 43.) We have sinned, *though knowing better.* So did David, the "man after God's own heart"—yet he obtained mercy. Therefore all may go daily with boldness to ask forgiveness through Jesus Christ. (b) *Debts.* What are they? Something we owe—something we have not paid. What do we owe God? *Worship*—because He is our God—our Creator. (Ps. c. 3.) *Obedience* as to a king—*Love* as to a father. Have we always given Him these? What have we often cared for more than God? Pleasure, self-indulgence, idle books. Have *not* kept His laws—*not* given Him all the service we might. What can we pay back? Have nothing to atone for the past—can only ask for the debt to be forgiven. Remind of parable about forgiveness. (St. Matt. xviii. 23—27.) How much did the servant owe? Had nothing wherewith to pay—but cried for mercy, and was forgiven. So may we. (c) *Sins.* This may include all wrong of all kinds. Thoughts, words, deeds, things left undone, sins done in ignorance, as St. Paul's sin in persecuting the Christians. (1 Tim. i. 13.) For all there is mercy if asked for.

II. MAN'S FORGIVENESS. (Read St. Matt. xviii. 28—35.) Story seems almost incredible. The man has been forgiven an enormous sum, yet cannot forgive him who owes him a few pence. Is he very unlike us? How often hear some one say, "I will never forgive you," for some trifling wrong. St. Paul tells us never to let sun set on our wrath (Eph. iv. 26), *i.e.*, always forgive before going to rest. Our forgive-

ness must be like God's—*free*, without making a bargain; *full*, so as to treat the person just as before; *frequent*, even to seventy times seven, *i.e.*, always. Remind of Esau's forgiving Jacob, David sparing Saul, etc. For if we forgive not, cannot be ourselves forgiven. (St. Matt. vi. 14.)

TEXT. *Be ye kind, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*

NO. 7. SAFETY AND DELIVERANCE.

To read—various.

I. TEMPTATION. Let children repeat the words "Lead us not into temptation." What does temptation mean? (a) *Trial of faith*—to see what a person or thing is worth. Illustrate by trying or testing of a coin by ringing it, or describe gold tested by acids. So word "tempt," or "try," used of God's testing us to see whether we are true and faithful to Him.

Show children that obedience not tested is worth little. Illustrate by a slave under a taskmaster, compelled to obey, as compared with a servant like Joseph, doing duty well, whether master is present or not. (Gen. xxxix. 6.)

Give examples of obedience being tested, *e.g.*, Adam and Eve in Paradise forbidden to eat of one particular tree—failed in obedience. Abraham ordered to kill his only son. (Gen. xvii. 2.) Faith and obedience found firm.

God lets us be tried in this way constantly—daily *duties* often "trying" (as we call them) and difficult—daily *worries* often hard to bear—daily *difficulties*, hardly know what is best to do—all these are "temptations," or trials, or tests—object being to bring out all the best in us. Are to be glad when have these trials, because they teach patience (James i. 2, 3), and tend to make us more perfect. Thus God tempts to confirm faith and bless us.

(b) Another kind of temptation, *viz.*, to *sin*, sometimes comes *from without*. Attractions of world—offering honours, riches, etc., if will only do a little wrong. All know who is author of these temptations. Satan tempted Christ thus, to have all the world if only would worship him. Not likely, therefore, to spare us. Sometimes this kind of temptation comes *from within*—from evil heart of man. Christ says (Matt. xv. 19) that sins of all kinds come from man's heart.

II. THE PRAYER. "Lead us not . . . but deliver . . . evil." This means that we may be able to overcome all trials. May have strength to stand when tested; strength to overcome when tempted. God never tempts any one to sin (James i. 13), and never lets have any trial too great. (1 Cor. x. 13.) Temptation in itself not sin. Christ was as pure after being tempted as before. He overcame tempter. He gives grace in time of need. So ask Him to keep us from Satan, the evil one, and from all evil to soul and body. Must ask at moment of temptation—not forget to look for help, like St. Peter when he denied Christ. We can do much ourselves. (1) Never wil-

fully go into temptation. (2) Watch and pray against it. (3) Never put it in way of others.

TEXT. *The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.*

THE DOXOLOGY.

To read—St. Matt. vi. 9—13.

LET children read or repeat whole prayer once more. Explain that this last sentence combines *Prayer* that God will accomplish all we have prayed for; *Praise* for hearing us and helping us; and *Faith* to look forward to completion of God's Kingdom. This sentence called Doxology.

I. PRAYER. See how it is part of the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come . . . for Thine is Kingdom. Deliver from evil . . . for Thine is power." Seem to remind God that it is His honour we pray for, not ours only. He is concerned that man should triumph. This a great comfort to all when tempted, that God is interested in result of conflict. Illustrate by master interested in pupils—they reflect credit upon him. So whatever are doing—perhaps trying to stand up for the right when others are against, or to do some work for God, remember that God will help, because it is for His glory. Therefore work and pray boldly.

II. PRAISE. Could hardly conceive Lord's Prayer ending without this. Prayer and thanksgiving coupled in Phil. iv. 6. This Doxology reminds of David's words when blessing Solomon. (1 Chron. xxix. 11.) How is God's Kingdom and power shown? (a) *In creation*. See His works in the world. More know of God's works better shall be able to sing His praises. (b) *In redemption*—*i.e.*, saving man. Giving power to feeble men to be "strong in the Lord," giving grace which enables us to overcome lust—conquer self—give up ourselves to His service—to become new creatures. What power is greater than this? Surely will praise Him and bless His name.

III. FAITH. Find ourselves in this world surrounded by evil. Two kinds—(a) *material*, *i.e.*, evils in world around us. Let children name some, as fire, disease, earthquake, storms, etc.—seem always spoiling this world. Yet taught to believe not so for ever. Shall be new and beautiful earth, once more perfect, for God's is the Kingdom, and He will make all things new.

Another kind of evil is (b) *moral*, *i.e.*, sin spoiling the world. Sins of all kind abound—drunkenness, lying, theft, tricks, etc. Sometimes fancy world must belong to devil, not God. Yet taught to say "Thine is Kingdom." Therefore believe that good will prevail—Satan shall be cast down—final reign of holiness and peace.

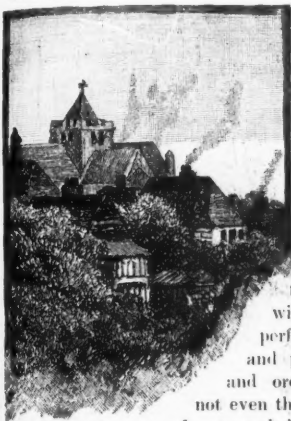
Meanwhile all must *wait* patiently, and *work*. Do all possibly can to help on coming of Christ's Kingdom. Serve Him with all heart ourselves, and do what can to set others also. Then shall sing for ever, "Thine is Kingdom, and power, and glory."

TEXT. *All hail! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*

THE FORTUNES OF DUNCUFT.

A FAMILY STORY. BY L. T. MEADE, AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER XXX.—MISS STANHOPE TO THE RESCUE!



MISS STANHOPE went back again to her quiet house at Plymouth. Once more she was surrounded by her cats, her dog, and her parrot. Her trim-maid Prudence attended to all her wishes, her cook was perfection, her house and parlour-maid neat and orderly. There was not even the ruffling presence of a crumpled rose-leaf in Miss Judith Stanhope's comfortable home; but, alas! Miss Judith Stanhope found herself strangely and most incomprehensibly dull. The cats were monotonous, the greyhound Tiny not quite sufficiently companionable, the parrot had become wearisome in his few and oft-reiterated remarks, and even those four or five old maids who came once a week to partake of Miss Stanhope's strong tea and pound-cake, had become in her eyes quite uninteresting people.

The fact was, that hurried visit to London had quite demoralised this very proper and grave old lady.

The excitement of it, the flavour of romance about it, remained with her long after the visit itself had become a thing of the past. She liked nothing better than to go up-stairs and talk the whole thing over again with Prudence Price.

The hurried journey, the night travelling, the mysterious finding of Agatha in that dreadful attic, and finally Agatha's happy engagement to Hugh, were gone over and over in all their minutest details by this mistress and maid.

And then Aunt Judith would go away with a slight sigh and a backward glance to the possibilities of her own vanished youth. Yes, there was no doubt that Agatha and Hugh would be happy. How well they loved each other, how earnest he was about her, how chivalrous, how tender! And Agatha—naughty, head-strong girl!—was having her own way about everything, and even her old aunt had been forced to forgive her, and to own that she was not so very wrong after all. Whether it was owing to Lady Ella's conversation at the time, or to the effect of certain letters which she wrote to Miss Stanhope occasionally, it is certain that the old lady began to take a great pride in her niece again.

"It is perfectly wonderful how the girl manages to hold her own in that grand rich house," she would exclaim. "Well, although her mother's family was very inferior to my dear brother's, that little woman must have something in her, after all. Agatha has been well trained from her very birth—not a doubt of that. She is a lady, every inch of her, and I really come to believe that no circumstances can change or alter a real lady."

Just about this time, just when Miss Stanhope was beginning to find her Plymouth house very dull, and to push away the cats in a manner which astonished those pampered animals, when they encroached on more than their proper share of the hearthrug, she became much disturbed and distressed by certain letters which she received.

These letters were from Agatha, and related in most pathetic language the troubles to which her dear Hugh was exposed.

Miss Stanhope was deeply distressed at the sorrows which seemed to accumulate at Duncuft. Bridget was at first supposed to be drowned or lost; then Bridget was found, and yet not found—that is, she was alive, but no good to anybody; and poor Hugh was in such a peck of troubles—the estate thrown on his hands, when he knew nothing about its management.

"But he is such a dear boy!" wrote Agatha; "and he is working just like a horse, and he writes to me so beautifully and so penitently about the way he has wasted his life hitherto. I assure you, auntie, that he gets up at six every morning of his life, and he won't even read the newspaper, and he never goes near the *Firefly*, which sits, he says, like a forsaken bird on the bosom of the water. He never reads anything from morning till night but the driest books on agriculture and farming, and he is getting, he says, quite a grasp of the subject, and it is wonderfully interesting after all. No; Hugh is all right as far as the place is concerned, but it is the management of the house which is beyond him. Poor Lady Florence is dreadfully hard to please; the servants are always squabbling; and, in short, dear old Duncuft is going to ruin, and my darling brave boy is at his wits' end."

"Now if there is a thing I can manage, it is a house," said Miss Stanhope, when she had read Agatha's letter about the tenth time. She let it lie in her lap, and remained for a long time in a deep fit of musing.

"I'll do it," she said in a sharp, short voice, which caused the greyhound to quiver unpleasantly. "It's my manifest duty, and, disagreeable as it will be, Judith Stanhope is the last person to shrink from that. Lady Florence and Hugh have often invited me to Duncuft. I shall accept their invitation now,

and I rather fancy things will soon be on a different footing."

Having made up her mind, Miss Stanhope was prompt in carrying her plan into execution. She

me : no parcels—just our two trunks and the dog's things packed into his bath. The rugs and umbrellas will go in my straps."

"Yes, mem," said Prudence; "and might I venture



"I always knew you had the kindest heart in the world!"—p. 742.

rang the bell, and Prudence Price was summoned to her side.

"Prudence, I contemplate taking a long journey immediately."

"Indeed, mem!"

"You will pack my large horsehair trunk, Prudence, and that basket trunk of your own, and the necessary comforts for the dog. And listen to

to inquire, mem, if our journeyings will take us further off than the metropolis?"

"Yes, Prudence; it is but right and fair that you should know; you are a good servant, and have a discreet way, which I trust I may never see altered. A painful duty compels me, Prudence, to leave my comfortable home—but not this time to visit the great centre of civilisation. On this occasion I

purpose making the South of Ireland the termination of our journey."

"Ireland! Oh! sakes alive, ma'am, we'll be shot!"

Prudence, who in private gloated over the police details of the newspapers, and had lately stored her mind with every Irish horror on record, was now genuinely alarmed. Miss Stanhope, however, who was certainly not lacking in courage, soon glared her handmaiden into submission.

"When you give vent to such vulgar expressions, I regret having confided in you, Prudence. Pray recollect yourself in future; and now have the goodness to go instantly to pack the trunks."

CHAPTER XXXI.—LADY FLORENCE QUOTES

DR. WATTS.

ON a day towards the latter end of September—a soft, mild, delicious day—Hugh came in very hungry and vigorous to his lunch, to find Lady Florence in a considerable state of excitement.

"Oh, Hugh! what hours and hours you have left me alone; this is the kind of thing I cannot stand for long! As your poor dear father used to say, 'Your nerves, Florence, are too highly strung for solitude'—and now, in addition to this, I have been in what I call a bottled-up state all the morning. You cannot conceive, Hugh, how bad it is for me not to be able to give vent to my feelings. a doctor once told me— But no matter. What are you frowning about, Hugh? How undutiful you are growing!"

"Oh, nothing! mother *mia*; only you see, if I must farm, I must, and I cannot sit in this drawing-room with you and attend to the estate. Then, too, of course I thought you had Dawson; and women can always find employment in dress."

"In dress! What do you take me for? Do you suppose I am one of those empty-headed people who live simply for what they wear? No; I do trust I have a soul above that. Whenever I'm even tempted to think too much of the adornments of my poor person, that sweet little pathetic verse of Dr. Watts' comes before me—

"Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and bats exceed me still."

I am not quite sure what the things *are* that exceed me, but I think they are flies, worms, and bats. However, Hugh, to business."

"Oh! yes, mother, to business by all means!"

"I don't know why you should take up that impatient manner. I am sure you have not given me an instant to drag it in; however, read that letter. Who do you think is coming here to-day?"

"How can I guess? Oh, I say! dear old Miss Stanhope; that is jolly!"

"Well, Hugh, I must make the remark that I don't consider you have one scrap or ounce of feeling. Dawson has gone away for a whole holiday, and will not be back before night, and I have not a single dress fit to be seen in at dinner-time."

"But you know you don't care about dress, mother."

"Don't snap me up in that way, sir! I hope I know what's due to propriety and to your dear father's widow, to say nothing of the fact that I am the dowager Lady of Duncuft—in fact, the mistress of Duncuft, until you choose to bring a wife home to supplant me. Not that there is much likelihood of that."

"Well, well, we must prepare for Miss Stanhope," interrupted Hugh. "I see by her letter that she may be here within an hour's time. Dear old lady! how glad I shall be to see her. Only I do wish things could have been more comfortable for her reception."

Here Hugh rang the bell sharply, and no longer paid any attention to Lady Florence's meanderings of discontent.

"Simon," he said to the old butler when he made his appearance, "Lady Florence has just received a letter announcing the arrival of a very great friend of mine. She is an old lady, and she will bring her maid, and probably a small dog. I wish her to have the very best the house contains. See that the green room is put into order immediately—set a couple of housemaids to work upon it, and get it done; and, Simon, take care that the dinner is good and plain."

Simon received all his directions respectfully, and then withdrew, determined to make the best of things, but inwardly wondering how any comforts could be produced out of this most disorderly household.

"If only Miss Bride was at home!" he muttered to himself. "I don't say as the mather hasn't taken very kindly to the farm work lately; and they do tell me that things is looking-up a bit outside—but, oh dear! a more racketing, miserable house—between the missus' lady's-maid and Mrs. Mahoney—I never did see; and now to think as there's another of them furriners coming over! Oh! preserve us! Why, then, now I'm thinking that old Simon will have to be asking for his character soon, and making off with himself, if this sort of confusion goes on much longer."

Miss Stanhope certainly did not find Duncuft a very comfortable home. She had made up her mind to expect a great deal of misery, but the disorder which awaited her—the helpless hurry-scurry of the servants, the badly cooked meals, the only half-cleaned and dusted bedroom into which she was shown, all exceeded her worst fears.

"Prudence," she said, addressing her maid, "there is no help for it; we have come here through inclemencies of weather, and through dangers of land and sea."

"Don't mention the sea, if you please, ma'am," interrupted Prudence. "Never, never did I think to be subjected to such agonies. I was put in what they call the best position, on a bit of a shelf, which they called a bed, and one moment my heels were in the air, and the next my head; it was not likely

that a well-conducted body, that had never done no harm to nobody, could stand that, so I——"

"Refrain, Prudence!" said Miss Stanhope, raising her hand; "there's no time to lose at present in idle complainings. We both suffered—let it pass. What I wish to say to you, Prudence, now is, that having come here, we must both do our duty."

"I hope, ma'am, I shall never be backward in that," said Prudence, dropping a curtsy, and looking extremely proper.

"Your immediate duty, Prudence, is to clean this room."

"Mem!"

"To clean this room, Prudence Price! You have to wash the floor and polish the windows, and dust the furniture, and, in short, make the chamber fit for a lady to inhabit."

"Well, mem, I must say I don't know that I ever washed a room in my life!"

"I don't know that I ever ate a dinner such as I shall be expected to partake of to-night, Prudence. It is my duty to eat that dinner, whatever indigestion I may afterwards suffer from. It is equally your duty to clean this room, and, Prudence, before I go down-stairs."

"Yes, mem; and I was going to inquire, mem, what about the dog?"

"Bath the dog, wrap his rug about him, and lay him in his basket—I will bring him up some food presently. I wish further to say, Prudence, that beyond fetching the necessary implements for cleaning from the kitchen, you are to have no communications with the servants of this house. After you have made this room fit for me to sleep in, you are to unpack my clothes, and then you may rest yourself. I don't wish you to leave the room; your meals shall be sent to you."

"Oh, mem! must I unpack all your trunk? Are we likely to stay long in this outlandish spot?"

"I cannot answer that question; now set to work without delay."

"Very well, mem.—But if ever I set foot in this dreadful place again, I'll know the reason why," commented this trim English handmaiden.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A HOUSEKEEPER FOR DUNCUFT.

DOWN-STAIRS, the excitement incident on Miss Stanhope's arrival had by no means subsided. Even Lady Florence felt a certain amount of awe of the grave and stately old dame, who was extremely polite to her, and listened to every word of her rambling conversation.

Miss Stanhope was very fond of knitting, and when she had produced her knitting basket, and seated herself in as comfortable a corner as she could find, it mattered extremely little to her whether Lady Florence spoke or not. Poor Hugh was never tired of apologising for the state of affairs in his unruly household, and Lady Florence was always only too ready to take up the wail of discontent.

Miss Stanhope, however, had an invariable answer ready for both mother and son.

"I invited myself to Duncuft. I know you both did ask me to come some day; but some day and this day are two different matters; and I believe I shall be very comfortable by-and-by."

The next morning Miss Stanhope had a private interview with Hugh in his study.

"Now, my dear nephew—for you will soon stand to me in that capacity—I've come over here for the express purpose of helping you."

"Oh! my dearest Aunt Judith, I always knew you had the kindest heart in the world! I don't exactly see, however, what you can do. I am working really hard at my farming now, and things are looking up a trifle, I believe, at last."

"They may be doing so on the estate, Hugh—but the house! It is my duty to be perfectly frank with you with regard to the house: I never, in the whole course of my life, was in such an uncomfortable house."

Hugh got very red, and began to stammer out a lame apology.

Miss Stanhope waved his words aside with a graceful motion of her right hand.

"I invited myself—I have neither the right nor the wish to complain."

"But if we can alter anything, Aunt Judith—What do you find most fault with?"

"It is difficult to say what I find most fault with. The bed on which I lay last night was so damp that, had I not providentially brought with me an india-rubber sheet, I should be now suffering the incipient pains of rheumatic fever. The food gives me severe indigestion, and the general confusion which reigns everywhere much disturbs my mind."

"Then of course you won't stay long," said Hugh.

"On the contrary, I wish to pay you a visit of some length. I have no doubt, Hugh," proceeded Miss Stanhope, "that, notwithstanding the uncomfortable state of this household, you are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, yes, oceans; our butcher's bill is something frightful!"

"Agatha told me, in a letter which I received not long ago, that you had some idea of getting a housekeeper."

"Well, yes, I did think of it, but not lately. I thought when I put the place straight a bit outside, I might turn my attention to the house."

"Indeed! do you understand housekeeping?"

"No more than Adam; but I thought, you know, if I blew up Mrs. Mahoney pretty stiffly—had her up to my study twice a week, and that sort of thing, that she'd improve in her cooking, and I fancied I might set Simon on to the maids—have him always trotting round, you know, after their heels, and keeping them up to their dusting, and so on. I didn't know that I could have done much, for women are enough, sometimes, to drive a fellow crazy, but I meant to try."

"And you would have made a poor business of the whole affair, Hugh Duncuft. Now listen to me—I am going to be your housekeeper."

"You, Aunt Judith? Oh! I say."

"You may say exactly what you please, but my mind is made up. Do you suppose I crossed that awful ocean for nothing? No, I mean to spend the winter at Duncuft, to make the acquaintance of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Stanhope, and her two other girls, who, as they are half as nice as Agatha, must be worth knowing. In the meantime, I shall set your house in order—so that when Agatha does come here next summer she may find a place fit for her to live in."

"But, Aunt Judith—I—I—I really *don't* know how to thank you."

"Don't try, my dear boy. Just give me all the keys you can find, and all the housekeeping books you can lay hold of, and when you have done that, introduce me first in my new capacity to your mother, and then take me down to the kitchen, and present me as mistress for the time being to the august Mrs. Mahoney. Having done this, you need trouble your own head no further about the matter."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHAT A YEAR BROUGHT FORTH.

DEAREST MOTHER [wrote Agatha to Mrs. Stanhope].—I feel so happy this morning that I can scarcely hold this pen, and can scarcely put on paper the words which are rushing through my heart. You know how kind Lady Ella has been to me. I have had the happiest year any girl could possibly have, who was obliged to earn her own living. Indeed, mother, I've not earned my own living at all, because I've been just petted and carried about and made much of; and if I had not just developed a tiny genius for arranging the flowers in Lady Ella's boudoir, and always seeing that they were fresh, and no withered blossoms among them, and if I had not managed to cheer up poor Gerty, who is apt to be discontented about nothing at all, I believe I should have been worse than useless in the family. I'm ashamed to say that the mode which I employed with Gerty was one which I should not think of using in the case of either Kitty or Hester. They would scorn to be bribed; nevertheless, I had to bribe poor little Gerty. I told her if she ceased to frown and look cross, and if she wore a happy face, and put on her dress nicely, and did what her mother, Lady Ella, said, that one day a true knight, something like my darling beloved Hugh, would come and carry her away, and make her happy ever after. Gerty quite believes in the coming of this knight, and she is taking great pains to improve herself, and to get ready for him. Now, mother, will you believe it, that for doing these little tiny, tiny things, which any girl in all the world could do, I have been given by that darling Lady Ella a cheque for a hundred guineas; and as if that was not enough, mother, she has done more—she has gone to see an oculist on your account, and he wants you to see Dr. Staples at Castletown once again, and then if Dr. Staples reports to Mr. Cousins that your eyes are fit to be operated on, which he expects they will be, then you are to come straight over here to Lady Ella's house, and the operation can be performed here, and I can nurse you. Now, mother darling, you will go directly to see Dr. Staples; and is not this a happy letter? But I cannot add another word now, for I must catch this post to write to Hugh. Oh! what happy news I shall have to tell him! Your loving daughter,

AGATHA.

It was summer time again at Duncuft, and though, perhaps, the place looked scarcely yet as trim and orderly as in Bride's days, yet there was a general air of comfort and prosperity brooding over the peaceful summer scene.

The *Firefly* lay at rest on the blue waters of the little bay, the cows grazed sleepily in the meadows, the young lambs frisked merrily here and there, the birds sang, and the flowers blossomed. No one, to look at Duncuft, could see that there was anything seriously wrong with it. Inside the house order was perfectly restored. Miss Stanhope's reign had proved a success; she seemed now indefinitely established at Duncuft, and Lady Florence, who found that her comforts were attended to, and her little whims respected, had not yet volunteered to return to Plymouth.

"We will go together, when we do go," remarked Miss Judith; "for by-and-by, in the course of this present summer, we must make way for Hugh's wife."

Mrs. Mahoney was now a really excellent and methodical cook. Old Simon was not required to run after the maids, for they did their own work, and Lady Florence's English waiting-maid, Dawson, and Miss Judith Stanhope's prim handmaiden, Prudence Price, had made such common cause against the enemy, and had found such mutual satisfaction and consolation in each other's society, that, in talking at and about the Irish servants to each other, they really forgot to quarrel with them when they were face to face.

Even Tiny, the dog, took quite good-naturedly to Irish ways.

Thus chaos was reduced to order.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"WHAT SHALL I NOW DO WITH MY LIFE?"

"AND is it true, Mary?"

"What, my dear?"

"All that you have told me about Duncuft. Hugh has really learned to farm, and the old house is in order, and everything is going on prosperously. In short, the work which I thought no one could do but myself has been successfully accomplished by another."

"It has been successfully accomplished by two others, Bride. When I acceded to your wish, and went last week to spend a few days at Ballycrana, I found out how much had been done, and I bring you—I think I bring you back joyful tidings."

Bride sat down at Mary Robertson's feet.

"Mrs. Stanhope is in London. Agatha has obtained her wish, and her mother's eyesight will probably be restored, and then—then there will be a wedding!"

"Then there will be a wedding," repeated Mary. "Your brother has won his spurs right nobly, Bridget—he has conquered himself, and he is worthy to reap his reward."

"Only," said Bridget, her lips trembling and her face growing pale, "only—I had hoped— How—ever, no matter."

"What is it, my dear? what is troubling your heart?"

"There were two thousand pounds still to be saved to free the place from debt. When they are married this can never be accomplished."

"I am not so sure of that; I heard a certain rumour; but as it is only a rumour, I must not disclose it to you. No, Bridget, no amount of persuasion shall draw it out of me."

"I am too well acquainted with your character, Mary, to attempt to force from you what you wish to conceal," replied Bridget. "No; as I said before, the work has been altogether taken out of my hands. So be it; I know I was not worthy."

"You were worthy of a great deal, dear Bridget, when you gave it up."

"You have made me a little more humble—I trust you have shown me some lessons which I can never forget. Well, Mary, the year of our compact is up. Hugh will soon be married, and what is to become of me?"

"I think you should disclose yourself to your friends, my darling."

"Yes—I shall go back on the day of Hugh's wedding; I've made up my mind about that."

"And afterwards, Bride?"

"Afterwards, Mary—I want you to answer that question for me."

"Does not your mother need you?"

"She never has needed me yet. If she does now, she shall have me."

"This little home is always open to you, Bride, but you must not waste your energies on me. You are in the fulness of your youth and vigour—your mind and body are alike healed and well. Child, you are the kind of creature to do a grand work."

"What shall it be, dear Mary?"

"Ah, you must find that out for yourself."

Bride's bright blue eyes grew soft and misty. Soon afterwards she got up and left the room—she tied on her hat and went out.

"She made a mistake, but she is a grand creature, for all that," commented the white-haired old lady, who had rescued a year ago a sorrow-stricken girl. "I don't think she will ever go very wrong again, and what a splendid wife she'll make when she finds her rightful mate!"

CHAPTER XXXV.—A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"I HAVE considered the question," said Lady Florence. "I have considered it *and* considered it; no one can accuse me of not giving my undivided attention to any event of importance, and I have decided that the most suitable dress for me to appear in at my son's approaching wedding is apple-green satin: it is soft, the colour will suit my complexion to a

nicety, and I have been told, on excellent authority, that it is a most becoming tint for a lady who, though strictly speaking, still quite young, has lost, perhaps, her first very early bloom. Do you hear me, Dawson? I shall send to London by this very afternoon's post for patterns of apple-green satins."

"Yes, my lady, the tone of colour you mention sounds stylish, and you have never had a costume made up of that very delicate shade of green before."

"I am glad you approve of my choice, Dawson; I believe it will be extremely effective. I have just a slight difficulty as to the right bonnet to wear with it."

"If I might venture to suggest, your ladyship, the bonnet should be white, with one or two marabout tips of apple-green."

Lady Florence clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Delicious," she exclaimed; "*what* a mind you have, Dawson. I quite envy you with your powers of imagination. I picture the whole effect—apple-green dress, white bonnet, apple-green feathers, gloves to match, fan ditto; the whole get-up will be exquisite—and so unique. You never saw my dear lamented husband, Dawson. He always said to me, 'You want airy and fairy-like colours to set off the very fragile tints of your skin, Florence.' Ah! if he could only see me on the day of Hugh's wedding! Well—well, Dawson, have the goodness to write to London directly."

Lady Florence waddled as gracefully as her rather stout figure would permit out of the room, and sailed down-stairs. She wanted to find Miss Stanhope, and impart to her the new and delightful idea which an apple-green costume afforded to her rather weary brain. Now Miss Stanhope had certainly effected a great work—she had restored order to Duncuft, and secured its master against ruin; but it is not to be supposed because she did all this that she had suddenly herself become perfect. She was still a rather fussy and fidgety old maid. She was still extremely particular as to her comforts, and though the servants at Duncuft obeyed her, they did so from a sense of fear as much as love.

Miss Stanhope's temper was apt to be a little irritable at times, and on these occasions, those who knew her well thought it wisest to leave her alone. If there *was* a person who could rile Miss Stanhope, it was Lady Florence; but however ruffled Miss Stanhope's temper might be, this worthy woman had never the perception to leave her to herself.

On this particular morning Miss Judith had been suffering from more than one cause of disturbance; some letters had come with regard to her house at Plymouth, which had given her annoyance: there was going to be a wedding at Duncuft, and a most important servant was obliged to hurry away owing to the illness of a relative; in short, the good lady was not in the sweetest humour, and was little disposed to welcome Lady Florence when she bustled into the room.

Miss Stanhope had long ago discovered that what

soothed her most when she felt irritable was knitting; she always knitted furiously in Lady Florence's presence.

"Have the goodness to hand me my knitting bag,

apple-green satin, white bonnet, apple-green tips, gloves and fan to match? Picture me if you can; the idea is partly mine and partly Dawson's; is not it simply perfect—perfect?"



"It was your mother who completely and finally opened my eyes."—p. 748.

as you pass," she called out in a cold, rasping voice to the self-absorbed widow.

Lady Florence caught up the bag by the string, then dropped it to the floor, and, clasping her hands with the gesture of a girl of seventeen, began excitedly—

"Something absolutely unique has occurred to me, and Dawson has finished the idea—crowned it, in short. Miss Stanhope, what do you think of me in

"Good gracious! you have got my ball of wool round your feet; pardon me," said Miss Stanhope; "there, pray don't stir for a moment—yes—I can turn this heel nicely now—divide thirty in half—half of thirty, fifteen. Forgive me; did you speak, Lady Florence?"

"I mentioned the costume I intend to wear at Hugh's wedding."

"Oh, yes! I was looking at my ball of wool—pray, what is it?"

"Oh, now, what fun this is! Now you shall guess. What do you think most suitable? Look at me, Miss Stanhope. My dear lamented husband, poor dear Hugh's father, used always to say—'You require a great deal of studying, Florence: the style of your beauty is a little peculiar, and your colouring a little difficult to suit.' Pray look at me, Miss Stanhope, and say what costume will be most likely to make a sensation at Hugh's wedding!"

"It will be perfectly easy to make a sensation," said Miss Stanhope, in her most acid tones. "If you ask me what would be most suitable, that is another matter."

"Oh! come now, you must say, you dear, delightful creature. I have not the slightest doubt that you will propose something very original, and I have always rather admired your taste. No aping youth about you; I hate people to ape youth—it is so affected. Now do tell me what you really think. I am not obstinate about the apple-green. I have certainly set my heart on it, but I shall not be obstinate. There is a new and very delicate salmony pink, which takes a wonderful sheen. Should you suggest salmony pink, Miss Stanhope?"

At this moment, Miss Stanhope dropped a stitch in turning her heel; that dropped stitch was as the last straw. She sprang to her feet.

"Now grant me patience!" she exclaimed. "Lady Florence, may I ask how old you are?"

Lady Florence started, a faint additional colour came into her cheeks, and she stepped back a pace or two.

"Well, really," she began, "I was always taught to consider that was the rudest question; and you asked me so abruptly, and I cannot make out what that has to say to my dress, but I don't mind telling you. I never was one to shirk a subject. I will tell you with pleasure, *if—I-can*. Let me see; first of all, how old is Hugh? He must be past twenty, I suppose, or he would not be thinking of getting married. Now I, when I became his dear father's bride, I was a child, literally a child. Now the question is, how old is a girl when she is married as a child? Well, say fourteen, or say fifteen. Yes, let us say fifteen, or perhaps fourteen and a half. Now add twenty to fourteen and a half. I have not done a sum in addition for such an age, how shall I manage it? Oh! that little plan on the fingers is so delightfully simple. Five fingers on each hand—twice five, ten; twice ten, twenty. Twenty, I declare. Now, Miss Stanhope, I shall soon have my little sum complete."

"Lady Florence," said Miss Stanhope, "ever since I came into this house to endeavour to rescue your son from the ruin which must have occurred, owing to his having no woman with a head on her shoulders in the establishment, I prayed for patience with regard to you. You stand in the light of my hostess, and on that account I have endeavoured to be civil

to you; but I tell you plainly that my patience is exhausted at last. I don't care what you call yourself; you look fifty if you look a day; and as to the dress you choose to appear in at dear Hugh's and Agatha's wedding, good gracious, madam! are you a lunatic to suppose that you will look anything but a merry Andrew in apple-green and salmon-pink? No, no; if you ask my opinion, you will get for the occasion the darkest tone of iron-grey which is to be found—that, plentifully trimmed with black lace, will be more suitable to your years and position."

With that Miss Stanhope flounced quite noisily out of the room.

Lady Florence stood perfectly still for the space of a minute and a half, and then she sank down in a limp condition on the sofa, and applied her tiny scrap of cambric handkerchief once or twice to her faded blue eyes. Here, an hour or two later, Dawson found her.

"I have had an awful shock, Dawson," she said, addressing her faithful maid.

"Oh! dear me, melody, and I am sure you do look bad."

"It is poor Miss Stanhope, Dawson; do you know she absolutely went out of her mind two hours ago in my presence?"

"Out of her mind, melody? you do astonish me! and there never was a more sensible or matter-of-fact body. We never, none of us, observed no premonitory symptoms."

"I told you, Dawson, that it came on suddenly, and most likely it has now passed away; but you will no longer doubt the statement when I tell you that she proposed that I—I—should wear iron-grey silk and black lace at my son's wedding!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

IF there was a happy young man, it was Hugh Duncuft, on a certain evening in the middle of August, 18—.

His face, still handsome and frank, had lost a good deal of its boyish air—his merry and kind blue eyes could express thought now; the lines about his mouth had grown firmer; in every way, the year in which he had worked, and struggled, and conquered himself, had improved him.

"I am a most wonderfully lucky fellow, Aunt Judith," he said to the old lady, as they stood side by side on the terrace at Duncuft, and watched the *Firefly* lying at anchor in the little bay. There was considerable commotion on board the *Firefly*—sailors rushing here and there, and putting the whole dainty little yacht into apple-pie order. "She is complete at last," continued Hugh, apostrophising his boat with a gesture of one hand. "Everything seems to come round just as one wishes it. It is almost too wonderful to believe, and I am more than thankful to God," added the young fellow reverently. "Fancy, Aunt Judith, Agatha and me sailing away in that dear little *Firefly* to-morrow; and I shall not be a bit

afraid to manage the house and place now, with Agatha's help. This year has taught me a few things, and I cannot bear even to look back upon the idle, good-for-nothing fellow I was a year back. Now, only for the one little cloud, I should be perfectly happy."

"You are thinking of Bridget," said Miss Stanhope.

"Yes—my poor, brave, bonnie Bride! I know better now how hard she worked for me. I would give a good deal to kiss her, and make up all our little tiffs, before our wedding. I really think she might declare herself, and put in an appearance again."

Miss Stanhope made no reply. After a pause she said—

"At what hour do Kitty and Hester expect Agatha and my sister-in-law to arrive at the Cottage?"

Hugh pulled out his watch. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed; "why, they may arrive at any moment now. I had not an idea it was so late; forgive me, Aunt Judith—I must hurry off directly. Fancy me never there to welcome my darling, precious girl on her arrival!" Hugh dashed down several short cuts, and in a few moments found himself entering the cottage by the wood.

Kitty was putting the finishing touches to the tea-table, and greeted her future brother-in-law with words of rapture.

"Oh! Hugh, you don't know what delightful letters we have had! And mother can see with both her eyes. Yes, fancy! with both. Oh, Hettie, do stand by the gate, and listen for the sound of wheels."

"Hugh, don't you like my tea-table? I made those little cakes and frosted them myself, and the water-cresses are fresh from the brook. Oh, Hugh, I forgot to thank you for those raspberries, and that great jug of cream; but, can you guess—my bridesmaid's dress has just come back—mine and Hettie's too. Hester used to say she never would be bridesmaid, but all that teaching, and the walk into Ballycrana and back again, have made her quite strong, and altogether a different girl. Oh! I say, I hear the sound of carriage wheels. They are coming—they are coming! Come, Hugh!—fly, Hugh! Hester, open the gate!"

Of the raptures of the girls and their mother, and of the joy of Hugh, as he folded Agatha to his heart, and whispered to her of what to-morrow would bring forth, it is unnecessary to speak.

An hour or two after, young Duncuft was on his way home. He walked rapidly up the avenue, and entered the house. Here he was met by Miss Judith, who showed considerable excitement, and he saw his mother's form hovering about in the distance.

"Hugh," said Miss Stanhope, "Bridget has returned. Go into the library—she is waiting for you there; and—and—my dear boy, when you have time and opportunity, give her this."

Miss Stanhope thrust a sealed envelope into the young man's hand, and then flew along the passage to confront Lady Florence, muttering to herself—

"I must try and keep that senseless woman away from the young pair for a few moments."

Hugh, his heart beating fast, had quickly sought his sister.

"Oh! Bridget, my darling!" he exclaimed—"I was unkind to you when last I saw you! can you forgive me?"

"I had been false to you, brother. Let us both forgive and forget the past. Hugh, I am proud of you to-day."

"Yes," said Hugh; "but to-morrow I'm to marry Agatha, and in the days of old you did not care for Agatha."

"I did not; but a different Bridget has come back to you, and this altered Bridget can love her."

"Then you are my darling, and next to Agatha in my heart."

A few moments later, Hugh put Aunt Judith's sealed envelope into Bridget's hand.

She opened it wonderingly. The sealed envelope contained another also fastened within. On the inner envelope a few words were written—

"May an old woman, who knows something of your life and story, take a small liberty with you, and out of her own abundance suggest that you make what this envelope contains a wedding present from yourself to Hugh and Agatha."

The envelope, when opened, revealed a cheque for two thousand pounds.

"Oh! this will clear the last debt on Duncuft!" exclaimed Bridget, happy tears rolling down her cheeks; "and what a load it takes from off my heart!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.—NOT A CASTLE IN THE AIR, AFTER ALL.

EARLY, very early, the next morning, Hester Stanhope awoke, and slipping softly from Kitty's side, dressed herself and went out. She took a little basket in her hand, and she soon found herself in some meadows that lay beyond the wood. An hour later she returned, with her basket filled with large ox-eyed daisies.

Each daisy was a perfect specimen of its race, for Hester had made a careful selection. She carried the flowers into Agatha's bedroom, and kneeling down by her sister's side, awoke her with a kiss.

"Agatha, do you see my flowers?"

"Yes, darling; what a splendid lot of marguerites!—and they are some of my favourite flowers."

"A year ago, Agatha—a little over a year ago, just before all our troubles began—Kitty and I made a little romance about you; we built a castle in the air, and you were the princess who inhabited it, and Hugh Duncuft was the prince. We loved our fairy castle, but we feared—we feared it might tumble to pieces. It has not done so, Agatha darling, and to-day you will be our darling, beautiful bride. Agatha, I have brought you the marguerites, with the dew still on them, and I want you to wear them to-day."

"To wear them to-day, my dear little Hettie? where and how?"

"Round your head, Agatha. In our castle in the air, we crowned you with marguerites, and Kitty and I have set our hearts on its all coming true."

"But I have a proper wreath of orange blossom and myrtle, packed away carefully with the rest of my bridal clothes. I am afraid I could scarcely appear in any other flowers."

"Oh! Agatha, don't, don't go in for those horrid artificial things; I will make you lovely in my flowers, for they are simple and stately, like yourself, darling. Do let me try, Agatha. And I've secured a real piece of orange blossom from the Duncufts conservatories, and we will smuggle it in somewhere for form's sake, for it is really not a very pretty flower."

Agatha sat up in bed and began to laugh.

"Really, Hettie, what a wonderfully earnest and excitable creature you are! I don't like to disappoint you, and I love marguerites; but what flowers am I to hold in my hand?"

"You shall have marguerites in your hand, too, Agatha. Ah! don't refuse me. You shall look beautiful—you shall look natural, and the dream we dreamt, and the castle we built, shall all come true."

Hester's grey eyes still possessed their old persuasive power. Agatha said—

"Make the wreath, and we will try the result."

Her son's bride in natural flowers, and those flowers so very common as ox-eyed daisies, gave Lady Florence a shock; but as every one else admired the beautiful and dignified looking girl, she was obliged to vent her outraged feelings on her long-suffering maid, Dawson.

"I must make one request of you, Dawson, if you care still to retain your situation."

"What is that, melody?"

"That you never, on any account, even whisper to the servants you may happen to meet on our return to Plymouth, the fact that this day I, your esteemed master's widow (though, I forgot—of course, you never saw him, so he could scarcely have been your master; but I am not sure, seeing that I am your mistress. I wonder how the case really stands? However, no matter)—that I, Dawson, Lady Florence Duncufts, have been publicly disgraced at my son's wedding!"

"Oh! I am sure, melody, I thought every one was most nice and respectful; and may I make bold to ask, my lady, who it was as offered you the insult?"

"Dawson, you know the pains I took with my costume for this auspicious day. You know the martyrdom I underwent at the hands of Miss Judith Stanhope, and how, notwithstanding her cutting

words of sarcasm, I still remained true to the artistic instincts that govern my soul. My apple-green has been a success. I observed that many eyes glanced at me with admiration and astonishment. I looked young. I looked blooming. Would that my late lamented husband could have seen me! He would have said— But no matter. What was I talking to you about, Dawson?"

The patient Dawson gave the faintest possible sigh.

"You was about to mention the insult you received from one of the company, my lady."

"From one of the company! Good gracious! that I should live to tell the tale. Dawson, that insult came from the bride herself, my new daughter, the girl whom I would fold to my breast. By the way, how very funny that Agatha should have two mothers! I really never thought of that before; but there is no doubt about it, for her other mother was there, a very quiet, unpretending looking woman—and—and—dear, dear, dear! Hugh also will have two mothers; well, it is all most puzzling. I wonder which of us he will love best? I declare I shall begin to be jealous. However, Dawson, it was Agatha who stabbed her mother. It makes it worse her stabbing her mother, and her new mother too, doesn't it, Dawson? There was something so rude about it, for of course if it had been her old mother, she might have been excused on the score of familiarity."

"I grieve to say I don't comprehend you, melody."

"Ah, well, Dawson, I can quickly open your eyes. Poor Hugh! it is too late for him now to take any steps to free himself; but Agatha Stanhope—Agatha Duncufts that now is—has plainly shown her low origin; she had the face to appear as my son's bride decked in common, coarse field daisies. Dawson, I have nothing further to add; after this even you must be silenced. Pray take my bonnet off. These weddings in my own family try me. But, as my dear lamented husband always said, 'Florence, you are too susceptible.' Dawson, I believe I could fancy a Vanilla ice."

"Hugh," said Agatha that same evening, as she stood by her husband's side on the deck of the *Firefly*, "do you remember when you and I sat together here, and I gave you that scolding?"

"Perfectly, darling."

"I wonder, did you take it to heart?"

"I believe I did a little bit, Agatha; but it was your mother who completely and finally opened my eyes."

"Ah! my sweet, dear mother! are you not glad, Hugh, that we put off our happiness for just one little year on her account?"

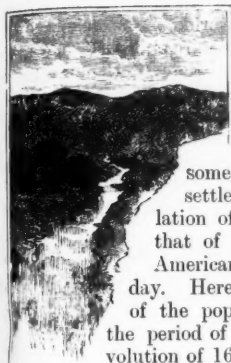
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ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TWO CENTURIES AGO.

SOME BICENTENARY GLIMPSES.—VI.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.



TWO hundred years ago the eastern margin of the vast area now occupied by the United States was dotted over with some half-score of British settlements, the entire population of which did not exceed that of a second- or third-rate American city of the present day. Here is Bancroft's estimate of the population as it stood at the period of the great English Revolution of 1688 :—

Massachusetts, with Plymouth and Maine	44,000
New Hampshire and Rhode Island	12,000
Connecticut	from 17,000 to 20,000

Being for all New England	76,000
New York, not less than	20,000
New Jersey	10,000
Pennsylvania and Delaware	12,000
Maryland	25,000
Virginia	50,000
The Carolinas and Georgia	8,000

Total	201,000
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A considerable contrast this with the great Republic and its thirty-eight states and nine territories of the present day, its entire population of fifty millions, its State of New York with five millions, Pennsylvania four millions, New England States four millions, and its other states, territories, and cities, its roads, railroads, and canals, its prairies, farms, and orchards stretching in unbroken continuity from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The ill wind of despotism was nipping many a bud and killing many a fair plant in England and other countries two centuries ago, and sweeping from their dear native lands so many of the best and noblest of their children. But it was doing also a better deed—it was wafting westwards many a cargo of the very people whose past hardships fitted them best for the rough life of a new country, as their grand fidelity to conscience enabled them to lay its foundations firm and deep on the rock, and thereby secure its stability and prosperity for generations to come. It was another "ill wind," nearly a century later, that welded into one the various colonies of the New World, and unfurled that flag of "independence" under which the progress of the United States has become one of the wonders of the world.

We can conceive the demon of despotism chuckling with delight as the torch of freedom was extinguished in one fair country of Europe after another, and smiling in derision at the pitiful efforts of the paltry handfuls that had escaped from his grasp to protect themselves on the other side of the sea from the fury of the elements on the one hand, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Red Indian on the other. But under the fostering care of an unseen Hand, the little one became a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world; and now the United States, having rid itself of the great blot of domestic slavery, is not only a sure refuge for the oppressed in all parts of the earth, but a glorious witness to the blessedness of freedom, and destined, as we believe, to a leading part in spreading over the world that faith which, by freeing men from tyranny within as well as tyranny without, makes them "free indeed."

The persecutor in England had been at first like the dog in the manger: he would neither let his victims live at home nor try to live abroad. At one time eight emigrant ships lay in the Thames, with their passengers on board, their goods and chattels all disposed of, and their minds buoyant with the thought of the freedom they had never known at home, but were now on the eve of enjoying. But the tyrant would not let them go. Soldiers were sent to clear the ships and drive back the miserable emigrants, poor, helpless, and despairing, to endure while life lasted the miserable oppression from which they seemed to have escaped for ever. In another case the emigrants were betrayed by the captain, their goods pillaged, and they themselves sentenced to imprisonment. Was it that their persecutors could not give up the pleasure of slitting the noses and cropping the ears of poor wretches who would not obey their behests, or that they imagined that they would more readily crush the spirit of rebellion in others when it was seen that neither at home nor across the inhospitable ocean could they escape from tyranny so as to obey their consciences in the worship of God?

The most interesting of the emigrants were the Puritans, who peopled New England, and the Quakers, who settled in Pennsylvania. Two hundred years ago the New England settlement was some sixty or seventy years old; the Pennsylvania colony had just been established under the auspices of William Penn, and the plan of the city of Philadelphia had just been laid out. Many things had

happened in New England since the Pilgrim Fathers stepped on the Plymouth Rock. A very hard time of it they had at the beginning: contending at fearful odds with cold, famine, and disease; their ranks invaded by vagabond settlers, who would not live in the fear of God, and who provoked the native Indian into enmity; and their relations with the mother country by no means smooth, till, about the very time at which we are now arrived, a crisis occurred, and the charter on which all their rights depended was declared by Charles II. to be forfeited.

It was the patient, trustful, God-fearing character of the Pilgrim Fathers and their companions that kept them from the disasters that once and again befell the earlier colony of Virginia, and brought it to the verge of extinction. Their very passion for ruling everything in the fear of God had become the occasion of some of their troubles. The discipline of the Church had become the law of the land; if men would not fear God of their own accord, the laws must compel them to do so. The colony had been constituted on the principle of honouring God; if any would not honour Him, they must be constrained to do so, or they must leave the place. Not a little that was arbitrary, and even ridiculous, had been enacted under this mistaken but well-meant rule. In opposition to it, good Roger Williams, the pastor of Salem, had seen and proclaimed the rights of conscience, as William Penn did afterwards when he founded the colony of Pennsylvania; but Williams was before his age: his brethren did not understand him; they turned against him the very weapons of intolerance which had compelled themselves to fly from England.

To defeat their purpose of sending him back in a ship bound for the old country, Williams had to fly to the woods, spending three miserable winter months "without bread or bed," glad to take refuge in hollow trees, fed, as he said, "by the ravens," and protected from his own countrymen by the Indians. At length he found refuge in Rhode Island, where he was the first settler, and where he built his city, calling it "Providence," that it might be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience. It does not appear that his hardships told permanently on his constitution, for he lived to the age of eighty-three, ending his life in 1683, just two years before our bicentenary landmark—the central point in our present glimpses.

More remarkable than even that of Roger Williams had been the career of John Eliot. In 1685 he was upwards of eighty. He had retired from his active and most blessed mission-work among the Indians, but once a week he had still a class for negroes in his house, so full of zeal was he to make known the Gospel. Simple and child-like in his old age, he could yet look back on a career for which Southey pronounced him to be

"one of the most extraordinary men of any country." He had wonderfully gained the confidence and affection of the Indians; had translated the Bible into three tongues, and got it printed at Cambridge (Harvard) in 1664; and at that time his Bible, as Cotton Mather wrote, was "the only Bible ever printed in America from the foundation of the world."

He had gathered the roaming savages into "praying villages," and reduced their language to grammatical form, so that even such a word as "Wutappesittukqussunnoohwehtunkquoh" became in a manner classical; and he had summed up the lesson of his life in the memorable words appended to his Indian Grammar—"Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

Good old man! we can fancy him, well on to ninety years, with mild, venerable aspect, waiting at Roxbury, Simeon-like, for the "Nunc dimittis"; not disdaining to throw a touch of humour on the great prolongation of his life, pretending to fear that his old friends and neighbours, Cotton of Boston and Mather of Dorchester, who had gone to heaven long before him, would suspect that *he* had gone the other road, as he was so long of making his appearance! How interesting to find one with all the mellow beauty of the old saints flourishing in that raw, uncouth country, so recently reclaimed from the wilderness! Yet this was one of those whom Charles and Laud could not tolerate in England—one of the noble army "of whom the world was not worthy."

Though Eliot had made many of the tribes close friends to the English, wars with the Indians were far from being ended. In 1676 Massachusetts was desolated by a campaign of fearful horrors. Poor Mary Rowlandson, of Lancaster, had a sad tale to tell, and hers was no solitary case. Forty-two persons had sought shelter in her house, and after a hot assault the Indians set it on fire. It was a dreadful scene. Some, she said, were fighting for their lives, others were wallowing in blood; the house was blazing overhead, and the brutal Indians outside were ready to beat out the brains of any who should venture out. "I took my children to go forth; but the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had thrown a handful of stones. We had six stout dogs, but none of them would stir. . . . The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and through my poor child in my arms." Then followed the brutalities of an Indian massacre. "There remained nothing to me," she continued, after being taken a prisoner, "but one poor wounded babe. Down I must sit in the snow, with my sick child, the picture of death, in my lap. Not the least crumb of refreshment came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. One Indian,

and then a second, and then a third, would come and tell me, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all." Poor woman! how could she have survived such a time? Yet it was amid such horrors as these, provoked not by the godly, but the rough, wild spirits that came among them, that the foundations of the American Republic were laid.

There were other troubles that sprang from deep religious convictions. Five years after the date of our glimpses the dreadful witchcraft mania reached its height; and in Salem, too, where Roger Williams had been minister, but from which he had been driven for his views of toleration! In 1692 there were nineteen persons hanged in Salem for witchcraft. The chief prosecutor was Mr. Parris, the minister, but a few years later his people dismissed him. It must be said that the anti-witchcraft mania was not confined to any one sect or creed. It must have been a terrible nightmare that fell on the people of New England, an awful horror, as if the devil himself was driving everything to ruin, when such a hecatomb was laid on the altar, in obedience, as they fancied, to the will of Heaven.

Pass we now southwards to Delaware Bay, where another body of fugitives from the Stuart oppression were busily at work on the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, founding another city and state. It was a strange circle of events that placed at the head of that enterprise an Englishman of aristocratic connection, a personal friend of James II., a man for whom a splendid career seemed to lie open at home. First of all, it was a remarkable thing that Penn became a Quaker. It is never a strange thing that the Spirit of God should lay hold of a man, however far he may seem from the Kingdom, and compel him to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Hence it was no uncommon thing in those days for men of the world to turn Puritans. The Quakers of those times had all the intensity of conviction of the Puritans, but they added the doctrine of the inner light, which has a great and overpowering fascination for men who are in dead earnest, and who desire a more definite rule of life from God than the Scriptures supply.

To the infinite disgust of his father, Penn became a Quaker of the most rigid type—nay, more, he became a Quaker minister, and he laboured in season and out of season, at home and abroad, for the conversion of souls. Circumstances that we might call accidental brought him into connection with a colonial undertaking situated in New Jersey, in which, from his high reputation for wisdom and honesty, he was appointed an arbitrator. From arbitrator he became manager, and part of the land being sold

to Quakers, he came to have a special interest in it, and drew out for it its constitution. By-and-by an arrangement was made, by which, in lieu of a large sum of money due by the Government of England to his father, he became proprietor of a great tract of land, afterwards called Pennsylvania, of the capabilities of which he had come to form a high opinion, and where he desired to make a home for the persecuted Quakers of England, and to try an experiment of the importance of which there could be no doubt. That experiment was to establish a community that should be governed not by the maxims of the world, but by the principles of the Word of God. In one respect especially he longed for a change from the ordinary policy—namely, in the mode of treating natives. The ordinary way was to drive them by force out of the way, rob them of their possessions, make treaties that were not regarded, or delude them with promises that were not kept. But there was another great principle in the constitution of Penn's settlement. Though the land had been acquired for the sake of the Quakers, who were ground down in England by a doubly severe oppression, it was to be open to men of other creeds, if they believed in God and did not insult the religion of their neighbours.

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happened in New England since the Pilgrim Fathers stepped on the Plymouth Rock. A very hard time of it they had at the beginning: contending at fearful odds with cold, famine, and disease; their ranks invaded by vagabond settlers, who would not live in the fear of God, and who provoked the native Indian into enmity; and their relations with the mother country by no means smooth, till, about the very time at which we are now arrived, a crisis occurred, and the charter on which all their rights depended was declared by Charles II. to be forfeited.

It was the patient, trustful, God-fearing character of the Pilgrim Fathers and their companions that kept them from the disasters that once and again befell the earlier colony of Virginia, and brought it to the verge of extinction. Their very passion for ruling everything in the fear of God had become the occasion of some of their troubles. The discipline of the Church had become the law of the land; if men would not fear God of their own accord, the laws must compel them to do so. The colony had been constituted on the principle of honouring God; if any would not honour Him, they must be constrained to do so, or they must leave the place. Not a little that was arbitrary, and even ridiculous, had been enacted under this mistaken but well-meant rule. In opposition to it, good Roger Williams, the pastor of Salem, had seen and proclaimed the rights of conscience, as William Penn did afterwards when he founded the colony of Pennsylvania; but Williams was before his age: his brethren did not understand him; they turned against him the very weapons of intolerance which had compelled themselves to fly from England.

To defeat their purpose of sending him back in a ship bound for the old country, Williams had to fly to the woods, spending three miserable winter months "without bread or bed," glad to take refuge in hollow trees, fed, as he said, "by the ravens," and protected from his own countrymen by the Indians. At length he found refuge in Rhode Island, where he was the first settler, and where he built his city, calling it "Providence," that it might be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience. It does not appear that his hardships told permanently on his constitution, for he lived to the age of eighty-three, ending his life in 1683, just two years before our bicentenary landmark—the central point in our present glimpses.

More remarkable than even that of Roger Williams had been the career of John Eliot. In 1685 he was upwards of eighty. He had retired from his active and most blessed mission-work among the Indians, but once a week he had still a class for negroes in his house, so full of zeal was he to make known the Gospel. Simple and child-like in his old age, he could yet look back on a career for which Southey pronounced him to be

"one of the most extraordinary men of any country." He had wonderfully gained the confidence and affection of the Indians; had translated the Bible into three tongues, and got it printed at Cambridge (Harvard) in 1664; and at that time his Bible, as Cotton Mather wrote, was "the only Bible ever printed in America from the foundation of the world."

He had gathered the roaming savages into "praying villages," and reduced their language to grammatical form, so that even such a word as "Wutappesittukqussunnoohwehtunkquoh" became in a manner classical; and he had summed up the lesson of his life in the memorable words appended to his Indian Grammar—"Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

Good old man! we can fancy him, well on to ninety years, with mild, venerable aspect, waiting at Roxbury, Simeon-like, for the "Nunc dimittis"; not disdaining to throw a touch of humour on the great prolongation of his life, pretending to fear that his old friends and neighbours, Cotton of Boston and Mather of Dorchester, who had gone to heaven long before him, would suspect that *he* had gone the other road, as he was so long of making his appearance! How interesting to find one with all the mellow beauty of the old saints flourishing in that raw, uncouth country, so recently reclaimed from the wilderness! Yet this was one of those whom Charles and Laud could not tolerate in England—one of the noble army "of whom the world was not worthy."

Though Eliot had made many of the tribes close friends to the English, wars with the Indians were far from being ended. In 1676 Massachusetts was desolated by a campaign of fearful horrors. Poor Mary Rowlandson, of Lancaster, had a sad tale to tell, and hers was no solitary case. Forty-two persons had sought shelter in her house, and after a hot assault the Indians set it on fire. It was a dreadful scene. Some, she said, were fighting for their lives, others were wallowing in blood; the house was blazing overhead, and the brutal Indians outside were ready to beat out the brains of any who should venture out. "I took my children to go forth; but the Indians shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had thrown a handful of stones. We had six stout dogs, but none of them would stir. . . . The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and through my poor child in my arms." Then followed the brutalities of an Indian massacre. "There remained nothing to me," she continued, after being taken a prisoner, "but one poor wounded babe. Down I must sit in the snow, with my sick child, the picture of death, in my lap. Not the least crumb of refreshment came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. One Indian,

and then a second, and then a third, would come and tell me, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all." Poor woman! how could she have survived such a time? Yet it was amid such horrors as these, provoked not by the godly, but the rough, wild spirits that came among them, that the foundations of the American Republic were laid.

There were other troubles that sprang from deep religious convictions. Five years after the date of our glimpses the dreadful witchcraft mania reached its height; and in Salem, too, where Roger Williams had been minister, but from which he had been driven for his views of toleration! In 1692 there were nineteen persons hanged in Salem for witchcraft. The chief prosecutor was Mr. Parris, the minister, but a few years later his people dismissed him. It must be said that the anti-witchcraft mania was not confined to any one sect or creed. It must have been a terrible nightmare that fell on the people of New England, an awful horror, as if the devil himself was driving everything to ruin, when such a hecatomb was laid on the altar, in obedience, as they fancied, to the will of Heaven.

Pass we now southwards to Delaware Bay, where another body of fugitives from the Stuart oppression were busily at work on the banks of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, founding another city and state. It was a strange circle of events that placed at the head of that enterprise an Englishman of aristocratic connection, a personal friend of James II., a man for whom a splendid career seemed to lie open at home. First of all, it was a remarkable thing that Penn became a Quaker. It is never a strange thing that the Spirit of God should lay hold of a man, however far he may seem from the Kingdom, and compel him to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Hence it was no uncommon thing in those days for men of the world to turn Puritans. The Quakers of those times had all the intensity of conviction of the Puritans, but they added the doctrine of the inner light, which has a great and overpowering fascination for men who are in dead earnest, and who desire a more definite rule of life from God than the Scriptures supply.

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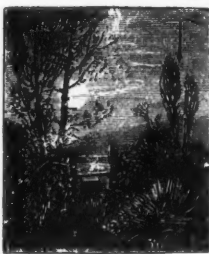
and the Delaware. The town was laid out with great precision. One great street was to run along the Delaware, another along the Schuylkill, while a street one hundred feet wide, called High Street, was to cross these at right angles, and another—Broad Street—was to cross High Street in the same way. Eight streets, fifty feet wide, were to be built parallel to High Street, and twenty parallel to Broad Street. The streets running from east to west were to be named after their numbers—first, second, third, and so forth; and those from north to south after the trees of the country—vine, spruce, walnut, chestnut, and the like. The first house built was a tavern, named the Blue Anchor. Houses began to rise at once, few and far between no doubt, over the great space destined for the city, but showing what faith was placed in the prophetic foresight of Penn. The name of Philadelphia, or the city of brotherly love, was given to it, in token of the friendly feeling that bound together

Dutch, Swedes, Indians, Quakers and other Englishmen. Two hundred years ago, the houses might perhaps number a hundred. As one surveys the vast city that now spreads itself over the site selected by Penn, with its busy population of nearly a million souls, its halls of justice and government, its churches and colleges, its libraries and galleries, its stores of merchandise, its docks and shipping, its railroads, its telegraph and telephone wires, its ten thousand appliances of civilization, placing it in the first rank of modern cities, and thinks what it was in 1685, it seems as if Penn had waved over it a magician's wand.

We close these Bicentenary Sketches, which it would be easy to extend in every direction. The great lesson may be expressed in one word—THANKFULNESS. The lines have fallen to us in much pleasanter places; would only we felt our extraordinary privileges, and tried to use them for the world's good!

FRIEND OR ENEMY?

CHAPTER I.



HERE had been an ugly accident on the London and Blank line; the mistake of a pointsman had caused a passenger train to collide with some coal trucks, and at a lonely spot, far from the much-needed help, frightened and injured men and women were either bemoaning their hurts, or assisting to extricate others from the wrecked carriages.

About half a mile from the scene of the disaster, in the family sitting-room of one of half a dozen square-built, roomy red-brick houses on the outskirts of a country town, Bertha Lane was fretting at the inclemency of the night. It had prevented her from paying a visit at the further end of the town, and though she had acquiesced when her sister Drusie suggested that as she was already suffering from a cold, it would be unwise to venture out, she was disappointed, and a little, just a little, out of humour.

The room, though plainly furnished, was bright and cheerful. Drusie had offered to assist her in finishing some wax flowers she had in hand, or to practise with her the duets she had promised to play at a working men's entertainment; but Bertha said "No" to each proposition, adding crossly that she was not a child who required amusing. Yet now that Drusie had opened her books, and sat alternately writing and reading, her restless sister was vexed with her for being so absorbed in her studies.

"Isn't that waste of time, Dru?" she asked at

last. "It's absurd to think that you can become a good German scholar without a master. Why aim at impossibilities?"

Drusie looked up smiling. She was not so delicately pretty as Bertha, but her face wore the impress of a tranquil spirit, and the beauty of her dark grey eyes atoned for the irregularity of her other features.

"This is not German I am studying, but French. If I can take the senior pupils next term, mamma will be able to do without Monsieur Broquant."

"That is to say, she will economise at your expense. Already you take more than your share of the school-work."

"What is my share, or yours?" asked Drusie quietly. "I thought when mamma decided to rent this house, and take pupils, you and I promised ourselves that we would give her all the assistance we could."

"Do I not give the music-lessons?" cried Bertha peevishly; "though it is torture unspeakable to hear those stupid children blunder through dreary scales and exercises, and drearier airs with variations. If we had been to the manner born, it might not have proved so intolerable, but, as it is, I hate the life Uncle Hales' most cruel conduct has forced us into."

Drusie winced.

"Don't, Bertha! please don't speak of him with such bitterness! He was very good to us when we were children; and—and he had an undoubted right to will his money to whom he pleased."

Bertha's cheeks flamed as she replied—

"A right to blight the hopes he had always encouraged, and place our poor father in such a dreadful position that he could not stay in England,

but went to America, and lost his life in consequence? Had Uncle Hales, I ask, any right to do this?"

Drusie hesitated, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't be angry with me, dear, or think that I have not grieved as deeply at losing papa as you have; but I cannot agree with you in thinking that we ought to blame Uncle Hales for our misfortunes. It was not his fault that papa had invested all he had in those silver mines."

"But when the mines failed he could have made

entered upon a life of slavery. You fag yourself to death in the schoolroom, besides acting as upper servant in the house and nursemaid to your younger brothers; whilst mamma's health would have failed altogether if her old friend Mrs. Edgar had not insisted on carrying her off to the sea-side as soon as the summer holidays commenced."

"But she writes us word that she is rapidly gaining strength. *Au reste*, Bertha dear, if you think I do too much, why not help me more?"



"Drusie had opened her books."—p. 752.

him an allowance for the support of his family, instead of which he held aloof; we might have starved——"

"Stop, Bertha! Mamma has always thought that the two notes for fifty pounds she received when furnishing this house must have come from him."

"I do not believe it; or, if it were so, what were those paltry sums compared with what he might have done for us? Even you, who are so fond of playing the champion for every one, cannot explain away the fact that before his death he altered his will, bequeathing the whole of his property to a comparative stranger—a man he had accidentally met at a hydropathic establishment?"

"Why should we dwell on what we cannot alter?" asked Drusie. "Mamma does not; and now the school begins to answer so well, have we not every reason to look forward hopefully?"

"Have we?" queried her sister with a sigh. "It is like bidding one to be thankful that we have

The question was put too gently, too playfully, to give positive offence, but it would have received a pettish rejoinder if the sound of footsteps coming rapidly up the garden path had not made both sisters eagerly listen.

"It is too late for the postman or a visitor," murmured Bertha. "I hope Sarah will not open the door till she has asked who is there; this house is rather lonely."

But Sarah, happening to be in the hall when the knocker was raised, had already admitted the person who rapped so impatiently.

Dr. Powell! the brusque, clever medical man who had been amongst the first to place his little daughter under the care of Mrs. Lane. Why, what could have brought him here at this hour?

His first question was for Mrs. Lane herself. His next, "Have you an empty bed?"

"There has been a railway accident," he explained. "I have been able to get accommodation for the

worst cases at a farm close by; others must be brought into the town. One gentleman I have directed his bearers to bring here. I dare not risk taking him further, for he is prostrate from loss of blood; his leg is badly lacerated, and—in a word, will you receive him?"

Drusie turned pale, and hesitated, for she doubted her own abilities as a nurse; but Bertha, gratified at being appealed to, promptly replied in the affirmative. "Mamma's absence from home need not render her daughters inhospitable!" she cried. "Bring your patient to us, Doctor, and we will do our best for him."

She flew from the room to call Sarah, and perplex the startled woman with orders and injunctions, but it was Drusie who, when she had overcome her dread of witnessing suffering, expeditiously made ready the airiest of their bed-chambers for the unfortunate stranger.

Scarcely had she finished her preparations when the tramp, tramp of men's feet up the stairs made the blood recede from her cheek and her heart throb faster. There was not time to retreat; Dr. Powell was even now in the room, directing the bearers how to transfer from the rough litter to the bed the helpless form of his insensible patient. In his quick sharp tones he was demanding bandages, hartshorn, and cold water, and Drusie, running hither and thither to procure what he required, soon overcame the faint sickness that had seized upon her. It was not till the sufferer's injuries were properly dressed, the hemorrhage stopped, Mrs. Lane's steady, sensible maid left in charge for the night, and the busy surgeon had bustled away to attend to other cases, that Drusie had time to think of Bertha and go in search of her.

"You might have come to me sooner," said the latter, reproachfully. "I felt quite ill after the glimpse I caught of that ghastly face; and then the noise in the house awoke Georgie, and the tiresome child refused to go to sleep again unless I fetched you or sang to him. But oh! Drusie, what an adventure! This gentleman is young, handsome, and very well dressed. He must have friends who move in good society. Pray, do not be in too great a hurry to inform them that we keep a school!"

"As if they would think of us while he is in danger!"

"But he will recover, and his stay here may prove to be one of those openings that are invaluable to girls in our position. Now, do promise me, there's a darling Drusie, that you will not blurt out our true position, or let yourself be found dusting the drawing-room, or ironing the children's pinafores!"

Sarah insisted that both her young ladies should go to bed, and they obeyed, for Bertha was too tired, and her sister too sensible, to sit up unless it were absolutely necessary. But Drusie was awake with the lark; there was much to be done in the house which their good old servant could not attend to. There were the merry, rosy little boys to be bathed and dressed, and coaxed into making no noises that

might disturb the suffering guest, and Dr. Powell to be received when he paid his early visit.

It was not till after the surgeon had pronounced his patient to be progressing fairly, and taken his departure, that Drusie came upon her sister, standing on the landing at the top of the stairs, her brows knitted, her hands clenched, her foot patting the floor impatiently.

"Do you know what we have done?" she whispered when Drusie touched her shoulder. "Were we mad when we took that wretched man into the house? Why have we wasted our pity on one so undeserving? See here!"

And she pointed to a valise that one of the railway porters, recognising as the property of the gentleman he had helped to carry to Mrs. Lane's, had just brought to the house.

"Gerald Western," Drusie read on the label tied to one of the handles.

"Yes," said Bertha sternly; "Gerald Western, the hypocrite who robbed us of Uncle Hales' affection as well as his money. He will die. Retribution has overtaken him, and his last hours will be passed under the roof of the family he has so cruelly injured!"

CHAPTER II.

BERTHA'S prediction was not verified, for after lying for some days in a precarious state, Mr. Western began to rally, and was soon pronounced out of immediate danger. Very weak and helpless he would continue to be for a considerable time; but Dr. Powell was well satisfied with his patient's progress, and prided himself on the success of his own ministrations.

Long ere this Mrs. Lane had come home, her return hastened by a note from Drusie apprising her of what had happened.

"It is a shame, a burning shame!" Bertha cried, as she threw herself into her mother's arms, "that your holiday should be cut short through that man!"

"My dear, I came home principally on your account and Drusie's; I do not think either of you sufficiently experienced to be of much use in nursing such a difficult case, and Sarah must need more help than you are able to give her."

Bertha raised herself to her full height.

"Mamma, I loved my father too dearly, I remember his wrongs too keenly, to even look upon his enemy. As Dr. Powell declares that it is impossible to remove Mr. Western at present, I have asked him to procure a hospital nurse. If we endure such a person in the house, it is surely as much as ought to be expected from us."

"In the meanwhile who is attending to him? I gathered from Drusie's letter that he requires constant watching."

"Dear mamma, it was more than Sarah could do by herself," faltered Drusie. "I hope it was not wrong to take her place occasionally. However

wickedly Mr. Western may have acted, it is impossible to help pitying him now. He looks dreadfully ill, and—he is very patient.”

Mrs. Lane kissed the wistful face of her younger daughter, saying, “I will go and see Mr. Western, and judge of his condition for myself.”

But Bertha interposed.

“Why should you do that? Why not spare yourself the pain it would cost you? We know that you could not look on him without recollecting what he has made you and all of us suffer.”

Mrs. Lane’s lip quivered.

“If Mr. Western were well, I daresay I should remember these things against him, but I owe a duty to the stranger within my gates, which must be done even though it be a trying one. No one seems to have taken into consideration that whatever this young man may be, he is somebody’s son! If he has a mother, she ought to be sent for; if he has not, I dare say he has other friends whom he would like to see.”

“One moment, mamma!” exclaimed Bertha, in much agitation. “Drusie ought to have told you that when Mrs. Sims called yesterday, she congratulated, yes, congratulated us, on the stroke of luck—these were her words—that had thrown Mr. Western upon our care. By judicious management, she said that he might be induced to relieve you of the expense of educating Tom and Willie. I have been miserable ever since. She is a hateful woman, and I longed to tell her so.”

“It would not have been very polite,” and Mrs. Lane so provoked her excitable daughter by smiling, that Bertha burst into angry tears.

“I cannot understand how you can be so calm, mamma, when our worst enemy is actually in our house, and such people as Mrs. Sims are finding amusement in our perplexities!”

But Mrs. Lane was not to be moved.

“Aren’t you exaggerating, my dear? Are our affairs of so much importance to our neighbours as you represent them? I daresay Mr. Western did not come here willingly, and will be very glad to get away again. As long as he is too ill to leave us, let us think of him, and treat him, precisely as we would any other person who has met with an accident. In what he has done he may have been his own enemy more than ours.”

A very thoughtful, intelligent young fellow Mrs. Lane found the stranger who occupied her guest-chamber, speaking gratefully of his nurses, whom he had soon learned to distinguish one from the other; soft-footed Drusie—most attentive of nurses—who always contrived to bring him her cups of jelly and delicious beef-tea just as he felt in need of them, or the rougher, noisier Sarah, who never knew what long naps she had when she believed herself to be watching vigilantly.

Mrs. Lane’s offer to communicate with Gerald Western’s friends was gratefully declined. He had neither father nor mother living, and his nearest relatives resided in Australia.

“There are not many who are more alone in the world than I am,” he added, a little sadly. “I am always tempted to envy those who have homes and home ties. It is a treat to me to be where I can hear children’s voices. Pray do not make them creep by my door so softly. I like the sound of their footsteps.”

“If he can bear the noise of those tiresome urchins,” Bertha commented, “he must be recovering rapidly. If he cannot walk to a fly, he can be carried. Did you hint this to him, mamma?”

“No, my dear; I might have done so, but I was thinking of what he had said about being so friendless, and the way in which he said it. After all, he is not as happy as we are, for we have each other.”

Bertha was silenced, but the next day she flew into the sitting-room, scarlet with anger. Mr. Western was coming down-stairs with the help of Sarah and a crutch she had borrowed for him.

“I hope you will forgive this intrusion,” he said, apologetically, as he sank exhausted into the easy-chair Drusie wheeled forward; “I am so very tired of myself, and so ashamed of the trouble I am giving.”

Bertha had vanished, and Mrs. Lane, in spite of her efforts to be at charity with all men, found it difficult to bid him welcome to the bosom of her family; but when Drusie, who saw that he was faint with the exertions he had made, drew her mother’s attention to this, all other feelings were merged in commiseration.

Before the day was over Tom and Willie were friends with the white-faced gentleman, of whom they ceased to stand in awe after seeing what marvels he could achieve with his penknife and a few sticks. They left him with reluctance when summoned to their dinner; they went to bed hugging their wooden treasures, and rejoicing in his promise to make more for them to-morrow. Mrs. Lane unconsciously softened to the man who was kind to her fatherless children, and Drusie smiled her thanks. Only Bertha proudly held aloof, and scorned the weakness that condoned such offences as Gerald Western’s.

Not till the little boys had gone to bed, and Mrs. Lane and Drusie had brought out their work-baskets, did Bertha join them, and then it was to frown impatiently at the intrusive stranger who lay on the couch beside the fire, absorbed in the letters the evening post had brought him.

But he did not perceive her annoyance; when he looked up it was to address Mrs. Lane, who, in crossing the room to procure a pattern, had drawn near him.

“Will you sit down by me for a few minutes?” he asked; “I have so much to say to you; a little, perhaps, that may sound like reflections on the dead.”

Before he could continue, Bertha had flown to her mother’s side, crying, “Oh, come away, mamma; do not listen to him! he will try to excuse himself at papa’s expense. Pray, come away!”

“My dear Miss Lane, I have done nothing for

which I need excuse myself," she was promptly told; and on hearing this, Drusie, who had been creeping from the room, unwilling to hear Gerald Western's confession, came back with a glad light shining in her soft grey eyes.

Unheeding Bertha's incredulous gesture, the young man turned towards Mrs. Lane.

"You will give me a patient hearing, I know. When I made the acquaintance of your relative, Mr. Hales, he was very ill; he felt that his end was

"We cannot hear papa discussed by you, sir!"

"I do not willingly distress you, Miss Lane, and my explanation is nearly finished. It was to save your mother and her children from the poverty her uncle foreboded, that he bequeathed his money to me—not for my own use, but in *trust for them*."

"But why have we been kept in ignorance of this fact all these weary months?" demanded Bertha, passionately.

"Simply because my letter to Mr. Lane, informing



"Soft-footed Drusie, most attentive of nurses."—p. 755.

approaching, and his mind was troubled by his conviction that his nephew's confidence in the mines in which he had invested his little all, was misplaced.

"I was not with Mr. Hales when he died. Affairs of my own called me to the West Indies, from whence I had but just returned when I met with this accident; but ere I left England I went to bid him farewell. He had been altering his will, and bequeathed all he possessed to me."

"Why do you tell me what I already know?" asked Mrs. Lane, with a sigh.

"You promised to hear me out; let me then tell you his reasons. Whether justly or unjustly, it is not for me to say, but he felt convinced that whatever sums came into Mr. Lane's hands would be immediately sunk, as his own money had been, in the mines that have ruined so many."

The widow's head drooped; it was too true; her husband's sanguine disposition had more to do with her present poverty than Mr. Hales' will.

It was Bertha who spoke, crying proudly—

him of the nature of Mr. Hales' will, was returned to me unopened. I wrote again, and again received my letter, with 'Left; present address not known,' written on it. On applying to a friend, he sent me word that Mr. Lane had gone abroad, and he believed his family had accompanied him."

"It almost sounds as if we had done you injustice," Bertha faltered.

He smiled at her, but it was to Mrs. Lane and Drusie he held out his hands. He saw that they no longer doubted him; nor could Bertha retain her suspicions, when she discovered that instead of being a needy hypocrite who had artfully wormed himself into the favour of an aged man, Gerald Western was of good birth, and in possession of an excellent income of his own.

That income he has persuaded Drusie to share. She had won his heart, less by her sweet face and excellent qualities, than by the tender compassion that had not paused to ask, "Is he friend or enemy?" ere she had freely done for him all she could.

THE MOUNT OF THE LORD.

SUNDAY READINGS IN THE PSALMS.—THE NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

PART IV.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.



THERE shall no evil befall thee. How can it? Trust in God makes us conquerors over sin, and turns all other evil into good. It is only because we do not take all things as from God, permitted by His love and wisdom and controlled by His power, that we can think of ill in anything. That cannot be an evil which does a man good, nor that a loss which brings him gain, nor that a grief

which crowns him with new kingliness and power for further conquest. To him who trusts in God, adversity carries in its bony hand the golden gifts of patience and courage; and pain itself ennobles with endurance and refines with the sweet graces of submission. That He who loves us with so wise and infinite a love permits what comes, transforms it into good. Blessed indeed is he who learns to find in the dungeon the hid treasures of darkness: and in the deep waters the pearls that shall enrich and deck us through eternity.

So then, soul, be not hasty in setting up thy judgment as to what is good or evil. Life's vexations come not so much from evil things as from an evil heart that knows not what is good, and frets because its foolish fancies do not find indulgence. No wisely loving father would let his little one decide as to life's good and evil things—or where would lessons be, and the discipline that fits for manhood? We, dimly seeing at the best, see far enough to choose for them. Let our Father, gracious and all-seeing, choose for us. That which He sends only is good, and the fancied good that He sends not we are better without. Our truest, fullest, and deepest good—life's very best—is to let Him have His own way with us perfectly. And life's only evil is to resent, to hinder, to mistake His will. For ever stands the Cross of Christ, the great assurance of a love that nothing can gainsay, a love that is all ours and ours in everything. Of this be sure; if we could see all things as our Father sees them, we should bless Him for doing as He does. When the day breaks and the shadows flee away we may see it all, and then will we make it the theme of Heaven's music. Till then we will rest in His love. He is ours, and we are His: and His joy is ever in our blessedness.

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee,

to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

So, then, do not fear to go down from this high mount of the Lord to thy ways in the world, no matter how commonplace and dull they may be, whether rough or smooth, whether lonely or crowded, though busied with common wants, burdened with common cares, go forth with a brave heart and an earnest soul into thy way in the daily life—thy communion with God is not to make thee too dignified for walking in the by-ways of life, even over stony roads. Rather shall that communion make these common places dignified indeed by His regard, and by the escort He sends with thee, even as His presence and the angels' made the stony Bethel of old into a very gate of heaven. He turns the very highest good to evil who suffers heavenly-mindedness to make him indolent or careless in minding his duty upon earth, which, if we but think of it rightly, is but another name for dishonesty, cheating both God and the neighbour. Communion with God is the fittest preparation for all that a man can have to do in the world; and doing well and thoroughly whatever must be done is the fittest preparation for further communion. He who bids us leave the gift on the altar and be reconciled to our brother would have us go back and be reconciled to any duty with which we may have quarrelled. Saul's sacrifice is undone by the bleating and bellowing without; it intrudes upon the holy service and disturbs it. So comes the clamour into God's ears of every work undone, half-done, ill-done, and jars upon the hour of prayer. However near to Heaven we may dwell, it is to fit us for perfect service in all our ways on earth. If God's angels go with thee, soul, see that thy life be in keeping with thy company. He who walks with courtiers is careful to be courteous, and suits his very attire and his whole demeanour accordingly. The angels claim for their High Master's sake that in everything we be faithful, and patient, and brotherly; not over-eager for the world, as having our treasure in Him; and yet not despising it as belonging to Him. Count no duty too little, no round of life too small, no work too low if it come in thy way, since God thinks so much of it as to send His angels to guard thee in it; and be sure thou dost not murmur at thy way, or think it a hard one, if the holy angels are willing to go with thee. Thy murmurings will be but an ill accompaniment for their music.

They shall bear thee up in their hands. It is another token of God's gracious care concerning us, and of our safety. *His angels*—think how at times the presence of some one of these mighty messengers of God has flashed from behind the veil, and earth has trembled at their mighty power. David sings of the angels as those that do excel in strength. Remember how the first-born of Egypt was smitten in every home, and how the proud hosts of Assyria fell dead in the night. Be bold, then, if these are thy body-guard.

And yet the promise has its limits—*In all thy ways.* The Tempter chose this text to feather his fiery dart when he assailed the Son of God, but he must needs strip it and trim it for his purpose. He put the full-stop so as to shut out all reference to "*thy ways*." If we go out of our way, we go alone; the angels leave us then to stumble on as best we can, or it may be array themselves to hinder us, as when Balaam went out of his way and there stood against him the Angel of the Lord, having his sword drawn in his hand, and so it came to pass that Balaam's foot *was dashed against a stone.* How, then, may we keep in our way? When the starting-place is the Father's presence, the secret place of the Most High; when we have talked of the way with Him who ordereth our steps, and come forth taught of the Lord; when our purpose is in all things to please and honour Him; when whichever way we go our hearts are set on getting back to Him again as the end of our way—then we are not likely to go astray.

"*His angels.*" Of course it means first and most of all those ministering spirits who are sent forth from the throne of God, but not those only. He gives all things charge concerning His children as their messengers and ministers. He maketh His angels winds, and His ministers a flame of fire; the stormy blasts and fierce things, the very forces of destruction are amongst His angels. It is the truth in which St. Paul perpetually triumphs: "All things work together for good to them that love God."

As we have dwelt upon the wonderful kindness and tender care that are revealed in this Psalm, we may well have begun to fear lest such love should spoil us. So screened and guarded, what opportunity is there for the nobleness that is born of endurance; for the courage that comes of peril; for the harder virtues? Fear not; because our God loveth us so well, He loveth us most wisely. Tenderly indeed does He care for His children, yet He knows how to train them as His heroes and kings. Here is the heroism:—"*Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.*" The lion—that is, the monster that comes against us in sheer force of strength—thou hast in God a power to rend him even as did Samson of old. The serpent—the hidden peril that

lurks, and creeps, and springs unawares upon its prey; the subtle sin like that before which Samson fell—thou hast in God a power to trample this, too, underfoot. Strength, and watchfulness, and wisdom are ours, and ours perfectly, in His presence and help.

It seems strange that He should deliver us from the snare of the fowler, and yet should suffer us to meet the lion and the dragon. Herein let us take much comfort. Our God knoweth what temptations to deliver us from; and He knoweth what temptations to give us the victory over. Think of it, soul, and sing of it as one of the things thou hast to be thankful for—the snares we never knew of; the baffled plans of the tempter; the subtle purposes that were defeated; the fiery darts of the wicked one, that our watchful Lord turned aside whilst we slept. Of Satan also it is true that he *proposes* and God *disposes*. And now if against us there come any trial, any suffering, any sorrow, any threatening evil, in this let us find hope and strength—God *could* have delivered us from this; that He hath not so delivered us is the very pledge and assurance that He will make us more than conquerors over it. He knows the measure of our foe; He knows the measure of our strength. Fear not.

Brave men of old believed that the strength of the vanquished became the added strength of the victor, and thus he went from conquering to conquer. It is true to the full of every conflict of the soul. By conflicts like these our God developes us; teaching us thus of ourselves, of our needs and weakness; teaching us, too, of Himself, of His watchfulness and might. And thus he fits us for further and loftier service. And such conflicts and victories as these are the material of which heaven's songs are made. The shouts of victory come only of the battle. Let this then be our watchword. It is a promise which we may bear as our shield and buckler—*thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder.* Whatever threatens now—fierce foe, or trying circumstance, or subtle temptation—fear none of them. Only fear thyself, thy weakness, and thy folly; and let that fear keep thee near to Him Who is thy stronghold; *there shall no evil befall thee.*

Then come words so wonderful that we almost fear to speak of them. Our poor thoughts can scarcely reach up to them, and still less can our shallow language hold their fullness. We want a new power of utterance for truths like these. As the telephone annihilates distance, so do we need a *cardiophone*, an instrument by which heart might speak to heart without the chilling diversion of our words. It is good to think of the Holy Spirit as such a Power, revealing the love of God not as a thought, a theory; not in word only, but as an inwrought possession, "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto

us." Let us ask for His grace and power as we seek to enter into this mystery of love.

"Because he hath set His love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name."

There is an amazing boldness in these words, a boldness that could belong only to the man who has hidden in the secret place, and who has looked forth upon "all His goodness." We hear the most High God talking over His purposes concerning His child. We know what it is to think over our plans for our children, and to see what we can do for them; but if our power were only one with will, what should we do for them then? Here it is so; perfect love plans, whilst perfect power waits to carry out the purpose. My soul, think how thy God longs to have thee utterly and altogether as His own, that He may see fulfilled in thee His largest desires.

"I will deliver him." Perfect safety is our first blessing, the blessing of Benjamin—"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord Jehovah shall cover him all the day long." My soul, lie down in the assurance of safety, pledged by all these promises, and covered by this word in which it is the delight of His love to deliver thee. There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, Who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in His excellency in the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath these are the everlasting arms.

"I will set him on high, because He hath known My name." How high is that which God counts high? Measure by this the vastness of His purposes concerning us. That on which the heart is set shall be the heart's possession and resting-place, and God Himself shall be our glorious satisfaction.

"He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him." Love may sleep through the wild howling of the winds, and roll of thunder, or amidst the hubbub of the city, and its roar of traffic. But let the little one wake with but the faint beginning of a cry, and the mother's love springs up with eagerness. And, quick to answer as to hear—"He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him."

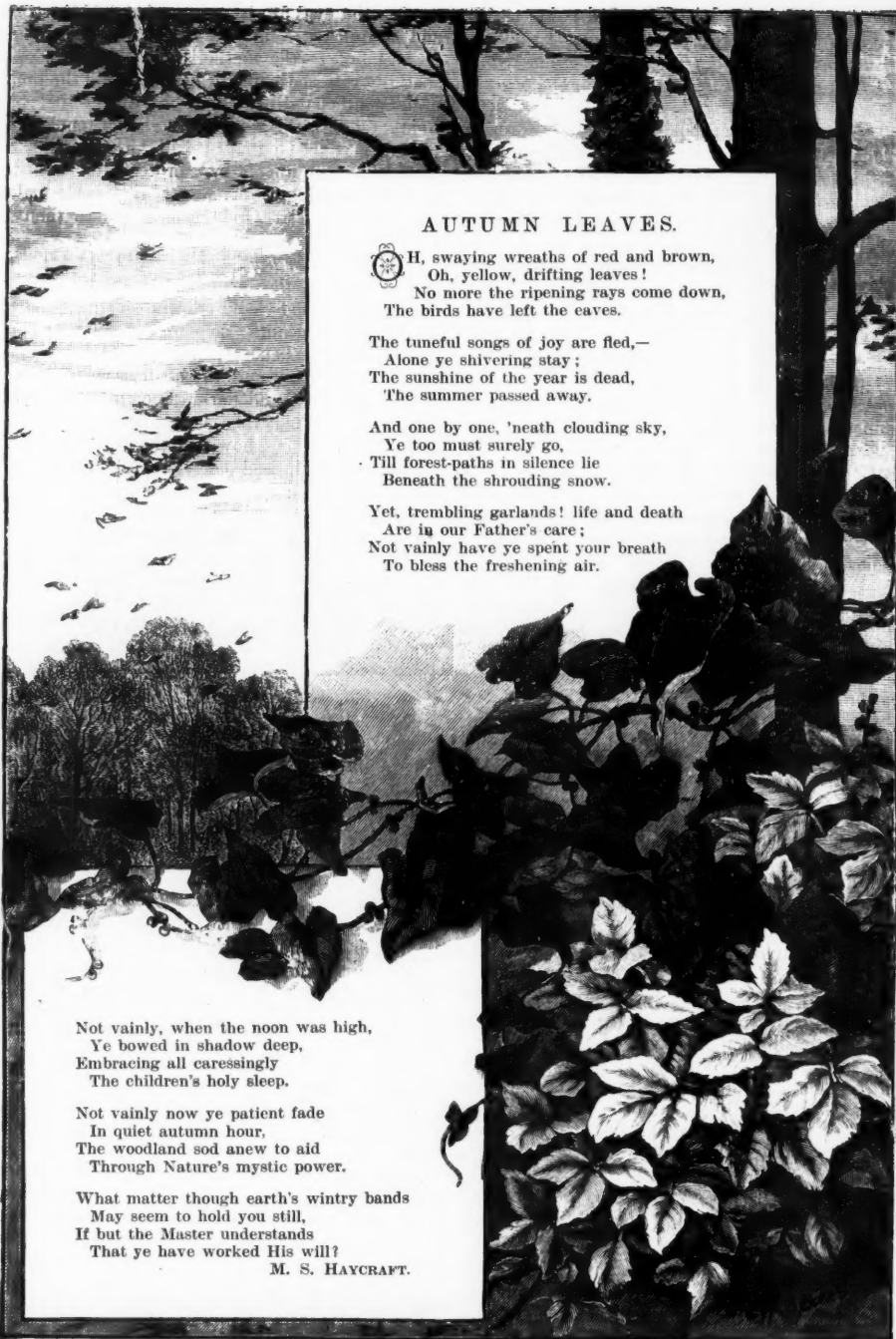
"I will be with him in trouble." What springs of precious consolation lie in these words! That saying is true—"Trouble never comes single." Every trouble brings God with it; as of old time, when men believed that where the poison grew there grew its antidote beside it, ever ready with its healing. "I will be with him." Our gracious God comes ever with His own consolation. He Himself is our Comforter.

When we can go on our ways, He gives His angels charge concerning us. Just as ordinarily the mother bids the nursemaid take care of the little one; to keep it out of winds, and find the sunny path, and to avoid the perils of the crowded streets; but to-night the cheek is flushed, the head

droops, the eyes are heavy, the hot breaths come and go quickly; and now the little one can find no rest but in the mother's arms, and the only soothing is in the sound of her voice and the touch of her gentle hand. "I will be with the little one to-night," says the mother. Even so tender and pitiful is our God. "I will be with him in trouble." The angels may protect and minister in a thousand gracious ways, but trouble makes us so sacred that God Himself comes then to soothe and cheer us.

"I will deliver him, and honour him." Think, again, what is that which God counts honour? Think how God looks down on our courtly shows and pageants—so short-lived; with burdened hearts beneath, and common wants; seeing the sorrow and the strife that lie behind it all; the dust and darkness on to which it all is passing. What, then, is the honour that God gives? How lofty, how real, how abiding! Be ambitious, soul, and carry thyself as one for whom such great things are in store.

"With long life will I satisfy him." Satisfy—that is God's own word, that none else can use rightly. The life that satisfies must have depth, and height, and breadth; and now to these God promises this also—length of days. *"I will show him My salvation"*—be showing him My salvation. The idea seems to be of that which God shall be opening up to us through the ages, for ever and for ever unfolding it. Think of Moses climbing up the Mount, whilst at every turn some new beauty of the goodly Canaan opens before him—the plains dotted with the flocks that lie down in green pastures, the hill-sides terraced with the vineyards, the valleys covered with the golden corn, the homesteads screened by leafy shelter from the noontide heat. And as Moses looks forth upon the vast expanse, we can think how all his heart yearned for another Land of Promise—a place of rest and peace. There fell upon him tenderly the voice that bade him "Come up higher." And he passed up to the Mount of the Lord, to look forth upon the fuller beauty and the richer blessedness of the Heavenly Canaan, and to find it all his own. So let us think of heights for us, too, leading on to further heights—possessions which, by our very use and enjoyment of them, develope new faculties and other powers; and by-and-by for the new fitness there waits a new possession, up to which our God leads us. "My child," He saith, "all this is thine." And so again the new inheritance; and yet again the new development, the further growth, the unfolding of fresh capacities, until again, far on in the ages, it is spoken—"Come up higher; this is thine." Then, wondering at such unweary love, we ask, amazed—"Gracious Father, will Thy love never be satisfied? And the answer comes—"Never, My child, never. *My love to thee is INFINITE.*"



AUTUMN LEAVES.



H, swaying wreaths of red and brown,
Oh, yellow, drifting leaves!
No more the ripening rays come down,
The birds have left the caves.

The tuneful songs of joy are fled,—
Alone ye shivering stay;
The sunshine of the year is dead,
The summer passed away.

And one by one, 'neath clouding sky,
Ye too must surely go,
Till forest-paths in silence lie
Beneath the shrouding snow.

Yet, trembling garlands! life and death
Are in our Father's care;
Not vainly have ye spent your breath
To bless the freshening air.

Not vainly, when the noon was high,
Ye bowed in shadow deep,
Embracing all caressingly
The children's holy sleep.

Not vainly now ye patient fade
In quiet autumn hour,
The woodland sod anew to aid
Through Nature's mystic power.

What matter though earth's wintry bands
May seem to hold you still,
If but the Master understands
That ye have worked His will?

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

SHORT ARROWS.

GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP.



THE late Earl Cairns, whose memory will ever be honoured as zealous for the spread of the Master's Kingdom, told an anecdote of a little Irish chimney-sweep who had contrived to spare the sum of twopence for a missionary box. His "mate" soon afterwards met him, washed and carefully attired, which condition he explained by saying that he was going to a missionary meeting. "Why, whatever for?" asked his friend.—"I want to know how the business goes on," said the boy; "I'm a sort of partner in it now." And so he was—a partner and fellow-worker with the Divine purpose of salvation, by virtue of the self-denying gift cast into the Lord's treasury. It has been said, "Not even the new birth will make a soul liberal;" but the more the heart opens to the dew of God's grace, the more richly will it give out the fragrance of sweet odours poured forth for Christ. Those who love God are not contented till they have "entered into partnership" by sharing His yearnings and efforts for men, and those who work the hardest and themselves feel the pinchings of poverty know the blessedness of her who, giving up her all, had done more in God's sight than the rest.

"THE GRAVEN RECORDS OF BUNHILL FIELDS."

The attention of the writer of the article on "Bunhill Fields," in the May number of *THE QUIVER*, has been called to a slight error in the mention there made of the authoress, Mrs. Bray. This lady was the wife, not of Thomas Stothard, but of his son, Charles Alfred Stothard, himself an eminent artist and antiquary, whose early death from the breaking of a ladder in Beer Ferrers Church, while making a tracing from a stained glass window, left her a widow after only three years of married life.

A SOURCE OF LIGHT.

Lady John Manners has written an interesting little book advocating the establishment of reading and recreation rooms and free libraries, the demand for which seems to follow as a natural result of the higher education of all classes, and which may reasonably appeal to the ratepayer as cheaper in the end than surrounding idleness, intemperance, and vice. "If we ask our friends to an entertainment," says the writer, "we take care that fare should be provided to suit different tastes; and in choosing food for the mind we should remember that change of ideas refreshes as much as change of

scenes." When the state of funds renders it possible, a judicious selection should be made of religious and poetic works, books of imagination, biography, travels, natural history, etc., helpful volumes like Cassell's "Popular Educator," and, of



LADY JOHN MANNERS.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

course, plenty of healthy magazines and newspapers, not all of *one* political shade. First-class publishers are now working for the million, rendering literary delights accessible to all. It is pleasant to note that in some large country houses there are reading-rooms and lending libraries for the servants, whose literature is too often a matter of no consequence to their employers. As an illustration of the popular love for books, Sir John Herschel tells of a village blacksmith who used to read aloud, seated on his anvil, and having a large and attentive audience. When the book reached the happy period when things went on happily ever after, his hearers were so charmed that they actually procured the church keys and set the parish bells ringing. Happy the author who could appeal so forcibly to their hearts!

SONGS OF PRAISE.

"Sing me a bairn's hymn," said a great preacher as he entered the valley of the shadow; all else was growing dark, but the simple strain had power to bring him restfulness. We have often noticed those who are unwilling to enter a place of worship lingering wistfully in its neighbourhood, listening to the songs of praise which reach them at intervals, and when we teach the children those bright tender hymns which they delight to learn, we are sending a power for good into many a home and heart. Of late years special regard has been given to the service of song, and hundreds have

been drawn to Gospel meetings by the attraction of hymns. Some of us who visit the poor, the sick, or the aged, know the soothing effect produced by the experiment of singing a few well-loved hymns; we believe with thankfulness that many a young voice now being cultured and trained will be consecrated to this ministry of singing for Jesus, nor need we wait till our voices are justly admired, earnest feeling and clear expression having more to do with the appreciation of the hearer than perfection of style.

Let us try *reading* hymns also to those whom we seek to cheer, and we may safely leave it to the beautiful rhythm and musical flow of thoughts to do their work of calming and healing, and bearing the heavy-laden to the Saviour, Who, when He had sung an hymn, passed out to Gethsemane.

"THE QUIVER" HEROES.

We give our readers this month a portrait of Thomas Roberts, the Coxswain of the Holyhead Lifeboat, to whom one of the first of THE QUIVER Medals for Heroic Conduct was awarded in our July number. From another of the heroes—the Rev. Robert Trefusis—the Editor has received the following letter, which he has pleasure in quoting, that his readers may see how their appreciation is valued:—

"Chittlehampton, South Molton,

"June 30th, 1885.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note announcing that a medal in connection with 'THE QUIVER Heroes Fund,' subscribed to by your readers, had been awarded me. The circumstance had almost slipped from my memory, and the goodwill of your readers comes to me as a surprise indeed. I should be grateful to you if you would convey to them my appreciation of their regard, which I shall value greatly.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

"ROBERT E. TREFUSIS.

"The Editor of THE QUIVER."

Of another of THE QUIVER heroes—the fisherman Collins, of East Looe (not Easthove, as it was printed in July)—the local secretary of the Lifeboat Institution writes, when acknowledging the award of the medal to Collins, saying:—"I asked Collins if he thought at the time of the risk he ran. There was only one thing, he said in reply, that at the moment flashed across his mind, and that was, 'What would the poor father and mother say if the lad were drowned and no attempt made to save him?'"

"THE NAME TO SINNERS DEAR."

A converted infidel told how he once had a dear friend who yielded to the snares of drink, and who was bound, as it were, hand and foot in an ever-increasing chain. No incentive could be found strong enough to conquer what he felt was a ruinous habit; no advice or entreaty proved of avail; and the fallen man cried to the infidel in bitter despair that there was no help for him. His friend went with him amid the beauties of nature, but they only seemed to mock his misery, for, as he said, neither sea-view nor mountain-view could break his chain of degradation. The time came, however, when the infidel proved he could no longer do without Him who is mighty to save, and in the ardour of his faith and joy he sought out the ruined

one, and told him that whatever the temptation, Jesus can and will deliver. The poor drunkard came, and all, to the mercy-seat, and was raised up, another trophy of the power of God unto salvation. May we take the name of Jesus with us wherever we go, for, consciously or unconsciously, it is the knowledge of Him that is the need of every heart and life throughout the world.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES."

Foreigners coming over from radiant, lively France are apt to wonder sometimes what has become of the sunshine in the island of John Bull; they are sensible of a colder, greyer atmosphere, and if they belong to the vast throng of bread-winners, perhaps



(From a Photograph by J. Stevens.)

ONE OF THE "QUIVER" HEROES.—T. ROBERTS, COXSWAIN OF THE HOLYHEAD LIFEBOAT.

the weariness and discouragement incident to a lonely search for employment make them soon understand the meaning of the word *home-sickness*. But many a one has found out that warmth and sunshine are matters more of heart than of climate, and that the Christian friends who work among the poor French in London are bringing them the brightness that is shed alone by the Sun of Righteousness. M. and Madame Barbier are watching over the interests of French, Swiss, Germans, Italians, Belgians, etc., and caring for them spiritually and physically. The Salle Évangélique is in Portland Street, Soho; here each recurring Sunday a goodly number hear the Gospel, a large proportion of the listeners being young girls who have found situations through Madame Barbier's assistance, for there is a Home for those seeking appointments, as well as a registration agency. Bibles, New Testaments, and tracts are largely distributed among foreign families; clothes are given to needy children, and cases of distress are helped, such as that of a poor old governess, clever but infirm, unable to earn her bread at last, who was assisted into the asylum of "Le Repos." Last year, as an attractive rival to low cafés, a reading-room was added to the Salle Évangélique; here are plenty of books, papers, and writing materials, with abundant light, and on the walls beautiful texts from the Book which has glad tidings for every nation.

UNFETTERED LIVES.

The Church Missionary Society has long sought to



THE READING-ROOM, SALLE ÉVANGÉLIQUE.



FRERE TOWN MISSION STATION.

arouse the public with regard to the slave trade in East Africa, and has succeeded in awakening deep sympathy and interest. A settlement named Frere Town, after Sir Bartle Frere, received 450 rescued slaves to be housed, fed, taught, and encouraged to work for their living; from time to time other poor creatures, saved by British cruisers, have been left in charge of the missionaries, and many of them have since led godly and peaceful lives. Of some of the most ignorant of these who had applied to be received into the church the Rev. J. W. Handford writes: "I waived their inability to answer as I could have desired, for, having carefully watched them, I felt they were sincere in their desire to join Christ's army." There are schools and reading-rooms for girls and boys, and various services and classes open to all; drunkenness and crime are very greatly diminished in the neighbourhood. We have read an interesting account of the arrival of more than 200 slaves, rescued by H.M.S. *Osprey*, and taken mercifully in charge by the Mission; these poor friendless ones, who had seemed doomed to misery, listened quietly when told to give thanks to the bountiful Lord for the food now spread before them, and though some were inclined to prove troublesome at first, they were drawn into willing submission, the women next day settling down to cook, the men to work, and the children to drill, and church, and school, where they were charmed with their first lesson in tonic sol-fa. Singing has a great attraction for the African heart, and it is here brought to a very high standard.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

Flowers speak a universal language, and need no introduction beyond their loveliness and purity; they are the "smiles of God's goodness," and Schiller bids those who would attain to their highest to look upon a flower! But those who by means of the flowers freely contributed by sympathising friends have gained access into London work-rooms, etc., have at

heart the hope and prayer that the young people who so gladly welcome their blossoms may be led to remember Nature's God, and that the refinement born of devotion to Christ may succeed the softened aspect which the floral surroundings seem at once to impart. Under the best auspices the hours spent in the work-rooms are tiring to many a buoyant nature, when, beyond, the sky is bright, and there are beautiful visions for other eyes to see; and the visits of the flower-distributors are most welcome and appre-

"three navvies are coming down!" But, as Mrs. Garnett says, "the dawn has broken," and people are beginning to understand and appreciate our workers better. The Earl of Harewood has specially thanked the neighbouring navvies for *never once* molesting his game, and the Mission to Navvies, more blessed year by year, is untiringly seeking to win for Christ thousands of strong, manly lives, "the flower of our labourers." The good that is latent in a seemingly careless heart is proved by



A WORK-ROOM THAT FLOWERS WOULD BRIGHTEN.

ciated. The Young Women's Christian Association is anxious for some lady to visit each house of business even after the time for flowers is past. The fruit season gives opportunity for some who have laden orchards to remember the work-room, and to delight city hearts with a blushing store of fruitage, thus season by season reminding our busy maidens of the glorious resurrection symbolised by the flowers, and of the rich bounty that drops to earth from the open hand of our one Father.

"MEN THAT WILL WORK LIKE MEN."

"Make way for men that will work like men," writes Mr. Anderson, who has justly been called the prince of navvy poets. To read Mrs. Garnett's book, "Our Navvies," makes us share her pride in the long misjudged company, some of whom are veritable heroes, noble and self-reliant, and swayed by almost womanly tenderness. In the past a threat to a naughty child was this: "I'll give you to the navvies!" and these sons of toil are still too often mentally likened to lions and wolves. Ladies have been known to decline to go up a lane because

many an instance of brotherly kindness. We read of a navvy who met a sick "mate," and took him to his own home, worked overtime three months for his sake, and waited upon him at night till he was taken beyond the reach of pain. Is it not worth while to care for a class owning such natures as this? Clergymen, undergraduates, ladies, and navvies themselves are at work in the schools and missions, but many more disciples of the Redeemer are needed still as helpers. It is a touching sight to find intelligent men struggling bravely with the difficulties of reading and writing in the schools. A lady told us that one of her scholars, a man of ripened years, obstinately refused to accept her spelling of "baby," saying he had spelt it "babby" all his life! But as a rule the pupils are not so hard to be convinced, and the Bible-classes pave the way for getting them into the mission service, where to the strong man's heart the Strongest of all is whispering again and again, till, despite taunts and manifold temptations, there comes to the sun-burnt face the peaceful look of one of Christ's disciples.

Mrs.
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